

# APHRA BEHN

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OF APHRA  
BEHN

Aphra Behn

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# Aphra Behn

## The Works of Aphra Behn / Volume V

### THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK LADY

#### THE ADVENTURE

#### OF THE BLACK LADY

About the Beginning of last *June* (as near as I can remember) *Bellamora* came to Town from *Hampshire*, and was obliged to lodge the first Night at the same Inn where the Stage-Coach set up. The next Day she took Coach for *Covent-Garden*, where she thought to find Madam *Brightly*, a Relation of hers, with whom she design'd to continue for about half a Year undiscover'd, if possible, by her Friends in the Country: and order'd therefore her Trunk, with her Clothes, and most of her Money and Jewels, to be brought after her to Madame *Brightly's* by a strange Porter, whom she spoke to in the Street as she was taking Coach; being utterly unacquainted with the neat Practices of this fine City. When she came to *Bridges-Street*, where indeed her Cousin had lodged near three or four Years since, she was strangely surprized that she could not learn anything of her; no, nor so much as meet with anyone that had ever heard of her Cousin's Name: Till, at last, describing Madam *Brightly* to one of the House-keepers in that Place, he told her, that there was such a kind of Lady, whom he had sometimes seen there about a Year and a half ago; but that he believed she was married and remov'd towards *Soho*. In this Perplexity she quite forgot her Trunk and Money, &c, and wander'd in her Hackney-Coach all over St. *Anne's* Parish; inquiring for Madam *Brightly*, still describing her Person, but in vain; for no Soul could give her any Tale or Tidings of such a Lady. After she had thus fruitlessly rambled, till she, the Coachman, and the very Horses were even tired, by good Fortune for her, she happen'd on a private House, where lived a good, discreet, ancient Gentlewoman, who was fallen to Decay, and forc'd to let Lodgings for the best Part of her Livelihood: From whom she understood, that there was such a kind of Lady, who had lain there somewhat more than a Twelvemonth, being near three Months after she was married; but that she was now gone abroad with the Gentleman her Husband, either to the Play, or to take the fresh Air; and she believ'd would not return till Night. This Discourse of the Good Gentlewoman's so elevated *Bellamora's* drooping Spirits, that after she had beg'd the liberty of staying there till they came home, she discharg'd the Coachman in all haste, still forgetting her Trunk, and the more valuable Furniture of it.

When they were alone, *Bellamora* desired she might be permitted the Freedom to send for a Pint of Sack; which, with some little Difficulty, was at last allow'd her. They began then to chat for a matter of half an Hour of things indifferent: and at length the ancient Gentlewoman ask'd the fair Innocent (I must not say foolish) one, of what Country, and what her Name was: to both which she answer'd directly and truly, tho' it might have prov'd not discreetly. She then enquir'd of *Bellamora* if her Parents were living, and the Occasion of her coming to Town. The fair unthinking Creature reply'd, that her Father and Mother were both dead; and that she had escap'd from her Uncle, under the pretence of making a Visit to a young Lady, her Cousin, who was lately married, and liv'd above twenty Miles from her Uncle's, in the Road to *London*, and that the Cause of her quitting the Country, was to avoid the hated Importunities of a Gentleman, whose pretended Love to her

she fear'd had been her eternal Ruin. At which she wept and sigh'd most extravagantly. The discreet Gentlewoman endeavour'd to comfort her by all the softest and most powerful Arguments in her Capacity; promising her all the friendly Assistance that she could expect from her, during *Bellamora's* stay in Town: which she did with so much Earnestness, and visible Integrity, that the pretty innocent Creature was going to make her a full and real Discovery of her imaginary insupportable Misfortunes; and (doubtless) had done it, had she not been prevented by the Return of the Lady, whom she hop'd to have found her Cousin *Brightly*. The Gentleman, her Husband just saw her within Doors, and order'd the Coach to drive to some of his Bottle-Companions; which gave the Women the better Opportunity of entertaining one another, which happen'd to be with some Surprize on all Sides. As the Lady was going up into her Apartment, the Gentlewoman of the House told her there was a young Lady in the Parlour, who came out of the Country that very Day on purpose to visit her: The Lady stept immediately to see who it was, and *Bellamora* approaching to receive her hop'd-for Cousin, stop'd on the sudden just as she came to her; and sigh'd out aloud, Ah, Madam! I am lost – It is not your Ladyship I seek. No, Madam (return'd the other) I am apt to think you did not intend me this Honour. But you are as welcome to me, as you could be to the dearest of your Acquaintance: Have you forgot me, Madame *Bellamora*? (continued she.) That Name startled the other: However, it was with a kind of Joy. Alas! Madam, (replied the young one) I now remember that I have been so happy to have seen you; but where and when, my Memory can't tell me. 'Tis indeed some Years since, (return'd the Lady) But of that another time. – Mean while, if you are unprovided of a Lodging, I dare undertake, you shall be welcome to this Gentlewoman. The Unfortunate returned her Thanks; and whilst a Chamber was preparing for her, the Lady entertain'd her in her own. About Ten o'Clock they parted, *Bellamora* being conducted to her Lodging by the Mistress of the House, who then left her to take what Rest she could amidst her so many Misfortunes; returning to the other Lady, who desir'd her to search into the Cause of *Bellamora's* Retreat to Town.

The next Morning the good Gentlewoman of the House coming up to her, found *Bellamora* almost drown'd in Tears, which by many kind and sweet Words she at last stopp'd; and asking whence so great Signs of Sorrow should proceed, vow'd a most profound Secrecy if she would discover to her their Occasion; which, after some little Reluctancy, she did, in this manner.

I was courted (said she) above three Years ago, when my Mother was yet living, by one Mr. *Fondlove*, a Gentleman of good Estate, and true Worth; and one who, I dare believe, did then really love me: He continu'd his Passion for me, with all the earnest and honest Sollicitations imaginable, till some Months before my Mother's Death; who, at that time, was most desirous to see me disposed of in Marriage to another Gentleman, of much better Estate than Mr. *Fondlove*; but one whose Person and Humour did by no means hit with my Inclinations: And this gave *Fondlove* the unhappy Advantage over me. For, finding me one Day all alone in my Chamber, and lying on my Bed, in as mournful and wretched a Condition to my then foolish Apprehension, as now I am, he urged his Passion with such Violence, and accursed Success for me, with reiterated Promises of Marriage, whensoever I pleas'd to challenge 'em, which he bound with the most sacred Oaths, and most dreadful Execrations: that partly with my Aversion to the other, and partly with my Inclinations to pity him, I ruin'd my self. – Here she relaps'd into a greater Extravagance of Grief than before; which was so extreme that it did not continue long. When therefore she was pretty well come to herself, the antient Gentlewoman ask'd her, why she imagin'd herself ruin'd: To which she answer'd, I am great with Child by him, Madam, and wonder you did not perceive it last Night. Alas! I have not a Month to go: I am asham'd, ruin'd, and damn'd, I fear, for ever lost. Oh! fie, Madam, think not so, (said the other) for the Gentleman may yet prove true, and marry you. Ay, Madam (replied *Bellamora*) I doubt not that he would marry me; for soon after my Mother's Death, when I came to be at my own Disposal, which happen'd about two Months after, he offer'd, nay most earnestly sollicitated me to it, which still he perseveres to do. This is strange! (return'd the other) and it appears to me to be your own Fault, that you are yet miserable. Why did you not, or why will you not consent to your own Happiness? Alas! (cry'd *Bellamora*) 'tis the only

Thing I dread in this World: For, I am certain, he can never love me after. Besides, ever since I have abhorr'd the Sight of him: and this is the only Cause that obliges me to forsake my Uncle, and all my Friends and Relations in the Country, hoping in this populous and publick Place to be most private, especially, Madam, in your House, and in your Fidelity and Discretion. Of the last you may assure yourself, Madam, (said the other:) but what Provision have you made for the Reception of the young Stranger that you carry about you? Ah, Madam! (cryd *Bellamora*) you have brought to my Mind another Misfortune: Then she acquainted her with the suppos'd loss of her Money and Jewels, telling her withall, that she had but three Guineas and some Silver left, and the Rings she wore, in her present possession. The good Gentlewoman of the House told her, she would send to enquire at the Inn where she lay the first Night she came to Town; for, haply, they might give some Account of the Porter to whom she had entrusted her Trunk; and withal repeated her Promise of all the Help in her Power, and for that time left her much more compos'd than she found her. The good Gentlewoman went directly to the other Lady, her Lodger, to whom she recounted *Bellamora's* mournful Confession; at which the Lady appear'd mightily concern'd: and at last she told her Landlady, that she would take Care that *Bellamora* should lie in according to her Quality: For, added she, the Child, it seems, is my own Brother's.

As soon as she had din'd, she went to the *Exchange*, and bought Child-bed Linen; but desired that *Bellamora* might not have the least Notice of it: And at her return dispatch'd a Letter to her Brother *Fondlove* in *Hampshire*, with an Account of every Particular; which soon brought him up to Town, without satisfying any of his or her Friends with the Reason of his sudden Departure. Mean while, the good Gentlewoman of the House had sent to the *Star Inn on Fish-street-Hill*, to demand the Trunk, which she rightly suppos'd to have been carried back thither: For by good Luck, it was a Fellow that ply'd thereabouts, who brought it to *Bellamora's* Lodgings that very Night, but unknown to her. *Fondlove* no sooner got to *London*, but he posts to his Sister's Lodgings, where he was advis'd not to be seen of *Bellamora* till they had work'd farther upon her, which the Landlady began in this manner; she told her that her Things were miscarried, and she fear'd, lost; that she had but a little Money her self, and if the Overseers of the Poor (justly so call'd from their over-looking 'em) should have the least Suspicion of a strange and unmarried Person, who was entertain'd in her House big with Child, and so near her Time as *Bellamora* was, she should be troubled, if they could not give Security to the Parish of twenty or thirty Pounds, that they should not suffer by her, which she could not; or otherwise she must be sent to the House of Correction, and her Child to a Parish-Nurse. This Discourse, one may imagine, was very dreadful to a Person of her Youth, Beauty, Education, Family and Estate: However, she resolutely protested, that she had rather undergo all this, than be expos'd to the Scorn of her Friends and Relations in the Country. The other told her then, that she must write down to her Uncle a Farewell-Letter, as if she were just going aboard the Pacquet-Boat for *Holland*, that he might not send to enquire for her in Town, when he should understand she was not at her new-married Cousin's in the Country; which accordingly she did, keeping her self close Prisoner to her Chamber; where she was daily visited by *Fondlove's* Sister and the Landlady, but by no Soul else, the first dissembling the Knowledge she had of her Misfortunes. Thus she continued for above three Weeks, not a Servant being suffer'd to enter her Chamber, so much as to make her Bed, lest they should take Notice of her great Belly: but for all this Caution, the Secret had taken Wind, by the means of an Attendant of the other Lady below, who had over-heard her speaking of it to her Husband. This soon got out of Doors, and spread abroad, till it reach'd the long Ears of the Wolves of the Parish, who next Day design'd to pay her a Visit: But *Fondlove*, by good Providence, prevented it; who, the Night before, was usher'd into *Bellamora's* Chamber by his Sister, his Brother-in-Law, and the Landlady. At the Sight of him she had like to have swoon'd away: but he taking her in his Arms, began again, as he was wont to do, with Tears in his Eyes, to beg that she would marry him ere she was deliver'd; if not for his, nor her own, yet for the Child's Sake, which she hourly expected; that it might not be born out of Wedlock, and so be made incapable of inheriting either of their

Estates; with a great many more pressing Arguments on all Sides: To which at last she consented; and an honest officious Gentleman, whom they had before provided, was call'd up, who made an End of the Dispute: So to Bed they went together that Night; next Day to the *Exchange*, for several pretty Businesses that Ladies in her Condition want. Whilst they were abroad, came the Vermin of the Parish, (I mean, the Overseers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em) to search for a young Blackhair'd Lady (for so was *Bellamora*) who was either brought to Bed, or just ready to lie down. The Landlady shew'd 'em all the Rooms in her House, but no such Lady could be found. At last she bethought her self, and led 'em into her Parlour, where she open'd a little Closet-door, and shew'd 'em a black Cat that had just kitten'd: assuring 'em, that she should never trouble the Parish as long as she had Rats or Mice in the House; and so dismiss'd 'em like Loggerheads as they came.

## FINIS

### Notes: Critical and Explanatory:

#### The Black Lady

p. 3 *Bridges-Street*. Brydges Street lies between Russell Street and Catherine Street. Drury Lane Theatre is at its N.E. corner. It early acquired no very enviable repute, e.g. In the Epilogue to Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685) we have: 'Our Bridges Street is grown a strumpet fair'; and Dryden, in the Epilogue to *King Arthur* (1691), gave Mrs. Bracegirdle, who entered, her hands full of billets-doux, the following lines to speak: —

Here one desires my ladyship to meet [*Pulls out one*.  
At the kind couch above in Bridges-Street.  
Oh sharpening knave! that would have – you know what,  
For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.

p. 8 *Star-Inn on Fish-street-Hill*. Fish Street Hill, or, New Fish Street, runs from Eastcheap to Lower Thames Street, and was the main thoroughfare to old London Bridge, cf. *2 Henry VI*, iv, VIII: '*Cade*. Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames.'

p. 9 *the Exchange*. The New Exchange, a kind of bazaar on the South side of the Strand. It was an immensely popular resort, and continued so until the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne. There are innumerable references to its shops, its sempstresses and haberdashers. Thomas Duffet was a milliner here before he took to writing farces, prologues and poems.

## THE COURT OF THE KING OF BANTAM

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### THE KING OF BANTAM

This Money certainly is a most devilish Thing! I'm sure the Want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear *Philibella*, in her Love to *Valentine Goodland*; who was really a pretty deserving Gentleman, Heir to about fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which, however, did not so much recommend him, as the Sweetness of his Temper, the Comeliness of his Person, and the Excellency of his Parts: In all which Circumstances my obliging Acquaintance equal'd him, unless in the Advantage of their Fortune. Old Sir *George Goodland* knew of his Son's Passion for *Philibella*; and tho' he was generous, and of a Humour sufficiently complying, yet he could by no means think it convenient, that his only Son should marry with a young Lady of so slender a Fortune as my Friend, who had not above five hundred Pound, and that the Gift of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly*: tho' her Virtue and Beauty might have deserv'd, and have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander* or a *Cæsar*.

Sir *Philip* himself, indeed, was but a younger Brother, tho' of a good Family, and of a generous Education; which, with his Person, Bravery, and Wit, recommended him to his Lady *Philadelphia*, Widow of Sir *Bartholomew Banquier*, who left her possess'd of two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides twenty thousand Pounds in Money and Jewels; which oblig'd him to get himself dubb'd, that she might not descend to an inferior Quality. When he was in Town, he liv'd – let me see! in the *Strand*; or, as near as I can remember, somewhere about *Charing-Cross*; where first of all Mr. *Would-be King*, a Gentleman of a large Estate in Houses, Land and Money, of a haughty, extravagant and profuse Humour, very fond of every new Face, had the Misfortune to fall passionately in love with *Philibella*, who then liv'd with her Uncle.

This Mr. *Would-be* it seems had often been told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by one of his Nurses, or his own Grandmother, or by some other Gypsy, that he should infallibly be what his Surname imply'd, a King, by Providence or Chance, ere he dy'd, or never. This glorious Prophecy had so great an Influence on all his Thoughts and Actions, that he distributed and dispers'd his Wealth sometimes so largely, that one would have thought he had undoubtedly been King of some Part of the *Indies*; to see a Present made to-day of a Diamond Ring, worth two or three hundred Pounds, to Madam *Flippant*; to-morrow, a large Chest of the finest *China* to my Lady *Fleecewell*; and next Day, perhaps, a rich Necklace of large Oriental Pearl, with a Locket to it of Sapphires, Emeralds, Rubies, &c., to pretty Miss *Ogle-me*, for an amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, tho' but rarely) for the mighty Blessing of one single Kiss. But such were his Largesses, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades besides, tho' at the same time he had marry'd a virtuous Lady, and of good Quality: But her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very disagreeable: For a Man of his Humour and Estate can no more be satisfy'd with one Woman, than with one Dish of Meat; and to say Truth, 'tis something unmodish. However, he might have dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Women, had his good or bad Hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip's* Niece. But the brave and haughty Mr. *Would-be* was not to be baulk'd by Appearances of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind only did affect; besides, he promis'd himself the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the Force of his damn'd Money, tho' her Virtue were ever so real and strict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Mistress to Sir *Philip*: He, with young *Goodland*, was then diverting his Mistress and Niece at a Game at Cards, when *Would-be* came to visit him; he found 'em very merry, with a Flask or two of Claret before 'em, and Oranges roasting by a large Fire, for it was *Christmas-time*. The Lady *Friendly* understanding that this extraordinary Man was with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em, to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in Hopes to make up a Purse of Guineas toward the Purchase of some new fine Business that she had in her Head, from his accustom'd Design of losing at Play to her. Indeed, she had Part of her Wish, for she got twenty Guineas of him; *Philibella* ten; and *Lucy*, Sir *Philip's* *quondam*, five: Not but that *Would-be* intended better Fortune to the young ones, than he did to Sir *Philip's* Lady; but her Ladyship was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, tho' at the last, when they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Would-be* had said as many obliging things as his present Genius would give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, especially to the first, not forgetting his Baisemains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu; but with a Promise of repeating his Visit at six a-clock in the Evening on *Twelfth-Day*, to renew the famous and antient Solemnity of chusing King and Queen; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a Design yet unknown to you, I hope.

As soon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no Difference in all their Figures of him. In short, all Mankind, had they ever known him, would have universally agreed in this his Character, That he was an Original; since nothing in Humanity was ever so vain, so haughty, so profuse, so fond, and so ridiculously ambitious, as Mr. *Would-be King*. They laugh'd and talk'd about an Hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to see *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho' he had rather have sat up all Night in the same House with *Philibella*, I fancy, of whom he took but an unwilling Leave; which was visible enough to every one there, since they were all acquainted with his Passion for my fair Friend.

About twelve a-clock on the Day prefix'd, young *Goodland* came to dine with Sir *Philip*, whom he found just return'd from Court, in a very good Humour. On the Sight of *Valentine*, the Knight ran to him, and embracing him, told him, That he had prevented his Wishes, in coming thither before he sent for him, as he had just then design'd. The other return'd, that he therefore hoped he might be of some Service to him, by so happy a Prevention of his intended Kindness. No doubt (reply'd Sir *Philip*) the Kindness, I hope, will be to us both; I am assur'd it will, if you will act according to my Measures. I desire no better Prescriptions for my Happiness (return'd *Valentine*) than what you shall please to set down to me: But is it necessary or convenient that I should know 'em first? It is, (answer'd Sir *Philip*) let us sit, and you shall understand 'em. – I am very sensible (continu'd he) of your sincere and honourable Affection and Pretension to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child could be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how averse Sir *George* your Father is to your Marriage with her, insomuch that I am confident he would disinherit you immediately upon it, merely for want of a Fortune somewhat proportionable to your Estate: but I have now contrived the Means to add two or three thousand Pounds to the five hundred I have design'd to give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Val*, not otherwise; for I will not labour so for any other Man. What inviolable Obligations you put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland*.) No Return, by way of Compliments, good *Val*, (said the Knight:) Had I not engag'd to my Wife, before Marriage, that I would not dispose of any part of what she brought me, without her Consent, I would certainly make *Philibella's* Fortune answerable to your Estate: And besides, my Wife is not yet full eight and twenty, and we may therefore expect Children of our own, which hinders me from proposing any thing more for the Advantage of my Niece. – But now to my Instructions; —*King* will be here this Evening without fail, and, at some Time or other to-night, will shew the Haughtiness of his Temper to you, I doubt not, since you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be sure therefore you seem to quarrel with him before you part, but suffer as much as you can first from his Tongue; for I know he will give you Occasions enough to exercise your passive Valour. I must appear his Friend, and you must retire Home, if you please, for

this Night, but let me see you as early as your Convenience will permit to-morrow: my late Friend *Lucy* must be my Niece too. Observe this, and leave the rest to me. I shall most punctually, and will in all things be directed by you, (said *Valentine*.) I had forgot to tell you (said *Friendly*) that I have so order'd matters, that he must be King to-night, and *Lucy* Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. By all means (return'd *Goodland*;) it must be Majesty.

Exactly at six a'clock came *Wou'd-be* in his Coach and six, and found Sir *Philip*, and his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* ready to receive him; *Lucy* as fine as a Dutchess, and almost as beautiful as she was before her Fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They play'd till Supper was serv'd in, which was between eight and nine. The Treat was very seasonable and splendid. Just as the second Course was set on the Table, they were all on a sudden surpriz'd, except *Wou'd-be*, with a Flourish of Violins, and other Instruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the best and newest Airs in the [last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683](#). The Ladies were curious to know to whom they ow'd the chearful part of their Entertainment: On which he call'd out, Hey! *Tom Farmer!* *Ale-worth!* *Eccles!* *Hall!* and the rest of you! Here's a Health to these Ladies, and all this honourable Company. They bow'd; he drank, and commanded another Glass to be fill'd, into which he put something yet better than the Wine, I mean, ten Guineas: Here, *Farmer*, (said he then) this for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the honourable Mr. *Wou'd-be* King. They all return'd, and struck up with more Spriteliness than before. For Gold and Wine, doubtless, are the best Rosin for Musicians.

After Supper they took a hearty Glass or two to the King, Queen, Duke, &c. And then the mighty Cake, teeming with the Fate of this extraordinary Personage, was brought in, the Musicians playing an Overture at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle*; which was then cut and consulted, and the royal Bean and Pea fell to those to whom Sir *Philip* had design'd 'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with three Huzza's, and, *Long live King* *Wou'd-be!* to *Goodland*, who echo'd and pledg'd him, putting the Glass about to the harmonious Attendants; while the Ladies drank their own Quantities among themselves, *To his aforesaid Majesty*. Then of course you may believe Queen *Lucy*'s Health went merrily round, with the same Ceremony: After which he saluted his Royal Consort, and condescended to do the same Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then they fell a dancing, like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as swift, and made almost as little Noise; But his Majesty was soon weary of that; for he long'd to be making love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, who (believe me) that Night might well enough have passed for a Queen.

They fell then to Questions and Commands; to cross Purposes: *I think a Thought, what is it like?* &c. In all which, his *Wou'd-be* Majesty took the Opportunity of shewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How fit he was to govern! How dextrous at mining and countermining! and, How he could reconcile the most contrary and distant Thoughts! The Musick, at last, good as it was, grew troublesome and too loud; which made him dismiss them: And then he began to this effect, addressing himself to *Philibella*: Madam, had Fortune been just, and were it possible that the World should be govern'd and influenc'd by two Suns, undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as well as to that Lady, who indeed alone can equal you in the Empire of Beauty, which yet you share with her Majesty here present, who only could dispute it with you, and is only superior to you in Title. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty, (interrupted Sir *Philip*) who in my Opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of them together. You ought to think so, Sir *Philip* (returned the new dubb'd King) however you should not liberally have express'd your self, in Opposition and Derogation to Majesty: – Let me tell you 'tis a saucy Boldness that thus has loos'd your Tongue! – What think you, young Kinsman and Counsellor? (said he to *Goodland*.) With all Respect due to your sacred Title, (return'd *Valentene*, rising and bowing) Sir *Philip* spoke as became a truly affectionate Husband; and it had been Presumption in him, unpardonable, to have seem'd to prefer her Majesty, or that other sweet Lady, in his Thoughts, since your Majesty has been pleas'd to say so much and so particularly of their Merits: 'Twould appear as if he durst lift up his Eyes, with Thoughts too near the

Heaven you only would enjoy. And only can deserve, you should have added, (said *King*, no longer *Would-be*.) How! may it please your Majesty (cry'd *Friendly*) both my Nieces! tho' you deserve ten thousand more, and better, would your Majesty enjoy them both? Are they then both your Nieces? (asked *Chance's King*). Yes, both, Sir (return'd the *Knight*.) her Majesty's the eldest, and in that Fortune has shewn some Justice. So she has (reply'd the titular *Monarch*): My Lot is fair (pursu'd he) tho' I can be bless'd but with one.

