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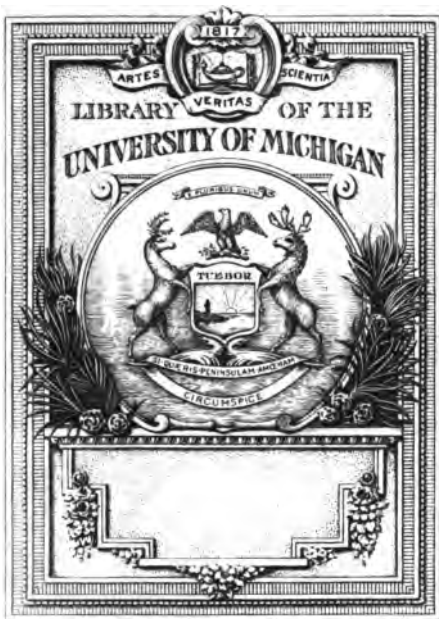
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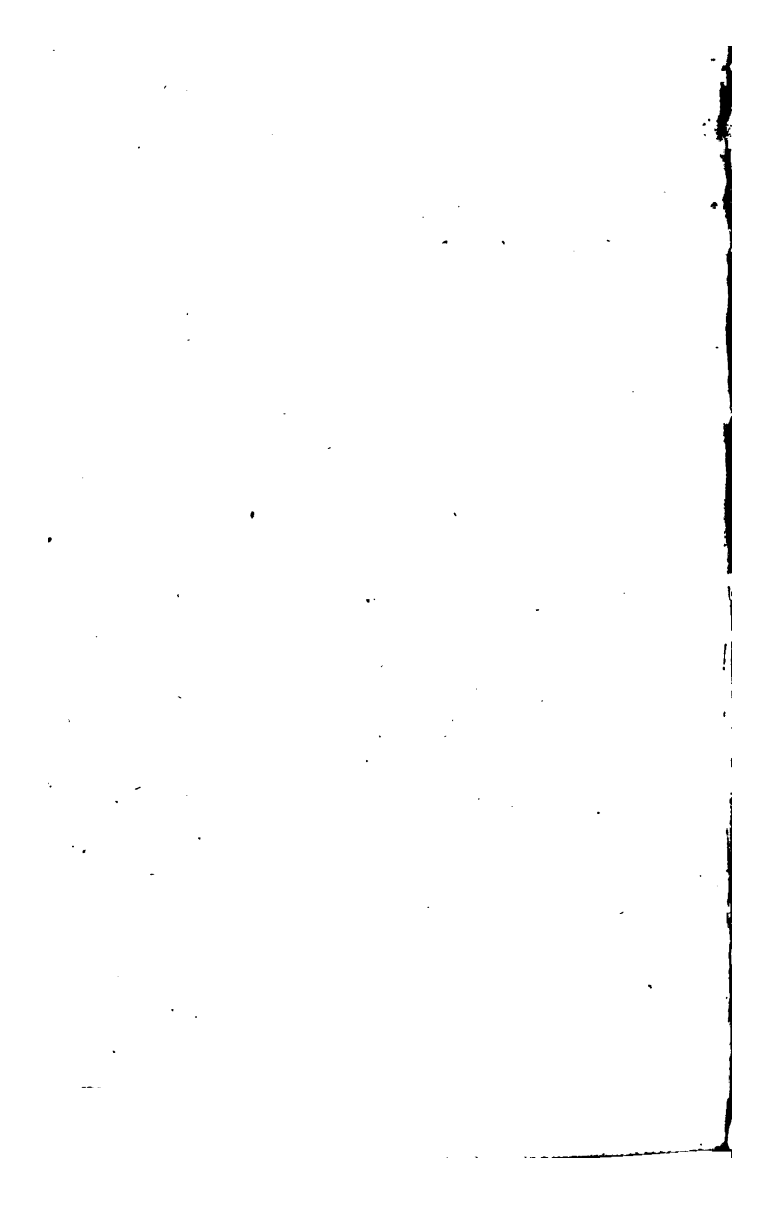
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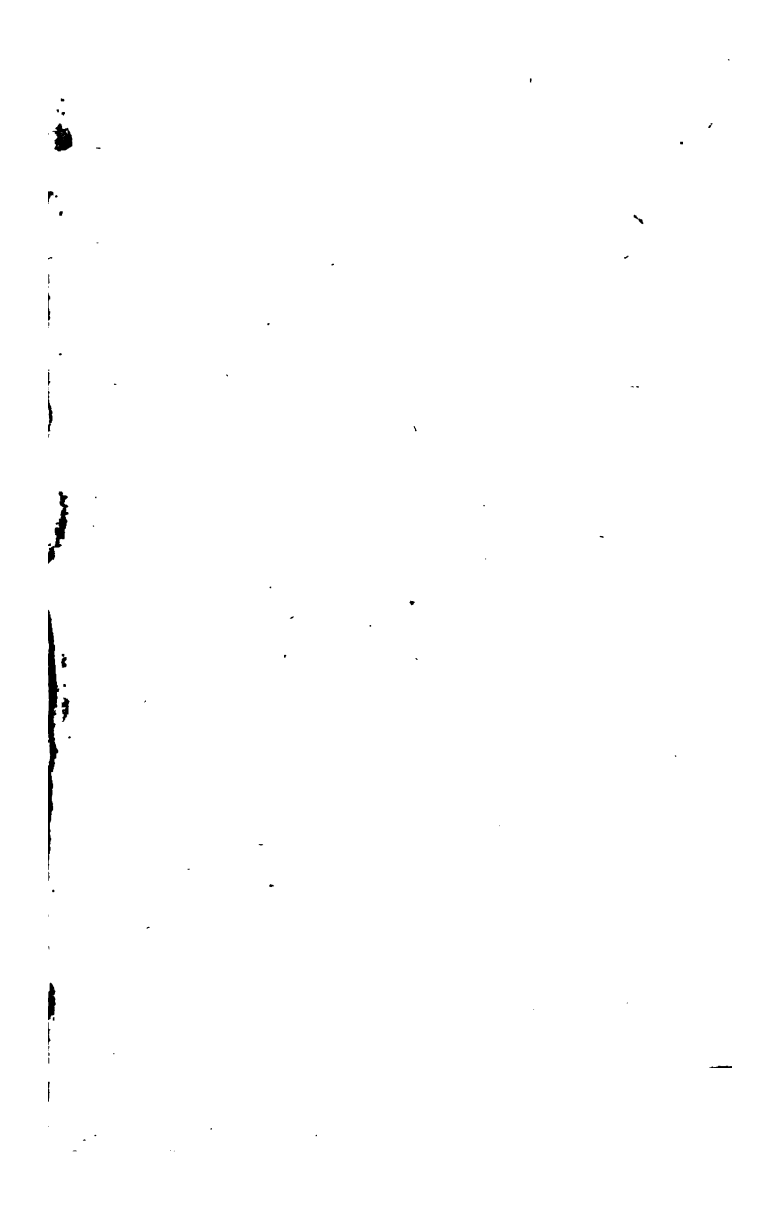


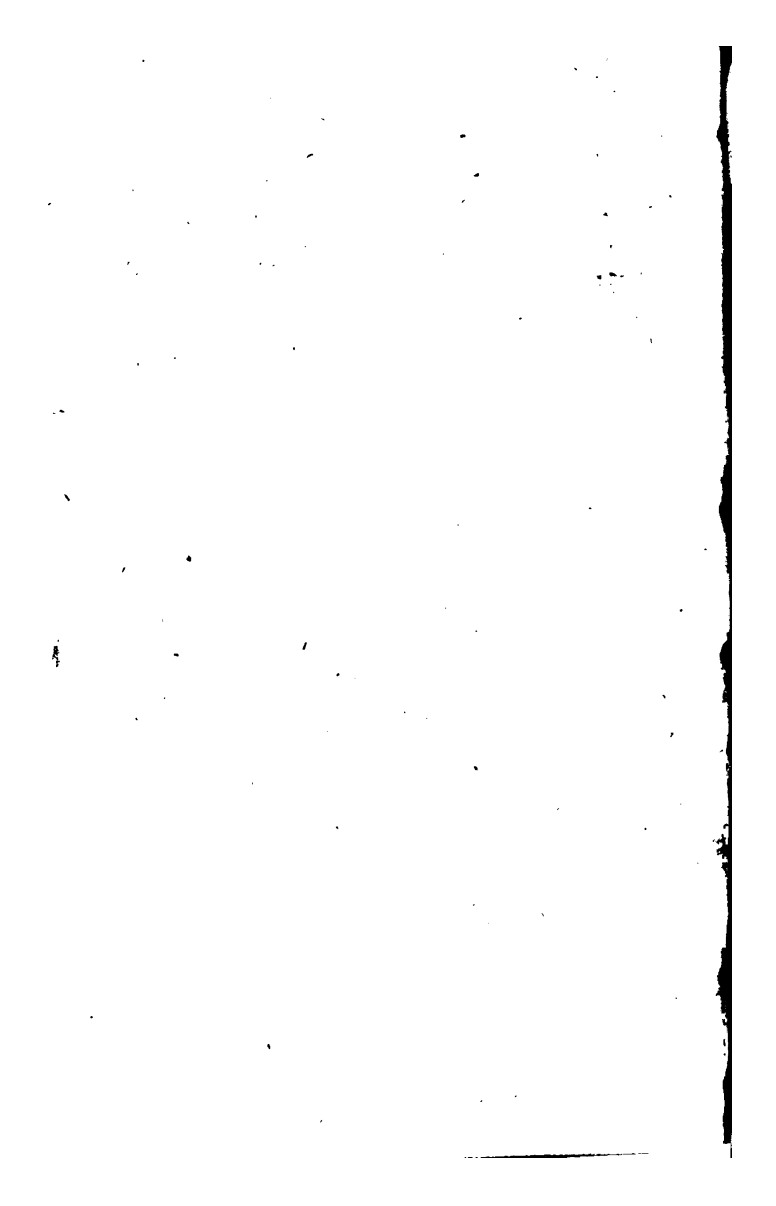




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CYNTHIA:

WITH THE

Tragical Account

OF THE

UNFORTUNATE LOVES

OF

Almerin and Desdemona.

Being A

NOVEL.

ILLUSTRATED

With Variety of the Chances of Fortune,
Morallized with many useful Observations drawn from thence, whereby the Reader may reap both Pleasure and Profit.

Done by an English Hand.

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PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10

STATISTICAL MECHANICS

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T O T H E
READER.

READER,

IF Study be the Soul of Understanding,
who wou'd not be Studious? since
Knowledge only is the School-Mistriss
of sublime and illustrious Spirits, and
makes them transcend the Vulgar, as
far as the Sun excels the Moon in bright-
ness; (for what difference is be-
tween a Man, presuming to be a Mar. Aur.
Man, not being Learned and a Beast?)
What certain Joy, true Honour, or great
Profit can a Man challenge unto himself, and
not look for sudden Vicissitudes, to alter them
into a worse State than they were before,
through the Inconstancy of our Humane Con-
dition? Where then shall we seek for those
great and rare Properties, to find that,
which of it self, will be unto us both profit-
table

To the Reader.

table and pleasant altogether, and that not for a moment, but for ever? Truly in Knowledge, which first is able to mollifie Mans Nature, being before Savage and Wild, and to make it capable of Reason. Secondly, frameth and setleth his Judgment, that he may pass the Course of his Life in all Tranquillity of Mind, to the Profit of many. Lastly, causes him to die in Honour, with certain assurance of certain Life and Happiness.

Anacharis. Contrariwise, saith the Philosopher, Idleness is a thing like a cankering Rustiness to the Body, and to the Soul; and as an eating Consumption, it wasteth and bringeth to nought both Vertue and Strength; it is the Grave of living Men; it is a thing wherein Life dyeth, and thereby the Soul of Man is twice buried in him, once in his Body, and next in his Sloath.

I examined and discerned the difference to be vast betwixt Vice and Vertue, between Learning and Ignorance, betwixt Sloath and Activeness, between a wise Man and a Fool; and then I approved of that wise Saying of the famous Aristippus, (better *Aristippus.* it is to be a Beggar, than a Rich Man without Learning.) I considered
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the whole Life of Man, that he continues, but a small time here, and the Motty of this Moment, he lets pass in sottish Sleep, which is Deaths Cousin German, so that he dies. living, and when Death takes him hence, his Memory dies with him, and goes into Oblivion. I contemplated the Misery of Worldly Men, that like Ants, toil and labour for Wealth, and in the midst of their Hopes, go down to the Grave, and go to give an Account for the gathering and using of the same, and that perhaps, to their perpetual Damnation; whiles, in the mean time, other Companions in the World, do live merrily and pleasantly upon that he hath gotten, little remembring, or less caring for him, that perhaps lies burning in unquenchable Fire, for those Riches unrighteously heaped, and left unto them. Nor was the Lascivious Man forgotten in my Memory, who leaves no Stratagem unattempted, no crafty Design unacted, nor no Wickness, let it be never so horrid, undone, to accomplish his Lust, which alas vanishes in a moment, and leaves an after Repentance. With what impetuoufness such Men pursue their own Shadows, embracing Vice, while Vertue walks along unregarded.

To the Reader.

Antisthenes. This caused Antisthenes, being asked of a Man what was best to learn, he returned him this Answer, To unlearn the Evil thou hast learned; that is to return back from the High-way to Hell, to the School of Vertue; that Man travels a long way from Home, that never looks back, and he is in a lost Condition, that never thinks of amending.

These Considerations agreeing with my vacant Hours, gave Being to this succeeding History; in the Study of which, I found the Treasures of a Soul indued with Reason, which is a Happiness wherein all Humane Felicity consisteth, and which never breeds Vexation of Spirit: What shall I say? In the continuance of which, I found a pleasing solitary Companion for the tedious Winter Nights. Was I in Love, here I found a Mistriss to Court, with a clearer Satisfaction and Delight than those Passions that vanish in the fruition. Was I in Adversity, here I found a Comforter. Was I in Prosperity, the knowledge of what I was, made my Joys solid, and so kept me from being arrogant. Was I fortunate, then I considered the Vicissitudes of Fortune; and when I seemed
d'rewhelm-

To the Reader.

*o'whelmed in the Gulph of Despair, I
cou'd ride securely by the Anchor of Hope,
and expect a Calm. Thus, from the Off-spring
of my idle Hours, I purchased to my self,
both Pleasure and Profit, and that not
for a moment, but to Perpetuity; I speak
not this in Ostentation, that I exceed the
meanest; but the happy Change the imitati-
on of Vertue has produced, of which, I
hope the Reader will participate with me.*

*The Story it self is Romantick Poetry,
the issue of my own Genius; the Discourse
is Love, a Passion, of all other most lovely,
and agreeable to the Fancy; so inviting,
and sweetly charming, that Reason it self
cannot stand in competition against it; yet
so necessary, that a wise Man once said, To
see Love banished our Streets, is as to see
the Horizon without a Sun, or the Year
without a Spring. This Labyrinth, where-
in wise Men lose themselves, and Fools re-
cover their Wits; where Wisdom runs a
Wool-gathering, and Passion guides the Helm,
I present unto you as a Mirrour, that will de-
monstrate the difference betwixt Love and
Lust; wherein Vertue is illustrated, in the
Persons of Cynthia and Orsamus, and Vice
figured to the Life, in the Person of Al-*

To the Reader.

merin ; or [*still worse and worse*] This is a more full Story, where the Walks are the gloomy Shades of Death, the Discourse is dismal, the Narration lamentable, the Adventures tragical, and the Examples woful. Wherein are presented the Snares of Love, the Credulity of Innocency, the Heat of Affection, the Fire of Lust, the Fruits of Rashness, and the Reward of Perjury; and may this, you shall hear related, beget Profit as well as pleasure, that by others Harms, we may learn to avoid our own, wisely to shelter our selves from the threatening Storm, and so grow cautious to shun those Rocks, where others have suffered Shipwrack. Let beauteous Maidens here learn to prize their Honour, and set a high Esteem on their Chastity, by the woful Example of fair Desdemona ; and let all Fathers avoid Anger and Passion, by the Example of Artemidorus, who occasioned, by his Folly, the Sanguine Part of this mournful Story. Let all Virgins beware how to bestow their Love, by the Example of poor Artemesia ; and let all Parents here behold the Miseries of enforced Marriage, in the Example of Almerin. The whole History being a sweet Summary of bitter Calamities,

To the Reader.

lamities, proceeding only from the same Cause. Thus we may read with delight, the Disasters of others, making their Misfortunes our Advantage, for there is a kind of Voluptuousness in the Rehearsal of past Miseries, a Pleasure even in Misery it self, Experience doth daily teach us. When we consider how the Sea of our Misfortunes doth ebb and flow with the various Shapes of Hope and Despair, how impetuous the Storms, and how wonderful are the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Nature, from thence proceeding; Thus, from this Relation, may be sucked some Honey as well as Poyson; for, if from the greatest Venom, may be extracted an Antidote to expel the Operation and Force of the strongest Poyson, then from this Bulk of Misfortunes, judiciously and seriously considered, the ingenious Reader may gather Good and no Harm, by the reading of this lamentable Story.