Let Majesty with Majesty be join'd,  
To get and leave a Race of Kings behind.

Come, Madam (continued he, kissing *Lucy*.) this, as an Earnest of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty *Queen*) your Majesty will forget the unhappy *Statira*, when you return to the Embraces of your dear and beautiful *Roxana*. There is none beautiful but you (reply'd the titular *King*) unless this Lady, to whom I yet could pay my Vows most zealously, were't not that Fortune has thus pre-engaged me. But, Madam (continued he) to shew that still you hold our Royal Favour, and that, next to our Royal Consort, we esteem you, we greet you thus (kissing *Philibella*;) and as a Signal of our continued Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond Ring on her Finger, worth three hundred Pounds.) Your Majesty (pursu'd he to *Lucy*) may please to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your Majesty is bounteous as a God! (said *Valentine*.) Art thou in Want, young Spark? (ask'd the *King of Bantam*) I'll give thee an Estate shall make thee merit the Mistress of thy Vows, be she who she will. That is my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly*.) How! how! presumptuous Youth! How are thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? ha! To Bliss your Majesty must never hope for, (reply'd *Goodland*.) How now! thou Creature of the basest Mold! Not hope for what thou dost aspire to! *Mock-King*; thou canst not, dar'st not, shalt not hope it: (return'd *Valentine* in a heat.) Hold, *Val*, (cry'd Sir *Philip*) you grow warm, forget your Duty to their Majesties, and abuse your Friends, by making us suspected. Good-night, dear *Philibella*, and my Queen! Madam, I am your Ladyship's Servant (said *Goodland*;) Farewel, Sir *Philip*: Adieu, thou Pageant! thou Property-King! I shall see thy Brother on the Stage ere long; but first I'll visit thee: and in the meantime, by way of Return to thy proffer'd Estate, I shall add a real Territory to the rest of thy empty Titles; for from thy Education, barbarous manner of Conversation, and Complexion, I think I may justly proclaim thee, *King of Bantam* – So, *Hail, King that Would-be! Hail thou King of Christmas! All-hail, Wou'd-be King of Bantam* – and so he left 'em. – They all seem'd amazed, and gaz'd on one another, without speaking a Syllable; 'till Sir *Philip* broke the Charm, and sigh'd out, Oh, the monstrous Effects of Passion! Say rather, Oh, the foolish Effects of a mean Education! (interrupted his Majesty of *Bantam*.) For Passions were given us for Use, Reason to govern and direct us in the Use, and Education to cultivate and refine that Reason. But (pursu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I shall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at last he has found me out a Kingdom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place (believe me, Ladies) I would make you all Princesses and Duchesses; and thou, my old Companion, *Friendly*, should rule the Roast with me. But these Ladies should be with us there, where we could erect Temples and Altars to 'em; build Golden Palaces of Love, and Castles – in the Air (interrupted her Majesty, *Lucy* I. smiling.) 'Gad take me (cry'd *King Wou'd-be*) thou dear Partner of my Greatness, and shalt be, of all my Pleasures! thy pretty satirical Observation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation.' I think your Majesty is got into a Vein of Rhiming to-night, (said *Philadelphia*.) Ay! Pox of that young insipid Fop, we could else have been as great as an Emperor of *China*, and as witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatistical, captious, giddy Fool as he is! I shall take a Time to see him. Nay, Sir, (said *Philibella*) he has promis'd your Majesty a Visit in our Hearing. Come, Sir, I beg your Majesty to pledge me this Glass to your long and happy Reign; laying aside all Thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Besides, this Discourse must needs be ungrateful to her Majesty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within this Month! How! (cry'd *King and no King*) married to

my Queen! I must not, cannot suffer it! Pray restrain your self a little, Sir (said Sir *Philip*) and when once these Ladies have left us, I will discourse your Majesty further about this Business. Well, pray, Sir *Philip*, (said his Lady) let not your Worship be pleas'd to sit up too long for his Majesty: About five o'Clock I shall expect you; 'tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake to receive me coming to Bed – Your Ladyship understands me, (return'd *Friendly*.) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia*;) Come, Niece, to Bed! to Bed! Ay, (said the Knight) Go, both of you and sleep together, if you can, without the Thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majesty was pleas'd to wish them a good Repose; and so, with a Kiss, they parted for that time.

Now we're alone (said Sir *Philip*) let me assure you, Sir, I resent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland*, almost as highly as you can: and tho' I can't wish that you should take such Satisfaction, as perhaps some other hotter Sparks would; yet let me say, his Miscarriage ought not to go unpunish'd in him. Fear not (reply'd t'other) I shall give him a sharp Lesson. No, Sir (return'd *Friendly*) I would not have you think of a bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which possibly he designs on you: I know him brave as any Man. However, were it convenient that the Sword should determine betwixt you, you should not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, since done in my House; but I've already laid down safer Measures for us, tho' of more fatal Consequence to him: that is, I've form'd them in my Thoughts. Dismiss your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will discourse it to you at large. 'Tis now past Twelve; and if you please, I would invite you to take up as easy a Lodging here, as my House will afford. (Accordingly they were dismiss'd, and he proceeded:) – As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngest Niece, *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding five hundred Pound, his Father will assuredly disinherit him, if he marries her: tho' he has given his Consent that he should marry her eldest Sister, whose Father dying ere he knew his Wife was with child of the youngest, left *Lucy* three thousand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handsomly; and accordingly the Nuptials of young *Goodland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Easter*. They shall not, if I can hinder them (interrupted his offended Majesty.) Never endeavour the Obstruction (said the Knight) for I'll shew you the Way to a dearer Vengeance: Women are Women, your Majesty knows; she may be won to your Embraces before that time, and then you antedate him your Creature. A Cuckold, you mean (cry'd King in Fancy:) O exquisite Revenge! but can you consent that I should attempt it? What is't to me? We live not in *Spain*, where all the Relations of the Family are oblig'd to vindicate a Whore: No, I would wound him in his most tender Part. But how shall we compass it? (ask'd t'other.) Why thus, throw away three thousand Pounds on the youngest Sister, as a Portion, to make her as happy as she can be in her new Lover, Sir *Frederick Flygold*, an extravagant young Fop, and wholly given over to Gaming; so, ten to one, but you may retrieve your Money of him, and have the two Sisters at your Devotion. Oh, thou my better Genius than that which was given to me by Heaven at my Birth! What Thanks, what Praises shall I return and sing to thee for this! (cry'd King *Conundrum*.) No Thanks, no Praises, I beseech your Majesty, since in this I gratify my self – You think I am your Friend? and, you will agree to this? (said *Friendly*, by way of Question.) Most readily, (returned the Fop King:) Would it were broad Day, that I might send for the Money to my Banker's; for in all my Life, in all my Frolicks, Encounters and Extravagances, I never had one so grateful, and so pleasant as this will be, if you are in earnest, to gratify both my Love and Revenge! That I am in earnest, you will not doubt, when you see with what Application I shall pursue my Design: In the mean Time, *My Duty to your Majesty; To our good Success in this Affair*. While he drank, t'other return'd, *With all my Heart*; and pledg'd him. Then *Friendly* began afresh: Leave the whole Management of this to me; only one thing more I think necessary, that you make a Present of five hundred Guineas to her Majesty, the Bride that must be. By all means (return'd the wealthy King of *Bantam*;) I had so design'd before. Well, Sir (said Sir *Philip*) what think you of a set Party or two at *Piquet*, to pass away a few Hours, till we can sleep? A seasonable and welcome Proposition (returned the King;) but I won't play above twenty Guineas the Game, and [forty the Lurch](#). Agreed (said *Friendly*;) first call in your Servant; mine is here already. The Slave came in, and they began, with unequal Fortune at first; for the Knight

had lost a hundred Guineas to Majesty, which he paid in Specie; and then propos'd fifty Guineas the Game, and a hundred the Lurch. To which t'other consented; and without winning more than three Games, and those not together, made shift to get three thousand two hundred Guineas in debt to Sir *Philip*; for which Majesty was pleas'd to give him Bond, whether *Friendly* would or no,

### Seal'd and deliver'd in the Presence of,

*The Mark of (W.) Will. Watchful.*  
*And, (S) Sim. Slyboots.*

A couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the Hour that Sir *Philip's* (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to yawn and stretch; when the Spirits refresh'd, troul'd about, and tickled the Blood with Desires of Action; which made Majesty and Worship think of a Retreat to Bed: where in less than half an Hour, or before ever he cou'd say his Prayers, I'm sure the first fell fast asleep; but the last, perhaps, paid his accustom'd Devotion, ere he begun his Progress to the Shadow of Death. However, he waked earlier than his Cully Majesty, and got up to receive young *Goodland*, who came according to his Word, with the first Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than usual Joy, tho' not with greater Kindness, and let him know every Syllable and Accident that had pass'd between them till they went to Bed: which you may believe was not a little pleasantly surprizing to *Valentine*, who began then to have some Assurance of his Happiness with *Philibella*. His Friend told him, that he must now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majesty*, tho' with some Difficulty; and so taking one hearty Glass a-piece, he left *Valentine* in the Parlour to carry the ungrateful News of his Visit to him that Morning. King – was in an odd sort of taking, when he heard that *Valentine* was below; and had been, as Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majesty*, at *Majesty's* Palace, to enquire for him there: But when he told him, that he had already school'd him on his own Behalf, for the Affront done in his House, and that he believ'd he could bring his Majesty off without any loss of present Honour, his Countenance visibly discover'd his past Fear, and present Satisfaction; which was much encreas'd too, when *Friendly* shewing him his Bond for the Money he won of him at play, let him know, that if he paid three thousand Guineas to *Philibella*, he would immediately deliver him up his Bond, and not expect the two hundred Guineas overplus. His Majesty of *Bantam* was then in so good a Humour, that he could have made Love to Sir *Philip*; nay, I believe he could have kiss'd *Valentine*, instead of seeming angry. Down they came, and saluted like Gentlemen: But after the Greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk something of Affront, Satisfaction, Honour, &c. when immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after a little seeming Uneasiness and Reluctancy, reconcil'd the hot and choleric Youth to the cold phlegmatick King.

Peace was no sooner proclaim'd, than the King of *Bantam* took his Rival and late Antagonist with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locket's, where they din'd*: Thence he would have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lady *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodile*, Madam *Tattlemore*, Miss *Medler*, Mrs. *Gingerly*, a rich Grocer's Wife, and some others, besides Knights and Gentlemen of as good Humours as the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at his own House, the Night following; his own Lady being then in the Country. Madam *Tattlemore*, I think was the first he spoke to in Court, and whom first he surpriz'd with the happy News of his Advancement to the Title of King of *Bantam*. How wondrous hasty was she to be gone, as soon as she heard it! 'Twas not in her Power, because not in her Nature, to stay long enough to take a civil Leave of the Company; but away she flew, big with the empty Title of a fantastick King, proclaiming it to every one of her Acquaintance, as she passed through every Room, till she came to the *Presence-Chamber*, where she only whisper'd it; but her Whispers made above half the honourable Company quit the Presence of the King of *Great-Britain*, to go make their Court to his Majesty of *Bantam*: some cry'd, *God bless your Majesty!* Some *Long live the King of Bantam!* Others, *All Hail to*

*your Sacred Majesty*; In short, he was congratulated on all Sides. Indeed I don't hear that his Majesty King *Charles II.* ever sent an Ambassador to compliment him; tho' possibly, he saluted him by his Title the first time he saw him afterwards: For, you know, he is a wonderful good-natur'd and well-bred Gentleman.

After he thought the Court of *England* was universally acquainted with his mighty Honour, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland*, whom he entertain'd that Night very handsomly, till about seven o'Clock; when they went together to the Play, which was that Night, *A King and no King*. His Attendant-Friends could not forbear smiling, to think how aptly the Title of the Play suited his Circumstances. Nor could he choose but take Notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jest and Earnest; telling the Players how kind Fortune had been the Night past, in disposing the Bean to him; and justifying what one of her Prophetesses had foretold some Years since. I shall now no more regard (said he) that old doating Fellow *Pythagoras's* Saying *Abstinet a Fabis*, That is, (added he, by way of Construction) *Abstain from Beans*: for I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and Dishes; from the first, they inspire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the last our Bodies receive a strong and wholesom Nourishment. That is, (said a Wag among those sharp Youths, I think 'twas my Friend the Count) these puff you up in Mind, Sir, those in Body. They had some further Discourse among the Nymphs of the Stage, ere they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* spread the News of his Friend's Accession to the Title, tho' not yet to the Throne of *Bantam*; upon which he was there again complimented on that Occasion. Several of the Ladies and Gentlemen who saluted him, he invited to the next Night's Ball at his Palace.

The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at *the Rose*, and parted till Seven the Night following; which came not sooner than desired: for he had taken such Care, that all things were in readiness before Eight, only he was not to expect the Musick till the End of the Play. About Nine, Sir *Philip*, his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* return'd him *Rabelais*, which he had borrow'd of him, wherein the Knight had written, in an old odd sort of a Character, this Prophecy of his own making; with which he surpriz'd the Majesty of *Bantam*, who vow'd he had never taken Notice of it before; but he said, he perceiv'd it had been long written by the Character; and here it follows, as near as I can remember:

*When M. D. C. come L. before,  
Three XXX's, two II's and one I. more;  
Then KING, tho' now but Name to thee,  
Shall both thy Name and Title be.*

They had hardly made an End of reading it, ere the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his Queen; and *Philibella*, as the Princess her Sister. They danc'd then till they were weary; and afterwards retired to another large Room, where they found the Tables spread and furnished with all the most seasonable cold Meat; which was succeeded by the choicest Fruits, and the richest Desert of Sweetmeats that Luxury could think on, or at least that this Town could afford. The Wines were all most excellent in their Kind; and their Spirits flew about thro' every Corner of the House: There was scarce a Spark sober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glasses to the Health of the King of *Bantam*, and his Royal Consort, with the Princess *Philibella's* who sat together under a Royal Canopy of State, his Majesty between the two beautiful Sisters: only *Friendly* and *Goodland* wisely manag'd that part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preserv'd themselves from the Heat of the Debauch.

Between Three and Four most of them began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweetmeats, and rich Favours compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the Colours of his new Majesty of *Bantam*. Before Five they were left to themselves; when the Lady *Friendly* was discompos'd, for want

of Sleep, and her usual Cordial, which obliged Sir *Philip* to wait on her Home, with his two Nieces: But his Majesty would by no means part with *Goodland*; whom, before Nine that Morning, he made as drunk as a Lord, and by Consequence, one of his Peers; for Majesty was then, indeed, as great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himself *Alexander*, and young *Valentine* his *Hephestion*; and did so be-buss him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he was fallen into the Hands of an *Italian*. However, by the kind Persuasions of his condescending and dissembling Majesty, he ventur'd to go into Bed with him; where King *Would-be* fell asleep, hand-over-head: and not long after, *Goodland*, his new-made Peer, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morpheus*.

About Three the next Afternoon they both wak'd, as by consent, and called to dress. And after that Business was over, I think they swallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock*, with a little Sugar, by the way of healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the Peer was forced to accept of the Honour of being carried in his Majesty's to Sir *Philip*'s, whom they found just risen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They sat down, and ask'd for something to relish a Glass of Wine, and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold Chine to be set before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a-piece; but they drank more by half, I dare say.

After their little Repast, *Friendly* call'd the *Would-be-Monarch* aside, and told him, that he would have him go to the Play that Night, which was *The London-Cuckolds*; promising to meet him there in less than half an Hour after his Departure: telling him withal, that he would surprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. *Majesty* took the Hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the Knight had some Intrigue in his Head, for the Promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: In order therefore to his Advice, he took his leave about a quarter of an Hour after.

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus bespoke his pretended Niece: Madam, I hope your Majesty will not refuse me the Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your Majesty can expect from the best Comedy in Christendom. *Val*, (continued he) you must go with us, to secure me against the Jealousy of my Wife. That, indeed (return'd his Lady) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me Occasion, I must own. You see I am now, (replied he:) But – come! on with Hoods and Scarf! (pursued he, to *Lucy*.) Then addressing himself again to his Lady; Madam, (said he) we'll wait on you. In less Time than I could have drank a Bottle to my Share, the Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the Play-House. By the way, said *Friendly* to *Val*.—Your Honour, noble Peer, must be set down at Long's; for only *Lucy* and I must be seen to his Majesty of *Bantam*: And now, I doubt not, you understand what you must trust to. – To be robb'd of her Majesty's Company, I warrant (return'd the other) for these long three Hours. Why (cry'd *Lucy*) you don't mean, I hope, to leave me with his Majesty of *Bantam*? 'Tis for thy Good, Child! 'Tis for thy Good (return'd *Friendly*.) To the *Rose* they got then; where *Goodland* alighted, and expected Sir *Philip*; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box, to his new Majesty; where, after the first Scene, he left them together. The over-joy'd fantastick Monarch would fain have said some fine obliging Things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly*'s Haste prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glass, call'd a Reckoning, mounted his Chariot, and away Home they came: where I believe he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean Time, his Majesty had not the Patience to stay out half the Play, at which he was saluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his new and mighty Title: but out he led Miss Majesty ere the third Act was half done; pretending, that it was so damn'd a bawdy Play, that he knew her Modesty had been already but too much offended at it; so into his Coach he got her. When they were seated, she told him she would go to no Place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when she first came to Town, and which still she kept. Your Mother, Madam, (cry'd he) why, is Sir *Philip*'s Sister living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (she reply'd.) Is she there? (he ask'd.) No, Sir, (she return'd;) she is in the Country. Oh, then we will go thither to chuse. The Coachman was then order'd to drive to *Jermain-Street*; where, when he came in to the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modishly furnish'd. He presently call'd one of his Slaves, and whisper'd him to get

three or four pretty Dishes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C – d* the Goldsmith with *Temple-Bar*, for five hundred guineas; which *Watchful* brought him, in less than an Hour's time, when they were just in the Height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better Colour of the Matter. His *Bantamite* Majesty took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take Notice of it; (which you may assure yourself she did, and after Supper wink'd on the goodly Matron of the House to retire, which she immediately obey'd.) Then his Majesty began his Court very earnestly and hotly, throwing the naked Guineas into her Lap: which she seemed to refuse with much Disdain; but upon his repeated Promises, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he would give her Sister three thousand Guineas to her Portion, she began by Degrees to mollify, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next Night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of three thousand Guineas to Sir *Philip*, or Order, and received his own Bond, made for what he had lost at Play, from *Friendly*, she made no great Difficulty to admit his Majesty to her Bed. Where I think fit to leave 'em for the present; for (perhaps) they had some private Business.

The next Morning before the Titular King was (I won't say up, or stirring, but) out of Bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all accepted and paid in two Days Time. As soon as ever the fantastick Monarch could find in his Heart to divorce himself from the dear and charming Embraces of his beautiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip*, with all the Haste that Imagination big with Pleasure could inspire him with, to discharge it self to a suppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubled to find that his Niece had yielded so soon and easily to him; however, he wish'd him Joy: To which the other return'd, that he could never want it, whilst he had the Command of so much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the most nauseous, hateful, pernicious and destructive of Love imaginable. Think you so, Sir? (ask'd the Knight;) we shall hear what a Friend of mine will say on such an Occasion, to-morrow about this Time: but I beseech your Majesty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, lest you make him as uneasy as you seem to be in that Circumstance. Be assur'd I will, (return'd the other:) But when shall I see the sweet, the dear, the blooming, the charming *Philibella*? She will be with us at Dinner. Where's her Majesty? (ask'd Sir *Philip*) Had you enquir'd before, she had been here; for, look, she comes! *Friendly* seems to regard her with a Kind of Displeasure, and whisper'd Majesty, that he should express no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his House, at any Time, especially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down presently after to Dinner.

About Four o'Clock, as his Majesty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach, and went to her Lodgings; whither about an Hour after, he follow'd her, Next Morning, at nine, he came to *Friendly's*, who carry'd him up to see his new-married Friends – But (O Damnation to Thoughts!) what Torments did he feel, when he saw young *Goodland* and *Philibella* in bed together; the last of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her Portion and Husband, as the first did for his Wife. He shook his Head at Sir *Philip*, and without speaking one Word, left 'em, and hurry'd to *Lucy*, to lament the ill Treatment he had met with from *Friendly*. They coo'd and bill'd as long as he was able; she (sweet Hypocrite) seeming to bemoan his Misfortunes; which he took so kindly, that when he left her, which was about three in the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Instrument, wherein he settled a hundred Pounds a Year on *Lucy* for her Life, and gave her a hundred Guineas more against her Lying-in: (For she told him, and indeed 'twas true, that she was with child, and knew her self to be so from a very good Reason – ) And indeed she was so – by the *Friendly* Knight. When he return'd to her, he threw the obliging Instrument into her Lap; (it seems he had a particular Kindness for that Place – ) then call'd for Wine, and something to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his Share all the Day, (tho' he had ply'd it at the Chocolate-House. – ) The Landlady, who was invited to sup with 'em, bid 'em good-night, about eleven; when they went to bed, and partly slept

till about six; when they were entertain'd by some Gentleman of their Acquaintance, who play'd and sung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium*, these Words and more:

*Joy to great Bantam!  
Live long, love and wanton!  
And thy Royal Consort!  
For both are of one Sort, &c.*

The rest I have forgot. He took some Offence at the Words; but more at the Visit that Sir *Philip*, and *Goodland*, made him, about an Hour after, who found him in Bed with his Royal Consort; and after having wish'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majesties own Shoes and Stockings at their Head, retir'd. This gave Monarch in Fancy so great a Caution that he took his Royal Consort into the Country, (but above forty Miles off the Place where his own Lady was) where, in less than eight Months, she was deliver'd of a Princely Babe, who was Christen'd by the Heathenish Name of *Hayoumorecake Bantam*, while her Majesty lay in like a pretty Queen.

### Notes: Critical and Explanatory:

#### The King of Bantam

The header for the “King of Bantam” notes is misprinted, placed between the two notes for p. 30 instead of between pgs. 9 and 17. The story begins on p. 11.

[p. 17](#) *last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683*. The new plays acted at the Theatre Royal in 1682 were: Southerne's *The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince*; Tate's *Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Caius Marius Coriolanus*; Settle's *The Heir of Morocco, with the Death of Gayland*; Banks' *The Unhappy Favourite; or, the Earl of Essex*; D'Urfey's *The Injur'd Princess; or, The Fatal Wager*. There were also an unusual number of revivals of the older plays at this house. At Dorset Garden the following were produced: Otway's *Venice Preserved; or, A Plot Discovered*; Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treatall*; D'Urfey's *The Royalist*; Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game*; Banks' *Virtue Betray'd; or, Anna Bullen*; Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause*; Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*; and *Romulus and Hersilia; or, The Sabine War*, an anonymous tragedy. There were also notable revivals of Randolph's *The Jealous Lovers*, and Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill*. The two Companies amalgamated in the autumn, opening at the Theatre Royal, 16 November, for which occasion a special Prologue and Epilogue were written by Dryden. 4 December, Dryden and Lee's famous tragedy, *The Duke of Guise*, had a triumphant first night. It will be remembered that Mrs. Behn is writing of incidents which took place on 6 January, 1683, Twelfth Night, so 'the last new plays' must refer to the productions of 1682. Of course, fresh songs, and probably musical entertainments, would be inserted at the different revivals of the older plays which were so frequent during that year.

[p. 20](#) *Statira... Roxana*. In allusion to the two rival princesses for Alexander's love as they appear in Nat Lee's famous tragedy, *The Rival Queens; or, Alexander the Great*, produced at Drury Lane, 1677. It held the stage over a century and a half, longest of his plays, and is indeed an excellent piece. Originally, Hart played

Alexander; Mrs. Marshall, the glowing Roxana; and Mrs. Boutell, Statira. Genest chronicles a performance at Drury Lane, 23 June, 1823, with Kean as Alexander; Mrs. W. West, Statira; Mrs. Glover, Roxana.

[p. 24](#) *forty the Lurch*. ‘Lurch’ is a very common old term (now rare) ‘used in various games to denote a certain concluding state of the game in which one player is enormously ahead of the other; often a “maiden set” or love-game’ —*N.E.D.* cf. Urquhart’s *Rabelais* (1653), II, xii: ‘By two of my table-men in the corner point I have gained the lurch.’ Gouldman’s *Latin Dictionary* (1674), gives: ‘A lurch; *duplex palma, facilis victoria.*’

[p. 26](#) *to Locket’s, where they din’d*. This fashionable Ordinary stood on the site of Drummond’s Bank, Charing Cross. It was named from Adam Locket, the landlord, who died in 1688. In 1702, however, we find an Edward Locket, probably a son, as proprietor. The reputation of the house was on the wane during the latter years of Anne, and in the reign of George I its vogue entirely ceased. There are very frequent references. In *The Country Wife* (1675), Horner tells Pinchwife: ‘Thou art as shy of my kindness as a Lombard-street alderman of a courtier’s civility at Locket’s’ (iv, III). In Shadwell’s *The Sowerers* (1691), old Tope, replying to a health, cries: ‘I’ll answer you in a couple of Brimmers of Claret at Locket’s at Dinner’ (i, I). In Vanbrugh’s *The Relapse* (1696), Lord Foppington, when asked if he dines at home, surmises: ‘’tis passible I may dine with some of our House at Locket’s,’ which shows that it was then the very rendezvous of fashion and quality.

[p. 27](#) *A King and no King*. Langbaine testifies to the popularity of Beaumont and Fletcher’s play both before and after the Restoration. Pepys saw it 14 March, 1661, and again, 26 September the same year. The 1676 quarto ‘as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal by his Majestie’s Servants’ gives a full cast with Hart as Arbaces; Kynaston, Tigranes; Mohun, Mardonius; Lacy, Bessus; Mrs. Betty Cox, Panthea; Mrs. Marshall, Spaconia. In the earlier production Nell Gwynne had acted Panthea. The two Companies amalgamated in 1682, opening 16 November. Hart ‘never Acted more’ after this date. Mrs. Marshall had retired in 1677; and in 1683 Betterton was playing Arbaces with quite a new allotment of the other rôles.

[p. 27](#) *The Rose*. There are repeated references to this celebrated tavern which stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden. *vide The Younger Brother*, i, II (Vol. IV), Motteux’ Song: ‘Thence to the Rose where he takes his three Flasks,’ and the note on that passage. [Cross-Reference: The Younger Brother.](#)

[p. 29](#) *The London-Cuckolds*. Ravenscroft’s rollicking comedy, which had been produced with great success at the Duke’s House in 1682 (4to, 1682), long kept the boards with undiminished favour, being very frequently given each season. Genest has the following true and pertinent remark: ‘If it be the province of Comedy not to retail morality to a yawning pit but to make the audience laugh and to keep them in good humour this play must be allowed to be one of the best Comedies in the English language.’ 29 October (the old Lord Mayor’s Day), 1751, Garrick substituted *Eastward Hoe* at Drury Lane for the annual performance of *The London Cuckolds*, a change not approved by the audience, who promptly damned their new fare. Ravenscroft’s comedy was given that evening at Covent Garden, and on 9 November, the following year. It was also performed there in 1753. 9 November, 1754, George II ordered *The Provoked Husband*. It has often been stated (e.g. by Professor A. W. Ward – ‘Ravenscroft’ —*Dictionary of National Biography*) that this royal command gave *The London Cuckolds* its final *congé*, but such was neither the intent nor the case. The play is billed at Covent Garden, 10 November, 1755; in

1757; and 9 November, 1758. Shuter excelled as Dashwell. A two act version was played at Covent Garden, 10 April, 1782, and repeated on the 12th. This was for the benefit of Quick, who acted Doodle.

[p. 30](#) *Your Honour.. must be set down at Long's*. Long's was a famous Ordinary in the Haymarket. It was here that in 1678 Lord Pembroke killed Mr. Coney with his fist. He was tried by his Peers and acquitted. There was at the same period a second tavern in Covent Garden kept by Ben Long, Long's brother. In Dryden's *Mr. Limberham* (1678), Brainsick cries: 'I have won a wager to be spent luxuriously at Long's.' In Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), the following conversation occurs:

*Bellair*. Where do you dine?

*Dorimant*. At Long's or Locket's.

*Medley*. At Long's let it be.

[p. 30](#) *the King's Box*. The seats in the boxes of the Restoration Theatre were let out severally to separate persons, and although the King had, of course, his own private box when he saw a play, yet when he was not present even the royal box was apportioned to individuals as the rest. There are many allusions to this which prove, moreover, that the front row of the King's box was the most conspicuous and highly coveted position in the house. In Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), Dorimant, hearing of a young gentlewoman lately come to town and being taken with his own handsome face, wagers that she must be 'some awkward, ill-fashioned, country toad, who, not having above four dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the forefront of the King's box at an old play.' In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*<sup>1</sup> we have one from Julian, 'late Secretary to the Muses,' to Will. Pierre of Lincoln's Inn Fields Playhouse, wherein, recalling how in his lampoons whilst he lived characters about town were shown in no very enviable light, he particularizes that 'the antiquated Coquet was told of her age and ugliness, tho' her vanity plac'd her in the first row in the King's box at the playhouse.'

[p. 31](#) *Jermain-Street*. Jermyn Street runs parallel with Piccadilly from the Haymarket to St. James. It was built *circa* 1667, and derives its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans. Shadwell spells it Germin Street, and it was in a house here that old Snarl was wont to receive amorous castigation at the hands of Mrs. Figgup. —*The Virtuoso* (1676), iii, II. It was a fashionable quarter. From 1675 to 1681 the Duke of Marlborough, then Colonel Churchill, lived here. La Belle Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, had a house near Eagle Passage, 1681-3, and was succeeded therein by the Countess of Northumberland. Next door dwelt Henry Saville, Rochester's friend, 1681-3. Three doors from the Duchess again was living in 1683 Simon Verelest, the painter. In 1684 Sir William Soames followed him. In after years also there have been a large number of famous residents connected with this favourite street.

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<sup>1</sup> This actual letter was written by Boyer, together with the reply which is dated 5 November, 1701. Julian was a well-known journalistic scribbler and ribald ballader of the time. William Peer [Pierre], a young actor of little account, is only cast for such walk-on rôles as Jasper, a valet, in Shadwell's *The Sowerers* (1691); the Parson in D'Urfey's *Love for Money* (1696).

[p. 34](#) after having.. *thrown their Majesties own Shoes and Stockings*. For this old bridal custom see *ante*, Vol. III (p. 223), *The Lucky Chance*, ii, II: ‘we’ll toss the Stocking’; and the note on that passage. [Cross-Reference: \*The Lucky Chance\*](#).

### Cross-References

[Note to p. 27](#): *vide The Younger Brother*, i, II (Vol. IV), Motteux’ Song: ‘Thence to the Rose where he takes his three Flasks,’ and the note on that passage.

*Younger Brother* text:

Then jogs to the *Play-house*, and chats with the Masks,  
And thence to the *Rose*, where he takes his three Flasks.

*Younger Brother* note:

*the Rose*. This celebrated house stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and adjoined Drury Lane. There are innumerable references to it. The greater portion of the ‘Rose’ was demolished in 1776, when a new front was being built to the theatre.

[Note to p. 34](#): For this old bridal custom see *ante*, Vol. III (p. 223), *The Lucky Chance*, ii, II: ‘we’ll toss the Stocking’; and the note on that passage.

*Lucky Chance* text:

Come, Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then – we’ll toss the Stocking.

*Lucky Chance* note:

*we’ll toss the Stocking*. This merry old matrimonial custom in use at the bedding of the happy pair is often alluded to. cf. Pepys, 8 February, 1663: ‘Another story was how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night begun a frolique that they two must be married; and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands, and a sack posset in bed and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King come and take her place.’

**THE  
UNFORTUNATE HAPPY LADY:  
A TRUE HISTORY**

**THE  
UNFORTUNATE HAPPY LADY:**

**A True History**

I cannot omit giving the World an account, of the uncommon Villany of a Gentleman of a good Family in *England* practis'd upon his Sister, which was attested to me by one who liv'd in the Family, and from whom I had the whole Truth of the Story. I shall conceal the unhappy Gentleman's own, under the borrow'd Names of Sir *William Wilding*, who succeeded his Father Sir *Edward*, in an Estate of near 4000*l.* a Year, inheriting all that belong'd to him, except his Virtues. 'Tis true, he was oblig'd to pay his only Sister a Portion of 6000*l.* which he might very easily have done out of his Patrimony in a little Time, the Estate being not in the least incumbred. But the Death of his good Father gave a loose to the Extravagancy of his Inclinations, which till then was hardly observable. The first Discovery he made of his Humour, was in the extraordinary rich Equipage he prepar'd for his Journey to *London*, which was much greater than his fair and plentiful Fortune cou'd maintain, nor were his Expences any way inferior to the Figure he made here in Town; insomuch, that in less than a Twelve-Month, he was forc'd to return to his Seat in the Country, to Mortgage a part of his Estate of a Thousand Pounds a Year, to satisfy the Debts he had already contracted in his profuse Treats, Gaming and Women, which in a few Weeks he effected, to the great Affliction of his Sister *Philadelphia*, a young Lady of excellent Beauty, Education, and Virtue; who, fore-seeing the utter Ruin of the Estate, if not timely prevented, daily begg'd of him, with Prayers and Tears, that might have mov'd a *Scythian* or wild *Arab*, or indeed any thing but him, to pay her her Portion. To which, however, he seemingly consented, and promis'd to take her to Town with him, and there give her all the Satisfaction she cou'd expect: And having dipp'd some paltry Acres of Land, deeper than ever Heaven dipp'd 'em in Rain, he was as good as his Word, and brought her to Town with him, where he told her he would place her with an ancient Lady, with whom he had contracted a Friendship at his first coming to *London*; adding, that she was a Lady of incomparable Morals, and of a matchless Life and Conversation. *Philadelphia* took him in the best Sense, and was very desirous to be planted in the same House with her, hoping she might grow to as great a Perfection in such excellent Qualifications, as she imagined 'em. About four Days therefore after they had been in Town, she sollicit her Brother to wait on that Lady with her: He reply'd, that it is absolutely Necessary and Convenient that I should first acquaint her with my Design, and beg that she will be pleas'd to take you into her Care, and this shall be my chief Business to Day: Accordingly, that very Hour he went to the Lady *Beldams*, his reverend and honourable Acquaintance, whom he prepar'd for the Reception of his Sister, who he told her was a Cast-Mistress of his, and desir'd her Assistance to prevent the Trouble and Charge, which she knew such Cattle would bring upon young Gentlemen of plentiful Estates. To morrow Morning about Eleven, I'll leave her with your Ladyship, who, I doubt not, will give her a wholesome Lesson or two before Night, and your Reward is certain. My Son, (return'd she) I know the Greatness

of your Spirit, the Heat of your Temper has both warm'd and inflam'd me! I joy to see you in Town again – Ah! That I could but recal one twenty Years for your Sake! – Well – no matter. – I won't forget your Instructions, nor my Duty to Morrow: In the mean time, I'll drink your Health in a Bottle of *Sherry* or two, O! Cry your Mercy, good my Lady *Beldam*, (said the young Debauchee) I had like to have forfeited my Title to your Care, in not remembering to leave you an Obligation. There are three Guinea's, which, I hope, will plead for me till to Morrow. – So – Your Ladyship's Servant humbly kisses your Hand. Your Honours most Obedient Servant, most gratefully Acknowledges your Favours. – Your humble Servant, Good Sir *William*, added she, seeing him leave her in haste.

Never were three Persons better pleas'd for a Time than this unnatural Man, his sweet innocent Sister, and the Lady *Beldam*; upon his return to *Philadelphia*, who could not rest that Night, for thinking on the Happiness she was going to enjoy in the Conversation of so virtuous a Lady as her Brother's Acquaintance, to whom she was in Hopes that she might discover her dearest Thoughts, and complain of Sir *William's* Extravagance and Unkindness, without running the Hazzard of being betray'd; and at the same Time, reasonably expect from so pious a Lady all the Assistance within her Capacity. On the other side, her Brother hugg'd himself in the Prospect he had of getting rid of his own Sister, and the Payment of 6000*l.* for the Sum of forty or fifty Guineas, by the Help and Discretion of this sage Matron; who, for her part, by this Time, had reckon'd up, and promis'd to herself an Advantage of at least three hundred Pounds, one way or other by this bargain.

About Ten the next Morning, Sir *William* took Coach with his Sister, for the old Lady's Enchanted Castle, taking only one Trunk of hers with them for the present, promising her to send her other Things to her the next Day. The young Lady was very joyfully and respectfully received by her Brother's venerable Acquaintance, who was mightily charm'd with her Youth and Beauty. A Bottle of the Best was then strait brought in, and not long after a very splendid Entertainment for Breakfast: The Furniture was all very modish and rich, and the Attendance was suitable. Nor was the Lady *Beldam's* Conversation less obliging and modest, than Sir *William's* Discourse had given *Philadelphia* occasion to expect. After they had eaten and drank what they thought Convenient, the reverend old Lady led 'em out of the Parlour to shew 'em the House, every Room of which they found answerably furnish'd to that whence they came. At last she led 'em into a very pleasant Chamber, richly hung, and curiously adorn'd with the Pictures of several beautiful young Ladies, wherein there was a Bed which might have been worthy the Reception of a Dutchess: This, Madam, (said she) is your Apartment, with the Anti-chamber, and little Withdrawing-Room. Alas, Madam! (returned the dear innocent unthinking Lady) you set too great a Value on your Servant; but I rather think your Ladyship designs me this Honour for the sake of Sir *William*, who has had the Happiness of your Acquaintance for some Months: Something for Sir *William*, (returned the venerable Lady *Beldam*) but much more for your Ladyship's own, as you will have Occasion to find hereafter. I shall Study to deserve your Favours and Friendship, Madam, reply'd *Philadelphia*: I hope you will, Madam, said the barbarous Man. But my Business now calls me hence; to Morrow at Dinner I will return to you, and Order the rest of your Things to be brought with me. In the mean while (pursu'd the Traytor, kissing his Sister, as he thought and hop'd the last time) be as chearful as you can, my Dear! and expect all you can wish from me. A thousand Thanks, my dearest Brother, return'd she, with Tears in her Eyes: And Madam, (said he to his old mischievous Confederate, giving her a very rich Purse which held 50 Guineas) be pleas'd to accept this Trifle, as an humble Acknowledgment of the great Favour you do this Lady, and the Care of her, which you promise; and I'm sure she cannot want. – So, once more, (added he) my Dear! and, Madam! I am your humble Servant *Jusqu' a Revoir*, and went out bowing. Heavens bless my dear Brother! (cry'd *Philadelphia*) your Honour's most Faithful and obedient Servant, said the venerable *Beldam*.

No sooner was the treacherous Brother gone, than the old Lady taking *Philadelphia* by the Hand, led her into the Parlour; where she began to her to this Effect: *If I mistake not, Madam, you were pleas'd to call Sir William Brother once or twice of late in Conversation: Pray be pleas'd to satisfy*

*my Curiosity so far as to inform me in the Truth of this Matter? Is it really so or not? Philadelphia* reply'd, blushing, your Ladyship strangely surprizes me with this Question: For, I thought it had been past your Doubt that it is so. Did not he let you know so much himself? I humbly beg your Pardon, Madam, (returned the true Offspring of old Mother *Eve*) that I have so visibly disturb'd you by my Curiosity: But, indeed, Madam, Sir *William* did not say your Ladyship was his Sister, when he gave me the Charge of you, as of the nearest and dearest Friend he had in the World. Now our Father and Mother are dead, (said the sweet Innocent) who never had more Children than us two, who can be a nearer or dearer Friend unto me, than my Brother Sir *William*, or than I his Sister to him? None? Certainly, you'll excuse me, Madam, (answer'd t'other) a Wife or Mistress may. A Wife indeed, (return'd the beautiful Innocent) has the Pre-eminence, and perhaps, a Mistress too, if honourably lov'd and sought for in Marriage: But, (she continu'd) I can assure your Ladyship that he has not a Wife, nor did I ever hear he had a Mistress yet. Love in Youth (said old Venerable) is very fearful of Discovery. I have known, Madam, a great many fine young Gentlemen and Ladies, who have conceal'd their violent Passions and greater Affection, under the Notion and Appellation of Brother and Sister. And your Ladyship imagines, Sir *William* and I do so? reply'd *Philadelphia*, by way of Question. 'Twere no imprudence, if you did, Madam, return'd old Lady *Beldam*, with all the Subtlety she had learn'd from the Serpent. Alas! Madam, (reply'd she) there is nothing like Secrecy in Love: 'Tis the very Life and Soul of it! I have been young myself, and have known it by Experience. But, all this, Madam, (interrupted *Philadelphia*, something nettl'd at her Discourse) all this can't convince me, that I am not the true and only Sister both by Father and Mother of Sir *William Wilding*; however, he wou'd impose upon your Ladyship, for what Ends, indeed, I know not, unless (unhappily, which Heaven forbid!) he designs to gain your Ladyship's Assistance in defeating me of the Portion left me by my Father: But, (she continued with Tears) I have too great an Assurance of your Virtue, to Fear that you will consent to so wicked a Practise. You may be confident, Madam, (said t'other) I never will. And, supposing that he were capable of perpetrating so base an Act of himself, yet if your Ladyship will be guided and directed by me, I will shew you the Means of living Happy and Great, without your Portion, or your Brother's Help; so much I am charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence.

But, pray, Madam, (pursu'd she) what is your Portion? And what makes you doubt your Brother's Kindness? *Philadelphia* then told her, how much her Brother was to pay her, and gave her an Account of his Extravagancies, as far as she knew 'em; to which t'other was no Stranger; and (doubtless) cou'd have put a Period to her Sorrows with her Life, had she given her as perfect a Relation of his riotous and vicious Practices, as she was capable of: But she had farther Business with her Life, and, in short, bid her be of good Comfort, and lay all her Care on her, and then she cou'd not miss of continual Happiness. The sweet Lady took all her Promises for sterling, and kissing her Impious Hand, humbly return'd her Thanks. Not long after they went to Dinner; and in the Afternoon, three or four young Ladies came to visit the Right Reverend the Lady *Beldam*; who told her new Guest, that these were all her Relations, and no less than her own Sister's Children. The Discourse among 'em was general and very modest, which lasted for some Hours: For, our Sex seldom wants matter of Tattle. But, whether their Tongues were then miraculously wearied, or that they were tir'd with one continued Scene of Place, I won't pretend to determine: But they left the Parlour for the Garden, where after about half an Hour's Walk, there was a very fine Desert of Sweetmeats and Fruits brought into one of the Arbours. *Cherbetts*, *Ros Solis*, rich and small Wines, with Tea, Chocolate, &c. compleated the old Lady's Treat; the Pleasure of which was much heighten'd by the Voices of two of her Ladyship's Sham-Nieces, who sung very charmingly. The Dear, sweet Creature, thought she had happily got into the Company of Angels: But (alas!) they were Angels that had fallen more than once. She heard talk of Nunneries, and having never been out of her own Country till within four or five Days, she had certainly concluded she had been in one of those Religious-Houses now, had she but heard a Bell ring, and seen 'em kneel to Prayers, and make use of their Beads, as she had been told those happy people do. However it was, she was extremely pleas'd with the Place and Company. So

nearly do's Hell counterfeit Heaven sometimes. At last, said one of the white Devils, wou'd my dear *Tommy* were here! O Sister! (cry'd another) you won't be long without your wish: For my Husband and he went out together, and both promis'd to be here after the Play. Is my Brother Sir *Francis* with him there? (ask'd the first) yes, (answer'd the third) Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Francis* took Coach from St. *James's*, about two Hours since: We shall be excellent Company when they come, (said a fourth); I hope they'll bring the Fiddlers with 'em, added the first: Don't you love Musick, Madam? (ask'd the old Lady *Beldam*) Sometimes, Madam, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) but now I am out o'tune myself. A little harmless Mirth will chear your drooping Spirits, my dear, (return'd t'other, taking her by the Hand) come! These are all my Relations, as I told you, Madam; and so consequently are their Husbands. Are these Ladies all marry'd, Madam? *Philadelphia* ask'd. All, all, my dear Soul! (reply'd the insinuating Mother of Iniquity;) and thou shalt have a Husband too, e're long. Alas, Madam! (return'd the fair Innocent) I have no Merit, nor Money: Besides, I never yet could Love so well as to make Choice of one Man before another.