Tully tells us, that in time of old, People were Dull and Barbarous, Rude and Froward, Un sensible and Uncapable of any serious Study; to this end and purpose many of our Antients have written curious Stories, many of which, are yet extant, to reclaim the mind of the Multitude,

Tully.
which

To the Reader.

which are apt and prone enough to hear Folly; witness Diogenes the Cynick, who when he had any grave Matter to relate, he wou'd call the People to hear him; which when they regarded not, he wou'd sing merrily; to which, when many resorted, he wou'd say, To hear Foolishness, ye run apace, but to hear any weighty Matter, ye scarce put forth your Foot. From this Cause only, Fables and Romances took their first Original; wise Men endeavouring to make the Vulgar grow wise by their own Folly, drawing them with that Bait they most dearly affected; for what is a Fable, but a silent Representation of a more weighty Matter? And what is History, but a lively Essence, describing the pleasing Transports of the Soul? By this craft they made Vice to assist Vertue, and Sathan to be foiled in his own Weapons. Thus, by presenting the Shadow, they caused them to embrace the Substance; so have I seen a careful Mother, first nurse her Child with the Teat, then with a Spoon, and after with stronger Meat: Did not the best of Men speak in Parables? and what is a Parable, but a thing Sympathizing and agreeing with a Matter of greater Value, helping to explain it more lively to
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To the Reader.

the Capacity of the Auditors, to whom it is related? Indeed, what are the Heavens and the Earth, drawn and presented unto the Eye by Art, but a secret History or Similitude, declaring the Majesty and Power of our great Creator? Like as when we see a small Beam of the Sun, we apprehend in reason, it has its Original from a greater; such indeed has been, and shou'd be still the Intentions of all those that write Parables, Fables, or Romantick History, to season them with Morals and Observations, so applying them to a vertuous end, that as little Rivolets, they may waft the Reader e're he be aware, unto the River of Vertue, and Ocean of all Felicity.

*Such I did intend this succeeding History, in which there is no eminent Example, but is illustrated and stored with fruitful Observations, for the Profit and Beboof of the Reader, striking the Iron whilst it is hot; so making use of the Advantage whilst the Example is fresh in Memory: For I believe nothing can demonstrate or represent any thing so lively, as when we have the speaking Example evident before our Eyes. Here is History curiously woven, and intermixed with things Moral and Divine, the
Pleasure*

10 the Reader.

Pleasure and the Profit is bound up in one intire Nosegay, and it seems impossible to sever the one, without the ruine of the other; so have I seen a careful Physician mix the bitter Potion with Honey, for the better

Zeno. Digestion of his Patient. Zeno being demanded how a Man might become happy, answered, If he drew near unto, and haunted the Dead; meaning thereby, if he read Histories, and endeavoured to learn their good Instructions; and here thou hast no small variety of Presidents out of modern Authors, gather'd by my Industry, and replanted, as I found opportunity to place them.

The total Sum, or Moral of the whole History, is soon cast up, by examining it with that Saying of the Wise Man: That a just

Prov. 24. 16.

Man falls seven times and riseth again, but the Wicked fall into Mischief: That is, the Upright Man is subject to many Dangers, but God delivereth him out of his Distress, making his very Misfortunes an addition to his Joys. Oh, what Heavenly Comfort, (says an antient Father) do they inwardly feel, who are delighted with the Remembrance of Sufferings past, with the fruition of Joys present, and with
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To the Reader.

the expectation of Felicities to come! this Happiness is represented in the History of Cynthia and Orfamus. Wicked Men are figured in the Person of Almerin, 2 Timothy 3. Verse 13.
for evil Men and Deceivers shall wax worse and worse, their Portion shall be cursed in the Earth; Job 24. 18. Psalm 73. ver. 18, 19.
and as a fall on a Pavement is very sudden, so shall the Fall of the Wicked come hastily; because God strikes not presently, the Wicked are set to do Evil; but although Heaven be slow in Punishment, yet when they strike, they strike sure, for God spares the Wicked not in Mercy, but in Justice. Oh, how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a fearful end! yea, even like a Dream, when one awaketh, so shall their Memory vanish. Compare times past, with your daily Experience, and prove them both by this History, and you will find it no new thing, that the Vertuous Man is made shotfree against the strongest Batteries of Fortune, by the Assistance he receives from above, while the Vitious Person falls from bad to worse; Heaven above pursues him as an Enemy, and Hell below is ready to receive him, so that he is miserable here, and wretched to eternity in
the

To the Reader.

the World to come. Examine the whole History by this Touchstone, and you cannot miscarry; let this Moral be the North-pole you would sail by, and you cannot receive a wreck; season it with such Salt, and you may read, and not receive a Surfeit; for History thus used, is Water turn'd into Wine. If these Considerations on the Lives of just and wicked Men, do but perswade and oblige thee to examine thy own, I have the Fruition of my Wisbes, and Recompence of my Time.

Cynthia. Cynthia, (*the Title of the Book*) a Name of Diana, or the Moon, taken from Cynthus, a Hill in Delos, where Fancies of Poets say she was born; a Planet, as Mathematicians affirm, that takes her Circuit in the lowest Orb; that receives what Light she enjoys from a greater; that in her greatest Splendor, is not without Spots. This may serve for a silent Emblem, to excuse the Errata's of the whole History, which in the Eyes of many may seem fair; but when an Artist comes to survey it, it will not be found without Faults, (*since Nature perfected it, and not Art;*) many Faults are in the Orthography, many Errors o'repassed in the
ingross-

To the Reader.

ingrossing; therefore I accuse my self, to save the curious Critick a labour, who finds Faults in others, yet amends not his own: yet to the judicious and partial Man, I submit my self, who knows how to scan and pass by infant Faults. What I have writ, was for my Diversion, not timorousness: for to write to fear, is to be sick only to be well again, and that I never had intention to be.

It is Historied of Alexander
the Great, when he laid Siege to Alexander.
any great City, he set up a Light in the
midst of his Army, to signifie unto the Be-
sieged, if they submitted themselves before
that Light was burnt out, they should re-
ceive Mercy; but that being once out, there
was nothing to be expected but Fire and
Sword. This may be alluded to the Day-
light of this Life, which God hath given
us to repent in, the Date of which being
once at an end, and Death taking hold up-
on us, there is nothing to be expected, but
a certain looking for of Judgment. Let
this invite thee, thou that readest this
Book, to live vertuously, that thou may'st
be happy for ever. Thou I say, that art
now Lusty and Frolick, Jovial and Merry,

To the Reader.

enriched with Wealth, compassed with Friends; oh consider how soon thy last Minutes may seize upon thee, and the Night approach, wherein no man can work! To come to a Period. Be good betimes, shine like a Diamond amongst a world of Rubbish; there was a good Joseph in Ægypt, a good Lot in Sodom, a good Job in the Land of Uz; Vertue shines most resplendent, when Vices are most abundant. To the Almighty I leave thee, to thy Guardian Angel I commit thee, wishing you may be happy in all things but Unhappiness, that you may be Poor in the World, but Rich in Heaven; that you may not live long, but well, so guiding our Lives here, that we may never be afraid of Death, but embrace him, as being one that transports us from this Vail of Woe, to the Heaven of eternal Bliss; unto which happy Place, bring us all, Lord Jesus. Amen.

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA.

From forth a desert and unfrequented Wood, in the East Parts of *Albion*, abutting to the Sea, issued out a Woman, and seated her self upon a Carpet of sweet Flowers, embroider'd there by the Hand of Nature: She resembled *Diana*, the beautiful Huntress of the Woods; or more fair, if possible: One would have taken her for a Celestial Deity, if the succeeding Vicissitudes of Fortune had not strongly persuaded, she was a Mortal Beauty. Indeed, the Purity of her Complexion seem'd to excel the new fall'n Snow, but Sorrow had gather'd the Carnations of her Cheeks. All the Features of her Face had so near a Kindred, and form'd to so rare a Proportion, that she seem'd Nature's Master-piece; or rather, sympathiz'd something of that Divinity, whose Name she bore. From her Eyes darted a Lustre, mingled with a Vivacity so penetrating, and therefore so charming, that it was impossible for the most confident Soul to make a Resistance. This prodigious Creature, after she had search'd

every vacant place with her Eye, fearing to be over-heard; with a troubled, and low Voice, she began as followeth:

O my dear, though absent, Orfamus! to whose Merits, I never yet gave any Reward; whose Complaints, I could never be induc'd to Pity! When Neptune shipwreck'd thee upon this Shore, I little thought thy Presence wou'd beget me such Disquiet, or that thy Absence shou'd produce such Remorse. O Duty! O Love! To what Extreems do you hurry me? And what Enemies are you to my Rest? The Birds that live in these unfrequented Woods, on the wild Benefit of Nature, live happier than I: For they may abuse their Mates, and carol their sweet Pleasures to the Spring; but by the cruel Commands of a Father, I am forc'd to neglect the Person I love; and disesteem the Services of one with Disdain, whose Welfare I prize above my Life; who once lost, I wou'd not bid a Welcome to the dearest Good the World can afford me. But, alas! The Time draws near, that will make a perpetual Divorce. Unfortunate, Orfamus, by thy Absence! Miserable, Cynthia, by thy Folly.

Scarce had these Words took a Farewel from her Mouth, when from an adjacent Part of the Wood, issu'd out a Man, richly apparell'd, and bent his Steps directly to the place where she sat. Her Eyes had no sooner found him out, but with Excess of Grief, she utter'd these Complaints, *O cruel Heavens! Do you take a Pleasure in tormenting submitting Innocence, that you conduct this Monster, the Enemy of my Content,*

rent, and fatal Disturber of my Quiet, so fortunately to the place of my Concealment! Now farewell, my poor Orsamus; I shall only stay here, amongst the Living, to consecrate the Relicks of a languishing Life to thy dear Memory.

By this time, the unknown Person had less'n'd the distance that parted 'em, courting her with many Complements; and seating himself by her Side, he accosted her with this Discourse: *Madam, said he, your Father expects you with Ardency, and is in fearful Apprehensions of the Certainty of your Safety. Why, Madam, continued he, at such a Time as this, do you seek out Solitude, and so carefully shun the Person that adores you? Why these Clouds, my dear Princess, on a joyful Day? Wherefore these Tears, too too precious to be thus lavishly cast away? Why are my promising Joys o'er-cast with such fearful Omens, and my sweetest Hopes vanish'd? Tell me; Oh, tell me! Joy of my Bliss, what may occasion your Disquiet; that with the Peril of my Life, I may procure a Remedy.*

This fair Unknown was preparing for a Reply, when they were disturbed with a Noise from the neighbouring Thicket; and casting their Eyes about, to understand the Cause of that Surprizal; when behold, there rushed out a Man, whose unexpected Appearance was quickly become their Astonishment: His Visage was pale, and clouded over with Grief; in all the Regards and Lineaments of his Face, appear'd a natural Fierceness; his whole Com-

posure shew'd the Evidence of something so great and noble, that spake him to command others, born to disesteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival; his Stature was tall, his Gesture noble, every Action becoming, and all Majestick.

He set his Face, and directed his hasty Steps to the place where they sat; but his Presence put them both into a Confusion. He no sooner presented himself to their Sight, but fixing his Eyes wholly on this fair Unknown, as the Load-stone of his Will, and Centre of all his Happiness; with a Rapture of Joy, he suddenly cast himself at her Feet, embracing her Knees, with a strange Emotion of Spirit: *O my divine Princess,* said he; *Beautiful Cause of all my Misfortunes, and cruel Original of all my Miseries! How careful has Fortune been to make me happy, when I intended to sacrifice the Fragments of this wretched Life to your Severity? I have yet this Comfort left me in Death, to complain to you of your Injustice.*

All this time, a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks, that she became stiffned with Astonishment, as if she had been Planet-struck; but at last, calling back that Assurance, her sudden Surprizal had sequester'd: *Gods!* said she, *Is this Orsamus himself, I see before me? Yes,* replied he, *it is Orsamus, if you have not cast the Memory of so poor a Wretch into Oblivion, that is come to offer up the last Remains of a miserable Life at your Feet.* This said, he dis-

CYNTHIA.

dis-embrac'd himself from her Knees, and with a Look full of Terrour, he drew his Sword, to pierce his Breast with that fatal Weapon, But *Cynthia* no sooner saw that glittering Minister of Death unsheath'd, but giving a grievous Shriek, she fell into a deadly Swoun. When suddenly casting his Eyes about, he saw this first Gallant, sitting like one metamorphos'd, or a Statue without Life; and suddenly calling him to remembrance: *Oh!* (cry'd he) *Have I found you, the only Opposer of my Bliss? Can you think to go safely away with that Prize, is only due to my Services? If you know how to own a Good, maintain the Intrest you wou'd challenge in this divine Creature, with your Sword.* Saying this, he presented his Sword against his Breast; but he never mov'd from the place where he sat, neither did he endeavour to make any Motion of Defence.

In this Interim of Time, the Friends and Attendants of this Gallant, whose Name was *Cordello*, who had been in quest of him in the most secret parts of the Wood, hearing a Disturbance, came up unto him; and seeing *Cordello* in danger, at that Moment they made in, and rescu'd him out of his Hands; when, no doubt, he had acted the last Catastrophe and Scene of his Life. They all assaulted him at once; but he, without spending a Thought upon the Number, cooped with all; rush'd upon 'em like Lightning, with a Swiftnes and Look so terrible and dreadful, that he made the for-

wardest to repent their Rashness, and them that were further off, to become more cautious. Six lay slain by his Hand; and they had encompass'd him about, so that it seem'd impossible he cou'd make any long Resistance against such Numbers as surrounded him.