How long have you liv'd then, Madam? (ask'd the Lady *Beldam*) too long by almost sixteen Years, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) had Heaven seen good. This Conversation lasted till Word was brought that Sir *Francis* and Sir *Thomas*, with Two other Gentlemen were just lighted at the Gate: Which so discompos'd the fair Innocent, that trembling, she begg'd leave to retire to her Chamber. To which, after some Perswasion to the contrary, the venerable *Beldam* waited on her. For, these were none of the Sparks to whom *Philadelphia* was design'd to be Sacrific'd. In her Retirement, the Beautiful dear Creature had the Satisfaction of venting her Grief in Tears, and addressing herself to Heaven, on which only she trusted, notwithstanding all the fair Promises of her reverend Hostess; she had not been retir'd above an Hour, e're a She-attendant waited on her, to know if she wanted any thing, and what she wou'd please to have for her Supper; if she wou'd not give her Lady the Honour of her Company below? To which she return'd, that she wou'd not Sup, and that she wanted nothing but Rest, which she wou'd presently seek in Bed. This Answer brought up the Officious old Lady herself; who, by all Means wou'd needs see her undress'd, for other Reasons more than a bare Compliment; which she perform'd with a great deal of Ceremony, and a Diligence that seem'd more than double. For she had then the Opportunity of observing the Delicacy of her Skin, the fine turn of her Limbs, and the richness of her Night-dress, part of the Furniture of her Trunk. As soon as she had cover'd herself, she kiss'd and wish'd her a good Repose. The dear Soul, as Innocent and White as her Linen, return'd her Thanks, and address'd herself to Sleep; out of which she was waken'd by a loud Consort of Musick, in less than two Hours time, which continu'd till long after Midnight. This occasion'd strange and doubtful Thoughts in her, tho' she was altogether so unskill'd in these Mysteries, that she cou'd not guess the right Meaning. She apprehended, that (possibly) her Brother had a Mistress, from the Lady *Beldam's* Discourse, and that this was their Place of Assignation: Suspecting too, that either Sir *Francis*, or Sir *Thomas*, of whom she had heard not long before, was Sir *William*, her Brother. The Musick and all the Noise in the House ceas'd about four a Clock in the Morning; when she again fell into a Sleep, that took away the Sense of her Sorrows, and Doubts 'till Nine; when she was again visited from her Lady, by the same She-attendant, to know how she had rested, and if she wou'd Please to Command her any Service. *Philadelphia* reply'd, That she had rested very well most Part of the Morning, and that she wanted nothing, but to know how her Lady had Slept, and whether she were in Health, unless it were the Sight of her Brother. The Servant return'd with this Answer to her Lady, while *Philadelphia* made shift to rise, and begin to Dress without an Assistant; but she had hardly put on anything more than her Night-gown, e're the Lady *Beldam* herself came in her *Dishabille*, to assure her of her Brother's Company with 'em at Dinner, exactly at One a Clock; and finding *Philadelphia* doing the Office of a Waiting-woman to herself, call'd up the same Servant, and in a great Heat (in which however she took Care to make Use of none of her familiar develish Dialect) ask'd the Reason that she durst leave the Lady when she was Rising. The Wench trembling, reply'd, That indeed the Lady did not let her know that she had any Thoughts of Rising. Well then (said her

seeming offended Lady) stir not from her now, I charge you, 'till she shall think fit to dismiss you, and Command your Absence. Dear Madam, Good Morrow to you, (said she to *Philadelphia*) I'll make haste and Dress too. Good Morrow to your Ladyship (return'd the design'd Victim) when she was *Habille*, she desir'd the Servant to withdraw; after which she betook herself to her Devotion; at the end of which the Lady *Beldam* return'd, attended by a Servant, who brought some Bread and Wine for her Breakfast; which might then be seasonable enough to *Philadelphia*; who cou'd not forbear discovering the Apprehensions she had of her Brother's Unkindness, still entertaining her *Reverence*, with the Fear she had of his Disappointment that Day at Dinner; which t'other oppos'd with all the seeming Reasons her Art cou'd suggest, 'till the Clock had struck Twelve; when a Servant came to tell the Lady *Beldam*, that one Sir *William Wilding* wou'd certainly wait on her precisely at One, and desir'd that he might Dine in the young Lady's Apartment, to avoid being seen by any Visitants that might come; and besides, that he had invited a Gentleman, his particular Friend, to Dinner with him there. This Message being deliver'd aloud by the Servant, was no little Satisfaction to the poor desponding young Lady, who discours'd very chearfully of indifferent Matters, 'till the Clock gave 'em Notice that the Hour was come; within three Minutes after which, Word was brought to the Lady *Beldam*, that a Gentleman below enquir'd for Sir *William Wilding*, whom she immediately went down to receive, and led up to *Philadelphia*. Madam, (cry'd the great Mistress of her Art) this is the Gentleman whom Sir *William* has invited to Dinner with us; and I am very Happy to see him, for he is my worthy Friend, and of a long Acquaintance. Trust me, Madam, he is a Man of Honour, and has a very large Estate: I doubt not (added she) that you will find his Merits in his Conversation. Here *Gracelove*, for that was the Gentleman's Name, saluted *Philadelphia*, and acquitted himself like a Person of good Sense and Education, in his first Address to her; which she return'd with all the Modesty and ingenuous Simplicity that was still proper to her. At last she ask'd him how long he thought it wou'd be e're Sir *William* came? To which he reply'd, that Sir *William* told him, unless he were there exactly at half an Hour after One, they shou'd not stay Dinner for him; that he had not parted with him much above a Quarter of an Hour, when he left him engag'd with particular Company, about some weighty Business: But however, that, if he shou'd be so unhappy as to lose their Conversation at Dinner, he wou'd not fail to wait on 'em by Four at farthest. The young Lady seem'd a little uneasie at this; but the Gentleman appearing so very Modest, and speaking it with such an assur'd Gravity, took away all Thoughts of Suspicion. To say Truth, *Gracelove* was a very honest, modest, worthy and handsome Person; and had the Command, at present, of a many Thousand Pounds, he was by Profession a *Turkey* Merchant: He had Travell'd much, for his Age, not having then reach'd Thirty, and had seen most of the Courts in *Christendom*: He was a Man of a sweet Temper, of just Principles, and of inviolable Friendship, where he promis'd; which was no where, but where 'twas merited. The Minute came then at length, but without any Sir *William*; so Dinner was serv'd up in the Room next to *Philadelphia*'s Bed-chamber. What they had was Nice and Seasonable; and they were all Three as Pleasant as cou'd be expected, without Sir *William*; to whose Health the Glass went round once or twice. Dinner over, and the Table clear'd, the old Lady *Beldam* entreated Mr. *Gracelove* to entertain the young Lady with a Discourse of his Travels, and of the most remarkable Passages and Encounters of 'em, which he perform'd with a Modesty and Gravity peculiar to himself; and in some part of his Discourse mov'd the innocent Passions of the beauteous and compassionate *Philadelphia*; who was as attentive as she us'd to be in Church at Divine Service. When the old Lady perceiv'd that he had made an end, or at least, that he desir'd to proceed no farther, she took Occasion to leave 'em together, in haste; pretending, that she had forgotten to give Orders to one of her Servants, about a Business of Moment, and that she wou'd return to 'em in a very little Time. The Gentleman, you may believe, was very well pleas'd with her Retreat, since he had a Discourse to make to *Philadelphia* of a quite contrary Nature to the Preceding, which requir'd Privacy: But how grateful her Absence was to *Philadelphia*, we may judge by the Sequel. Madam, (said *Gracelove*) how do you like the Town? Have you yet seen any Man here whom you cou'd Love? Alas, Sir! (she reply'd) I have not seen the

Town, only in a Coach, as I pass'd along, nor ever was in any House, except this and another, where my Brother lodg'd: And to your other Question I must Answer, that I Love all Men. That's generous, indeed, Madam! (cry'd he) there is then some hope that I am one of the Number. No doubt, Sir, (she return'd) that I Love you as well as any, except Sir *William*. Is he the happy Man then, Madam? (said *Gracelove*.) If to be loved best by me, may make any Man happy, doubtless it must be he, for he is my own Brother. I fancy, Madam, (return'd he) that you may make me as dear a Relation to you, as Sir *William*. How is that possible, Sir? she ask'd. Thus, Madam, (replied he, drawing closer to her) by our nearer Approaches to one another. O, Heaven defend me! (cried she aloud) what do you mean? Take away your Hand; you uncivil Man! Help! Madam! my Lady! O, (said *Gracelove*) she's gone purposely out of hearing. Am I betray'd then? She cried. Betray'd! as if your pretty innocent Ladyship did not know where you were lodged. Ah, Lady, (said he) this Faint will never do. Come, Child, (pursued he) here are an hundred Guineas for you; and I promise you Yearly as much, and Two Hundred with every Child that I shall get on thy sweet Body: Faith I love thee, thou pretty Creature. Come! let's be better acquainted! you know my Meaning. Hell does, no doubt of (she return'd!) O Monster a Man! I hate the Sight of you. With that she flung from him, and ran into the Bed-chamber, where she thought to have locked herself in; but the Key was conveyed into his Pocket. Thither, therefore, he pursued her, crying, Ah, Madam, this is the proper Field for our Dispute. Perceiving her Error, and animated by Despair, she rushed between him and the Door, into the outward Room again, he still following, and dodging her from Chair to Chair, she still Shrieking. At last (cried he) a Parley, Madam, with you. Let me ask you one Question, and will you Answer me directly and truly to it? Indeed, I will, (said she) if it be Civil. Don't you know then, that you are in a naughty House, and that old *Beldam* is a rank Procuress, to whom I am to give Two hundred Guineas for your Maidenhead? O Heaven (cried she, kneeling with Tears gushing out from her dear Eyes) thou Asserter and Guardian of Innocence! protect me from the impious Practices intended against me! Then looking steadfastly on him, Sir, (pursued she) I can but Difficultly guess what you mean: But I find, that unless you prove what at first you seemed to me, I would say, an honest worthy Gentleman, I shall be in danger of eternal Ruin. You, Sir, are the only Person that may yet Preserve me. Therefore I beseech you, Sir, hear my Story, with the Injuries and Afflictions that so dreadfully torment me; of which, I am sure, none of those *Barbarians*, of which you had Occasion to speak but now, would have been guilty! O hear, and help me! for Heaven's Sake, hear and help me! I will, poor Creature, (return'd he) methinks I now begin to see my Crime and thy Innocence in thy Words and Looks. Here she recounted to him all the Accidents of her Life, since her Father's Decease, to that very Day, e're *Gracelove* came to Dinner. And now (cry'd she, sobbing and weeping) how dare I trust this naughty Brother again? Can I be safe with him, think you, Sir? O! no; thou dear sweet Creature! by no Means. O infernal Monsters, Brother and Bawd! If you distrust that I am yet his Sister, here, Sir, take this Key, (said she) and open that Trunk within, where you will find Letters from him to me in his own Hand; and from my own dear dead Father too, Sir *Edward*, that gracious, that good Man! He shew'd us both the Paths of Virtue: which I have not yet forsaken. Pray satisfy me, Sir, and see the Truth! For your Satisfaction I will, Madam, (said he) but I am now fully convinc'd that you have greater Beauties within, than those I admire without. Saying this, he open'd the Trunk, where he read a Line or two from her Father, and as many from her Brother, which having again laid down, return'd to her, with this Advice: I see, Madam, (said he) that you have Money there, and several Things of Value, which I desire you to secure about you this Moment; for I mean to deliver you out of this cursed Place, if you dare put any Confidence in a Stranger, after your own Brother has acted the Part of so great a Villain; if you dare trust a Stranger too, Madam, who had himself a Design upon you; Heaven forgive me for it! but by all Things sacred, I find my Error: I pity you, and I fear I shall love you. Do you fear that, Sir? (said she) Why I love you dearly now, because I see you are going to be good again; that is, you are going to be yourself again. I hope, nay, I resolve I will, tho' it cost me my Life (said he.) Can you submit, Madam, to attend on a young Lady of my Acquaintance here in Town, 'till I

can provide better for you? O I can be any Thing; a Chamber-Maid, a Cook-Maid, a Scullion, what you shall think fit, tho' never so mean, that is not naughty. Well, Madam, (said he) compose your self then, and seem a little pleasant when I bring up that old Factoress of Hell. I will endeavour it, Sir, she return'd; and he went down to the Devil's chief Agent, to whom he said, that the poor Thing was at first very uneasy, but that now she had consented to go along with him for an Hour or two to some other Place, doubting your Secrecy; for she would not have her Brother know it, as she calls him, for a thousand Worlds, and more Money. Well, my Son, (reply'd old *Beldam*) you may take her with you: But you remember your Bargain. O fie, Mother! (cry'd he) did you ever know me false to you? No, no, you smock'd-fac'd Wag, (said she) but be sure you bring her again to Night, for fear Sir *William* should come. Never doubt it! Come up with me, (cry'd he) you'll see a strange Alteration, I believe. To *Philadelphia* they came then, whom they found walking about the Room, and looking something more pleasantly than she had ever done since she came thither. After she had taken her Money, and other Things of Value, so, Madam, (said *Beldam*) how does your Ladiship now? I find, the Sight of a young handsome Gentleman has work'd Wonders with you in a little Time: I understand you are going to take a Walk with my worthy Friend here, and 'tis well done: I dare trust you with him, but with no other Man living, except Sir *William*. Madam, (return'd the fair afflicted Lady) I am strangely oblig'd to you for your Care of me, and am sure I shall never be able to return your Obligations as I ought, and as I could wish. You won't stay late, Mr. *Gracelove*? (said the Mother of Mischief.) No, no, (reply'd he) I will only shew the Lady a Play, and return to Supper. What is play'd to Night? (ask'd the old One) *The Cheats, Mother, the Cheats*. (answer'd *Gracelove*.) Ha, (said *Beldam*, laughing) a very pretty Comedy, indeed! Ay, if well play'd, return'd he. At these Words, they went down, where a Coach was call'd; which carry'd 'em to Counsellor *Fairlaw's* House, in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, whom they found accidentally at Home; but his Lady and Daughter were just gone to Chapel, being then turn'd of Five. *Gracelove* began his Apology to the good old Counsellor, who was his Relation, for bringing a strange Lady thither, with a Design to place her in his Family: But Sir, continu'd he, if you knew her sorrowful Story, you would be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earnest to entreat it of you. A very beautiful Lady 'tis, (return'd the Counsellor) and very modest, I believe. That I can witness (reply'd t'other.) Alas, Sir! (said the fair Unfortunate) I have nothing but my Modesty and honest Education to recommend me to your Regard. I am wrong'd and forsaken by my nearest Relation; then she wept extravagantly: That Gentleman can give you an Account of my Misfortunes, if he pleases, with greater Ease and less Trouble than my self. Not with less Trouble, believe me, Madam; (return'd *Gracelove*) and then began to inform *Fairlaw* in every Point of her unhappy Circumstances. The good old Gentleman heard 'em with Amazement and Horror; but told her, however, that she need not despond, for he would take Care to right her against her Brother; and, that in the mean Time she should be as welcome to him as any of his nearest Kindred, except his Wife and Daughter. *Philadelphia* would have knelt to thank him; but he told her, that humble Posture was due to none but Heaven, and the King sometimes. In a little While after, the Lady *Fairlaw* and her Daughter came Home, who were surpriz'd at the Sight of a Stranger, but more at her Beauty, and most of all at her Story, which the good old Gentleman himself could not forbear relating to 'em: Which ended, the Mother and Daughter both kindly and tenderly embrac'd her, promising her all the Assistance within their Power, and bid her a thousand Welcomes. *Gracelove* stay'd there 'till after Supper, and left her extremely satisfy'd with her new Station. 'Twas here she fix'd then; and her Deportment was so obliging, that they would not part with her for any Consideration. About three Days after her coming from that lewd Woman's House, *Gracelove* took a Constable and some other Assistants, and went to *Beldam's* to demand the Trunk, and what was in it, which at first her Reverence deny'd to return, 'till Mr. Constable produc'd the Emblem of his Authority, upon which it was deliver'd, without so much as re-minding *Gracelove* of his Bargain; who then pretended he would search the House for Sir *William Wilding*; but her graceless Reverence swore most devoutly that he had never been there, and that she had neither seen nor heard from him since the Day he

left *Philadelphia* with her. With these Things, and this Account he return'd to Counsellor *Fairlaw's*, who desir'd *Gracelove*, if possible, to find out Sir *William*, and employ'd several others on the same Account. In less than a Month's Time *Gracelove* had the good Fortune to find him at his Lodgings in *Soho-Square*, where he discours'd him about his Sister's Portion, and desir'd Sir *William* to take some speedy Care for the Payment of it; otherwise she had Friends that would oblige him to it, tho' never so contrary to his Intentions. *Wilding* ask'd where she was? t'other enquir'd where he left her? Sir *William* reply'd, that he had plac'd her with an old grave Gentlewoman of his Acquaintance, and that he thought she was there still. No, Sir, (return'd *Gracelove*) I have deliver'd her out of the Jaws of Perdition and Hell. Come, Sir *William*, (answer'd he) 'twas impiously done, to leave your beautiful, young, and virtuous Sister, to the Management of that pernicious Woman. I found her at old *Beldam's*, who would have prostituted her to me for two hundred Guineas; but her heavenly Virtues might have secur'd and guarded her from more violent Attempts than mine. Blush, if you can, Sir! and repent of this! It will become you. If not, Sir, you will hear farther from your Servant, added he, and left him staring after him. This Discourse was a great Mortification to the Knight, whose Conscience, harden'd as it was, felt yet some Pain by it. He found he was not like to continue safe or at Ease there, where he immediately retreated into a Place of Sanctuary, call'd the *Savoy*, whither his whole Equipage was remov'd as soon as possible, he having left Order with his Servants, to report that he went out of Town that very Afternoon for his own Country. *Gracelove* in the mean Time return'd to the Counsellor's, with a great deal of Joy, for having discover'd Sir *William* at his Lodgings, which was likewise no little Satisfaction to *Fairlaw*, his Lady and Daughter; *Philadelphia* only was disturb'd when she heard the good old Gentleman threaten to lay her Brother fast enough: But, alas! he was too cunning for 'em; for in a whole Twelvemonth after, all which Time they made Enquiry, and narrowly search'd for him, they could not see him, nor any one that could give an Account of him, for he had chang'd his true Name and Title, for that of 'Squire *Sportman*. The farther Pursuit of him then seem'd fruitless to 'em, and they were forc'd to be contented with their Wishes to find him.

*Gracelove* by this Time had entertain'd the sincerest Affections and noblest Passion that Man can be capable of, for *Philadelphia*; of which he had made her sensible, who had at that Time comply'd with his honourable Demands, had she not entreated him to expect a kind Turn of Providence, which might, (happily) e're long, put her in Possession of her Right; without which, she told him, she could not consent to marry him, who had so plentiful a Fortune, and she nothing but her Person and Innocence. How, Madam! (cry'd he) have you no Love in Store for me! Yes, Sir, (return'd she) as much as you can wish I have in Store for you, and so I beg it may be kept 'till a better Opportunity. Well, Madam, (said he) I must leave you for some Months, perhaps for a whole Year; I have receiv'd Letters of Advice that urge the Necessity of my going to *Turkey*; I have not a Week's Time to endeavour so dreaded a Separation as I must suffer; therefore, thou beautiful, thou dear, thou virtuous Creature, let me begin now! Here, thou tenderest Part of my Soul! (continu'd he, giving her a rich Diamond Ring) wear this 'till my Return! I hope the Sight of it may sometimes re-call the dying Memory of *Gracelove* to your better-busy'd Thoughts. Ah, *Gracelove*! (said she) nothing can so well, nothing I am sure can better employ my Thoughts, than thy dear self: Heaven only excepted. They enlarg'd a great deal more on this Subject at that Time; but the Night before his Departure was entirely spent in Sighs, Vows, and Tears, on both Sides. In the Morning, after he had again entreated his Cousin's, and the Lady's, and her Daughter's Care and Kindness to *Philadelphia*, the remaining and best Part of his Soul, with one hearty Kiss, accompany'd with Tears, he took a long Farewel of his dear Mistress, who pursu'd him with her Eyes, 'till they could give her no farther Intelligence of him; and they help'd her Kindness to him, and eas'd her Grief for his Absence in weeping for above a Week together, when in private. He never omitted writing to her and his Cousin by every Opportunity, for near nine Months, as he touch'd at any Port; but afterwards they could not hear from him for above half a Year; when, by Accident, the Counsellor met a Gentleman of *Gracelove's* Acquaintance at a Coffee-House, who gave him an Account, that the Ship and he were both cast away, near five Months

since; that most if not all of the Ship's Company perish'd; of which, 'twas fear'd, *Gracelove* was one, having never since been heard of. That his Loss in that Ship amounted to above twelve thousand Pounds: With this dreadful and amazing News the good old Gentleman returns Home, afflicts his poor sorrowful Lady and Daughter, and almost kills unhappy *Philadelphia*; who the next Day, by mere Chance, and from a Stranger, who came on Business to the Counsellor, heard, that one Sir *William Wilding*, an extravagant, mad, young Spark of such a County, who lately went by the borrow'd Name and Title of 'Squire *Sportman*, had mortgag'd all his Estate, which was near four thousand a Year, and carry'd the Money over with him into *France* on Saturday last. This, added to the former News, put so great a Check on her Spirits, that she immediately dropp'd down in a Swoon; whence she only recover'd, to fall into what was of a much more dangerous Consequence, a violent Fever, which held her for near six Weeks, e're she could get Strength enough to go down Stairs: In all which Time, Madam *Fairlaw* and *Eugenia*, her Daughter, attended her as carefully and constantly, as if they had been her own Mother and Sister: The good old Counsellor still commending and encouraging their Care. The Roses and Lillies at last took their Places again; but the Clouds of her Sorrow were still but too visible. Two Years more past, without one Word of Advice from *Gracelove* or any Account of him from any one else; insomuch, that they all concluded he was certainly dead: And, 'twas true, indeed, that his Ship and he were cast away, much about that Time that the Gentleman gave *Fairlaw* a Relation: That 'twas certain he had lost above 12000*l.* and had like to have lost his Life; but being very expert in Swimming, he got to Shoar upon the Coast of *Barbary*, the Wreck happening not to be above three Leagues thence; he was in almost as bad a Condition as if he had been drown'd, for here he was made a Prisoner to one of the Natives; in which miserable Circumstance he languish'd for above six Years, for Want of a Ransom; which he had often endeavour'd to raise by Letters, that he sent hither to his Friends (in *England*;) amongst which Counsellor *Fairlaw* was one of his most particular and assur'd. But however Providence or Accident, if you please, order'd it, not a Line came to the Hands of any of his Friends; so that had not Heaven had yet a future Blessing in Store for him, he had certainly have better perish'd in the Sea, than to have fall'n into the Power of a People less merciful than Seas, Winds, or hungry wild Beasts in Pursuit of their Prey. But this could not be learn'd (it seems) from any Man but himself, upon his Return, after his Redemption.