When loe, Fortune provided a Remedy for this Disaster; yet one that seem'd worse than the Disease. Behold, from an adjoining Creek of the Sea, shaded by a little Hill, issu'd out about sixteen Pirates, led on by their Captain: They came not to assist either Side, but to make their utmost Advantage of both. No sooner had the Assailants of this brave Cavalier beheld them coming, but they all ran away; only he alone set himself in a posture of Defence, to preserve the Lady, which as yet lay senseless in a Trance. Rashness and Despair made him resolute to sustain their utmost Charge; and he oppos'd them with so much Bravery, that the Relation wou'd almost seem incredible: But, in fine, over-power'd by their Numbers, they forc'd him to submit unto their Wills; yet not before he had receiv'd four desperate Wounds in the Body; in Revenge of which, he had slain four of their best Men belonging to their Vessel. They convey'd *Cynthia*, with *Orsamus*, on board the Boat, intending to fatisfie the Death of their Companions, with the Author that had occasion'd it. They put off from Shoar, and began to prepare for his intended Execution: Mean while, the fair *Cynthia*, whose Spirits were

were newly return'd, to execute their proper Function, fate almost dissolv'd in Tears; beholding these Preparations for *Orsamus* Death, fearfully apprehending what she cou'd not as yet know the Cause of, Love and Pity embolden'd her to know the worst, that she might so be freed from the present Fear that oppress'd her. So that going unto him that seem'd Commander of the rest, she demanded of him, to what use those Weapons and Preparations of Death were made. He return'd Answer, 'For that Cavalier, that in her Defence, had slain four of the best Men belonging unto his Ship. Sir, (replied *Cynthia*) *that young Man is my Brother; and you cannot well blame him, for what he did in the Defence of a dear Sister: And sure, the Course you wou'd take is indirect; since if you fulfil your Resolutions, you can gain nothing by his Death; but by preserving his Life, you may receive a great Ransom.*

The sweet Thought of Gain, deliver'd from so lovely a Creature, set both his Love and Covetousness on the Rack. In fine, the Hope of Gain turn'd the Current of their Revenge; in Execution of which, their Choler abated, and they rested satisfied. But it was not so with their Commander; for the Eyes of his fair Prisoner had open'd themselves a Passage, and darted their resplendent Rays into the Soul of this fierce Pirate. He found such Charms, as it seem'd impossible, and meer folly, to stand in Opposition against them. Here was a Me-

tamorphose wrought by the Force of Love and Beauty, a Barbarian civiliz'd to a milder Temper: For accosting his fair Prey, he compos'd all that was fierce and rude in his Looks, to Respect and Duty. *Madam* (replied he) 'Tis enough, that you desire your Brother shou'd live: Rest satisfy'd, he shall live only for your sake; not so much for our Interest, as for your Content: For we cou'd well have dispenc'd with our Gain, to give our Revenge Precedency: But your Desires have put a Period to our Resentments. Thus you reign triumphant, whilst you esteem your self a Captive. *O Madam*, continued he, Cease these Showers; clear up those bright Stars: Have you any Desires? Give 'em a Name, for I find it irresistable to give you a Denial. Retire to yonder Cabbin, which shall be wholly at your Disposal. Your Menial Servants shall not be more officious, than these my Men, that seem so barbarous, shall be dutiful at your Commands. For my self, I'll pay my Respects with as chaste a Zeal, as we pay our Devotions to the offended Deities; at such Times only, when my Visits will not incommode you: For I am not so much Pirate, but I know what Civilities ought to be paid to Ladies of your Quality; which, as you seem to me, is not mean. Rest firm in the Assurance of my Promise, whilst I take care for the speedy dressing of your Brother's Wounds, and for his Accommodation in the Ship. Saying this, he left her with a profound Respect.

Orsamus, who was an Auditor, and Spectator of the Discourse, that pass'd betwixt the

the Pirate and *Cynthia*, was transported with Ravishment, when he understood, that she was his Preserver. *Nay*, said he, *since my Life is not indifferent to my fair Divinity, I'll live to free her from this Captivity, or perish in the Attempt. Since she seems to have an Esteem for my Life, I'll endeavour to preserve it; for I cannot but prize what she esteems.* These Words overbold, and dangerous to his Life, were overheard by those that guarded him; but being spoken in the *British* Tongue, were not understood. By their Captain's Command, he was carefully conducted into the Hold; where he had a Lodging assign'd him, and Surgeons sent him, that search'd his Wounds; which they found dangerous, but not mortal: They carefully dress'd 'em, and left him unto his Rest.

This rude Rabble, that violated all Laws, both Divine and Humane; yet obey'd their Superior, with a dutious Respect: His Commands were a Law, not to be examin'd or disputed by 'em, whether just or unjust; but fulfill'd with all Obedience, and submitted unto without Repugnancy. So that it became a Law amongst 'em (*He himself spake it:*) So there remain'd nothing behind, but to put it in speedy Execution.

While things were thus stated, they wou'd have tack'd about again for the Shoar, to have receiv'd their expected Ransom for *Orsamus*; but there arose a cruel Tempest, which convoy'd them many Leagues from thence, into the main Ocean.

can you account is a Restraint, when your Faylor is become your Slave, and your Guardians, your officious Servants? Abate but our Separation, and your Desires cannot name another thing, shou'd meet my Refusal. If once I be so happy, to attain the Shoar of Norway, whither I intend, in a few days, to go, I'll spend the Residue of this wretched Life at your Feet, and never pass the Dangers of this uncertain Element any longer. Here he continued silent, leaving Cynthia in a Maze at the Discovery of his Passion; yet being oblig'd to reply, she return'd this Answer. Sir, your respective Usage cou'd not give me more Satisfaction, than your unpleasant Discourse gives me Discontent, since you take away the Hopes of my Liberty, in denying my Ransom. Never think, by Constraint, to gain my Affection; nor by detaining my Liberty, to make me become kind. Wou'd I accord to your Will, yet I am at my Brother's Disposal; whom you disable, in denying him his Freedom. But never think, by such rude Ways, to force Love; for your Hopes will all fail you: For my Soul is free, although my Body be your Prisoner; and you shall find, I can dye, when I cannot love. Saying this, she left him, and retir'd to her Cabbin.

Mean while, the Pirate stood like one transform'd with her Answer. Yet, not minding to despair for the first Repulse, when he had the Person in his Power: So that, recollecting his Spirits, he went immediately to give Orsamus a Visit; whose Wounds, by this time, were reasonable well recover'd. After Salutations past, he

he began almost in the same Form, to reveal his Love, as he had done before to *Cynthia*; desiring him to be his Assistant to his Sister, who protested, never to dispose of her self, without his Consent; promising him, in Recompence, to give him his Freedom; or if he wou'd accompany him to *Norway*, ample Revenues, wherewithal to subsist during Life. These Offers in Civility must be suited with an agreeable Answer, although his Intentions roved far from the Matter. He promis'd him, if he wou'd allow him the Freedom to visit his Sister, he wou'd perform the utmost of his Endeavours, to procure his Content: That if his Felicity depended upon his Disposal, he wou'd be no Obstruction to defer it: That seeing he had put him to his Choice, he had rather go to *Norway* with his Sister, than to return without her into his own Country. Thus he was forced to delude him with Hopes, so to detain him within the Bounds of Reason; since he did but intreat for that, which by force, he might take at pleasure.

The Pirate was satisfy'd at the Freedom of his Discourse, giving the Physicians Order, when his Wounds wou'd permit him, to let him have free Access to his Sisters Chamber, and Liberty of Conversation, at such times as he best pleas'd.

This past, he left him unto his Rest; but his Transport was too great, to let him mind that necessary Minister of his Health: That which

Cynthia

Cynthia had done for him, in preserving his Life, by adopting him with that happy Title of Brother ; and lastly, not to dispose of her self without his Consent, was a fit Subject to exercise his Thoughts upon. Now her former Rigours were all vanish'd to his Memory, and he consider'd her only as his Benefactor, and Original of his Felicity. *Oh!* (quoth he, in a Rapture, to which this charming fair One had reduc'd him) *If so rich a Myne of Treasure be left to my Disposal, I shall grow too great a Miser, and become too covetous, ever to allow a Partner, or admit a Rival to my Happiness. O happy Orsamus, in the midst of thy Misfortunes! Oh, welcome Disasters, that have engag'd my dearest Cynthia to pity me! O unkind Wounds, that detain me from paying my Adorations to so sweet an Object!*

He pass'd away his time in such pleasing Transports, ever fancying the Idea of his dearest *Cynthia* before his Eyes, that all other Thoughts were hush'd in Silence, and his Contentment seem'd perfect in the height of his Satisfaction. Whether his Wounds receiv'd Addition from the Temperature and Quietness of his Mind, I cannot tell; but in two days time, he found himself in a Capacity to visit his dearest Physician. Which being made known unto the Pirate, the more to oblige *Cynthia*, he intended to present him unto her himself.

'Twas about the time that *Phœbus* had climb'd unto his Mid-day height, and began to drive his Chariot to the Western Seas, when *Orsamus* accom-

accompany'd him to *Cynthia's* Cabbin. They found her sitting in the most dismal part of the Room, very disconsolate, accompany'd only with a mournful Silence. At their first Entrance, the Pirate saluted her in this manner: *Madam* (said he) *Since the disconcealing of my Love has begotten your Disquiet, I have courted all Opportunities to dissipate your Resentments: Yet I fear, you will not welcome Happiness, because I bring it. Rouze your self from this melancholy Solitude, and let me once more behold the Horizon of my dearest Object clear from Clouds. See here, Madam, your Brother, by my careful Endeavours, in a Capacity to walk abroad, and give you a Visit. If this small Obligation can beget the least Esteem, to plead in my behalf, I am fully satisfy'd. But lest I shou'd disturb your first Congratulations with my unseasonable Resence, I'll retire a while, and leave you alone.* This said, with great Respect, he departed out of the Cabbin.

Scarce had he given an Exit by his Absence, shutting the Door after him, but *Orsamus*, in a Transport, cast himself at *Cynthia's* Feet so hastily as she had neither time nor power to prevent him. But she, unwilling to let him remain in that Condition, presented him her Hand. *Rise Orsamus* (said she) *this prostrate Action can scarce obtain its Pardon: Your Presence at this time, is not unwelcome, since it has quitted me of some Fears, that pre-possess'd me in your Absence, concerning your Welfare, and the Wounds you receiv'd lately in my Defence.*

Them

Them Wounds (reply'd *Orsamus*) have been less cruel, than those I receive from your fair Eyes: They wou'd admit of a Cure, but these daily augment, without hope of Remedy. O my dearest Princess! I dye daily, and every Moment begets a new Death. If your Anger has prepar'd me a Condemnation, I will receive the fatal Doom from your Mouth, with a perfect and entire Obedience. Believe it, *Orsamus* (reply'd she) you will not obtain that so easily, as your Imagination flatters you; neither, perhaps, has my Severity proceeded from the same Cause, as your Opinion has taken it. No, no; I have not been insensible of your Love, nor regardless of your Merits; but have priz'd them both at their true value, in my Breast: And, having the Interest and Obedience, a Father may claim of a Child, there is none, perhaps, amongst the Stock of Mankind, I cou'd have prefer'd before *Orsamus*. Make haste to be well then, as soon as possible; and think not of dying, but remember, I bid you die. Vanquish your Malady, disperse those effeminate Passions, until a time more suitable: For if Heaven be so kind, to free us from the hands of this Fiend, I have some Hope still left unstrangl'd, that tells me, Heaven will not always let you be unhappy. More Satisfaction I cannot give you: Nor let not any Condition persuade you to presume to covet greater Advantages, lest you lose them you have already gain'd in my Esteem.

Orsamus bowing his Head at this Discourse, with a profound Respect: Then, *Atcham*, (reply'd he) I am not utterly lost, as my Fear constrain'd

*stru'd it: For if my Princess vote me happy, I'll bid Defiance to Fortune's Malice; since she cannot, in all her Stock of Misfortunes, find one Obstruction to make me miserable. But, Madam; What shall this happy Wretch do, whose Life you have preserv'd with such Excess of Generosity? What shall he pay for the least of these divine Bounties? By a Fidelity (reply'd Cynthia) which I value above my Father's Crown; and by which, till Death, you may preserve that Affection, whereon you establish your Happiness. If that be the Means (reply'd Orsamus) I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the humane Considerations shall not make me waver one Moment in my inviolable Loyalty; Honour, or what else we esteem most dear, or precious, shall all submit, as Trophies to my Love: Neither wou'd I welcome a Happiness, that comes not from you, or for you. But, Madam (continu'd he, after a small Pause,) If I may have Licence to ask it, How shall we dispose of our Affairs in this Condition, whereinto Fortune hath blindly brought us? The happy Title of Brother, you have conferr'd on me, hath preserv'd my Life; and by your Bounty, I begin to prize it at its true Value; so that I can dare the worst Effects of Fate. But for you, my dear Princess, that you should be brought to these Extreame, is that which galls my Heart with unexpressible Grief. My Misfortunes are become my chief Felicity, but I am too miserable in yours: You have rais'd me to the height of humane Happiness; then Gratitude calls, that I shou'd purchase your Content. Fortune, spite of her self, shall shortly give you ease, or put a Po-
C
riod*

vided to the Cause; since to expect her to be kind, is to involve our selves into greater Dangers. Desperate Wounds must have desperate Cures: Extreams must be thus serv'd. When Bliss and Happiness be in danger of a Wrack; boldly to dare, is Nobely to preserve it. Thou wretched Rival, Obstructor of my Bliss (continued he, with a Tone somewhat elevated) I'll give an Exit to thy Love and Life, though guarded with a thousand Swords; nothing shall secure thee from my Arm: If I fail in the Attempt, I shall part with this Satisfaction; I did endeavour your Quiet, though I cou'd not effect it.

O Sir!—(quoth Cynthia, with a timorous Agitation of Spirit) do not, with such a rash Resolution, cast away your Life; but consider, that Stroke that ends your Days, gives a Period to mine. Oh, think, in the Custody of what Villains I shall be left; acquainted with nothing, but what is ill! Then Death may fly me; and that may be kept from me, I esteem far above my Life. I shall have none then to participate in my Sorrows, or revenge my Quarrel, when you are gone. Death, when all Hope is past, will not fail to relieve us: Why should we tempt our Ruin? Fortune is full of Vicissitudes; and being unkind so long a time, must at last be just: That Valour is unconquerable, to which Discretion is join'd, when Wisdom directs it for the most Advantage. This Caution will be pardonable, when you remember, I interceed for Cynthia's Safety, in the Welfare of Orsarius. As yet, Respect seems to have the upper Hand in his Thoughts; let

us not abuse it, to our own Destruction: In the mean time, seek to attempt nothing, but upon good mature Consideration in each other's Life. We may continue safe, and be good Companions in Adversity. Let your Carriage be circumspect, that he may not suspect you for other than what you seem; so you may remain secure, whilst I rest firm guarded with my Innocency. Because he has made you the Agent of his Love, you may feed him with Hope; for 'twill be dangerous to lose those Advantages, he hopes from you. My Carriage unto him shall be follow'd by your Advice; and you may tell him, what your Wisdom and Reason accords to, is convenient; always reserving my Honour entire. And seeing, Orsamus, I repose my Honour in your Trust, look, you do not fail my Confidence. O, Madam! (replied Orsamus) That Life, which you set so high a Price on, is not worth the Care you take to preserve it; but it were no Life, were it not wholly as your Devotion; and being only yours, I shall be careful, not to cast that Life uselesse away, which is reserv'd wholly and entire for your Interest. Your Commands shall lead me by the Hand; which I will execute, as far as weary Life will go. For your Honour; He that's intrusted with such a Treasure, and safeguards it not, let him live wretched, and detested aye. 'Twere a Sin (replied Cynthia) to doubt your Fidelity (taking more Kindness into her Eyes, than they exprest before) and the Consequence may not go unrewarded. 'Tis not he that runs swiftest, and then faints; but he that continues to the End of the Race, that wins the Prize.

But let us leave this Discourse, for a Time more agreeable, and consider how to treat the Pirate at his Return, which will not be long. I'll shew myself somewhat kinder, that he may conceive, you have prevail'd something in his Behalf: And this Kindness, if my Expectations fail me not, shall purchase a Relation of his Life; which will, for a small time, free me from his Importunities, and in some sort, dissipate my Misfortunes, by the History of his Disasters; since we naturally find a Pleasure, in the Rehearsal of past Miseries. His Respect and Behaviour towards us, shews him to be more than what he seems; yet this odious Course makes him seem less than what he is: His Life, in my Apprehension, must be monstrous, that walks in a Way so uncommon.