Two Years more pass'd on; towards the latter of which the old Lady *Fairlaw* took her Bed, desperately sick, insomuch that she was given over by all her Physicians; she continu'd in great Misery for near two Months; in all which Time *Philadelphia* was constantly with her all the Day, or all the Night; much about that Time she dy'd; and, dying, told her Husband, that she had observ'd he had a particular Esteem or Kindness for *Philadelphia*; which was now a great Satisfaction to her; since she was assur'd, that if he marry'd her, she would prove an excellent Nurse to him, and prolong his Life by some Years. As for *Eugenia*, (added she) you need not be concern'd; I'm sure she will consent to any Thing that you shall propose, having already so plentifully provided for her. The good old Gentleman answer'd, that he would fulfil her Will as far as lay in his Power: And not long after, she departed this Life. Her Burial was very handsome and honourable. Half a Year was now expir'd since her Interment, when the old Counsellor began to plead his own Cause to young *Philadelphia*, reminding her that now the Death of *Gracelove* was out of Question; and that therefore she was as much at her Liberty to make her own Choice of an Husband as he was of a Wife; not forgetting, at the same Time, to let her know, that his Widow, (whoever had the good Fortune to be so) would be worth above thirty thousand Pounds in ready Money, besides a thousand a Year. But, above all, he urg'd his dying Lady's last Advice to him, that he would marry her; and hop'd she would see the Will of the Dead satisfy'd. The young Lady being broken in Sorrows, and having mortify'd all her Appetites to the Enjoyments of this World, and not knowing where to meet with so fair an Overture, tho' at first, in Modesty, she seem'd to refuse it as too great an Honour, yet yielded to less than a Quarter of an Hour's Courtship. And the next Sunday marry'd they were, with the Consent, and to the perfect Satisfaction of, his Daughter, Madam *Eugenia*; who lov'd *Philadelphia* sincerely. They

kept their Wedding very nobly for a Month, at their own House in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; but the Memory of the old Lady was still so fresh with the young Lady *Fairlaw*, that she prevail'd with him to remove to another, more convenient as she fancy'd, in *Covent-Garden*. They had dwelt there not much more than four Months, e're the good old Gentleman fell sick and dy'd. Whether it were the Change of an old House for a new, or an old Wife for a young, is yet uncertain, tho' his Physicians said, and are still of Opinion, that, doubtless, it was the last. 'Tis past all Doubt, that she did really mourn for and lament his Death; for she lov'd him perfectly, and pay'd him all the dutiful respect of a virtuous Wife, while she liv'd within that State with him; which he rewarded as I have said before. His Funeral was very sumptuous and honourable indeed! and as soon as it was over, *Eugenia* desir'd her young beautiful Mother-in-Law to retreat a little with her into the Country, to a pleasant House she had, not twenty Miles distant from Town; urging, That she could by no Means enjoy her self under that Roof, where her dear Father dy'd. The obliging Step-mother, who might more properly have been call'd her Sister, being exactly of the same Age with her, readily comply'd, and she pass'd away all that Summer with *Eugenia*, at their Country-Seat, and most Part of the Winter too; for *Eugenia* could by no Means be prevail'd on to lie one Night in her Mother's House; 'twas with some Reluctancy that she consented to dine there sometimes. At length the whole Year of *Philadelphia's* Widowhood was expir'd; during which, you can't but imagine that she was solicited and address'd to by as many Lovers, or pretended Lovers, as our dear King *Charles*, whom God grant long to reign, was lately by the Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, and all those canting whiggish Brethren! But she had never lik'd any Man so well as to make him her Husband, by Inclination, unless it was *Gracelove*, devour'd by the greedy Inhabitants of the Sea.

Whilst her Fortune began to mend thus, her Brother's grew worse; but that was indeed the Effect of his Extravagancy: In less than two Years Time, he had spent eight thousand Pounds in *France*, whence he return'd to *England*, and pursuing his old profuse Manner of Living, contracted above 100*l.* Debts here, in less than four Months Time; which not being able to satisfy, he was arrested, and thrown into a Goal, whence he remov'd himself into the *King's Bench*, on that very Day that old *Fairlaw* dy'd. There, at first, for about a Month, he was entertain'd like a Gentleman; but finding no Money coming, nor having a Prospect of any, the Marshal and his Instruments turn'd him to the Common Side, where he learnt the Art of Peg-making, a Mystery to which he had been a Stranger all his Life long 'till then. 'Twas then he wish'd he might see his Sister, hoping that she was in a Condition to relieve him; which he was apt to believe, from the Discourse he had with *Gracelove* some Years past. Often he wish'd to see her, but in vain; however, the next *Easter* after the old Counsellor's Death, *Philadelphia*, according to his Custom, sent her Steward to relieve all the poor Prisoners about Town; among the rest he visited those in the common Side of the *King's Bench*, where he heard 'em call Sir *William Wilding* to partake of his Lady's Charity. The poor Prodigal was then feeding on the Relief of the Basket, not being yet able to get his Bread at his new Trade: To him the Steward gave a Crown, whereas the other had but Half a Crown apiece. Then he enquir'd of some of the unhappy Gentlemen, Sir *William's* Fellow-Collegians, of what Country Sir *William* was? How long he had been there? And how much his Debts were? All of which he receiv'd a satisfactory Account. Upon his Return to his Lady, he repeated the dismal News of her Brother's Misfortunes to her; who immediately dispatch'd him back again to the Prison, with Orders to give him twenty Shillings more at present, and to get him remov'd to the Master's Side, into a convenient Chamber, for the Rent of which the Steward engag'd to pay; and promis'd him, as she had commanded, twenty Shillings a Week, as long as he stay'd there, on Condition that he would give the Names of all his Creditors, and of all those to whom he had engag'd any Part of his Estate; which the poor Gentleman did most readily and faithfully: After which, the Steward enquir'd for a Taylor, who came and took Measure of *Philadelphia's* unkind Brother, and was order'd to provide him Linnen, a Hat, Shoes, Stockings, and all such Necessaries, not so much as omitting a Sword: With all which he acquainted his Lady at his Return; who was very much griev'd at her Brother's unhappy Circumstances, and at the same Time extremely well

pleas'd to find her self in a Condition to relieve him. The Steward went constantly once a Week to pay him his Money; and Sir *William* was continually very curious to know to whom he was oblig'd for so many and great Favours; But he was answer'd, That they came from a Lady who desir'd to have her Name conceal'd. In less than a Year, *Philadelphia* had paid 25000*l.* and taken off the Mortgages on 2500*l.* per Annum of her Brother's Estate; and coming to Town from *Eugenia's* Country-House one Day, to make the last Payment of two thousand Pounds, looking out of her Coach on the Road, near *Dartford*, she saw a Traveller on Foot, who seem'd to be tir'd with his Journey, whose Face, she thought, she had formerly known: This Thought invited her to look on him so long, that she, at last, perswaded her self it was *Gracelove*, or his Ghost: For, to say Truth, he was very pale and thin, his Complexion swarthy, and his Cloaths (perhaps) as rotten as if he had been bury'd in 'em. However, unpleasant as it was, she could not forbear gazing after this miserable Spectacle; and the more she beheld it, the more she was confirmed it was *Gracelove*, or something that had usurp'd his Figure. In short, she could not rest 'till she call'd to one of her Servants, who rode by the Coach, whom she strictly charg'd to go to that poor Traveller, and mount him on his Horse, 'till they came to *Dartford*; where she order'd him to take him to the same Inn where she baited, and refresh him with any Thing that he would eat or drink; and after that, to hire a Horse for him, to come to Town with them: That then he should be brought Home to her own House, and be carefully look'd after, 'till farther Orders from her. All which was most duly and punctually perform'd.

The next Morning early she sent for the Steward, whom she order'd to take the Stranger to a Sale-shop, and fit him with a Suit of good Cloaths, to buy him Shirts, and other Linnen, and all Necessaries, as he had provided for her Brother; and gave him Charge to use him as her particular Friend, during his Stay there, bidding him, withal, learn his Name and Circumstances, if possible, and to supply him with Money for his Pocket Expences: All which he most faithfully and discreetly perform'd, and brought his Lady an Account of his Sufferings by Sea, and Slavery among the *Turks*, as I have before related; adding, that his Name was *Gracelove*. This was the greatest Happiness, certainly, that ever yet the dear beautiful Creature was sensible of. On t'other Side, *Gracelove* could not but admire and praise his good Fortune, that had so miraculously and bountifully reliev'd him; and one Day having some private Discourse with the Steward, he could not forbear expressing the Sense he had of it; declaring, That he could not have expected such kind Treatment from any Body breathing, but from his Cousin, Counsellor *Fairlaw*, his Lady, or another young Lady, whom he plac'd and left with his Cousins. Counsellor *Fairlaw*! (cry'd the Steward) why, Sir, my Lady is the old Counsellor's Widow; she is very beautiful and young too. What was her Name, Sir, before she marry'd the Counsellor? (ask'd *Gracelove*) That I know not, (reply'd t'other) for the old Steward dy'd presently after the old Lady, which is not a Year and a Half since; in whose Place I succeed; and I have never been so curious or inquisitive, as to pry into former Passages of the Family. Do you know, Sir, (said *Gracelove*) whereabouts in Town they liv'd before? Yes, Sir, (return'd the Steward, who was taught how to answer) in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, I think, Alas! (cry'd *Gracelove*) 'twas the same Gentleman to whom I design'd to apply my self when I came to *England*. You need not despair now, Sir, (said t'other) I dare say my Lady will supply your Wants. O wonderful Goodness of a Stranger! (cry'd *Gracelove*) uncommon and rare amongst Relations and Friends! How have I, or how can I ever merit this? Upon the End of their Conference, the Steward went to *Philadelphia*, and repeated it almost *verbatim* to her; who order'd *Gracelove* should be taken Measure of by the best Taylor in *Covent-Garden*; that he should have three of the most modish rich Suits made, that might become a private Gentleman of a Thousand Pounds a Year, and Hats, Perukes, Linnen, Swords, and all Things suitable to 'em, all to be got ready in less than a Month; in which Time, she took all the Opportunity she could either find or make to see him, and not to be seen by him: She oblig'd her Steward to invite him to a Play, whither she follow'd 'em, and sate next to *Gracelove*, and talk'd with him; but all the while masq'd. In this Month's Time she was daily pester'd with the Visits of her Addressors; several there were of 'em; but the chief were only a Lord of a very small Estate, tho'

of a pretty great Age; a young blustering Knight, who had a Place of 500*l.* a Year at Court; and a County Gentleman, of a very plentiful Estate, a Widower, and of a middle Age. These three only of her Lovers she invited to Dinner, on the first Day of the next Month: In the mean while she sent a rich Suit, and Equipage proportionable, to her Brother, with an Invitation to dine with her on the same Day. Then she writ to *Eugenia* to come and stay in Town, if not in the same House with her, for two or three Days before; which her affectionate Daughter obey'd; to whom *Philadelphia* related all her Brother's past Extravagancies and what she had done for him in redeeming most Part of his Estate; begging of her, that if she could fancy his Person, she would take him into her Mercy and marry him. Being assur'd, that such a virtuous Wife as she would prove, must necessarily reclaim him, if yet he were not perfectly convinc'd of his Follies; which, she doubted not, his late long Sufferings had done. *Eugenia* return'd, That she would wholly be directed and advis'd by her in all Things; and that certainly she could not but like the Brother, since she lov'd the Sister so perfectly and truly.

The Day came, and just at Twelve, *Gracelove*, meeting the Steward on the Stairs coming from his Lady, *Gracelove* then told him, that he believ'd he might take the Opportunity of that Afternoon to go over to *Putney*, and take a Game or two at Bowls. The Steward return'd, Very well, Sir, I shall let my Lady know it, if she enquires for you. *Philadelphia*, who overheard what they said, call'd the Steward in Haste, and bid him call *Gracelove* back, and tell him, she expected his Company at her Table to Day, and that she desir'd he would appear like himself. The Steward soon overtook him at the Door, just going out as *Eugenia* came in, who look'd back on *Gracelove*: The poor Gentleman was strangely surpriz'd at the Sight of her, as she was at his; but the Steward's Message did more amaze and confound him. He went directly to his Chamber, to dress himself in one of those rich Suits lately made for him; but, the Distraction he was in, made him mistake his Coat for his Wastcoat, and put the Coat on first; but, recalling his straggl'g Thoughts, he made Shift to get ready time enough to make his Appearance without a second Summons. *Philadelphia* was as pleasant at Dinner, as ever she had been all her Life; she look'd very obligingly on all the Sparks, and drank to every one of 'em particularly, beginning to the Lord – and ending to the Stranger, who durst hardly lift up his Eyes a second Time to her's, to confirm him that he knew her. Her Brother was so confounded, that he bow'd and continu'd his Head down 'till she had done drinking, not daring to encounter her Eyes, that would then have reproach'd him with his Villany to her.

After Dinner the Cloth was taken away; She began thus to her Lovers: My Lord! Sir *Thomas*! and Mr. *Fat-acres*! I doubt not, that it will be of some Satisfaction to you, to know whom I have made Choice for my next Husband; which now I am resolv'd no longer to defer.

The Person to whom I shall next drink, must be the Man who shall ever command me and my Fortune, were it ten times greater than it is; which I wish only for his Sake, since he deserves much more. – Here, (said she to one that waited) put Wine into two Glasses: Then she took the Diamond Ring from her Finger, and put it into one of 'em. My dear *Gracelove*, (cry'd she) I drank to thee; and send thee back thy own Ring, with *Philadelphia*'s Heart. He startl'd, blush'd, and looked wildly; whilst all the Company stared on him. Nay, pledge me, (persu'd she) and return me the Ring: for it shall make us both one the next Morning. He bow'd, kiss'd, and return'd it, after he had taken off his Wine. The defeated Lovers knew not how to resent it? The Lord and Knight were for going, but the Country Gentleman oppos'd it, and told 'em, 'twas the greatest Argument of Folly, to be disturb'd at the Caprice of a Woman's Humour. They sate down again therefore, and she invited 'em to her Wedding on the Morrow.

And now, Brother, (said she) I have not quite forgotten you, tho' you have not been pleas'd to take Notice of me: I have a Dish in Reserve for you, which will be more grateful to your Fancy than all you have tasted to Day. Here! (cry'd she to the Steward) Mr. *Rightman*, do you serve up that Dish your self. *Rightman* then set a cover'd Dish on the Table. What! more Tricks yet? (cry'd my Lord and Sir *Thomas*) Come, Sir *William*! (said his Sister) uncover it! he did so; and cry'd out, O matchless Goodness of a virtuous Sister! here are the Mortgages of the best Part of my Estate! O! what a Villain!

what a Monster have I been! no more, dear Brother; (said she, with Tears in her Eyes) I have yet a greater Happiness in Store for you: This Lady, this beautiful virtuous Lady, with twenty thousand Pounds, will make you happy in her Love. Saying this, she join'd their Hands; Sir *William* eagerly kiss'd *Eugenia's*, who blush'd, and said, Thus, Madam, I hope to shew how much I love and honour you. My Cousin *Eugenia!* (cry'd *Gracelove!*) The same, my dear lost dead Cousin *Gracelove!* (reply'd she) O! (said he in a Transport) my present Joys are greater than all my past Miseries! my Mistress and my Friend are found, and still are mine. Nay, (faith, said my Lord) this is pleasant enough to me, tho' I have been defeated of the Enjoyment of the Lady. The whole Company in general went away very well that Night, who return'd the next Morning, and saw the two happy Pair firmly united.

## FINIS

### Notes: Critical and Explanatory:

#### The Unfortunate Happy Lady

[p. 43](#) *Ros Solis*. A potent and well-liked tipple.

We abandon all ale  
And beer that is stale  
Rosa-solis and damnable hum,  
But we will rack  
In the praise of sack  
'Gainst Omne quod exit in um.

– *Witts Recreation* (1654).

*The Accomplished Female Instructor* gives the following recipe: 'Rossa Solis; Take of clean spirits, not too strong, two quarts and a quart of spring-water; let them seethe gently over a soft fire till about a pint is evaporated; then put in four spoonfuls of orange-flower-water, and as much of very good cinnamon-water; crush 3 eggs in pieces, and throw them in shell and all; stir it well, and when it boiles up a little take it off.' This drink was so great a favourite with Louis XIV that a particular sort was named *Rossolis du Roi*.

[p. 51](#) *The Cheats, Mother, the Cheats*. John Wilson's excellent comedy, *The Cheats*, which was written and produced in 1662, attained great popularity. It ran into four editions ('imprimatur, 5 November, 1663'); 4to, 1664; 1671; 1684; 1693. Caustically satirizing the Puritans, it became a stock piece, and was acted as late as May, 1721, when Griffin, Harper, Diggs, and Mrs. Gifford sustained the parts which had been created by Lacy, Mohun, Hart, and Mrs. Corey.

## THE FAIR JILT

### INTRODUCTION

Although *The Fair Jilt* was published in 1688, it is interesting to note that ten years earlier, Michaelmas Term, 1678, there is advertised for R. Tonson *The Amorous Convert; being a true Relation of what happened in Holland*, which may very well be the first sketch of Mrs. Behn's maturer novel. The fact that she does not 'pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd story,' but on the contrary, 'every circumstance to a tittle is truth', and that she expressly asserts, 'To a great part of the main I myself was an eye-witness', aroused considerable suspicion in Bernbaum as to the veracity of her narration, a suspicion which, when he gravely discovers history to know no such person as her 'Prince Tarquin of the race of the last Kings of Rome', is resolved into a certainty that she is romancing fully and freely throughout. It is surely obvious that such a point does not so much demonstrate Mrs. Behn's untruthfulness as her consummate art. With all the nice skill of a born novelist she has so mingled fact and fancy, what did occur and what might have been, that any attempt to disentangle the twain would be idle indeed. The passages where she is most insistent upon the due sequence of events, most detailed in observation are not impossibly purely fictional, the incidents related without stress or emphatic assertions are probably enough the plain unvarnished happenings as she witnessed them. That the history is mainly true admits of little question; that Mrs. Behn has heightened and coloured the interest is equally certain.

*The Fair Jilt* must be allowed to stand in the very first rank amongst her novels. It has been aptly compared to a novella by Bandello, and is indeed more than worthy of the pen of the good Dominican Bishop of Agen. In all its incidents and motives the story is eternally true. The fateful beauty, playing now the part of Potiphar's wife, and now the yet commoner rôle of an enchantress whose charms drive men to madness and crime, men who adore her even from their prison cell and are glad to go to a shameful death for her sake, appears in all history, in all literature, nay, in the very newspaper scandals and police courts of to-day. As a picture of untrammelled passion, culpable and corrupt, but yet terribly fascinating in her very recklessness and abandon, Miranda is indeed a powerful study. Always guilty, she is always excused, or if punished but sparingly and little, whilst the friar languishes in a foul dungeon, the page-boy is hanged, her husband stands upon the public scaffold. And then in the end, 'very penitent for her life past', she is received with open arms by Tarquin's old father, who looks upon her as a very angel, and retiring to the tranquility of a country-house she passes her days in 'as perfect a state of happiness as this troublesome world can afford'.

**TO<sup>2</sup>**  
**HENRY PAIN, ESQ;**

Sir,

Dedications are like Love, and no Man of Wit or Eminence escapes them; early or late, the Affliction of the Poet's Complement falls upon him; and Men are oblig'd to receive 'em as they do their Wives; *For better, for worse*; at least with a feign'd Civility.

It was not Want of Respect, but Fear, that has hitherto made us keep clear of your Judgment, too piercing to be favourable to what is not nicely valuable. We durst not awaken your Criticism; and by begging your Protection in the Front of a Book, give you an Occasion to find nothing to deserve it. Nor can this little History lay a better Claim to that Honour, than those that have not pretended to it; which has but this Merit to recommend it, That it is Truth: Truth, which you so much admire. But 'tis a Truth that entertains you with so many Accidents diverting and moving, that they will need both a Patron, and an Assertor in this incredulous World. For however it may be imagin'd that Poetry (my Talent) has so greatly the Ascendant over me, that all I write must pass for Fiction, I now desire to have it understood that this is Reality, and Matter of Fact, and acted in this our latter Age: And that in the person of *Tarquin*, I bring a Prince to kiss your Hands, who own'd himself, and was receiv'd, as the last of the Race of the *Roman* Kings; whom I have often seen, and you have heard of; and whose Story is so well known to your self, and many Hundreds more: Part of which I had from the Mouth of this unhappy great Man, and was an Eye-Witness to the rest.

'Tis true, Sir, I present you with a Prince unfortunate, but still the more noble Object for your Goodness and Pity; who never valu'd a brave Man the less for being unhappy. And whither shou'd the Afflicted flee for Refuge but to the Generous? Amongst all the Race, he cannot find a better Man, or more certain Friend: Nor amongst all his Ancestors, match your greater Soul, and Magnificence of Mind. He will behold in one *English* Subject, a Spirit as illustrious, a Heart as fearless, a Wit and Eloquence as excellent, as *Rome* it self cou'd produce. Its Senate scarce boasted of a better Statesman, nor Augustus of a more faithful Subject; as your Imprisonment and Sufferings, through all the Course of our late National Distractions, have sufficiently manifested; But nothing cou'd press or deject your great Heart; you were the same Man still, unmov'd in all Turns, easie and innocent; no Persecution being able to abate your constant good Humour, or wonted Gallantry.

If, Sir, you find here a Prince of less Fortitude and Vertue than your self, charge his Miscarriages on Love: a Weakness of that Nature you will easily excuse, (being so great a Friend to the Fair;) though possibly, he gave a Proof of it too Fatal to his Honour. Had I been to have form'd his Character, perhaps I had made him something more worthy of the Honour of your Protection: But I was oblig'd to pursue the Matter of Fact, and give a just Relation of that part of his Life which, possibly, was the only reproachful part of it. If he be so happy, as to entertain a Man of Wit and

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<sup>2</sup> *To Henry Pain, Esq.* Henry Neville Payne, politician and author, was a thorough Tory and an ardent partisan of James II. Downes ascribes to him three plays: *The Fatal Jealousy*, produced at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1672, a good, if somewhat vehement, tragedy (4to, 1673); *Morning Ramble; or, Town Humours*, produced at the same theatre in 1673 (4to, 1673), which, though lacking in plot and quick incident, is far from a bad comedy; and *The Siege of Constantinople*, acted by the Duke's company in 1674 (4to, 1675), a tragedy which very sharply lashes Shaftesbury as the Chancellor, especially in Act II, when Lorenzo, upon his patron designing a frolic, says: —My Lord, you know your old house, Mother Somelie's, You know she always fits you with fresh girls. Mother Somelie is, of course, the notorious Mother Mosely. Henry Payne wrote several loyal pamphlets, and after the Revolution he became, according to Burnet, 'the most active and determined of all King James' agents.' He is said to have been the chief instigator of the Montgomery plot in 1690, and whilst in Scotland was arrested. 10 and 11 December of that year he was severely tortured under a special order of William III, but nothing could be extracted from him. This is the last occasion on which torture was applied in Scotland. After being treated with harshest cruelty by William III, Payne was finally released from prison in December, 1700, or January, 1701, as the Duke of Queensbury, recognizing the serious illegalities of the whole business, urgently advised his liberation. Payne died in 1710. As Macaulay consistently confounds him with a certain Edward Neville, S.J., the statements of this historian with reference to Henry Neville Payne must be entirely disregarded.

Business, I shall not fear his Welcome to the rest of the World: And 'tis only with your Passport he can hope to be so.

The particular Obligations I have to your Bounty and Goodness, O Noble Friend, and Patron of the *Muses*! I do not so much as pretend to acknowledge in this little Present; those being above the Poet's Pay, which is a sort of Coin, not currant in this Age: though perhaps may be esteem'd as Medals in the Cabinets of Men of Wit. If this be so happy to be of that Number, I desire no more lasting a Fame, that it may bear this Inscription, that I am,

*SIR,*  
*Your most Obliged, and*  
*Most Humble Servant,*  
*A. BEHN.*

## THE FAIR JILT:<sup>3</sup> or, The Amours of Prince Tarquin and Miranda

As Love is the most noble and divine Passion of the Soul, so it is that to which we may justly attribute all the real Satisfactions of Life; and without it Man is unfinish'd and unhappy.

There are a thousand things to be said of the Advantages this generous Passion brings to those, whose Hearts are capable of receiving its soft Impressions; for 'tis not every one that can be sensible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from History and Observation, could I give of its wondrous Power; nay, even to a Degree of Transmigration! How many Idiots has it made wise! How many Fools eloquent! How many home-bred Squires accomplish'd! How many Cowards brave! And there is no sort of Species of Mankind on whom it cannot work some Change and Miracle, if it be a noble well-grounded Passion, except on the Fop in Fashion, the harden'd incorrigible Fop; so often wounded, but never reclaim'd: For still, by a dire Mistake, conducted by vast Opiniatrety, and a greater Portion of Self-love, than the rest of the Race of Man, he believes that Affectation in his Mein and Dress, that Mathematical Movement, that Formality in every Action, that a Face manag'd with Care, and soften'd into Ridicule, the languishing Turn, the Toss, and the Back-shake of the Periwig, is the direct Way to the Heart of the fine Person he adores; and instead of curing Love in his Soul, serves only to advance his Folly; and the more he is enamour'd, the more industriously he assumes (every Hour) the Coxcomb. These are Love's Play-things, a sort of Animals with whom he sports; and whom he never wounds, but when he is in good Humour, and always shoots laughing. 'Tis the Diversion of the little God, to see what a Fluttering and Bustle one of these Sparks, new-wounded, makes; to what fantastick Fooleries he has Recourse: The Glass is every Moment call'd to counsel, the Valet consulted and plagu'd for new Invention of Dress, the Footman and [Scrutore](#) perpetually employ'd; *Billet-doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in dressing, till Night in gazing; still, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Cælia*, adjusting himself in the most amorous Posture he can assume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put carelessly into his Bosom, as if laid upon his panting Heart; his Head a little bent to one Side, supported with a World of Cravat-string, which he takes mighty Care not to put into Disorder; as one may guess by a never-failing and horrid Stiffness in his Neck; and if he had any Occasion to look aside, his whole Body turns at the same Time, for Fear the Motion of the Head alone should incommode the Cravat or Periwig: And sometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand display'd. Thus, with a thousand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery, he takes infinite Pains to shew himself to the Pit and Boxes, a most accomplish'd Ass. This is he, of all human Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles, and who can no where, and upon no Occasion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unless in a Duel, or a Battle, if ever his Stars should be so severe and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the Necessity of either: Fear then would ruffle that fine Form he had so long preserv'd in nicest Order, with Grief considering, that an unlucky Chance-wound in his Face, if such a dire Misfortune should befall him, would spoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that since no Metamorphosis can be made in a Fop by Love, you must consider him one of those that only talks of Love, and thinks himself that happy Thing, a Lover; and wanting fine Sense enough for the real Passion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; some that wound for a Day, and others for a Year; they

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<sup>3</sup> *The Fair Jilt*. Editio princeps, 'London. Printed by R. Holt for Will. Canning, at his Shop in the Temple-Cloysters' (1688), 'Licensed 17 April, 1688. Ric. Pocock', has as title: *The Fair Jilt; or, The History of Prince Tarquin and Miranda*. As half-title it prints: *The Fair Hypocrite; or, The Amours of Prince Tarquin and Miranda*. All subsequent editions, however, give: *The Fair Jilt; or, The Amours of Prince Tarquin and Miranda*. The Dedication only occurs in the first edition.

are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and shew as well as those made of the noblest Metal; but the Wounds they make reach the Desire only, and are cur'd by possessing, while the short-liv'd Passion betrays the Cheat. But 'tis that refin'd and illustrious Passion of the Soul, whose Aim is Virtue, and whose end is Honour, that has the Power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all those heroick Things, of which History is full.

How far distant Passions may be from one another, I shall be able to make appear in these following Rules. I'll prove to you the strong Effects of Love in some unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts; where it rages beyond the Inspirations of *a God all soft and gentle*, and reigns more like *a Fury from Hell*.

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any Thing piec'd together with romantick Accidents; but every Circumstance, to a Tittle, is Truth. To a great Part of the Main I myself was an Eye-witness; and what I did not see, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, Holy Men, of the Order of St. *Francis*: But for the Sake of some of her Relations, I shall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda*; but my Hero must retain his own, it being too illustrious to be conceal'd.

You are to understand, that in all the Catholick Countries, where Holy Orders are establish'd, there are abundance of differing Kinds of Religious, both of Men and Women. Amongst the Women, there are those we call *Nuns*, that make solemn Vows of perpetual Chastity; There are others who make but a simple Vow, as for five or ten Years, or more or less; and that time expir'd, they may contract anew for longer time, or marry, or dispose of themselves as they shall see good; and these are ordinarily call'd *Galloping Nuns*: Of these there are several Orders; as *Canonesses*, *Begines*, *Quests*, *Swart-Sisters*, and *Jesuitesses*, with several others I have forgot. Of those of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votress*.

These Orders are taken up by the best Persons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not inclos'd, but in Palaces that will hold about fifteen hundred or two thousand of these *Filles Devotes*; where they have a regulated Government, under a sort of *Abbess*, or *Prioress*, or rather a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a sort of Obedience. They wear a Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, thro' which one cannot see the Face; for when they go abroad, they cover themselves all over with it; but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houses. Every one of these have a Confessor, who is to 'em a sort of Steward: For, you must know, they that go into these Places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents design 'em. Without the Advice of this Confessor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he shall not approve; at least, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almost all of 'em; tho' *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as these Women are, as I said, of the best Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and because there is a sort of Difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the most courted, and liable to the greatest Temptations; for as difficult as it seems to be, they receive Visits from all the Men of the best Quality, especially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Conversation meet at the Apartments of these fair *Filles Devotes*, where all Manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of these Maids is to accomplish themselves for these noble Conversations. They receive Presents, Balls, Serenades, and Billets; All the News, Wit, Verses, Songs, Novels, Musick, Gaming, and all fine Diversion, is in their Apartments, they themselves being of the best Quality and Fortune. So that to manage these Gallantries, there is no sort of Female Arts they are not practis'd in, no Intrigue they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy Number was the fair *Miranda*, whose Parents being dead, and a vast Estate divided between her self and a young Sister, (who liv'd with an unmarry'd old Uncle, whose Estate afterwards was all divided between 'em) she put her self into this uninclos'd religious House; but her

Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Sisterhood*. She was tall, and admirably shaped; she had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetness: No Art could make a Face so fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dress shew'd the Lustre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as so much Youth could inspire, yet so modest, so nobly reserv'd, without Formality, or Stiffness, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together made her appear something divine. To this she had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that serv'd her Purpose. She sung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the Lute to a Miracle. She spoke several Languages naturally; for being Co-heiress to so great a Fortune, she was bred with the nicest Care, in all the finest Manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needless to tell you how great a Noise the Fame of this young Beauty, with so considerable a Fortune, made in the World: I may say, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the scanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or pass'd thro' the City, but made it his Business to see the lovely *Miranda*, who was universally ador'd: Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape, and Majesty of Mein, and Air of Greatness, charm'd all her Beholders; and thousands of People were dying by her Eyes, while she was vain enough to glory in her Conquests, and make it her Business to wound. She lov'd nothing so much as to behold sighing Slaves at her Feet, of the greatest Quality; and treated them all with an Affability that gave them Hope. Continual Musick, as soon as it was dark, and Songs of dying Lovers, were sung under her Windows; and she might well have made herself a great Fortune (if she had not been so already) by the rich Presents that were hourly made her; and every body daily expected when she would make some one happy, by suffering her self to be conquer'd by Love and Honour, by the Assiduities and Vows of some one of her Adorers. But *Miranda* accepted their Presents, heard their Vows with Pleasure, and willingly admitted all their soft Addresses; but would not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Person to the Possession of one, who could please it self with so many. She was naturally amorous, but extremely inconstant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, and a third for his Mein; but above all, she admir'd Quality: Quality alone had the Power to attach her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Virtue was still admir'd by her in all: Where-ever she found that, she lov'd, or at least acted the Lover with such Art, that (deceiving well) she fail'd not to compleat her Conquest; and yet she never durst trust her fickle Humour with Marriage. She knew the Strength of her own Heart, and that it could not suffer itself to be confin'd to one Man, and wisely avoided those Inquietudes, and that Uneasiness of Life she was sure to find in that married State, which would, against her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whose Humour was, to love all the Young and the Gay. But Love, who had hitherto only play'd with her Heart, and given it nought but pleasing wanton Wounds, such as afforded only soft Joys, and not Pains, resolv'd, either out of Revenge to those Numbers she had abandon'd, and who had sigh'd so long in vain, or to try what Power he had upon so fickle a Heart, to send an Arrow dipp'd in the most tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts most sensible. He struck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion; and being there one Day, accompany'd with a young Sister of the Order, after the Mass was ended, as 'tis the Custom, some one of the Fathers goes about the Church with a Box for Contribution, or Charity-Money: It happen'd that Day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carried the Box about, which, in his Turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no sooner cast her Eyes on this young Friar, but her Face was overspread with Blushes of Surprise: She beheld him stedfastly, and saw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit, and Beauty; he wanted no one Grace that could form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor could the mis-shapen Habit hide from her the lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor those delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Besides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great, in spite of his profess'd

Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But Love, who did not design she should now feel any sort of those easy Flames, with which she had heretofore burnt, made her soon lay all those Considerations aside, which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd she knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till she perceiv'd the lovely Friar to blush, and cast his Eyes to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and she put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in searching for her Purse, as if she thought of nothing less than what she was about; at last she drew it out, and gave him a Pistole; but with so much Deliberation and Leisure, as easily betray'd the Satisfaction she took in looking on him; while the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeysance, proceeded to the rest; and *Miranda* casting after him a Look all languishing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as soon as she saw him go out, and returned to her Apartment without speaking one Word all the Way to the young *Fille Devote*, who attended her; so absolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young Holy Man. *Cornelia* (so was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving she was so silent, who us'd to be all Wit and good Humour, and observing her little Disorder at the Sight of the young Father, tho' she was far from imagining it to be Love, took an Occasion, when she was come home, to speak of him. 'Madam, *said she*, did you not observe that fine young *Cordelier*, who brought the Box?' At a Question that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* blush'd; and she finding she did so, redoubled her Confusion, and she had scarce Courage enough to say, — *Yes, I did observe him*: And then, forcing herself to smile a little, continu'd, 'And I wonder'd to see so jolly a young Friar of an Order so severe and mortify'd. — Madam, (*reply'd Cornelia*) when you know his *Story*, you will not wonder.' *Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, obliged her to tell his *Story*; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

### ***The Story of Prince Henrick***

'You must know, Madam, that this young Holy Man is a Prince of *Germany*, of the House of —, whose Fate it was, to fall most passionately in Love with a fair young Lady, who lov'd him with an Ardour equal to what he vow'd her. Sure of her Heart, and wanting only the Approbation of her Parents, and his own, which her Quality did not suffer him to despair of, he boasted of his Happiness to a young Prince, his elder Brother, a Youth amorous and fierce, impatient of Joys, and sensible of Beauty, taking Fire with all fair Eyes: He was his Father's Darling, and Delight of his fond Mother; and, by an Ascendant over both their Hearts, rul'd their Wills.

'This young Prince no sooner saw, but lov'd the fair Mistress of his Brother; and with an Authority of a Sovereign, rather than the Advice of a Friend, warn'd his Brother *Henrick* (this now young Friar) to approach no more this Lady, whom he had seen; and seeing, lov'd.

'In vain the poor surpriz'd Prince pleads his Right of Love, his Exchange of Vows, and Assurance of a Heart that could never be but for himself. In vain he urges his Nearness of Blood, his Friendship, his Passion, or his Life, which so entirely depended on the Possession of the charming Maid. All his Pleading serv'd but to blow his Brother's Flame; and the more he implores, the more the other burns; and while *Henrick* follows him, on his Knees, with humble Submissions, the other flies from him in Rages of transported Love; nor could his Tears, that pursu'd his Brother's Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-headed, vain-conceited of his Beauty, and greater Quality as elder Brother, he doubts not of Success, and resolv'd to sacrifice all to the Violence of his new-born Passion.

'In short, he speaks of his Design to his Mother, who promis'd him her Assistance; and accordingly proposing it first to the Prince her Husband, urging the Languishment of her Son, she soon wrought so on him, that a Match being concluded between the Parents of this young Beauty, and *Henrick's* Brother, the Hour was appointed before she knew of the Sacrifice she was to be made.

And while this was in Agitation, *Henrick* was sent on some great Affairs, up into *Germany*, far out of the Way; not but his boding Heart, with perpetual Sighs and Throbs, eternally foretold him his Fate.

‘All the Letters he wrote were intercepted, as well as those she wrote to him. She finds herself every Day perplex’d with the Addresses of the Prince she hated; he was ever sighing at her Feet. In vain were all her reproaches, and all her Coldness, he was on the surer Side; for what he found Love would not do, Force of Parents would.

‘She complains, in her Heart, of young *Henrick*, from whom she could never receive one Letter; and at last could not forbear bursting into Tears, in spite of all her Force, and feign’d Courage, when, on a Day, the Prince told her, that *Henrick* was withdrawn to give him Time to court her; to whom he said, he confess’d he had made some Vows, but did repent of ’em, knowing himself too young to make ’em good: That it was for that Reason he brought him first to see her; and for that Reason, that after that, he never saw her more, nor so much as took Leave of her; when, indeed, his Death lay upon the next Visit, his Brother having sworn to murder him; and to that End, put a Guard upon him, till he was sent into *Germany*.

‘All this he utter’d with so many passionate Asseverations, Vows, and seeming Pity for her being so inhumanly abandon’d, that she almost gave Credit to all he had said, and had much ado to keep herself within the Bounds of Moderation, and silent Grief. Her Heart was breaking, her Eyes languish’d, and her Cheeks grew pale, and she had like to have fallen dead into the treacherous Arms of him that had reduc’d her to this Discovery; but she did what she could to assume her Courage, and to shew as little Resentment as possible for a Heart, like hers, oppress’d with Love, and now abandon’d by the dear Subject of its Joys and Pains.

‘But, Madam, not to tire you with this Adventure, the Day arriv’d wherein our still weeping Fair Unfortunate was to be sacrific’d to the Capriciousness of Love; and she was carry’d to Court by her Parents, without knowing to what End, where she was even compell’d to marry the Prince.

‘*Henrick*, who all this While knew no more of his Unhappiness, than what his Fears suggested, returns, and passes even to the Presence of his Father, before he knew any Thing of his Fortune; where he beheld his Mistress and his Brother, with his Father, in such a Familiarity, as he no longer doubted his Destiny. ’Tis hard to judge, whether the Lady, or himself, was most surpriz’d; she was all pale and unmoveable in her Chair, and *Henrick* fix’d like a Statue; at last Grief and Rage took Place of Amazement, and he could not forbear crying out, *Ah, Traytor! Is it thus you have treated a Friend and Brother? And you, O perjur’d Charmer! Is it thus you have rewarded all my Vows?* He could say no more; but reeling against the Door, had fallen in a Swoon upon the Floor, had not his Page caught him in his Arms, who was entring with him. The good old Prince, the Father, who knew not what all this meant, was soon inform’d by the young weeping Princess; who, in relating the Story of her Amour with *Henrick*, told her Tale in so moving a Manner, as brought Tears to the Old Man’s Eyes, and Rage to those of her Husband; he immediately grew jealous to the last Degree: He finds himself in Possession (’tis true) of the Beauty he ador’d, but the Beauty adoring another; a Prince young and charming as the Light, soft, witty, and raging with an equal Passion. He finds this dreaded Rival in the same House with him, with an Authority equal to his own; and fancies, where two Hearts are so entirely agreed, and have so good an Understanding, it would not be impossible to find Opportunities to satisfy and ease that mutual Flame, that burnt so equally in both; he therefore resolved to send him out of the World, and to establish his own Repose by a Deed, wicked, cruel, and unnatural, to have him assassinated the first Opportunity he could find. This Resolution set him a little at Ease, and he strove to dissemble Kindness to *Henrick*, with all the Art he was capable of, suffering him to come often to the Apartment of the Princess, and to entertain her oftentimes with Discourse, when he was not near enough to hear what he spoke; but still watching their Eyes, he found those of *Henrick* full of Tears, ready to flow, but restrain’d, looking all dying, and yet reproaching, while those of the Princess were ever bent to the Earth, and she as much as possible, shunning his Conversation. Yet this did not satisfy the jealous Husband; ’twas not her Complaisance that could appease him;

he found her Heart was panting within, whenever *Henrick* approach'd her, and every Visit more and more confirmed his Death.

'The Father often found the Disorders of the Sons; the Softness and Address of the one gave him as much Fear, as the angry Blushings, the fierce Looks, and broken Replies of the other, whenever he beheld *Henrick* approach his Wife; so that the Father, fearing some ill Consequence of this, besought *Henrick* to withdraw to some other Country, or travel into *Italy*, he being now of an Age that required a View of the World. He told his Father, That he would obey his Commands, tho' he was certain, that Moment he was to be separated from the Sight of the fair Princess, his Sister, would be the last of his Life; and, in fine, made so pitiful a Story of his suffering Love, as almost moved the old Prince to compassionate him so far, as to permit him to stay; but he saw inevitable Danger in that, and therefore bid him prepare for his Journey.

'That which pass'd between the Father and *Henrick*, being a Secret, none talked of his departing from Court; so that the Design the Brother had went on; and making a Hunting-Match one Day, where most young People of Quality were, he order'd some whom he had hired to follow his Brother, so as if he chanced to go out of the Way, to dispatch him; and accordingly, Fortune gave 'em an Opportunity; for he lagg'd behind the Company, and turn'd aside into a pleasant Thicket of Hazles, where alighting, he walk'd on Foot in the most pleasant Part of it, full of Thought, how to divide his Soul between Love and Obedience. He was sensible that he ought not to stay; that he was but an Affliction to the young Princess, whose Honour could never permit her to ease any Part of his Flame; nor was he so vicious to entertain a Thought that should stain her Virtue. He beheld her now as his Brother's Wife, and that secured his Flame from all loose Desires, if her native Modesty had not been sufficient of itself to have done it, as well as that profound Respect he paid her; and he consider'd, in obeying his Father, he left her at Ease, and his Brother freed of a thousand Fears; he went to seek a Cure, which if he could not find, at last he could but die; and so he must, even at her Feet: However, that it was more noble to seek a Remedy for his Disease, than expect a certain Death by staying. After a thousand Reflections on his hard Fate, and bemoaning himself, and blaming his cruel Stars, that had doom'd him to die so young, after an Infinity of Sighs and Tears, Resolvings and Unresolvings, he, on the sudden, was interrupted by the trampling of some Horses he heard, and their rushing through the Boughs, and saw four Men make towards him: He had not time to mount, being walk'd some Paces from his Horse. One of the Men advanced, and cry'd, *Prince, you must die—I do believe thee*, (reply'd *Henrick*) *but not by a Hand so base as thine*: And at the same Time drawing his Sword, run him into the Groin. When the Fellow found himself so wounded, he wheel'd off and cry'd, *Thou art a Prophet, and hast rewarded my Treachery with Death*. The rest came up, and one shot at the Prince, and shot him in the Shoulder; the other two hastily laying hold (but too late) on the Hand of the Murderer, cry'd, *Hold, Traytor; we relent, and he shall not die*. He reply'd, *'Tis too late, he is shot; and see, he lies dead. Let us provide for ourselves, and tell the Prince, we have done the Work; for you are as guilty as I am*. At that they all fled, and left the Prince lying under a Tree, weltering in his Blood.

'About the Evening, the Forester going his Walks, saw the Horse, richly caparison'd, without a Rider, at the Entrance of the Wood; and going farther, to see if he could find its Owner, found there the Prince almost dead; he immediately mounts him on the Horse, and himself behind, bore him up, and carry'd him to the Lodge; where he had only one old Man, his Father, well skilled in Surgery, and a Boy. They put him to Bed; and the old Forester, with what Art he had, dress'd his Wounds, and in the Morning sent for an abler Surgeon, to whom the Prince enjoin'd Secrecy, because he knew him. The Man was faithful, and the Prince in Time was recover'd of his Wound; and as soon as he was well, he came to *Flanders*, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and after some Time took the Order of *St. Francis*, none knowing what became of him, till he was profess'd; and then he wrote his own Story to the Prince his Father, to his Mistress, and his ungrateful Brother. The young Princess did not long survive his Loss, she languished from the Moment of his Departure; and he had this to confirm his devout Life, to know she dy'd for him.

‘My Brother, Madam, was an Officer under the Prince his Father, and knew his Story perfectly well; from whose Mouth I had it.’

*What!* (reply’d *Miranda* then) *is Father Henrick a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam,* (said *Cornelia*) *and has changed his Name to Francisco.* But *Miranda*, fearing to betray the Sentiments of her Heart, by asking any more Questions about him, turned the Discourse; and some Persons of Quality came in to visit her (for her Apartment was about six o’Clock, like the Presence-Chamber of a Queen, always filled with the greatest People): There meet all the *Beaux Esprits*, and all the Beauties. But it was visible *Miranda* was not so gay as she used to be; but pensive, and answering *mal a propos* to all that was said to her. She was a thousand times going to speak, against her Will, something of the charming Friar, who was never from her Thoughts; and she imagined, if he could inspire Love in a coarse, grey, ill-made Habit, a shorn Crown, a Hair-cord about his Waist, bare-legg’d, in Sandals instead of Shoes; what must he do, when looking back on Time, she beholds him in a Prospect of Glory, with all that Youth, and illustrious Beauty, set off by the Advantage of Dress and Equipage? She frames an Idea of him all gay and splendid, and looks on his present Habit as some Disguise proper for the Stealths of Love; some feigned put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Mistress, and make himself happy; and that the Robe laid by, she has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the same he would have been, if any other Habit (though ever so rich) were put off: In the Bed, the silent gloomy Night, and the soft Embraces of her Arms, he loses all the Friar, and assumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his Holy Habit, he exchanges for a thousand Dalliances, for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happiness of Life. Some Moments she fancies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart, has left no Room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almost as soon as born, she turned to her Advantage. She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart sensible and tender; he had Youth to be fir’d, as well as to inspire; he was far from the loved Object, and totally without Hope; and she reasonably consider’d, that Flame would of itself soon die, that had only Despair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glass, told her, they never failed of Conquest, especially where they designed it: And she believed *Henrick* would be glad, at least, to quench that Flame in himself, by an Amour with her, which was kindled by the young Princess of – his Sister.

These, and a thousand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiscreet, took up her waking Nights, and now more retired Days; while Love, to make her truly wretched, suffered her to sooth herself with fond Imaginations; not so much as permitting her Reason to plead one Moment to save her from undoing: She would not suffer it to tell her, he had taken Holy Orders, made sacred and solemn Vows of everlasting Chastity, that it was impossible he could marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruin; but Love, mad malicious Love, was always called to Counsel, and, like easy Monarchs, she had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, she is resolv’d to love, without considering to what End, and what must be the Consequence of such an Amour. She now miss’d no Day of being at that little Church, where she had the Happiness, or rather the Misfortune (so Love ordained) to see this Ravisher of her Heart and Soul; and every Day she took new Fire from his lovely Eyes. Unawares, unknown, and unwillingly, he gave her Wounds, and the Difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more: She burnt, she languished, and died for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of so much Mischief.

Now she resolves a thousand Ways in her tortur’d Mind, to let him know her Anguish, and at last pitch’d upon that of writing to him soft Billets, which she had learn’d the Art of doing; or if she had not, she had now Fire enough to inspire her with all that could charm and move. These she deliver’d to a young Wench, who waited on her, and whom she had entirely subdu’d to her Interest, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very simple harmless Wretch, and who served in the Kitchen, in the Nature of a Cook, in the Monastery of *Cordeliers*. She gave him Gold to secure his Faith and Service; and not knowing from whence they came (with so good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Francisco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you shall

hear, produced in open Court. These Letters failed not to come every Day; and the Sense of the first was, to tell him, that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her; but it came as from a third Person, to let him know the Secret, that she desir'd he would let her know whether she might hope any Return from him; assuring him, he needed but only see the fair Languisher, to confess himself her Slave.