In such Discourse they pass'd away the small Time of the Pirate's Absence; but Fortune soon took Care, they should not surfeit of their Joys, by hastning his Return to the Cabbin. And having saluted *Cynthia* with much Respect, as his Mistress; and caress'd *Orsamus*, as her Brother; he seated himself, to participate of their Discourse; which he apprehended, did tend to his Advantage.

He was opening his Mouth to speak, when the fair Princess prevented him: And taking the Word, with an Air repleat; with a Grace and Behaviour, only peculiar to her self, she began her Discourse thus. *Sir, your Kindness us'd to my Brother, is no small Obligation that I owe you; nor have you fail'd in your Purpose, when*
you

you made him your Solicitor ; since none can more persuade my Inclinations, or more freely dispose of me, than he : Yet he, I think, will not agree to force my Will to what is repugnant. If I must love, I wou'd have a Subject worth my Affection : (Such may you be) if your Life have been regulated, and guided by that Rule formerly, as in this Time, since we have been your Prisoners. But the fairest Fruit is not always pleasant to the Taste ; nor will a wise Merchant purchase Commodities, without a Trial. We may paint the Sun, but not his warm Influence ; and the Fire, but not its Heat. With a small Trouble, you may ease me of this Doubt, in relating your Extraction and Birth, and the fore-past Adventures of your Life. In according to my Request, may tend to your Advantage : To deny me so small an Obligation, will not profit you ; since before I'll enforce my Affections, against my Inclinations for one I know not, I'll send my Soul to enjoy her Liberty, in yon upper Horizon.

This bold Language of *Cynthia* put the Pirate to his Dumps ; knowing the Relation of his Life wou'd diminish the Esteem, they had already conceiv'd for him : And shou'd he give her a Denial, he began to fear her first Resolution : So that, for a small time, his Thoughts were upon the Rack, and he sat possess'd with a deep Silence ; but at last, recollecting himself, he made this Reply.

Madam, cease these horrible Resolutions, for I find it impossible to disobey you : You shall be satisfy'd with a true Narration of the Disasters of a

miserable Wretch, injur'd by Fortune, and pursu'd by Fate; the Relation of which, will set my Wounds bleeding afresh; yet, Madam, you shall be obey'd. Then prepare your selves with Attention, to receive the Satisfaction you desire, whilst I entertain you with the Tragick Story of my Life; which, if it cannot beget Love, it may produce Pity.

When *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* had leated themselves with regard, in Expectation of his Discourse; after he had satisfy'd himself in some particular Niceties, and Scruples of his Discourse, with Sadness in his Looks and Actions, he began as followeth.

The Tragical History of Almerin and Deldemona.

IN the *Mediterranean* Sea, is situate an Island, call'd *Sicilia*; renown'd over the World, for the sweet Wholsomness of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil; extoll'd highly by Fame, by that wonderful Mountain *Arna*, there fix'd; which being always, on the out-side, cover'd with Snow, yet, by a Sulphurous, or Brimstone-matter, doth continually burn within. Oftentimes the Flame mounting upwards, is so strong, it brings up with it burnt and scotching Stones, and pieces of hard Substances, which seems to be rent out of some Rock; to the great Terrour, and Danger of the Beholder. Report has not been idle,
in

In proclaiming the known Rareties of this Isle ; but above all, that so much fam'd City of *Syracuse*, twenty two Miles in Compass, wall'd about with three strong Walls ; for their Strength and Security ; water'd with many sweet Springs, and Crystal Rivolets ; adorn'd with many brave Gardens, and pleasant Arbors : the noble Buildings added to its Gallantry, whose lofty Towers and Turrets seem'd to support the Skies ; retaining a Majesty, and yielding a glorious Show to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the Mart-Town of the Island, from whence Ships go out, and resort thither, to and from all Parts of the World ; which mightily enriches the Inhabitants.

'Twas this City that gave me Being, although my Father had his Original out of *Norway*, a Kingdom far hence distant, towards the frozen North-Pole ; his Inclinations being more to travel strange Countries, than to live a quiet Life in his own ; when the one begets nothing but Effeminate and Sloth, and the other produces Experience and Valour. So that, with his Father's Consent, he took his Journey ; having well stor'd himself with Jewels and Money, Necessaries very needful for such a Voyage, in a few Years he ranged over the greatest part of *Africa* and *Asia* ; where he saw the famous Cities of *Gran Cayro* in *Egypt*, the City of *Jerusalem* in *Palestina* ; where he did behold many rare Monuments, with the lofty Pyramids. Having pass'd through many large Do-

minions, at last, he arriv'd at
 * *Bizantium*. * *Constantinople*, the Imperial City
 of the *Grecian* Empire. Here he
 spent some time; and at last, took Shipping
 there, to visit the Isles of the *Mediterranean*
 Sea; so that he came, at last, to the famous
 Island of *Sicilia*; where the Pleasants both
 invited, and inticed his longer Stay and Abode.

Where by strange Fortunes, and unheard of
 Chances, he was made known unto King *San-*
credus, who at that time, had his Residence in
Syracuse; in whose Affection, in a small time,
 he gain'd so great Esteem, as he gave him his
 own Kinswoman in Marriage, enrich'd him with
 several Lordships, made him one of his Council,
 and Governor of the famous City of *Syracuse*.

I was his only Son, and in this City I recei-
 ved both Life and Education. I liv'd with my
 Father in a Garb befitting a Prince, rather than
 a Governor's Son: All their Hope and Com-
 fort they seem'd to treasure up in me; no Cost
 seem'd dear to 'em, and their best Performan-
 ces came short of their Wills. Thus I conti-
 nu'd, until I arriv'd to the Age of sixteen Years,
 and became capable to receive the Impression of
 Love.

Small Time had pass'd away afterwards, be-
 fore Fortune presented me an Object, to beget
 Love; and a Subject, wherewithal to continue
 it. For Fate had so decreed, that in a pleasant
 Garden belonging to the City, garnish'd with
 many private Walks, and adorn'd with many
 shady

shady Arbors; among which, I had chosen out one for Privacy, to retire my self from the scorching Heat of the Sun, which began to climb to his Mid-day heighth. Here it was, I went to seek Rest, and found Eternal Disquiet: For by the Bank of a little Rivolet, which had a Thorough-fare, and many Turnings in the Garden, sat a most beautiful Damosel, who had seated her self, as it were, to observe the decent gliding of the murmuring Stream. The Place where I had retir'd my self was so order'd by Nature, that I cou'd see, yet remain unseen. I neglected no Time, but took a serious Observation of this fair Unknown: Her Years might be about Fourteen; her Stature, not very tall, but comely; her Face, the perfect Map of Beauty, fresh and blooming; where the Lilies, and the Roses, did seem to surpass in Glory what Dame Nature had ever fram'd, or Art had ever perfected: her Eyes like two resplendent Diamonds, cast a Lustre, able to inflave the most resolute Beholder. Each part was so amiable, and agreeable, that the most critical and curious Surveyer cou'd not find an Error in her whole Composure; each part sympathizing in a sweet Harmony; over which, Nature had plac'd a Charm, which the most senseless and obdurate Hearts cou'd not resist, but of necessity, must submit.

‘ Thus, Madam (said he, turning to *Cynthia*)
 ‘ and more fair you may imagin her to be, or
 ‘ think her like your self, which seem to be the
 ‘ Master-piece of the Gods. And I vow to you,
 ‘ besides

' besides the fairest *Defdemona* (for so I learn'd
 ' afterwards, she was call'd) I never yet saw any
 ' Beauty, I might parallel, or compare with
 ' yours. I beheld her with Amazement; for ne-
 ver before did my Eyes behold any thing so
 lovely: Yet that Amazement was accompany'd
 with a Transport, in beholding so rare a Crea-
 ture, which brought forth a delicious Ravish-
 ment; and a Rapture of unusual Joys began to
 possess my Senses. So that then, and only then,
 I began to be wretched; and greedily began to
 devour that Poyson, I shou'd have expell'd.
 This fatal Minute was a Prologue to the Cata-
 strophe of my Tragical Misfortunes. I fix'd
 my Eyes on her Face, with a timorous Distur-
 bance of my Spirit; when, raising her Voice,
 with a bewitching Harmony, and a sweet char-
 ming Melody, she chanted this Song.

*O happy Time, when Nature only sway'd,
 And all did live in Innocency free;
 When all did seem to ride, yet all obey'd,
 And every one enjoy'd his Liberty:
 When simple Truth was thought the highest Skill;
 And to deceive a Friend, the greatest Ill.*

*But all things pass, as they had never been;
 And Nature brings forth Monsters, that rebel.
 Deceit is termed Wit, and not a Sin:
 What once did Heaven seem, is now a Hell.
 Truth stands neglected, scofft at with Disgrace;
 And being dis-esteem'd, hides her Face.*

Beauty

Beauty is no Divinity, I see ;
 As Fuls hood won'd make silly Souls believe :
 Truth says, it is a Map of Misery,
 That will the Owner suddenly deceive.
 And what, a Goddess, seems to us to day,
 Sicknes, or Death, to morrow sweeps away.

He which admireth Beauty, will confess,
 That 'tis attended with a fatal Charm ;
 Which, if not waised on with good Success,
 'Twill do the Owner, that enjoys it, harm.
 Riches and Beauty oft are made a Prize,
 And robb'd by such as call 'em Desires.

Thus undescry'd, and unperceiv'd, I was
 conquer'd by this unknown Beauty ; and at
 that fatal Hour, without Resistance, I became
 her Slave ; and with an unwilling Willingness,
 resolv'd to wear her Chains.

Thus I embrac'd a Passion, which since, hath
 prov'd fatal to my Quiet. Thus, like young
 Novices in War, that through Rashness, be-
 come resolute ; and without Consideration,
 seem to out-face the greatest Dangers ; not
 thinking on the Peril, their Indiscretion may
 purchase 'em : I embark'd thus, in strange Seas,
 without a Pilot ; and began to travel the most
 intricate and unknown Ways, without a Guide.
 I never knew what Love was, till now ; there-
 fore the Proceedings were Mysteries to me :
 Yet Nature was so kind, to suggest to me, that
 in

in the Affairs of Love, it was a Rule ; Where first we receive a Wound, there to endeavour a Remedy : And as Heat extinguishes Heat, and gives present Remedy to the Pain ; so a Return of Love gives sudden Ease to the Torment, and a perfect Cure to the Malady. Yet how to make my Addressees unto one, that till then, I never saw, or to talk of Love to her, both seem'd gross : The first seem'd too full of Confidence, and the other seem'd to favour much of Impudence.

But here Fortune supply'd this Want, and at first, seem'd to court me, but 'twas only to drill me into greater Miseries ; for I no sooner saw her arise from the place where she sat, but I made towards her, from the Place and Covert, where I lay conceal'd ; when, behold, this charming Beauty was surpriz'd by an unknown Stranger ; who, with Expressions of Joy, utter'd these Words : *Fortune, I despise thy further Malice ; and dare my Fate, to make a second Relapse in my Desires.* So that, by Force, in spite of her Resistance, taking her delicate Body rudely in his Arms, he began, with a more than ordinary pace, to convey her to a neighbouring Thicket. My Eyes had never left her, but were wholly employ'd, and fix'd on this insolent Action, perform'd on so lovely a Creature. I needed no Solicitors, but her Cries and Innocency, to prepare me for a Revenge : And 'twas but a few Moments betwixt the Resolution, and the Execution ; for with
my

my utmost Diligence, I pursu'd him, by the same Track, I saw him pass. Such Expedition I made, that my Haste out-went his Speed; and my Fury overtook him, before I had Time to consult with Reason: So that, without demanding any Questions, I ran him through the Body; and he, not having disburthen'd himself of his fair Prey, fell down, clasping her in his deadly Embraces. The first thing I did, was to free her from his Arms; which, with some Trouble, I perform'd. After I had set her at liberty from that Danger, and her frightned Spirits return'd to her again, she fell down at my Feet; and embracing my Knee, Sir (said she) *this sudden and unexpected Assistance persuades me to esteem of you, as the Genius of my better Fortune, since you have, by a timely Redemption, preserv'd what is more precious to me, than that which we prize most dear. Seeing there's no Possibility of making Satisfaction, equal to the Obligation, take my Life in lieu for a small Recompence; but continue still to preserve my Honour, which you have so bravely defended.*

Her Tears, and sweet charming Speeches, transform'd me from my usual Temper; and I cou'd not behold her in that mournful Posture, and distressed Condition, without participating in her Sorrows. So that, taking her up in my Arms, kissing her lovely Cheek, as it was bedew'd with pearly Tears; returning her this Answer: *Madam, I rejoyce, that the Destinies have made me so fortunate, in making me the happy*
Cause

Cause of preserving you. If I have oblig'd you in this Adrian, I have a Satisfaction, above what I cou'd hope; and Fortune has been kind, above my Wishes; since few Minutes have pass'd, when I was to seek for such an Opportunity, to manifest my Affection. O Madam! Blame me not, when I reveal, I love you: And prove not cruel to one, that adores you. If you think, I have oblig'd you, Oh! pay it in Love, and I shall soon become the Debtor; And talk not of Death, when the Gods desert the Proposition; but think, lovely Creature, if so much Beauty can be without Pity, and yield no Redress to my Love! See, beauteous Lady, Death will be kinder than you, and yield a Remedy, when you deny it. This said (with an Action, wholly passionate) I set my Sword against my Breast; saying, Here, Madam, is that, will yield Relief in Necessity; and seeing I cannot live without your Love, I'll endeavour, in Death, to gain your Pity: And if my Love be become an Offence, this very Sword shall make Satisfaction, and destroy that Life that gave it Birth. She no sooner did behold this desperate Offer at my Life, but casting an Eye of Pity on my Rashness, Oh, hold (said she) that fatal Weapon, the cruel Disturber of my Quiet! And think, who ere you be, what an Error I must commit, in yielding to love one, that will this Moment, I never saw; and how I shall forget Paternal Duty, to give my self away, without their Knowledge. Consider what an Obligation will lie on you, when I rely upon your Promise of Fidelity, to preserve my Honour entire; and how

she

The Gods will punish you, if you prove perjur'd. Once more meditate, on what Conditions I must love; and endeavour to recollect your wandering Thoughts, and you will soon perceive, what Folly it is, for any one to enter into Bonds, that may confine free, and at liberty.

Virtuous Lady (replied I) you wrong my Love, to think it base; and my Integrity, to imagine I may prove inconstant. No, no, Madam; your Charms are too strong, to be rivall'd by any other Object; and my Affection too entire, to be deceiv'd by any other Beauty, since I have beheld yours. Because you shall not be oblig'd to love me, you know not; and to esteem of one, that till this Adventure, you never saw; to disperse these Doubts, Know, my Name is Almerin, the only Son of Artemidorus, Governor of this famous City of Syracuse: Never before unfortunate, if you prove pitiless, nor never before this time happy, if you become kind. If you rely on my Fidelity, nothing but Death shall make me inconstant; but my Affection shall always flourish: Nay, should Death itself endeavour to extinguish it, he might well divert it, but not destroy it; when the Remains of those Sparks of Love, shall keep warm my Ashes in the Grave. If I ever endeavour to violate your Honour, or think to commit so great a Sacrilege on your Vertues, let all the Gods rain down Vengeance on my Head, for my Disloyalty. Let the Heavens be Witnesses to what I promise; and with them, this innocent Grove shall witness, and give Evidence, that when I prove false to you, I may not prosper in what I esteem most dear;

that

that my Pleasures may become Torments, and my chiefest Delights, Vexations. Evidence what I have said. O ye Powers Divine! By all this, and by your fair self, I swear, a Divinity, too precious to be prophan'd.

Oh, hold! (quoth she) Swear not by that: Cankers may eat that Flower on the Stalk; the Scratch of a Pin may soon deface it; Sicknefs and Mischance may soon ruin it; Age and Time are great Devourers of it: And when in these Cheeks and Lips, which you extol so high, shall not be left Red enough, to blush at Perjury, when you shall make it; What will become of me then?

O Madam! (replied I) Cease these Doubts, and dissipate such needless Fears: The Sun shall as soon falter in his Career; the Stars drop from their Places, where they have of old been fix'd; the Earth shall remove, Nature shall alter her Course, and all Impossibilities shall be perform'd; when I prove disloyal, and false in my Love.

These Protestations did give her some Satisfaction; and prevail'd so far with her, that she suffer'd me to enjoy the Privilege, to accompany her to her Parents House, which was within the City. When we came thither, she gave her Friends to understand the timely Assistance, I gave her; as also, my Birth and Quality, and Authority in the City. They no sooner received this Relation from their Daughter, but they bade me Welcome, and caress'd me with the greatest Endearments. My Entertainment was extraordinary; but the Kindnesses bestow'd on me,

me, was not after the lofty Court-mode, but most familiarly, as if I had been a near Relation unto them; and gave me Thanks, in the most obliging Terms, for the Kindness conferr'd on their Daughter; which I cou'd not receive, without a Blush. Here it was, I learn'd, his Name was *Philaster*, an aged Knight, that had liv'd there many Years; that his fair Daughter was his only Child, whose Name was *Desdemona*; in whom, the old Knight, and his Lady, did repose all their Comfort and Joy.

In several Discourses, we pass'd away the Time, while Supper lasted; where the chiefest Delicates, I fed on, was *Desdemona's* Beauty: And indeed, 'twas she alone, made all things seem pleasant, where she came; and set a Lustre on the greatest Enormities.

Supper being ended, and the Evening far spent, I began to prepare for my Departure. After I had bade a Farewel unto the old Knight, and his Lady, with many Acknowledgments for the Civilities, I had receiv'd, I began to order my self, to take my Leave of the fairest *Desdemona*.

We see by Experience, that the Fire that flames highest, trembles most: So is it in Love; He that loves much, fears most. In this manner did I approach her, with an inward Joy; yet that Joy was disturb'd, by a timorous Fear. I accosted her in this manner: *Fairest Desdemona, let not Absence beget a Neglect in my Love, but think of the Torments, I endure: And though*
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Necessity

Necessity inforces me to leave you; yet think, how all Places will seem a Hell, when you are absent; and that you bring a Heaven of Felicities, whenever your fair self doth appear. O Desdemona! I must leave you: Yet, shall I tell you; The poor Prisoner never went to Execution with more Reluctancy, than this cruel Parting seems to me; since I must leave all my Happiness with you, and go away, accompany'd only with my Torments and Miseries! I had proceeded further, but I saw some attentive to understand what I said.

Desdemona return'd me no Answer, but a Blush. And after I had, with an Ecstasie, seal'd a Kiss on her fair Hand, I took my Leave; yet not before the old Knight, and his Lady, desired me, that I wou'd honour them so much, as to further oblige them, with my Visits. This Complement over, I was conducted, and accompany'd by them all to the Door; where stood a Charoch, richly adorn'd, to convoy me to my Father's House. Here it was, I parted from them, and bade the first Farewel to my self. I was no sooner arriv'd at my Father's House, but I was welcom'd with the greatest Kindnesses that might be; my Presence diverting the Fears of any Dangers, that might befall me. They began to enquire, how I past away the Evening so late; but I had a Story ready, that gave them Satisfaction; yet did I keep my Adventure secret to my self. After a while, I gave them the Good-night, and betook my self to my Rest.

But

But small Rest, Heaven knows, it was, I cou'd take: My Fancy form'd the Idea of fair *Desdemona*; and 'twas only them Thoughts, that did give a small Cessation to my Torments. If *Morpheus* had intic'd me to a Slumber, immediately, her fair Figure wou'd appear. Here it was, I did, with an Ecstasie of Joy, go to embrace this fair Idea of my Misfortunes; when, behold, I clasp'd the brittle Air: And with my Sleep, wou'd the fair Phantasm vanish. Oh, how willing have I been, to be deceiv'd! And fearing I have dream'd, how fearful have I been to wake, lest Sense shou'd rob me of so delightful a Vision, and take away the Felicity, I seem'd then to enjoy! Oh, how often did I wish, I might expire in such pleasing Falshoods! Yet the Gods deem'd me not so happy a Lot.

In this sort, I past away the Time, thinking the Night exceeded its usual Length; exclaiming against *Phœbus*, for his sluggish Approach; and yet, when he did appear, how often have I wish'd his Absence! So that Night seem'd a Vexation, and Day a Torment. Some two Days pass'd, and what for want of taking Sustainance in the Day, and for want of Rest in the Night, my Spirits began to decay, and my Body became sore weaken'd; my Colour faded away, and my youthful Vigour abated: So that, in a few Hours, I became only a Shadow of what I was, and an Emblem of what I had been. My careful Parents wonder'd at this sudden Alteration, and Change: The Physicians

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were

were sent for, but their Conjectures came far short of the Disease: Every one gave his Judgment, as Fancy and Opinion gave them Birth; but all came short of the Symptoms of my Disease. My careful Parents never forsook my Pillow; seeking to search out the Cause of this Distemper, that so they might provide a Remedy.

Perhaps you wonder, I did not reveal my Love to them at such a time, when there was a Possibility of having my Desires granted.

Fairest Lady (said he, looking upon *Cynthia*) you will not marvel, nor have Occasion to blame me, when you understand, that about six Weeks before, I was betroth'd, by my Parents Consent, to a fair Damosel, nam'd *Artemesia*, second Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*. Indeed, I think, she was more noble than fair; yet her Beauty was not so mean, but it might have satisfy'd my Nicety, had I never beheld the bewitching Charms of fair *Desdemona*. 'Twas to this fatal Marriage, I was destinated a Victim to my Parents Wills, not my Desires. I knew my Father to be a Man too passionate, and rash; firm in his Resolves, and not to be alter'd by Persuasions, in his Proceedings. Besides, this Marriage seem'd to augment, and agree with his Ambition; and his being ally'd to so great a Lord, no mean Honour. He was obstinate in his Humours, nor cou'd Reason make him reverse what he had decree'd; but
 especial-

especially those, he imagin'd, did tend to further and advance his aspiring Ambition. These were such infallible Truths, as I well knew, by his Consent, wou'd never be revok'd. These were the unhappy Causes, that I did not reveal to them, the Affection I had for fair *Desdemona*.

As from one Extream, doth issue a second, more dreadful than the first; so from this Fuel of Love, did proceed a burning Fever, more fearful and violent than the former. This was visible to the Eye of Nature; so that the Physicians, by their Skill and Industry, remov'd the Cause, before it cou'd take any deep Effect; and perform'd the Cure, before ever the Disease had taken Root.

As nothing continues always in one State and Condition, so my Distemper began to abate, and my weakned Body began to recover a little Strength; yet in my Mind I receiv'd no Comfort, since my dearest Physician was absent. *Phœbus* had scarce ran his Career thrice in this upper World, and lodg'd himself in the Western Ocean, but I left my Bed; and although I was extream feeble, yet I did endeavour to walk: And the first small Journey I made, was secretly, and unseen, to the Habitation of my divine *Desdemona*. I had no sooner set my Face towards that part of the City, but mark the wonderful Effects of Love; although my Body was weak, yet, me-thought, in every Step I went towards her, I receiv'd new Strength;

and went that in a few Minutes, might well have requir'd a longer Time: So much did the pleasing Imagination, of seeing *Desdemona*, dissipate and divert all other Difficulties.

When I was arriv'd, and enter'd the House, which did contain my ador'd Nymph, my Body became, as if it had been inspir'd with a new Soul: and well it might, since it was there alone, the Felicity and Content, which was the Ecstasie and Rapture of my Soul, did reside. Which Imagination did beget a sweet Ravishment of Pleasures: So that the Want of what I had so long desir'd, had set the greater Value on what I then enjoy'd.

Such unthought of Alteration had my small Time of Sicknes begotten on me, that none in the House cou'd hardly guess, or discern, what I might be; but them Thoughts were silenc'd, when I reveal'd my self: So that they seem'd to be possess'd with Amazement, rather than with Unbelief. In a few Moments, all their Suspicions were vanish'd; so that I was entertain'd with their accustom'd Kindnesses. In a few Moments, fair *Desdemona* did appear: and although she was fore-warn'd by some in the House, of this sudden Change in me, yet, in her first Approach, she cou'd not contain from Wonder. She bade me welcome, as a Deliverer, and not as a Lover; yet did her Eyes speak Pity to my Disasters; and them kind Looks seem'd a soveraign Balsam, to expel the worst of Miseries. What shall I say? 'Twas here,
my

my Sickneſs took its Birth ; and 'twas here, I had the only Remedy to expel it.

After Dinner, the old Knight and his Lady, with fair *Deſdemona*, that did attend 'em, invited me to take a Walk into a fair Garden, adjoining to their Houſe, beautify'd with many ſhady Arbors ; where Nature was holpen by Art, to make the Work more exquisite : It was adorn'd with many pleaſant Walks, intricate, and turning Labyrinthwiſe.

But in the miſt of the Garden, was a Houſe of Pleaſure ſituated, the faireſt, for Workmanſhip, that ever I did behold : So that Nature grew envious, that Art ſhou'd excel her ; endeavouring, with fine ſhady Trees, and what ſweet Summers Livery wears, to conceal it from the Eye of the Spectator ; when the pretty Birds, that harbour in thoſe Boughs, ſeem to croſs her Intentſ, with their melodious Notes ; inviting the Eyes of the Beholder, not to paſs by, and leave ſo rare a Work unſeen, and unregarded.

Into this Garden, the Maſterpiece of Art and Nature, I accompany'd them in their Walks. We had ſome Diſcourſe, on different Subjects ; which I think impertinent, and nothing relating to the Story of my Life. Thus having paſs'd away ſome ſmall time, *Philafter* and his Lady retir'd themſelves into the Houſe of Pleaſure, before related, and left *Deſdemona* only, to entertain me. This Opportunity, Fortune did now offer me, fell out above my Thoughts ;

and being unwilling to lose so fair a Time, as we walk'd along in the Alleys, I began this Discourse.

Fairest Desdemona, I cannot tell, whether I shou'd say, you are more kind, than cruel; or whether you are more fair, than I am miserable. See, my divine Lady; behold, I die alive: And what is more cruel, than a living Death? Cannot you pity one, that dies for your Love? Oh, pierce my Heart! It is the nobler way; and let me not live in such Torments, as do exceed the worst of Deaths.

Sir (said she) I am not insensible to your Love, nor do I take any pleasure in your Torments: I wou'd I cou'd perform the one, as willingly as I can the other; you shou'd not languish for a Remedy, if a Return of Love and Compassion can give you Ease. I can pity: If that be too low, I can grieve: If this will not do, think, Sir, in what Bands you are bound, not to violate my Honour. Oh! Seek not to ruin that, and command all things besides, I am able to perform.

O Madam! (replied I) Heaven send all those Punishments on my Head, I so lately did invoke, if I intend Dishonour to your Person. No, Madam; 'tis lawful Marriage, I desire: And what is more honourable? This way you may securely give a Cessation to my Torments, and not injure your Chastity. Oh! think, if you can pity, as you give me to understand, you can; be not cruel, to let me pine away with Sorrow, when you are the only Physician, can give a Remedy.

I had

I had scarce finish'd these last Words, but old *Philaster*, with his Lady, left the place, where they had remain'd this small Time of our Discourse; and their too sudder Approach, robb'd me of *Desdemona's* Answer. So that we made towards them; and joyning our Company and Discourse with theirs, we pass'd away the Residue of that Time we stay'd afterwards in the Garden; Fortune not offering me, that Day, another Opportunity, where I might, with Secrecy, renew our foresaid Discourse. After a while, we left our Diversion; *Philaster* forsook the Garden, and we attended him in; where we spent the Remainder of that Day, which, my Imaginations told me, did steal too swiftly away, since I forsook my dearest Happiness, and must be forc'd to part from my fairest *Desdemona*. Time, which in her Absence, did seem to have Leaden Feet, did now fly too swiftly away: So that the long-fear'd, unwish'd for Hour of parting approach'd, when I must take my leave, and be walking to my own Home. After Salutations past with the old Lady, I went and took my leave of my fairest *Desdemona*: And although my Desires were frustrated, and my Intentions prevented, of speaking unto her, by reason of her Parents being present; yet my Eyes and Countenance silently and secretly spoke the Language of my Heart; and, as far as I cou'd conceive, I did not find, she had any Aversion for my Love; neither cou'd I perceive in her Countenance and
Looks,

Looks, or in any of her Actions, she did bewray any Dislike to my Proceedings: But I found her, not like your lofty Dames, scornful and disdainful; but contrary, her Actions were not imperious, but compos'd wholly of Mildness, yet therewithal wholly charming; sweeter than the blooming Rose, when the Morning Air swells its tender Bud: Innocent in her Carriage, as the harmless Dove, yet with a winning Majesty: So that she did privately undermine, as well as outwardly conquer the Hearts and Eyes of the Beholders.

With this Hope of my good Fortune, I gave *Philaster* the Good-night, and return'd secretly home to my Father's; where they all wonder'd at my long Absence, yet glad to see me recover'd so well; wondring from whence the Causes of so sudden a Sickness shou'd arise, as also, at so unordinary a Recovery; both occasion'd by two different Times of Absence: But leaving them to furnish on Conjectures, to learn out that which, as yet, they did not know, I went to my Chamber; where I pass'd away the Night in a different manner, from what I had formerly done, my Hopes having now overcome my Despairs, and comply'd with all things that might jump with my Desires. In such pleasing Thoughts, the Hours pass'd away; yet not so swift, but I cou'd number them, and think them slow in going.

Titan, by her Absence, gave warning of her Brother's Approach, and *Phœbus* had scarce saluted

ted the Eastern Parts of the World, with his desir'd Presence, but I arose, and attir'd my self with a more than ordinary Curiosity; building many Hopes, in Expectation of what the following Day might bring forth, which now began to grow a little aged, and the Hour approach'd, wherein Visits are accustom'd to be given; so that I took my way to *Philaster's* House. As my Visits became more common, I was esteem'd a less Stranger, and my Entertainment was more familiar and friendly: So that after some Discourse of Use had past by Course, and the Sun, with his warm Beams, began to climb to his Meridian heighth, I requested the Favour of *Philaster*, that I might take the Privilege to pass some small Time away in his fair Garden. Which Request was no sooner desir'd, but it was as kindly granted; himself intending to accompany me; when, behold, just as we were entering the Garden, he was sent for by a Messenger, that inform'd him, that his Brother (who was an ancient Gentleman, whose Dwelling was about two Leagues from the City) did attend him, desiring some Conference with him, about earnest Occasions, that wou'd not admit of Delay. After he had pleaded Necessity, as his Excuse, for his untimely Parting, craving my Pardon for his Incivility in leaving me alone, promising a speedy Return, he left me.

Half an Hour had not past, since I enter'd the Garden, but I saw fair *Desdemona*; who,

as I since have understood, -was sent by her Father, to entertain me in his Absence, his Business falling out beyond his Expectations; and his Stayance being longer than he intended, was the Reason he sent *Desdemona* to accompany me. I made towards her with much Respect, and she accosted me with as kind a Reception, with such Innocency, as might seem to bring in compass the extravagant Thoughts of any but my self; for they yielded Fuel to my unbounded Desires, and every Action of hers became as Oyl to augment it, till it began to blaze into a Flame; which not extenuated, must needs consume in it self. After I had saluted her, we pass'd away some Time walking in the Alleys, and exchang'd some Discourse, wherein I was so happy, to gain her Consent to be my Wife, so I cou'd get her Parents Consent to seal it.