This Letter being deliver'd him, he read by himself, and was surpriz'd to receive Words of this Nature, being so great a Stranger in that Place; and could not imagine or would not give himself the Trouble of guessing who this should be, because he never designed to make Returns.

The next Day, *Miranda*, finding no Advantage from her Messenger of Love, in the Evening sends another (impatient of Delay) confessing that she who suffer'd the Shame of writing and imploring, was the Person herself who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her say all Things that discover'd the Nature of its Flame, and propose to flee with him to any Part of the World, if he would quit the Convent; that she had a Fortune considerable enough to make him happy; and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to so unprofitable an End as to lose themselves in a Convent, where Poverty and Ease was all the Business. In fine, she leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to send him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Passion she profess'd. To all which the lovely Friar made no Return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her would but inflame her the more, and give new Occasions for her continuing to write. All her Reasonings, false and vicious, he despis'd, pity'd the Error of her Love, and was Proof against all she could plead. Yet notwithstanding his Silence, which left her in Doubt, and more tormented her, she ceas'd not to pursue him with her Letters, varying her Style; sometimes all wanton, loose and raving; sometimes feigning a Virgin-Modesty all over, accusing her self, blaming her Conduct, and sighing her Destiny, as one compell'd to the shameful Discovery by the Austerity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveness; urging him in Charity to use his Fatherly Care to persuade and reason with her wild Desires, and by his Counsel drive the God from her Heart, whose Tyranny was worse than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But still she writes in vain, in vain she varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid possess'd with such a sort of Passion.

This cold Neglect was still Oil to the burning Lamp, and she tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking were as fruitless. She has Recourse to Presents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great Price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this Sort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this Occasion alone he sent her a Letter, and restor'd her Trifles, as he call'd them: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he wrote to her with all the profound Respect imaginable; believing by her Presents, and the Liberality with which she parted with 'em, that she was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to persuade her from the Honour she did him, by loving him; urging a thousand Reasons, solid and pious, and assuring her, he had wholly devoted the rest of his Days to Heaven, and had no Need of those gay Trifles she had sent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies so fair as herself, and who had Business with this glittering World, which he disdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He sent her a thousand Blessings, and told her, she should be ever in his Prayers, tho' not in his Heart, as she desir'd: And abundance of Goodness more he express'd, and Counsel he gave her, which had the same Effect with his Silence; it made her love but the more, and the more impatient she grew. She now had a new Occasion to write, she now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Resolution, and endeavours to re-call him to the World, by all the Arguments that human Invention is capable of.

But when she had above four Months languish'd thus in vain, not missing one Day, wherein she went not to see him, without discovering herself to him; she resolv'd, as her last Effort, to shew her Person, and see what that, assisted by her Tears, and soft Words from her Mouth, could do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when she was to receive the Sacrament, that she, covering herself with her Veil, came to *Vespers*, purposing to make Choice of the conquering Friar for her Confessor.

She approach'd him; and as she did so, she trembled with Love. At last she cry'd, *Father, my Confessor is gone for some Time from the Town, and I am oblig'd To-morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confession.*

He could not refuse her; and let her into the *Sacristy*, where there is a Confession-Chair, in which he seated himself; and on one Side of him she kneel'd down, over-against a little Altar, where the Priests Robes lye, on which were plac'd some lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little Place very light and splendid, which shone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation usual in Confession, she turn'd up her Veil, and discover'd to his View the most wondrous Object of Beauty he had ever seen, dress'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Lustre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was surpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and question'd whether he saw a Woman, or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, seem'd to be form'd of polish'd Alabaster; and he confess'd, he had never seen any Thing in Nature so perfect and so admirable.

He had some Pain to compose himself to hear her Confession, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object so diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the finest Mouth in the World, and discovering new Charms, began her Confession.

'Holy Father (*said she*) amongst the Number of my vile Offences, that which afflicts me to the greatest Degree, is, that I am in love: Not (*continued she*) that I believe simple and virtuous Love a Sin, when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and suitable; but, my dear Father, (*said she, and wept*) I love with a Violence which cannot be contain'd within the Bounds of Reason, Moderation, or Virtue. I love a Man whom I cannot possess without a Crime, and a Man who cannot make me happy without being perjurd. Is he marry'd? (*reply'd the Father.*) No; (*answer'd Miranda.*) Are you so? (*continued he.*) Neither, (*said she.*) Is he too near ally'd to you? (*said Francisco:*) a Brother, or Relation? Neither of these, (*said she.*) He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd; and so am I: Nothing opposes our Happiness, or makes my Love a Vice, but you – 'Tis you deny me Life: 'Tis you that forbid my Flame: 'Tis you will have me die, and seek my Remedy in my Grave, when I complain of Tortures, Wounds, and Flames. O cruel Charmer! 'tis for you I languish; and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity, which all my Addresses have fail'd of procuring me.' —

With that, perceiving he was about to rise from his Seat, she held him by his Habit, and vow'd she would in that Posture follow him, where-ever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice so loud, he was afraid she might be heard, and therefore suffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being seated, he began, in the most passionate Terms imaginable, to dissuade her; but finding she the more persisted in Eagerness of Passion, he us'd all the tender Assurance that he could force from himself, that he would have for her all the Respect, Esteem and Friendship that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compassion for her: and at last she prevail'd so far with him, by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderness for her, and that he could not behold so many Charms, without being sensibly touch'd by 'em, and finding all those Effects, that a Maid so fair and young causes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Sense: But that, as he was assured, he could never be so happy to marry her, and as certain he could not grant any Thing but honourable Passion, he humbly besought her not to expect more from him than such. And then began to tell her how short Life was, and transitory its Joys; how soon she would grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repose in it, but never arrive to it. He made an End, by new Assurance of his eternal Friendship, but utterly forbid her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as she lay, holding fast his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What shall she do? She swells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Desire; her burning Heart is bursting with Despair, her

Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief she rises to a Storm; and in her Agony of Passion, with Looks all disdainful, haughty, and full of Rage, she began to revile him, as the poorest of Animals; tells him his Soul was dwindled to the Meanness of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were suited to his degenerate Mind. 'And (*said she*) since all my nobler Ways have fail'd me; and that, for a little Hypocritical Devotion, you resolve to lose the greatest Blessings of Life, and to sacrifice me to your Religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Dissimulation, or you shall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore answer me immediately, answer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindled; or here, in this very Moment, I will ruin thee; and make no Scruple of revenging the Pains I suffer, by that which shall take away your Life and Honour.'

The trembling young Man, who, all this While, with extreme Anguish of Mind, and Fear of the dire Result, had listen'd to her Ravings, full of Dread, demanded what she would have him do? When she reply'd – 'Do that which thy Youth and Beauty were ordain'd to do: – this Place is private, a sacred Silence reigns here, and no one dares to pry into the Secrets of this Holy Place: We are as secure from Fears and Interruption, as in Desarts uninhabited, or Caves forsaken by wild Beasts. The Tapers too shall veil their Lights, and only that glimmering Lamp shall be Witness of our dear Stealths of Love – Come to my Arms, my trembling, longing Arms; and curse the Folly of thy Bigotry, that has made thee so long lose a Blessing, for which so many Princes sigh in vain.'

At these Words she rose from his Feet, and snatching him in her Arms, he could not defend himself from receiving a thousand Kisses from the lovely Mouth of the charming Wanton; after which, she ran herself, and in an Instant put out the Candles. But he cry'd to her, 'In vain, O too indiscreet Fair One, in vain you put out the Light; for Heaven still has Eyes, and will look down upon my broken Vows. I own your Power, I own I have all the Sense in the World of your charming Touches; I am frail Flesh and Blood, but – yet – yet I can resist; and I prefer my Vows to all your powerful Temptations. – I will be deaf and blind, and guard my Heart with Walls of Ice, and make you know, that when the Flames of true Devotion are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all other Fires; which are as ineffectual, as Candles lighted in the Face of the Sun. – Go, vain Wanton, and repent, and mortify that Blood which has so shamefully betray'd thee, and which will one Day ruin both thy Soul and Body.' —

At these Words *Miranda*, more enrag'd, the nearer she imagin'd her self to Happiness, made no Reply; but throwing her self, in that Instant, into the Confessing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, she elevated her Voice to such a Degree, in crying out, *Help, Help! A Rape! Help, Help!* that she was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacristy*, which was shut with a Spring-Lock on the Inside, but they durst not open the Door.

'Tis easily to be imagin'd, in what Condition our young Friar was, at this last devilish Stratagem of his wicked Mistress. He strove to break from those Arms that held him so fast; and his Bustling to get away, and her's to retain him, disorder'd her Hair and Habit to such a Degree, as gave the more Credit to her false Accusation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other Side, by which they usually enter'd, to dress in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an Instant made 'em, they hasted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently struggling; which they mis-interpreted, as *Miranda* desir'd; who, all in Tears, immediately threw her self at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of those that enter'd; and cry'd, 'O holy Father! revenge an innocent Maid, undone and lost to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monster, born of Goats, nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on savage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, could it have enter'd into the Heart of Man, to have done so barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unspotted Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the Moment of my Confession, in that holy Time, when I was prostrate before him and Heaven, confessing those Sins that press'd my tender Conscience; even then to load my Soul with the blackest of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that must sink me to Hell? Alas! under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and his awful Function, I was led into this Room

to make my Confession; where, he locking the Door, I had no sooner began, but he gazing on me, took fire at my fatal Beauty; and starting up, put out the Candles and caught me in his Arms; and raising me from the Pavement, set me in the Confession-Chair; and then – Oh, spare me the rest.’

With that a Shower of Tears burst from her fair dissembling Eyes, and Sobs so naturally acted, and so well manag’d, as left no doubt upon the good Men, but all she had spoken was Truth.

‘ – At first, (*proceeded she*) I was unwilling to bring so great a Scandal on his Order, to cry out; but struggled as long as I had Breath; pleaded the Heinousness of the Crime, urging my Quality, and the Danger of the Attempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, and ruffling as a Storm, pursu’d his wild Design with so much Force and Insolence, as I at last, unable to resist, was wholly vanquish’d, robb’d of my native Purity. With what Life and Breath I had, I call’d for Assistance, both from Men and Heaven; but oh, alas! your Succours came too late: – You find me here a wretched, undone, and ravish’d Maid. Revenge me, Fathers; revenge me on the perfidious Hypocrite, or else give me a Death that may secure your Cruelty and Injustice from ever being proclaim’d over the World; or my Tongue will be eternally reproaching you, and cursing the wicked Author of my Infamy.’

She ended as she began, with a thousand Sighs and Tears; and received from the Provincial all Assurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray’d Victim, all the while she was speaking, heard her with an Astonishment that may easily be imagined; yet shew’d no extravagant Signs of it, as those would do, who feign it, to be thought innocent; but being really so, he bore with an humble, modest, and blushing Countenance, all her Accusations; which silent Shame they mistook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he could answer for himself? calling him Profaner of his Sacred Vows, and Infamy to the Holy Order; the injur’d, but innocently accus’d, only reply’d: ‘May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance! For his Part, he was not so much in Love with Life, as to use many arguments to justify his Innocence; unless it were to free that Order from a Scandal, of which he had the Honour to be profess’d. But as for himself, Life or Death were Things indifferent to him, who heartily despis’d the World.’

He said no more, and suffer’d himself to be led before the Magistrate; who committed him to Prison, upon the Accusation of this implacable Beauty; who, with so much feign’d Sorrow, prosecuted the Matter, even to his Tryal and Condemnation; where he refus’d to make any great Defence for himself. But being daily visited by all the Religious, both of his own and other Orders, they oblig’d him (some of ’em knowing the Austerity of his Life, others his Cause of Grievs that first brought him into Orders, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge, even of his Soul it self) to stand upon his Justification, and discover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whose Life had not been so exemplary for Virtue, not to have given the World a thousand Suspicions of her Lewdness and Prostitutions.

The daily Importunities of these Fathers made him produce her Letters: But as he had all the Gown-men on his Side, she had all the Hats and Feathers on her’s; all the Men of Quality taking her Part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Protestations and Vows, but not a Word of what passed at Confession was yet discover’d: He held that as a Secret sacred on his Part; and what was said in Nature of a Confession, was not to be revealed, though his Life depended on the Discovery. But as to the Letters, they were forc’d from him, and expos’d; however, Matters were carry’d with so high a Hand against him, that they serv’d for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at last condemn’d to be burn’d at the Market-Place.

After his Sentence was pass’d, the whole Body of Priests made their Addresses to the Marquis *Castel Roderigo*, the then Governor of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve; which, after much ado, was granted him for some Weeks, but with an absolute Denial of Pardon: So prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair Jilt.

About this time, while the poor innocent young *Henrick* was thus languishing in Prison, in a dark and dismal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting and daily giving new Conquests; and who, by this time, had re-assum'd all her wonted Gaiety; there was a great Noise about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd; a Prince young, and gloriously attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had also heard, that some Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the Time when our King *Charles*, of blessed Memory, was in *Brussels*, in the last Year of his Banishment, that all on a sudden, this young Man rose up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazzling, demanding Place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himself Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the last Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that he travell'd for about six Years up and down the World, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the Time of my being sent thither by King *Charles*.

Perhaps there could be nothing seen so magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I said, extremely handsome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the best Advantage. His Parts were suitable to the rest: He had an Accomplishment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, easy in Conversation, and very entertaining, liberal and good-natur'd, brave and inoffensive. I have seen him pass the Streets with twelve Footmen, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Tunicks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, suitable to a great Man.

He was all the Discourse of the Town; some laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Imposter; others, that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendships with him, others would have nothing to say to him: But all wonder'd where his Revenue was, that supported this Grandeur; and believ'd, tho' he could make his Descent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he could not lay so good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every body meddled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other Places, thought themselves on the surer Side, if, in these doubtful Cases, they imagin'd the worst.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young handsome Prince, and a Prince not to be resisted: He had all their Wishes, all their Eyes, and all their Hearts. They now dress'd only for him; and what Church he grac'd, was sure, that Day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themselves so.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the least Conquest he made. She no sooner heard of him, which was as soon as he arriv'd, but she fell in love with his very Name. *Jesu!*— A young King of *Rome*! Oh, it was so novel, that she doated on the Title; and had not car'd whether the rest had been Man or Monkey almost: She was resolved to be the *Lucretia* that this young *Tarquin* should ravish.

To this End, she was no sooner up the next Day, but she sent him a *Billet Doux*, assuring him how much she admired his Fame; and that being a Stranger in the Town, she begged the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle* Conversations, &c. which he took for the Invitation of some Coquet, who had Interest in fair Ladies; and civilly return'd her an Answer, that he would wait on her. She had him that Day watched to Church; and impatient to see what she heard so many People flock to see, she went also to the same Church; those sanctified Abodes being too often profaned by such Devotees, whose Business is to ogle and ensnare.

But what a Noise and Humming was heard all over the Church, when *Tarquin* enter'd! His Grace, his Mein, his Fashion, his Beauty, his Dress, and his Equipage surprized all that were present: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, she got to kneel at the Side of the Altar, just over against the Prince, so that, if he would, he could not avoid looking full upon her. She had turned up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd such, and so enchanting, as I have described; and her Beauty heighten'd with Blushes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy, to find the young

*Roman* Monarch so charming, she appear'd like something more than mortal, and compelled his Eyes to a fixed gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that Way, but she met them; and then would feign so modest a Shame, and cast her Eyes downwards with such inviting Art, that he was wholly ravished and charmed, and she over-joy'd to find he was so.

The Ceremony being ended, he sent a Page to follow that Lady Home, himself pursuing her to the Door of the Church, where he took some holy Water, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent Look, and a modest Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and passed forward, half assur'd of her Conquest; leaving her, to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who saw this first Beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curse and envy her Charms, who had deprived them of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Visit; and from that Day never left her Apartment, but when he went home at Nights, or unless he had Business; so entirely was he conquer'd by this Fair One. But the Bishop, and several Men of Quality, in Orders, that profess'd Friendship to him, advised him from her Company; and spoke several Things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaimed him from the Pursuit of his Ruin. But whatever they trusted him with, she had the Art to wind herself about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him disbelieve all; so that he had no Faith but for her; and was wholly enchanted and bewitch'd by her. At last, in spite of all that would have opposed it, he marry'd this famous Woman, possess'd by so many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great House; and as she was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princess, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality; all was splendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire them the World's Esteem; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, and despised her; and for his espousing a Woman so infamous, they despised him. So that though they admir'd, and gazed upon their Equipage, and glorious Dress, they foresaw the Ruin that attended it, and paid her Quality little Respect.

She was no sooner married, but her Uncle died; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Sister, leaves the young Heiress, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princess.

We will call this Sister *Alcidiana*; she was about fourteen Years of Age, and now had chosen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether so great a Beauty as her Sister, she had Charms sufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, though her Fortune had not been so considerable as it was; but with that Addition, you may believe, she wanted no Courtships from those of the best Quality; tho' every body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady so expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and so cunning a Manager of Sin, as was the Princess; who, on her Part, failed not, by all the Caresses, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to subdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senses were eternally regaled with the most bewitching Pleasures they were capable of: She saw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Musick of the sweetest Sounds; the richest Perfumes employ'd her Smelling; and all she eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting; and being too young to consider how this State and Grandeur was to be continu'd, little imagined her vast Fortune was every Day diminishing, towards its needless Support.

When the Princess went to Church, she had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cushion, with great Golden Tassels, for her to kneel on, and her Train borne up a most prodigious Length, led by a Gentleman Usher, bare; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages, and Women. And in this State she would walk in the Streets, as in those Countries it is the Fashion for the great Ladies to do, who are well; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, would follow in State.

It was thus for some time they liv'd, and the Princess was daily press'd by young sighing Lovers, for her Consent to marry *Alcidiana*; but she had still one Art or other to put them off, and so

continually broke all the great Matches that were proposed to her, notwithstanding their Kindred and other Friends had industriously endeavour'd to make several great Matches for her; but the Princess was still positive in her Denial, and one Way or other broke all. At last it happened, there was one proposed, yet more advantageous, a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew passionately in Love, and besought her Sister to consent that she might have him, and got the Prince to speak in her Behalf; but he had no sooner heard the secret Reasons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he chang'd his Mind, and suited it to hers, and she, as before, broke off that Amour: Which so extremely incensed *Alcidiana*, that she, taking an Opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran away, putting her self into the Hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinsman, and one who bore the greatest Authority in the City; him she chuses for her Guardian, resolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Sister. And so well she ordered Matters, that she writ this young Cavalier, her last Lover, and retrieved him; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtship.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard Matter to persuade all but the Princess. But though she opposed it, it was resolved on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded; demanded only, but never to be paid, the best Part of it being spent. However, she put them off from Day to Day, by a thousand frivolous Delays; and when she saw they would have Recourse to Force, and all that her Magnificence would be at an End, if the Law should prevail against her; and that without this Sister's Fortune, she could not long support her Grandeur; she bethought herself of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Sister made away; but she being out of her Tuition, she was not able to accomplish so great a Deed of Darkness. But since it was resolved it must be done, she contrives a thousand Stratagems; and at last pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page call'd *Van Brune*, a Youth of great Address and Wit, and one she had long managed for her Purpose. This Youth was about seventeen Years of Age, and extremely beautiful; and in the Time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princess, she was a little in Love with this handsome Boy; but it was checked in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame: Nevertheless, *Alcidiana* retained still a sort of Tenderness for him, while he burn'd in good Earnest with Love for the Princess.

The Princess one Day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Closet, she shut the Door; and after a thousand Questions of what he would undertake to serve her, the amorous Boy finding himself alone, and caress'd by the fair Person he ador'd, with joyful Blushes that beautify'd his Face, told her, 'There was nothing upon Earth, he would not do, to obey her least Commands.' She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him; and seeing Love dance in his Eyes, of which she was so good a Judge, she treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant; till at last the ravished Youth, wholly transported out of himself, fell at her Feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might fly to execute them; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks, and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this she smil'd, and told him, the Work was of such a Nature, as would mortify all Flames about him; and he would have more Need of Rage, Envy, and Malice, than the Aids of a Passion so soft as what she now found him capable of. He assur'd her, he would stick at nothing, tho' even against his Nature, to recompense for the Boldness he now, through his Indiscretion, had discover'd. She smiling, told him, he had committed no Fault; and that possibly, the Pay he should receive for the Service she required at his Hands, should be – what he most wish'd for in the World. At this he bow'd to the Earth; and kissing her Feet, bad her command: And then she boldly told him, 'Twas to kill her Sister *Alcidiana*. The Youth, without so much as starting or pausing upon the Matter, told her, *It should be done*; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Closet. She call'd him back, and would have given him some Instruction; but he refused it, and said, 'The Action and the Contrivance should be all his own.' And offering to go again, she – again recalled him; putting into his Hand a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, which he took, and with a low Bow departed.

He no sooner left her Presence, but he goes directly, and buys a Dose of Poison, and went immediately to the House where *Alcidiana* lived; where desiring to be brought to her Presence, he fell a weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and dismissed him her Service, and

since from a Child he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly besought *Alcidiana* to receive him into hers, she being in a few Days to be marry'd. There needed not much Intreaty to a Thing that pleased her so well, and she immediately received him to Pension: And he waited some Days on her, before he could get an Opportunity to administer his devilish Potion. But one Night, when she drank Wine with roasted Apples, which was usual with her; instead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the baneful Drug was mixed, and she drank it down.

About this Time, there was a great Talk of this Page's coming from one Sister, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the Design from the Beginning to the End, hearing some Men of Quality at his Table speaking of *Van Brune's* Change of Place (the Princess then keeping her Chamber upon some trifling Indisposition) he answer'd, 'That surely they were mistaken, that he was not dismissed from the Princess's Service:' And calling some of his Servants, he asked for *Van Brune*; and whether any Thing had happen'd between her Highness and him, that had occasion'd his being turned off. They all seem'd ignorant of this Matter; and those who had spoken of it, began to fancey there was some Juggle in the Case, which Time would bring to Light.

The ensuing Day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was poison'd; and though not dead, yet very near it; and that the Doctors said, she had taken Mercury. So that there was never so formidable a Sight as this fair young Creature; her Head and Body swoln, her Eyes starting out, her Face black, and all deformed: So that diligent Search was made, who it should be that did this; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examined, the Footman called to an Account; but all concluded, she received nothing but from the Hand of her new Page, since he came into her Service. He was examined, and shew'd a thousand guilty Looks: And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four Days before; which he could not deny; and making many Excuses for his buying it, betray'd him the more; so ill he chanced to dissemble. He was immediately sent to be examined by the Margrave or Justice, who made his *Mittimus*, and sent him to Prison.

'Tis easy to imagine, in what Fears and Confusion the Princess was at this News: She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indisposition. And the Doctors apply'd such Remedies to *Alcidiana*, such Antidotes against the Poison, that in a short Time she recover'd; but lost the finest Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was try'd the first of all; every Body having already read his Destiny, according as they wished it; and none would believe, but just indeed as it was: So that for the Revenge they hoped to see fall upon the Princess, every one wished he might find no Mercy, that she might share of his Shame and Misery.