Here it was, we betroth'd our selves each to other, and register'd our Vows in Heaven, before the divine Deities. Here it was, I cou'd not bound my Joys, and consequently, my Passion; so that I cou'd not refrain from folding her delicate and tender Body in my Arms, giving and receiving many a sweet Kiss on her Ruby Lips. In this Rapture of Ravishment we spent the Time, till *Sol*, with his scorching Beams, forc'd us to retire into that pretty House of Pleasure (before-mention'd.) This prov'd a Defence against the Heat, and a Covert to act our Loves more securely. Here we did double our Kisses and Embraces, while the
pretty

pretty Birds did seem to participate in my Happiness. These were innocent Pass-times ; yet these intic'd me to the guilty Possession of greater.

' Like a poor decay'd Man , who wou'd
' think himself happy in the Possession of a small
' Estate ; which when he obtains, he rests not
' there, but is still aspiring to whatever is above
' him ; and at last climbs to so great a height,
' that to continue is dangerous, and to fail is a
' most certain Ruin. This was a lively Similitude of my Condition, wherein I did then remain : Them Favours, she then conferr'd on me, cou'd not yield Content and Satisfaction to my Desires, but serv'd only to beget a Confidence to presume to purchase greater, and aspire to higher Felicities. So that from this familiar Conversation, I began to request the Fruition of that Love I then enjoy'd ; and following my Request with such Intreaties and Importunities, with a Promise of a never failing Fidelity, urged by such strong Perswasions, and resisted with such faint Denials, that I came to the yielding up of that Fort, which the greatest Kings might envy me the Conquest of , and enjoy'd a Privilege, which the mightiest of Men wou'd have esteem'd a Happiness : In the Enjoyment of which, Imperial Monarchs wou'd have accounted it the highest Felicity : All which was wholly prostrated to my raging Passion, and lustful Desires. The Kisses, Embraces and Endearments, were almost numberless, we there
exchang'd ;

exchang'd ; our Discourse much, yet treating wholly of our Loves, and fervent Affections of the Day of Marriage ; when every Day thou'd be such a Feast as this, and every Night beget a fresh Rivalry of Delights, that shou'd never decay, but continue as immortal as our Souls that gave it Birth. Thus we spent our Time, in a Paradise of Pleasures ; passing them few Minutes we stay'd there, in such Felicity, as might well be term'd, the chiefest Happiness of a Lover's Bliss.

' But the sweet blooming Rose is not pluck'd
' without a Thorn, nor the dearest Pleasure
' reap'd without a Discontent : They are Ho-
' ney in the Mouth, but Gall in the Belly ;
' sweet in the Taste, but bitter in the Digestion.
Such was the Fruition and Enjoyment of my
dearest *Desdemona* to me ; a Moment of Hap-
piness, attended by an Age of Sorrow : So that
my Pleasure serves only to make my Calamity
more mournful and doleful, and the Felicity I
have lost, to make me, the Loser, more mis-
erable and wretched.

' *Hannibal*, the brave *African* Conqueror, is
' prais'd, in that he knew how to gain Victo-
' ries ; but discommended, because he cou'd not
' secure them : Losing by Indiscretion, what by
' Discretion he had so bravely gain'd. Such
was my Misfortune : I knew how to purchase
Happiness, but not to continue it. ' Such is
' the Folly of poor Mortals : One runs after
' Riches, and with great Care and Pains, ob-
' tains

'tains the Felicity of his Desires ; which is soon
 ' forgotten in the Possession. Another follows
 ' Honour, as the Elixir of his Hopes, which
 ' soon fades in the Enjoyment. A third hunts
 ' after Beauty, as the *Elisian* of his Content ;
 ' which vanishes in the Fruition. Thus we play
 with Happiness, till it is lost unto us ; and
 feed so greedily on our Pleasures, till being
 over-cloy'd, we lose our Hopes, and Sense of
 the Felicity we enjoy ; and then too late we
 repent of our Ignorance and Folly, and prize
 the worth of that which is lost unto us, above
 the Esteem we had, when we did enjoy it.

' O fatal Emblem of my Misfortunes, and
 ' unfortunate Similitude of my Miseries ! To
 ' prize too late the Jewel of my Soul, which I
 ' have lost by Forgetfulness and Neglect ! Re-
 ' pentance comes too late ; or if it did not, I
 ' cou'd not expect a Pardon. O my dearest
 ' *Desdemona* ! which seemest lovely in the Gravel
 ' Whose Remembrance must be sweet unto me,
 ' though thou liest forgotten in the Dust.

Here the Sense of Grief put a Stop to his
 Discourse, while he fix'd his Eyes carelessly on
 the Ground. *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* beheld each
 other with Amazement in their Looks, in Ex-
 pectation of the Issue of his Discourse, which
 he usher'd in with so sad a Prologue, and so
 mournful an Action and Gesture.

By this time, *Almerin* had recollected his
 Thoughts ; and raising his Eyes from the
 Ground, where, the time of his Ecstasie, they
 had

had continu'd unmov'd, and fixing them on *Cynthia*: *Madam* (said he) *can you pardon this abrupt Failing in my Discourse, occasion'd by a Transport of Grief, in the Remembrance of my former Felicities in the Relation I have already given you, compar'd with what I must now relate unto you?*

' As Hunger makes the meanest Fare sweet and
' delicious to the Taste, so the Sense of Sorrow
' produces Felicity more lovely, and makes us
' prize every petty Happiness at its true
' Worth. Grief is like the Sun at its going
' down, which yields our Shadows in the Eve-
' ning more great and monstrous than they are,
' which, when Day was in its Glory, did scarce
' appear. Like a Prospective glass, which afar
' off yields the Object at an unusual bigness,
' which being remov'd to a nearer distance, we
' can hardly discern. *Such (Madam) will be the residue of my Discourse; which will only serve as a Mirror, to make my Loss seem more lonely, and the Grievs I now possess, more fearful and dreadful.*

But to defer your Expectations no longer, I'll go forward in my Discourse, and give you to understand, that after I had requited old *Philaster's* Hospitality and Kindness, with the Theft of his Daughter's Honour; and against the Vows I had made, by Inticements and Deceit, I had gotten the fairest Jewel in *Desdemona's* Ward-robe, we saw him and his Lady enter the Garden. With all Expedition we forsook our Delights, and descended down a
private

private pair of Stairs, unseen of them, being shaded by the friendly Trees, which, the time of our Delights, seem'd to stand as Watch-men to defend us; and now, as a Skreen to secure us. This Way we pass'd, lest they might suspect what indeed was true, and so prepar'd to meet 'em; and having pass'd some secret Alleys, we met 'em, as accidentally. Here we joyn'd Company and Discourse with 'em, and pass'd away the residue of Time, till Dinner was brought in: Upon which, notice given, we left the Garden, and spent the Remainder of that Day all together, in several sorts of Diversion, till Night began to approach, and require my Absence; so that Necessity urg'd my Departure; and returning them many Thanks for their Civilities and Kindnesses, wherein I did stand oblig'd unto 'em, I took my Leave of *Post* and his Lady; and having saluted *Desdemona*, with a Promise of a sudden Return, to require her in Marriage of her Parents, according to my Vows in the Garden, I left her, and with her all my Joys.

In my Way homeward, my Spirits began to grow dull and heavy, my Mind became sad and melancholy, I found my self fearful, yet knew no Cause I had to fear: On the sudden, three Drops of Blood destill'd from my Nose, a Hare thwarted my Way, and a Night-Raven came croaking, and with her dismal Note, hover'd over my Head. This confirm'd me in my Augury, that something ominous and fatal did at-

tend me, yet I knew not from whence it could proceed. ' I had forgot to look up to Heaven, and consider I stood a Criminal there; but began to consider what might proceed from meaner and lower Causes; not considering, that Heaven makes all things, in this Ball of Clay, the Earth, serve as Punishments to the Wicked: Sometimes so strange and intricate his divine Working is, that the Punishment is bound up with the Pleasure; as it happen'd now with me.

For I no sooner arriv'd at my Father's House, but I found him inquisitive, above his usual manner, to know where I had pass away my Time these three Days past; my Absence having begotten a Suspicion in him, of what indeed was true; and my sudden Sickness, seconded with as quick a Recovery, did confirm him: So that seeing me well recover'd, and almost in as good a State of Health, as when I first fell sick, he began his Discourse to me in this manner.

Son (said he) your sudden Health cannot give me more Joy, than the extraordinary Causes give me Suspicion, lest in your Carriage, which hath been so reserv'd and shy to me, you shou'd act any thing which shou'd fall contrary to my Intentions and Desires. You know the Time will draw shortly near, when you must marry your contracted Bride, fair Antemelia; one which is as fortunate as fair, and as wise as fortunate: One, my Son, that will raise thee to a high Esteem of high Honours, which is the Mistress, young Gallants court. And by the Alliance

Alliance of so great a Lord, we shall be made shot-free against the strongest Batteries of Fortune.

This Discourse, so contrary to my Expectations and Desires, and so fatal to my Love, assur'd me of the doleful Presages of so unhappy a Beginning: So that these Fore-runners of my Misfortunes did portend and fore-tell some cruel Alteration, and sudden Change in my present Estate of Happiness. Reason cou'd now tell me, though too late, that in all the Vicissitudes and Changes of Fortune, having once arriv'd at the chief Felicity we fix on, as our only Object, we fairly descend by those Steps, by which first we did ascend: Nay, Fortune is sometimes so cruel, as not to allow 'em that Leisure; but envying them the Felicity they have purchas'd, throws 'em down headlong from their Happiness, and cruelly breaks the Neck of their Hope. This taught me to know; and more, to mistrust and fear, That from the fruition of *Desdemona's* Beauty and Love, I shou'd reap but a poor Harvest; and that my Promises wou'd exceed my Incomes; not that I cou'd think my self unfortunate in the Enjoyment of my *Desdemona's* Love, but contrary, I thought my self wretched in the many Stops, Dangers, Casualties, Fears and Accidents, which began to shew themselves, as Obstructions, to hinder me from the Continuance of so sweet a Felicity. These things I travers'd in my Thoughts; so that at last, I began to dare his utmost Anger, and resolv'd to stand the Charge

of it, rather than conceal my Love; well knowing, if it were once reveal'd, I shou'd be rid of the Fear that did always wait on the secret concealing of it.

Having fix'd on Thoughts as my last Resolves, putting my self in a Posture and Action, that might rather perswade his Pity than his Anger; Sir (said I) *your Suspicions are not grounded amiss, if you suspect, I love; and if I be a Criminal in making it a Secret unto you, forgive and pardon me when I shall make you a real Confession. Yes, Sir, I do love; and with that Ardour and Affection, with that Constancy and Fidelity, as Death cannot divert my Inclinations: And shou'd you make a Separation, or imagine an Alteration; Know, Sir, my Vows are register'd in Heaven, with the divine Deities; which if you once endeavour to violate, expect the Punishments may attend your Endeavours. You may command my Life, since you gave it me; but not my Soul, it is a Gift of the Gods: Neither is my Love fix'd on so mean an Object, but it may satisfie any Mind that is not ambitious.*

This Discourse, utter'd with as much Boldness as Confidence, began to raise a Storm in my Father's Countenance; for the Form of his Visage began to over-cast with Frowns, and all his Actions became clouded over with Anger: So that, casting a frowning Look on me, enough to daunt me, had not my Love made me Proof against his Fury, and confident to sustain his utmost Charge.

Villain

Villain (replied he) *and Shame to my Blood!* Dare you justify and vindicate that which is contrary to my Intentions? Or can your Disobedience own what I have an Aversion against? Shall my Hopes be thwarted by your extravagant Youth, and my Purposes frustrated by your ill-plac'd Love? Curse on your wilful Obstinacy, which puts me into this unusual Passion; and your Boldness, that durst give me this Relation. Ungovern'd young Man! Can you think that giddy-headed Youth, subject to all Passions, and pliable to all Impressions, shou'd better know how to govern his Passions, and direct his Actions, than his aged Sire? Can he better chuse for his Good, than one that hath so often been acquainted and concern'd with the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Nature? No, no, young Man; You yet want Experience, which is always the best School-master, and the Mistress of Understanding. Your Youth is unruly, and like a head-strong Horse, that will run himself on any Dangers, without he be surely curb'd and restrain'd: So you grow bold and impudent; daring any Precipice, so you may possess your unbounded Desires. But know, I'll curb you in from these Extravagancies, and restrain you from these wild wandring Thoughts: And if I have been too indulgent, for the future, you shall find me as severe. And so avoid my Sight, that by the Want of Duty, art become a Grief to my Eyes, and a Vexation to my Soul; and see that, at our next Meeting, you shew not the least Aversion against your Marriage with Artemesia; but that you bound your Love and Desires in the Compass of my Will,

and that you tread no strange Path, but that you reform and recollect your self first, by taking your Rules from me; and not resolutely to run your self headlong to Ruin, and me to Dishonour: But if you have any extravagant Love, destroy it whilst it is young in the Bud; and learn to forget it, before you come to the Knowledge of what it is. Return no Answer, to justify what I must condemn, but regulate your Ways and Life by my Directions; and having so sure a Guide, you cannot err, or go astray. But if you continue still obstinate and audacious in your Proceedings, you shall find, I'll dis-inherit you both of my Love and Estate, and make Account of you but as a Stranger, and a Rebel to my Blood.

Having said this, he left me, and departed. But, alas! How can I describe to you the Grief that did seize on me at that time when *Desdemona* came to my Remembrance, and my Father's Cruelty was fresh in my Memory! Oh, how was I torn between Love and Duty! Now it was, that Love led me in a Maze, so difficult and intricate, that my best Endeavours cou'd not keep me from a Ruin. To go forward was dangerous, but to return backwards did shew more perillous.

‘ Like a poor Traveller in a desert Wilder-
 ‘ derness, pursu'd by a fearful, hungry, lean-
 ‘ jaw'd Beast, who, in most fearful manner, al-
 ‘ ways follows him, to devour him: The poor
 ‘ Man thinks, by his strong Travel, to avoid
 ‘ the evil Beast, that still follows him; but be-
 ‘ ing quite beaten out by long Travel and Fear,
 ‘ he

' he stands in a Maze; to go out of his Way is
 ' grievous, and to return back is present Death.
 ' Affrighted with his Danger, he endeavours by
 ' Craft (as his last Remedy) to deceive the
 ' Beast in his Pursuit. By Chance he espies a
 ' deep Pit by the Way-side, and a little below
 ' the Pits Brim grows a Twig; which the poor
 ' Man seeing, goes and takes hold of the Twig,
 ' thinking thereby to avoid the Beast: But then
 ' casting his Eyes down to the Bottom of the
 ' Pit, he sees a number of Serpents, Dragons,
 ' and other venomous Beasts, waiting for his
 ' Fall, to devour him; then casting his Eyes up,
 ' he sees the hungry lean-jaw'd Beast gnawing
 ' asunder the Twig that he holds by; whereby
 ' he is bereft of all Hope and Help, and left to
 ' his devouring Enemies.

Such, Madam, was my desperate Condition: My sweetest Hopes began to leave me, Horror and Despair began to possess me, and Fear rased out the Expectation of a more happy Change. This confirm'd me in the ominous Presages that did befall me, in my Return homeward from my dearest *Desdemona*.

How uncertain is Felicity, that is rais'd on an uncertain Foundation! It is as soon rais'd as rais'd, as soon destroy'd as founded. Such was mine; who not two Hours before, did imagine, the Destinies cou'd not work a Change in my Happiness, found now by Experience, the Mutability and Alteration of Earthly Felicities, in finding my self miserable, that in so small a

Time before, esteem'd my self happy above the Reach of Fortune.