The Sessions-House was filled that Day with all the Ladies, and chief of the Town, to hear the Result of his Trial; and the sad Youth was brought, loaded with Chains, and pale as Death; where every Circumstance being sufficiently proved against him, and he making but a weak Defence for himself, he was convicted, and sent back to Prison, to receive his Sentence of Death on the Morrow; where he owned all, and who set him on to do it. He own'd 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he should command at his Pleasure the Possession of his Mistress, the Princess, who should deny him nothing, after having entrusted him with so great a Secret; and that besides, she had elevated him with the Promise of that glorious Reward, and had dazzled his young Heart with so charming a Prospect, that blind and mad with Joy, he rushed forward to gain the desired Prize, and thought on nothing but his coming Happiness: That he saw too late the Follies of his presumptuous Flame, and cursed the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who had soothed him to his Undoing: That he was a miserable Victim to her Wickedness; and hoped he should warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Dissimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hoped they would have Pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the subtle Persuasions alone of his Mistress the Princess: And that since *Alcidiana* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in some Part of the World, whither they might banish him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately the Princess was apprehended, and brought to Prison, to the same Prison where yet the poor young Father *Francisco* was languishing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Intercession of the Fathers; and possibly she there had Time to make some Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no Means unessay'd, to prevent the Imprisonment of the Princess, and the publick Shame and Infamy she was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joy'd that she should be punished, as an Author of all this Mischief, were generally bent against her, both Priests, Magistrates and People; the whole Force of the Stream running that Way, she found no more Favour than the meanest Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he saw 'twas impossible to rescue her from the Hands of Justice, suffer'd with Grief unspeakable, what he could not prevent, and led her himself to the Prison, follow'd by all his People, in as much State as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when she came, she was as well attended and served as before, he never stirring one Moment from her.

The next Day, she was tried in open and common Court; where she appeared in Glory, led by *Tarquin*, and attended according to her Quality: And she could not deny all the Page had alledged against her, who was brought thither also in Chains; and after a great many Circumstances, she was found Guilty, and both received Sentence; the Page to be hanged till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-Place; and the Princess to stand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other End of which was to be fastned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inscription, in large Characters, upon her Back and Breast, of the Cause why; where she was to stand from ten in the Morning to twelve.

This Sentence, the People with one Accord, believed too favourable for so ill a Woman, whose Crimes deserved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*. Nevertheless, there were some who said, it was infinitely more severe than Death it self.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the Abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-Place: And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houses; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appear'd. She was dress'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore Part of her Breast, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind; and a Petticoat of flower'd Gold, very rich, and laced; with all Things else suitable. A Gentleman carry'd her great Velvet Cushion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroider'd, was laid; her Train was borne up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare; followed by his Footmen, Pages, and other Officers of his House.

When they arrived at the Place of Execution, the Cushion was laid on the Ground, upon a *Portugal* Mat, spread there for that Purpose; and the Princess stood on the Cushion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Priest by her Side; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not stood there ten Minutes, but she had the Mortification (at least one would think it so to her) to see her sad Page, *Van Brune*, approach, fair as an Angel, but languishing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much Pity, as that of the Princess did with Disdain and Pleasure.

He was dressed all in Mourning, and very fine Linen, bare-headed, with his own Hair, the fairest that could be seen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himself with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he seeing his Mistress in that Condition, shew'd an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was cover'd over with Blushes; and falling at her Feet, he humbly ask'd her Pardon for having been the Occasion of so great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confession, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to make, so greatly to her Dishonour; for indeed he wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying, as he ought, in Silence, rather than of committing so great a Crime against his Duty, and Honour itself; and that he could not die in Peace, unless she would forgive him. The Princess only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do—*

And after having spoken a little to his Father-Confessor, who was with him, he cheerfully mounted the Ladder, and in Sight of the Princess he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard thro' all the Market-Place, especially from the Fair Sex; he hanged there till the Time the Princess was to depart; and then she was put into a rich embroider'd Chair, and carry'd away, *Tarquin* going into his, for he had all that Time stood supporting the Princess under the Gallows, and was very weary. She was sent back, till her Releasement came, which was that Night about seven o'Clock; and then she was conducted to her own House in great State, with a Dozen White Wax Flambeaux about her Chair.

If the Guardian of *Alcidiana*, and her Friends, before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of these Extravagants, it is not to be imagined, but they were now much more so; and the next Day they sent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it, or to summon the Prince to give Reasons why he would not pay it. The Officer received for Answer, That the Money should be call'd in, and paid in such a Time, setting a certain Time, which I have not been so curious as to retain, or put in my Journal-Observations; but I am sure it was not long, as may be easily imagin'd, for they every Moment suspected the Prince would pack up, and be gone, some time or other, on the sudden; and for that Reason they would not trust him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his House, to watch that nothing should be remov'd or touch'd. As for Bail, or Security, he could give none; every one slunk their Heads out of the Collar, when it came to that: So that he was oblig'd, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his House.

The Princess finding her self reduced to the last Extremity, and that she must either produce the Value of a hundred thousand Crowns, or see the Prince her Husband lodged for ever in a Prison, and all their Glory vanish; and that it was impossible to fly, since guarded; she had Recourse to an Extremity, worse than the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, she first puts on a world of Sorrow and Concern, for what she feared might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever she shed Tears which she did not dissemble, it was upon this Occasion. But here she almost over-acted: She stirred not from her Bed, and refused to eat, or sleep, or see the Light; so that the Day being shut out of her Chamber, she lived by Wax-lights, and refus'd all Comfort and Consolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compassion and Grief, never stirred from her Bed-side, nor ceas'd to implore, that she would suffer herself to live. But she, who was not now so passionately in Love with *Tarquin*, as she was with the Prince; nor so fond of the Man as his Titles, and of Glory; foresaw the total Ruin of the last, if not prevented by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which could not otherwise be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana*: And therefore, without ceasing, she wept, and cry'd out, 'She could not live, unless *Alcidiana* died. This *Alcidiana* (*continued she*) who has been the Author of my Shame; who has expos'd me under a Gibbet, in the Publick Market-Place – Oh! – I am deaf to all Reason, blind to natural Affection. I renounce her, I hate her as my mortal Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the Finisher of my Days, e'er half my Race of Life be run.'

Then throwing her false, but snowy, charming Arms about the Neck her Heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who lay sighing, and listening by her Side, he was charmed and bewitch'd into saying all Things that appeas'd her; and lastly, told her, '*Alcidiana* should be no longer any Obstacle to her Repose; but that, if she would look up, and cast her Eyes of Sweetness and Love upon him, as heretofore; forget her Sorrow, and redeem her lost Health; he would take what Measures she should propose to dispatch this fatal Stop to her Happiness, out of the Way.'

These Words fail'd not to make her caress him in the most endearing Manner that Love and Flattery could invent; and she kiss'd him to an Oath, a solemn Oath, to perform what he had promised; and he vow'd liberally. And she assumed in an Instant her Good-Humour, and suffer'd a Supper to be prepared, and did eat; which in many Days before she had not done: So obstinate and powerful was she in dissembling well.

The next Thing to be consider'd was, which Way this Deed was to be done; for they doubted not, but when it was done, all the World would lay it upon the Princess, as done by her Command: But she urg'd, Suspicion was no Proof; and that they never put to Death any one, but when they

had great and certain Evidence who were the Offenders. She was sure of her own Constancy, that Racks and Tortures should never get the Secret from her Breast; and if he were as confident on his Part, there was no Danger. Yet this Preparation she made towards laying the Fact on others, that she caused several Letters to be wrote from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threaten'd *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinsman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, though he had not taken away hers. And it was the Report of the Town, how this young Maid was threaten'd. And indeed, the Death of the Page had so afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured her self abundance of Enemies upon that Account, because she might have saved him if she had pleased; but, on the contrary, she was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not so much concerned for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reasoning the Matter soberly with *Miranda*, found it absolutely necessary to dispatch *Alcidiana*, resolved himself, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to trust to any of his most favourite Servants, though he had many, who possibly would have obey'd him; for they loved him as he deserved, and so would all the World, had he not been so purely deluded by this fair Enchantress. He therefore, as I said, resolved to keep this great Secret to himself; and taking a Pistol, charged well with two Bullets, he watch'd an Opportunity to shoot her as she should go out or into her House, or Coach, some Evening.

To this End he waited several Nights near her Lodgings, but still, either she went not out, or when she return'd, she was so guarded with Friends, her Lover, and Flambeaux, that he could not aim at her without endangering the Life of some other. But one Night above the rest, upon a *Sunday*, when he knew she would be at the Theatre, for she never missed that Day seeing the Play, he waited at the Corner of the Stadt-House, near the Theatre, with his Cloak cast over his Face, and a black Periwig, all alone, with his Pistol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long but he saw her Kinsman's Coach come along; 'twas almost dark, Day was just shutting up her Beauties, and left such a Light to govern the World, as serv'd only just to distinguish one Object from another, and a convenient Help to Mischief. He saw alight out of the Coach only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the destin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-House, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it: Who led her to the Door, and went to give some Order to the Coachman; so that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when she stood the fairest Mark in the World, on the Threshold of the Entrance of the Theatre, there being many Coaches about the Door, so that hers could not come so near. *Tarquin* was resolved not to lose so fair an Opportunity, and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over-against the Door, through a great booted Velvet Coach, that stood between him and her, he shot; and she having the Train of her Gown and Petticoat on her Arm, in great Quantity, he missed her Body, and shot through her Clothes, between her Arm and her Body. She, frighten'd to find something hit her, and to see the Smoke, and hear the Report of the Pistol; running in, cried, *I am shot, I am dead*.

This Noise quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coachmen and Footmen immediately ran, some one Way, and some another. One of 'em seeing a Man haste away in a Cloak; he being a lusty, bold *German*, stopped him; and drawing upon him, bad him stand, and deliver his Pistol, or he would run him through.

*Tarquin* being surprised at the Boldness of this Fellow to demand his Pistol, as if he positively knew him to be the Murderer (for so he thought himself, since he believed *Alcidiana* dead) had so much Presence of Mind as to consider, if he suffered himself to be taken, he should poorly die a publick Death; and therefore resolv'd upon one Mischief more, to secure himself from the first: And in the Moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Pistol, he cried, *Though I have no Pistol to deliver, I have a Sword to chastise thy Insolence*. And throwing off his Cloak, and flinging his Pistol from him, he drew, and wounded, and disarmed the Fellow.

This Noise of Swords brought every body to the Place; and immediately the Bruit ran, *The Murderer was taken, the Murderer was taken*; Tho' none knew which was he, nor as yet so much as

the Cause of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men; for it was now darker than before. But at the Noise of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this Time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Petticoat, came running to the Place, just as *Tarquin* had disarm'd the *German*, and was ready to kill him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arrested the Stroke, and redeemed the Footman.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whose Mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himself venturing for his last Stake, made no Reply; but with two Swords in his Hands went to fight his Way through the Rabble; And tho' there were above a hundred Persons, some with Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coachmen) so invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that Time, that all these were not able to seize him; but he made his Way through the Ring that encompassed him, and ran away; but was, however, so closely pursued, the Company still gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppressed with Guilt, and Fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and suffered himself, at last, to yield to his Pursuers, who soon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in Disguise: And they carry'd him directly to Prison, being *Sunday*, to wait the coming Day, to go before a Magistrate.

In an Hour's Time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that *Tarquin* was the intended Murderer of *Alcidiana*; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compassion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himself, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what numbers he had fought through: And even those that saw his Valour and Bravery, and who had assisted at his being seiz'd, now repented from the Bottom of their Hearts their having any Hand in the Ruin of so gallant a Man; especially since they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thousand Addresses were made to her, not to prosecute him; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no Means be pacified, but vowed to pursue him to the Scaffold.

The *Monday* came, and the Prince being examined, confessed the Matter of Fact, since there was no Harm done; believing a generous Confession the best of his Game: But he was sent back to closer Imprisonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Sessions. All his Household-Goods were seiz'd, and all they could find, for the Use of *Alcidiana*. And the Princess, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carried to the same Prison, to behold the cruel Effects of her hellish Designs.

One need not tell here how sad and horrid this Meeting appear'd between her Lord and her: Let it suffice, it was the most melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda's* Part, 'twas sometimes all Rage and Fire, and sometimes all Tears and Groans; but still 'twas sad Love, and mournful Tenderness on his. Nor could all his Sufferings, and the Prospect of Death itself, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obstinate God had fatally kindled there: And in the midst of all his Sighs, he would re-call himself, and cry, —*I have Miranda still.*

He was eternally visited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this last Action of Bravery had got him more than all his former Conduct had lost. The Fathers were perpetually with him; and all join'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman so wicked as the Princess; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not shew himself a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of so much Evil in his Bosom: That Heaven would never bless him, till he had renounced her: And on such Conditions he would find those that would employ their utmost Interest to save his Life, who else would not stir in this Affair. But he was so deaf to all, that he could not so much as dissemble a Repentance for having married her.

He lay a long Time in Prison, and all that Time the poor Father *Francisco* remained there also: And the good Fathers who daily visited these two amorous Prisoners, the Prince and Princess; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come; from which, before his Trial, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was destin'd to die.

This gave an unspeakable Torment to the now repenting Beauty, who had reduced him to it; and she began to appear with a more solid Grief: Which being perceived by the good Fathers, they resolved to attack her on the yielding Side; and after some Discourse upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Business of Father *Francisco*; and told her, she had never thriven since her accusing of that Father, and laid it very home to her Conscience; assuring her that they would do their utmost in her Service, if she would confess that secret Sin to all the World, so that she might atone for the Crime, by the saving that good Man. At first she seemed inclined to yield; but Shame of being her own Detector, in so vile a Matter, recalled her Goodness, and she faintly persisted in it.

At the End of six Months, Prince *Tarquin* was called to his Tryal; where I will pass over the Circumstances, which are only what is usual in such criminal Cases, and tell you, that he being found guilty of the Intent of killing *Alcidiana*, was condemned to lose his Head in the Market-Place, and the Princess to be banished her Country.

After Sentence pronounced, to the real Grief of all the Spectators, he was carry'd back to Prison, and now the Fathers attack her anew; and she, whose Grievings daily encreased, with a Languishment that brought her very near her Grave, at last confess'd all her Life, all the Lewdness of her Practices with several Princes and great Men, besides her Lusts with People that served her, and others in mean Capacity: And lastly, the whole Truth of the young Friar; and how she had drawn the Page, and the Prince her Husband, to this design'd Murder of her Sister. This she signed with her Hand, in the Presence of the Prince, her Husband, and several Holy Men who were present. Which being signify'd to the Magistrates, the Friar was immediately deliver'd from his Irons (where he had languished more than two whole Years) in great Triumph, with much Honour, and lives a most exemplary pious Life, as he did before; for he is now living in *Antwerp*.

After the Condemnation of these two unfortunate Persons, who begot such different Sentiments in the Minds of the People (the Prince, all the Compassion and Pity imaginable; and the Princess, all the Contempt and Despise;) they languished almost six Months longer in Prison; so great an Interest there was made, in order to the saving his Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Brussels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take Place of them; who indeed was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said; so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some Hope, that a Reprieve for ninety Years would have been granted, as was desired. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom the Marquis *Castel Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Persuasions, than those of all who attacked her, that made *Miranda* confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the End of six Months, when all Applications were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two Days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounced, and for which he prepared himself with all Cheerfulness.

On the following *Friday*, as soon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their Leaves of him; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the last Degree: For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable bore it with a Fortitude that shewed no Signs of Regret; but address'd himself to all about him with the same chearful, modest, and great Air, he was wont to do in his most flourishing Fortune. His Valet was dressing him all the Morning, so many Interruptions they had by Visitors; and he was all in Mourning, and so were all his Followers; for even to the last he kept up his Grandeur, to the Amazement of all People. And indeed, he was so passionately below'd by them, that those he had dismiss'd, serv'd him voluntarily, and would not be persuaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princess was also dress'd in Mourning, and her two Women; and notwithstanding the unheard-of Lewdness and Villanies she had confess'd of her self, the Prince still ador'd her; for she

had still those Charms that made him first do so; nor, to his last Moment, could he be brought to wish, that he had never seen her; but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he said, 'All the Satisfaction this short Moment of Life could afford him, was, that he died in endeavouring to serve *Miranda*, his adorable Princess.'

After he had taken Leave of all, who thought it necessary to leave him to himself for some Time, he retir'd with his Confessor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotion that were fit to be done, being already past. At last the Bell toll'd, and he was to take Leave of the Princess, as his last Work of Life, and the most hard he had to accomplish. He threw himself at her Feet, and gazing on her as she sat more dead than alive, overwhelm'd with silent Grief, they both remain'd some Moments speechless; and then, as if one rising Tide of Tears had supply'd both their Eyes, it burst out in Streams at the same Instant: and when his Sighs gave Way, he utter'd a thousand Farewels, so soft, so passionate, and moving, that all who were by were extremely touch'd with it, and said, *That nothing could be seen more deplorable and melancholy*. A thousand Times they bid Farewel, and still some tender Look, or Word, would prevent his going; then embrace, and bid Farewel again. A thousand Times she ask'd his Pardon for being the Occasion of that fatal Separation; a thousand Times assuring him, she would follow him, for she could not live without him. And Heaven knows when their soft and sad Caresses would have ended, had not the Officers assur'd him 'twas Time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princess fell fainting in the Arms of her Woman, and they led *Tarquin* out of Prison.

When he came to the Market-Place, whither he walked on Foot, follow'd by his own Domesticks, and some bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges; the Head's-man before him with his fatal Scimiter drawn, his Confessor by his Side, and many Gentlemen and Church-men, with Father *Francisco* attending him, the People showring Millions of Blessings on him, and beholding him with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was strewed with some Saw-dust, about the Place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they beheld People kneeling, and with the Back-Stroak of a Scimiter; and not lying on a Block, and with an Axe, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every body might more conveniently see. This was hung with black, and all that State that such a Death could have, was here in most decent Order.

He did not say much upon the Scaffold: The Sum of what he said to his Friends was, to be kind, and take Care of the poor Penitent his Wife: To others, recommending his honest and generous Servants, whose Fidelity was so well known and commended, that they were soon promised Preferment. He was some time in Prayer, and a very short time in speaking to his Confessor; then he turned to the Head's-man, and desired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d'Ors*; and undressing himself with the Help of his Valet and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Sattin Waistcoat: He took off his Periwig, and put on a white Sattin Cap, with a Holland one done with Point under it, which he pulled over his Eyes; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and said, 'When he lifted up his Hands the third Time, the Head's-man should do his Office.' Which accordingly was done, and the Head's-man gave him his last Stroke, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude, who scrambled for some of the bloody Saw-dust, to keep for his Memory.

The Head's-man going to take up the Head, as the Manner is, to shew it to the People, he found he had not struck it off, and that the Body stirr'd; with that he stepped to an Engine, which they always carry with 'em, to force those who may be refractory; thinking, as he said, to have twisted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a small Matter of Flesh. Tho' 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the best Shift he could suddenly propose. The Margrave, and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with some of the Prince's Friends, and Servants; who seeing the Head's-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great Noise. The Prince, who found himself yet alive; or rather, who was past

thinking but had some Sense of Feeling left, when the Head's-man took him up, and set his Back against the Rail, and clapp'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himself press'd there; and struggling between Life and Death, and bending himself over the Rail backward, while the Head's-man pulled forward, he threw himself quite over the Rail, by Chance, and not Design, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing Shouts of Joy. The Head's-man leap'd after him, but the Rabble had lik'd to have pull'd him to Pieces: All the City was in an Uproar, but none knew what the Matter was, but those who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living; but how, or by what strange Miracle preserv'd, they knew not, nor did examine; but with one Accord, as if the whole Crowd had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their Heads about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is a Monastery of Jesuits; and there they secur'd him. All this was done, his beheading, his falling, and his being secur'd, almost in a Moment's Time; the People rejoicing, as at some extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being, as I said, an old timorous Man, was so frighten'd at the Accident, the Bustle, the Noise, and the Confusion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear; and the other was fain to be let blood.

The Officers of Justice went to demand the Prisoner, but they demanded in vain; the Jesuits had now a Right to protect him, and would do so. All his overjoy'd Friends went to see in what Condition he was, and all of Quality found Admittance: They saw him in Bed, going to be dress'd by the most skilful Surgeons, who yet could not assure him of Life. They desired no body should speak to him, or ask him any Questions. They found that the Head's-man had struck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be sure; for the Sword, in such Executions, carries an extreme Force: However, so great Care was taken on all Sides, and so greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an Amendment, and Hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodness.

At last, when he was permitted to speak, the first News he ask'd was after the Princess. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his Loss of Blood had not quenched that Flame, not let out that which made him still love that bad Woman. He was sollicitated daily to think no more of her: And all her Crimes are laid so open to him, and so shamefully represented; and on the other Side, his Virtues so admir'd; and which, they said, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature; that at last, by assuring him of all their Assistance if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought so far upon him, as to promise, he would suffer her to go alone into Banishment, and would not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaisance, for in his Heart he resolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reason assur'd him, he could not do a Deed more justifiable, and one that would regain his Fame sooner.

His Friends ask'd him some Questions concerning his Escape; and since he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately rise up? But he replied, he was so absolutely prepossessed, that at the third lifting up his Hands he should receive the Stroke of Death, that at the same Instant the Sword touch'd him, he had no Sense; nay, not even of Pain, so absolutely dead he was with Imagination; and knew not that he stirr'd, as the Head's-man found he did; nor did he remember any Thing, from the lifting up of his Hands, to his fall; and then awaken'd, as out of a Dream, or rather a Moment's Sleep without Dream, he found he liv'd, and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having not, as yet, any Sense of his Wound, tho' so terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extremely afflicted for having been the Prosecutor of this great Man; who, bating this last Design against her, which she knew was at the Instigation of her Sister, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now sought all Means possible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Sister; tho' of an hundred thousand Crowns, which she should have paid her, she could get but ten thousand; which was from the Sale of her rich Beds, and some other Furniture. So that the

young Count, who before should have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the best of the two) was the Man to whom she was destin'd.

At last, by great Intercession, both their Pardons were obtain'd; and the Prince, who would be no more seen in a Place that had prov'd every way so fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promising never to live with the Fair Hypocrite more; but e'er he departed, he wrote her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little Time, to follow him into *Holland*; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his trusty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Money for her Accommodation; so that she was now reduced to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this Time of his Imprisonment, had several Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly loved.

As soon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, she was welcom'd with all imaginable Respect and Endearment by the old Father; who was impos'd upon so, as that he knew not she was the fatal Occasion of all these Disasters to his Son; but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who had brought him an hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, which his Misfortunes had consum'd. But, above all, she was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unspeakable; who, after some Time, to redeem his Credit, and gain himself a new Fame, put himself into the *French* Army, where he did Wonders; and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-House; where, with his Princess, he liv'd as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquillity of a Man of good Fortune. They say *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life past, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her these Afflictions that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happiness, as this troublesome World, can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin*, dy'd about three Quarters of a Year ago.

### Notes: Critical and Explanatory:

#### The Fair Jilt

[p. 73](#) *Scrutore*. Escritoire, cf. Sir T. Herbert, *Trav.* (1677): 'There they sell.. Scrutores or Cabinets of Mother of Pearl.'

[p. 75](#) *Canonesses, Begines, Quests, Swart-Sisters and Jesuitesses*. Canonesses are very ancient in history. The most important Congregations are the Sepulchrines or Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Lateran Canonesses. There was an old community of French Hospitaller Canonesses of Saint-Esprit. Thomassin tells us that the Béguines were canonesses, and that their name is derived from S. Begghe (*ob.*

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