After I had well weigh'd and consider'd all the Difficulties on either side, that might befall me, I resolv'd at last, that my Love shou'd reign supream, and remain entire to fair *Desdemona*; but yet withal, that I wou'd shew a yielding Consent to my Father's Will, in my Marriage with *Artemesia*; and like to Water-men, that row one Way, and look another, yet bring the Boat to the desir'd Place; so I did endeavour by this Policy, seemingly to accord with my Father's Desires, when my Inclinations roved a contrary Course; and whilst openly I did comply with him, inwardly I might procure my own Content; flattering my self, that as Fortune had made so sudden a Change in my Happiness, in some small Time she might beget as great an Alteration in my Misfortunes, and at last bring me to the Period of my Desires; Of which, though I had small Cause to hope, yet I did not wholly despair, since I did daily behold as great Mutations and Chances happen.

I did further resolve, not to acquaint *Desdemona* with my Father's Resolutions lest it might beget her Discontent; which wou'd more disturb my own Quiet. My Intentions now were quite alter'd, and I began to repent my foolish Rashness, in revealing what I shou'd have kept secret. But now I did intend to conceal my Passion for the future, since I had only

only given Manifestation of my Love, and not of the Person belov'd; which I did expound, as one happy Prefage of my more fortunate Proceedings. This Way I had fix'd on, since I had no other wherein I might walk with more Security. Nor did my Hopes altogether fail me; for by my crafty Wiles, the next time I accosted my Father, I had set so strange a Face on my former Proceedings, shewing my self so dutiful and pliant to all his Intents and Purposes, as begat Wonder in him when he did behold it. He question'd of me, who this Object might be, to whom I did shew so great, and seem to have so firm an Affection not long since, which now I did seem to slight, and coldly to neglect?

I understood very well the Subtileness and Craft he us'd, and how, like my self, his Actions were working one Way, and his Desires another; but both agreeing to intrap me in my dearest Secrets. But *Old Birds are not caught with Chaff*; for he cou'd not so closely work his Myne to deceive me, but I as privately made my Counter-myne to blow him up: Which I perform'd in this manner.

Sir (replied I) you were too passionate in your last Discourse; and what I propos'd only to try your Inclinations, how you wou'd have allow'd of a Change, if I cou'd have admitted of an Alteration; this you took to be a Verity, and too severely rebuk'd me for what was only a Fiction; not allowing me one Moment of Time, wherein I might disabuse you

in your Error, and ask you Pardon for my over-confident Presumption, in raising so great a Tempest from so small a Cause. Sir, let this satisfy you, that what I did then deliver unto you, was all Falshood; and that I have not, nor never will fix my Affections, without your Approbation and Allowance.

This Compliance to his Will, so contrary to his Expectations, began to work Wonders in his Mind, when my Artifice had perswaded him, that all my former Discourses and Protestations were meer Deceit: So that instead of continuing so fierce in his Proceedings, he became more mild; his Choler abated, he left accusing me, and began to excuse himself. I took hold of this Opportunity, aggravating his Mistake, yet by all Ways wherein any likelihood did appear, exempting my self from Blame. And so far did I insinuate my self into his Soul, of my Innocence in the Cause that he suspected me, that my Deceit became approved Verities, and what I cou'd relate in my Defence, receiv'd as undoubted Truths: So that I think he never parted from me with a greater Shew of Love and Satisfaction, than at this time.

By this you may guess at the over-credulous Belief of Old Age, which is most subject and prone to believe each senseless Story, and Wonder at what is related, although the Sense many times comes far short of Truth, because his Years have been Spectators of Alterations and Accidents as strange; so that he believes

' believes what he doth not see, and perhaps
 ' ne'er was done, by the Example of some
 ' things strange and rare, which in former time
 ' he hath seen. So willing are they to believe
 ' impossibilities, wherein we see small likeli-
 ' hood of Truth. But if such will so soon be
 ' traduc'd, and drawn to believe Falshoods,
 ' how easily will they be brought to embrace a
 ' Fiction, adorn'd in the Robes of Truth; such
 ' an one as may jump with their Desires and
 ' Wishes! For we all find our selves apt and
 ' ready enough to be deceiv'd, and with Eager-
 ' ness hug the Deceit, when it sweetly holds
 ' Correspondency with our Hopes; the Lustre
 ' of which blinds us from seeing the Falshood,
 ' or else, like a jealous Husband, we fear to dis-
 ' cover what we wou'd not know; when the
 ' Knowledge of that reveal'd, may destroy the
 ' Happiness we enjoy, and consequently, bring
 ' the Disquiet and Displeasure that we fear.

Whether this occasion'd my Father's Enqui-
 ry to cease, I cannot tell; but I well know, I
 deceiv'd him in his own Craft, and over-
 wrought him in his own Device. Neither did
 I in Words alone confirm him in his Belief, but
 manifested the same in my Carriage and Actions;
 so that a Week or ten Days pass'd in this man-
 ner, before I did offer in the least to absent my
 self from my Father's House. After which
 time, I did secretly and privately many times
 visit and converse with my lovely *Desdemona*,
 but I made my Visits much shorter; which was
 soon

soon perceiv'd and taken notice of by *Desdemona*, who urg'd a Consummation of our Marriage; fearing, as indeed afterwards it hapned, that some unhappy Obstruction might defer it. I comforted her amidst these Fears, with my Promise of Loyalty, and with my best Endeavours to procure my Father's Consent; which if I shou'd fail of, I firmly engag'd to perform all the Rites of Marriage at the End of one Months time, from thence next ensuing. With this Promise she remain'd satisfy'd, and in her Satisfaction I rested highly contented. We agreed, lest my often Resort shou'd beget Jealousies of that which as yet her Parents had no Mistrust, that by a secret Way into the Garden I shou'd have Access, at certain Times, when I might securely enter: Which to perform, either we appointed a Time at our Parting, or else by a certain Token of a Handkerchief, that gave me Assurance I might securely pass.

By such secret and untrusted Paths, I oftentimes visited my dearest Lady; who receiv'd me with as kind Endearments, and sweet Embracements; where I oftentimes enjoy'd without Control, the happy Felicity and Fruition of her Love. 'But what Man is possess'd of a Myne
'of Wealth, which doth not bring with it
'Gares and Dangers? As the Bee carries Ho-
'ney in her Mouth, but a Sting in her Tail; so
'unlawful Pleasures seem Heaven in the Per-
'formance, but Hell in the Continuance.

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' In these bitter Sweets, and stoll'n Pleasures, some three Months had pass'd since I first saw *Desdemona*; and almost one since I made her the last Promise of Wedlock. Now the Time began to draw near, to confirm by Marriage what I had already perform'd by Contract with *Artemesia*; and now, alas! my dearest *Desdemona* found her self conceiv'd, and quick with Child. In neglecting the first, I was certain to procure my Father's Displeasure; but in the latter, before Gods and Men, I cou'd not quit my self of grievous Ingratitude. In the first, my Ignorance might excuse me; but to the latter, I cou'd plead no Excuse, since my Vows to *Desdemona* proceeded from my very Soul, and no doubt, had pierc'd the Gates of Heaven; when my Contract with *Artemesia* was perform'd only of Course, and in Satisfaction of my Father's Humour, and not for any Inclination or Love on my part. So I resolv'd to continue firm and constant to *Desdemona*, and procure my own Content, in hazarding my Father's Displeasure, rather than to satisfy his Ambition with my own Torment.

' Had I continu'd here, I had stood firm;
 ' but the Bias of Fortune is too feeble for a
 ' Man to stand secure on, and too much mo-
 ' ving to continue constant; and the Mind of
 ' Man is as various, as Fortune is fickle and
 ' unconstant. As well may a Man build a spa-
 ' cious Castle on the Ocean, or a strong wall'd
 ' City in the Air, as seek to ground a Founda-
 ' tion,

tion, or raise a Building on a weak Resolution.

This, Madam, you will see verify'd in me; for the Time approach'd in sight, wherein I must be marry'd to *Artemesia*, but not the least Remembrance was given me by my Father, for a Preparation; so that I began to bury the Thoughts of it in Forgetfulness, thinking some Difference had lately happen'd between my Father and *Artemesia's* Parents: So that I began to account my self secure as to that.

But a Change of Fortune soon put me out of that Mind; for one Morning, when I did least suspect such Deceit, my Father desir'd me to array my self in my best Attire, and wait on him to the great Temple of the City. This I perform'd with great Willingness, not mistrusting that any Deceit or Treachery had lay'n hid in his Request: So that I ran headlong to my Ruin; and before I could sound the Depth of his Plot, I found my self Ship-wreck'd on a Rock. I was no sooner ready, but I attended him to Church, only accompany'd with my Mother, who was of his Confederacy. We soon arriv'd at the Temple, yet with more Haste than good Speed; for I was no sooner enter'd, but to my Amazement, I saw the Earl of *Ralermo*, with his Daughter *Artemesia*, with all his and my Father's Friends attending him, richly attir'd, and nobly accompany'd; and the Priest standing ready to joyn our Hands. They all came to receive and welcome me with
much

much Respect, but my Amazement wou'd not let me receive their Kindnesses with Endearments and Behaviour, as I ought to have done; for it was such a strange, unexpected and unacceptable Sight, that I cou'd not suddenly recover from my Astonishment; rather thinking it to be a Dream, or a Fiction, or any thing but what indeed it was.

My Father came and rouz'd me from this Trance: *Son (said he) wonder not at what you see; but recollect your self, and embrace your Fortune. Surprizes in Love make them of greater value: And this Business was manag'd by me, that a Blessing that falls on you unlook'd for, might be by you more priz'd and esteem'd. Cease your Marvel then, and accost those Friends with Respect, that are ready to receive you.*

His Discourse being ended, and all the Company having drawn themselves together, to hear my Reply; *You bid me dissipate my Amazement (said I) but my Wonder grows greater. I must confess, Artemesia is a Fortune above my Hopes, or Deserts; yet such an one as I cannot with Safety possess, nor welcome it with Content; lest by enjoying such a Happiness, I shou'd inforce the Heavenly Deities to make her wretched and miserable for my sake. For to put you out of Doubt, know, I am betroth'd already to one that is as virtuous as fair; with whom I have ty'd such an inviolable Knot, that 'tis past the Art of Man to unloose it, without provoking the Gods to a Revenge: There's no Promise, but I have made it; no Protestation,*
but

but I have perform'd it ; no Ceremony, but I have sign'd it ; nor is there any Obligation or Vow, but I have seal'd it. Our Loves are entire ; and Heaven is our Witness and Evidence, that there rests nothing but this outward Ceremony, to make us One : Heaven hath joyn'd our Hearts ; this can only joyn our Hands. In this, Reason will tell you, I have shewn no Disobedience ; since, as I lately told you, Heaven gave me a Soul, and 'tis only that I have dispos'd of, with its Consent : My Body is yet free, which you gave me ; but it may as well survive without a Soul, as revoke the Vows I have lately made. My Affection is so entire, that if all things admit of Change, it cannot be subject to Alteration : And shou'd Death it self approach, I shou'd continue firm in the Grave.

I had continu'd my Discourse, but my Father hastily interrupting me, drew his Sword, and presenting it against my Breast, *Die then, rebellious Villain* (said he ;) *and enjoy the Fruits of your Affection in the Dust.* This Action was no sooner taken notice of by *Artemesia*, but she freed her self from her Father ; and casting her self before my Father's Weapon, *Hold* (said she) *barbarous and unnatural Man ; and pierce this Breast ; 'twill shew less horrid and inhumane.* This unexpected Action, with his Friends Perswasions and Intreaties, made him sheath his Sword, whilst a Salamander did seem to live in his Eyes, which shot forth Fire, like a murthering Cannon, that lightens e'er it smoaks. *Wicked Wretch* (said he) *I dis-own thee from this*
Hour,

Now, from being my Son, and revoke all Ties and Privileges that Love or Nature have given thee: I dis-inherit thee of all; and do not dare, from this Minute, to assume the Confidence to appear in my Presence, as thou tender'st thy Life and Safety. Having said this in a chafing Rage, he left me, taking his Walk into the Cloysters of the Temple.

Now, Madam (continu'd he) suffer me to dilate, and in some sort to express, how the Scope of my Misfortunes receiv'd their main Original. Hitherto I only brought Fuel, my Father set it on fire; and by his passionate Rashness, occasion'd the mournful Tragedy of this ensuing Story, which I fear, will force Tears from your fair Eyes. For as from one small Spark a great and furious Flame will arise; so from Excess of Passion proceeds uncommon Causes, and strange Effects: For if Nature derogate from its usual Course, no wonder then if it degenerate, and bring forth Monsters. Unhappy is that Man, where Passion reigns supream; it is destructive to himself and others. The Mind is subject to many Passions, but this most hateful: 'Tis like the Fern-Seed, that Men say, buds, blossoms, ripens and shatters, all within an Hour; for what Anger invents, Passion puts into immediate Execution. So *Alexander* slew his dear Friend, for whom afterwards he bitterly repented: And so a Father had almost become the Murderer of his own Son. Any thing in

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the

' the Use, becomes a second Nature ; so doth
 ' Passion, where it gains Precedency ; 'tis like
 ' the Sea raging beyond its Bounds, disturb'd
 ' by the boysterous Winds. How hard and
 ' intricate was the Way I had to go, and how
 ' difficult the Choice I had to make ; both seem'd
 ' deadly, and therefore either of 'em fearful.
 ' 'Tis a great Over-sight in Parents, by
 ' their Authority, to procure their Children's
 ' Ruin ; when to obey 'em, they'll enforce 'em
 ' to prove perjur'd to the Deities, and so by
 ' making 'em their Friends, make the Host of
 ' Heaven their Enemies ; and by giving 'em
 ' Content, become their own Disturbers. Therefore,
 ' sure, the Fault of disobeying Parents in things
 ' of this nature, might have been excusable ;
 ' and there might not have been so much Difficulty
 ' in the Choice, if I had priz'd Eternal
 ' Happiness above a Moments Anger. But, alas,
 ' alas ! Who can retreat, that is predestinated
 ' to Destruction ?
 ' Age shou'd be a Pattern for Youth to walk
 ' by, Reason shou'd be its Guide ; that Reason,
 ' being refin'd by Experience, shou'd be a Helm
 ' to direct wild wandring Youth ; for Passion
 ' is peculiar to Youth, so shou'd Wisdom and
 ' Gravity be to Age. Let all Men shun Anger
 ' and Passion, as they wou'd shun a Serpent that
 ' wou'd devour 'em : It never brings Content,
 ' but always begets new Aggravations of Folly ;
 ' 'twill disturb their whole Body and Frame,
 ' asleep or awake : Indeed it will. To give
 ' you

' you a small Description of Passion, and what
 ' it represents: 'Tis like a dry pitchy Matter,
 ' which as soon as fir'd, grows into a Flame.
 ' Like a boysterous Tempest to the Mariner, or
 ' like an Arrow let fly from the incens'd Ene-
 ' my. He which entertains Passion, makes much
 ' of his own Destruction, when his Passions be-
 ' come his Masters; and what was only enter-
 ' tain'd as a Guest, begins to take free Posses-
 ' sion: Then he becomes like an unskilful Con-
 ' jurer, that having rais'd a Spirit, knows not
 ' how to lay it again without Danger; so pas-
 ' sionate Men perform that in Fury and Rash-
 ' ness, which they wish undone, when Reason
 ' takes place; repenting of what they have
 ' perform'd out of Passion, and cannot remedy
 ' or amend at leisure.

But to leave off this Discourse, in which I
 fear I have detain'd you too long, I'll go for-
 ward with my Story. Understand then, my
 Father was no sooner parted, and gone away,
 but poor *Artemesia* receiv'd a Check from her
 Parents and Kindred, for her too much Dili-
 gence and Care in preserving me, who did
 slight and neglect her; and that it had rather
 pertain'd to my Friends, to have interceded,
 and diverted the Blow, than her self.

My Mother, with all my Relations, came and
 importun'd me, not to continue so obstinate,
 with Intreaties and Perswasions, urging the
 Danger I cast my self into, by bringing^o on
 my Head my Father's Displeasure and Curse.

Then to compleat and finish what they had begun, they bring the Priest; who begins me this Discourse.

Son (said he) the Romans did punish Disobedience in their Children with Death; so your Father had almost committed a Tragedy on you with his own Hands. Obstinacy in a Child is like Rebellion in a Subject, which always sounds horrid and notorious; let the Occasion be never so just. I will not now debate the Justness of your Contract with the second Lady, but in my Judgment, the first with Artemesia shou'd have Precedency; being acknowledg'd by your self; and allow'd by your Parents: and therefore must needs be of greater Force and Authority, than the latter. In saying this, I have given you my Opinion; but now I will give you my Counsel: I must agree with your Friends, to perswade you, that you wou'd not continue so wilful in your Determination, but yield Obedience to your Father's Will: Whatsoever obstructs it, is of no force, if it hinder a Compliance with your Duty. Consider, when a Man is intrag'd, what he is liable to perform; as in this dreadful Example. Cease then any further Provocations, and comply with your Father's Desires; since that way you may walk securely, when the other cannot be gone without Danger; and doubt not but I will pacifie all this Stir, and quell all this Disturbance. I wou'd have replied, but so many did importune me, that I had not Time to answer, or repel their Temptings; but being vanquish'd by my Mother's Tears, and their Intreaties, I agreed to undo my self, to humour them. I was

I was hitherto miserable, but I was more wretched in being belov'd by *Artemesia*; for if her Love and Affection had not been so great, there might have been Hope, that my Coldness might have begot an Aversion in her towards me. ' But like a Merchant o'er-charg'd with ' Debt, when he begins to fall, all things agree ' to ruin him; so that he only knows then to ' be wretched; and them from whom he hopes ' and expects for Relief, most times conspire ' and agree to his Ruin. And as the *Persians* ' adore the Rising Sun, and curse it again e'er ' the Day be half spent; so Fortune seems to ' court the Man that flourishes in Prosperity, ' and scornfully neglects him when he falls into ' Adversity.

This was the last Blow, and I utterly undone: For upon Notice given of my Consent, my Father return'd, with *Artemesia* and the Earl of *Palermo*, her Father; where in the midst of a great Throng of People, which this Disturbance had brought together, the Priest joyn'd our Hands, the usual Ceremonies were perform'd with great State; which being once ended, I was attended by my Friends, with a very great Company, to my Father's House; where with Revels, Musick, Masking, Dancing and Feasting, they pass'd away the Residue of that Day; and the Night approach'd, when my Father, with the Earl of *Palermo*, conducted us to our Lodging; where they left us, as they imagin'd, to make a new Banquet of Pleasures.

But they were no sooner departed out of the Chamber, but taking her by the Hand, *Madam* (said I) *this Body which you have so vertuously preserv'd, is but a poor Recompence, in Consideration of the Danger you under-went for my sake; and I fear, you will soon grow weary of what lately you did seem to have an Esteem for, since I am become a Burthen and Torment to my self, and by Consequence, in the Use, may prove so to you. O Artemesia! Thou enjoyest this wretched and miserable part of me, the Body, when my Soul is bestow'd elsewhere: Thou hast only the Shadow of what I am, when another enjoy'd the Substance: Thou hast only Leaves, when another gathers the Fruit. How for your sake only, cou'd I wish, Love were no Mathematick Point, but wou'd admit of Division; that in some sort, I might quit the Obligation that I owe you! O cruel Parents! You are too unkind, to procure my Discontent, and give no Medicine to dissipate it.*

Poor *Artemesia* stood dissolv'd in Tears at my Discourse; and although the Continuance of my Disasters made my Misfortunes become an Use, so to grow senseless of my Sorrows, yet I cou'd not continue insensible of her Miseries, nor refrain participating in them Grievs, which had their Original from me; and although I cou'd not love, yet I cou'd be pitiful: So that clasping her in my Arms, oftentimes kissing her, *Come to Bed, my Love* (said I) *and let us see, if the Night can yield us as great Felicities, as the Day has begotten us Miseries.*

- Oh,

Oh, how was I wreck'd by my Conscience that ensuing Night, which presented my Ingratitude in lively Colours! The Day approach'd, but to no other End, but to renew my Miseries, and make my Perfidiousness seem the greater: *Artemesia*, with her kind and sweet Speeches, and lovely Behaviour, did endeavour to divert these melancholy Discontents: And this seem'd as another Dagger to pierce my Breast, since I cou'd make no Return for such a Myne of Love. However, I carry'd my self to the Eyes of all Beholders, contrary to my usual Behaviour; yet to my Wife I wou'd give no Occasion to despair, lest she might find the Calamities she had fallen in too soon.

Two Days had pass'd away since my Marriage with *Artemesia*, and the third approach'd, wherein I had given my Faith to marry *Desdemona*. The Remembrance wrought so strongly on my Affections, that I intended to write and excuse my self; lest she might think, by my Neglect, I perform'd that willingly, that I was forc'd to do by Necessity: So that taking Pen and Ink, I wrote as followeth.

Almerin to Desdemona.

My dearest Joy;

IF Necessity might be permitted to plead my Excuse, I might hope for Pardon; but I know my self too great a Criminal, to plead, Not guilty.

I am condemn'd already, before Sentence is pronounc'd by your fair self; and I find my Faults too notorious, to hope a Reprieve: Yet shou'd you consider my Cause judiciously, you wou'd pity where you wou'd not forgive. To hold you no longer in suspence, I must relate what indeed you least expect to hear; which, when known, you will wish it had still been kept a Secret. My dearest Love, I am married; and that Word will acquaint thee, I am wedded to my own Ruin. I will not go about to diminish or lessen my Fault, though I might plead some Excuse; but I will rather accuse my self, and aggravate my Crime; for of two Evils, the least is to be chosen, and I have chosen the greatest: I have wilfully sought my own Destruction, when I might have shunn'd it: And who will pity a Spend-thrift, that willingly makes himself a Bankrupt? I ought to have been constant to thee, and fronted my Father's utmost Displeasure; nor shou'd Anger, Loss of Estate, or that which is more precious, Life it self, have induc'd me to court my Ruin: But like an unskilful Gamester, that has lost his whole Estate at one Cast, sits down and repents of that which his Wisdom might have prevented; so I repent of my own Folly, and lament what is irrecoverable. I have nothing now to do, but despair; for all Happiness is vanish'd as to me, and my future Joys are fled away with my Hopes. There is not the dearest Good on Earth, I wou'd entertain or welcome for a Happiness, now I have lost the Felicity of being yours, since all other Happinesses are summ'd up in that one. My Folly has been my Torment, and my Chastisement shall be
equal

equal to my Folly. But, my best Love, seeing my Ingratitude and Perfidiousness is such, that I cannot expect Forgiveness, yet let me carry this Comfort to my Grave, That you did not hate me, and I shall rest quietly in the Dust.

Almerin.

I sent this Letter by one that did attend me, of whom I had had often Trial of his Secrecy and Fidelity. To him I reveal'd all the Particulars which had happen'd to *Desdemona* and my self, and of the Continuance of our Loves. It is some Comfort in our Miseries, when we have a Partner in our Sorrows, one that will participate in our Grievs, and to whom with Confidence, we may reveal our closest Secrets: Such an one was this Man, whose Name ought not to be conceal'd in this Story: *Fidelio* was his Name, and it well suited with his Nature. I gave him Directions to the Garden-Gate; with a Charge to remain there, till he saw *Desdemona* enter; with a Description of her Person, and an Excuse in his Mouth in my behalf. Away he went, to execute what I had commanded him, whilst I, with an earnest Expectation, waited his Return. The Day began to grow aged, and Night, with her sable Mantle, began to appear, when like a careful Watchman, and true Sentinel, I expected to be relieved: Like a poor Offender, uncondemned, wishes

wishes earnestly to know the worst of his Condition; so with a Desire like his, I carefully attended my Sentence from my fairest *Desdemona*. *Fidelio* long expected, at last carefully returned: I no sooner saw him, but I endeavour'd to read my Destiny in his Looks; but I beheld there a sad Omen to attend me. Yet with an earnest Desire, accompany'd with many timorous and suspicious Apprehensions, I thus bespoke him. *Fidelio*, *doſt thou intend to make me linger away in Expectation and Silence with that, which being reveal'd, will kill us soon as known? What is Desdemona's Sentence? Be it Happiness or Misery, Joy or Sorrow, Life or Death; nothing can be bitter or harsh that she commands, but I shall be all Obedience. Like all Men, I am loth to suspect where I love; yet it is not without Pain, I expect your Answer. I am earnest you shou'd reveal what perhaps I wou'd not know; yet I wou'd fain know the worst, that I might be freed from the Fear of worse to come.*

He return'd me no Answer, but drawing a Letter forth his Bosom, *Sir* (said he) *here is that will give you a better Account of your Fortune, than my self; peruse that: After which, I will give you a Relation of all the particular Passages have happen'd, and fallen out, in this small time of Absence.*

I had no Leisure for a Reply, but kissing the Letter, I hastily open'd it, and carefully read these Lines; which while I live, I shall retain, and keep in Memory.

Desdemona

Desdemona to Almerin,

Perfidious Man!

IF I had priz'd my own Felicity before your Content, I had been as happy as I am now miserable. It grieves me more than my Misfortunes, to see one whom I did esteem as dear as my self, become spotted with that heinous and infamous Sin of Ingratitude, to triumph in the Ruins of a Maid, which did prize you above her Life. I shou'd not have believ'd it, but I see it confirm'd by your own Hand, that your Breast, where I repos'd my Life and Honour cou'd harbour any Deceit or Falshood. Barbarous and cruel Man! Wou'd you make Necessary an Excuse for your Infidelity, and your Accusations of your self a Salve for my Misery? No such Medicine will cure my Disasters, neither will such Balsam repair the Wounds of my Honour: Both were violated by your self, but you have now made your self incapable of such a Restitution, as might perfect the Cure; the Remedy is become as dangerous as the Disease, and both are become hopeless of a Cure. I cou'd accuse you for betraying me: There may be Hopes of conquering and overcoming Difficulties, but there can be none in expecting Impossibilities. It is too late now to exclaim against you, because the Storm is already fallen; so that it is past your Skill, and above your Art to divert it. Your being become your own Accuser, hath quieted me of that Pain; and your Evidence you have given against your self, has

sav'd

fav'd me the Labour of convicting you ; but it will not quit me of complaining against you, and calling you pitiless : Cruel to your self, in the Misfortunes of this innocent Babe, the Burthen of my Womb ; and pitiless to me, the unfortunate Mother. O Almerin ! If you had studied Fidelity and Constancy, as much as you have Deceit and Falshood, I had not been thus miserable, nor you so wretched as you wou'd make me believe you are. You sue for Pardon ; it is no hard matter to have it granted from one that cannot hate you, and in spite of her self, must still love you. I wish the Gods wou'd forget the Vows and Invocations you have register'd with 'em, as willingly as I forgive you : But I fear some heavy Curse and Summons is issued out against you, for your sacrilegious Violation of their Deities ; which I pray Heaven to divert. If my Blood wou'd make Satisfaction and Atonement for your Crimes, I shou'd willingly sacrifice it for your Offences ; that as in my Life, so in Death, I might continue yours more than my Own.

• Desdemona.

These Words, like Darts, wounded my very Soul ; each Line agreeing to make me more miserable and guilty, than before I cou'd imagine my self to be. Her innocent Sweetness made my Infidelity appear more horrid and notorious. *Fidelio*, to make me more monstrous, and to perfect the Grievousness of my Crimes, at my Request, related these few Particulars.

‘ Sir

‘ Sir (*said he*) according to your Order
 ‘ and Directions, I stay’d at the Garden-Gate
 ‘ some time, but it was not long before I saw
 ‘ *Desdemona* enter, and with her Presence, like
 ‘ another Sun, did enliven, and at one time dazle
 ‘ the Eyes of the Beholders: Her Attire was
 ‘ negligent and careless, her Countenance seem’d
 ‘ to be clouded with a sweet melancholy
 ‘ Sadness, fitly suited to her Thoughts; and
 ‘ though all were shadow’d and over-cast with
 ‘ a Veil of Grief, yet she seem’d lovely charming,
 ‘ since it did only serve, that we might
 ‘ behold her Perfections at a nearer distance, and
 ‘ her Vertues mote apparent and plain. So we
 ‘ may face the Sun when he is clouded, which
 ‘ in a fair Day we dare not approach with our
 ‘ Eyes. Such was her Grief, it wou’d make
 ‘ one in love with Sadness; and such her Gesture,
 ‘ it wou’d make one welcome Sorrow.

‘ Ravish’d with this Apparition, I knocked
 ‘ at the Gate; which I had scarce done, but like
 ‘ a Goddess, she appear’d, and amazedly fix’d
 ‘ her Eyes on my Face, perhaps presaging me
 ‘ to be some Harbenger of ill News; but quickly
 ‘ recollecting her self, *Sir (said she) are you
 ‘ not mistaken? Have you any Business with any
 ‘ Person here? This is no common Way, and it
 ‘ gives me some Cause of Wonder, how you came
 ‘ here.*

‘ Charm’d with her Speeches, I return’d this
 ‘ Answer: *Madam, it was not a Mistake that
 ‘ brought me hither, nor by Chance that I appear before*

fore you; but expressly, and on purpose. I was
 sent unto you by Almerin, the Governor's Son of
 Syracuse, with this Letter, with a Charge to de-
 liver it into your own Hands. With the Words,
 I deliver'd her your Letter; which I had no
 sooner done, but I perceiv'd she was possess'd
 with an unusual and strange Agitation, and
 Emotion of Spirit; sometimes the Roses of
 her Cheeks were over-cast with a lovely Red,
 and suddenly they vanish'd, and gave way to
 the Lilies to possess their places. She kiss'd
 the Letter, and earnestly enquir'd of your
 Health; to which when I had given her an
 Answer, she intreated me to walk into the
 Garden; and so shutting the Door, she reti-
 red her self into a private Arbour; where
 opening the Letter, she began to read it over,
 whilst I seated my self to behold her.

When on a sudden, all the former Signs of
 Joy vanish'd, and were dispers'd; her Visage
 was over-cast with a fatal Disturbance; her
 Breast began to pant, and a Shower of Tears
 began to fall from her fair Eyes, which hung
 on her Cheeks like Pearly Dew on a sweet-
 smelling Rose: Such were her Actions, that
 they wou'd have induc'd the wild Satyrs and
 fierce Beasts to Pity: It is not often I weep,
 but I cou'd not refrain my self from Tears
 then, nor can I quit the Remembrance now,
 but with a mortal Sadness. She shew'd no-
 thing of Rashness in her Carriage, as in ven-
 ting her Complaints or Moans; but mildly
 and

and sweetly closing up all in her own Breast,
till that Closet began to grow too little, and
the Vessel too small to contain her Grievs; so
that either it must have vent, or burst.

I beheld this Alteration with a grievous
Trouble of Spirit; when in a Moment she be-
gan to be grievous pale; her Eyes, which did
shine like two Stars, began to grow dull: In
fine, her Spirits being over-charg'd with Sor-
row, and weary of so great a Burthen, for-
sook her; so that letting your Letter fall out
of her Hands, imperfectly pronouncing these
Words, *Alas!* she fell into a deadly Trance,
without any Motion, or Hopes of Life. I ran
hastily to catch her before she fell, but I came
too late; so that falling, she had seated her
self on a Bed of Violets, which seem'd to close,
and hang down their Heads at this fatal Mis-
fortune.

Then it was I curst you for your Perfidious-
ness to so sweet a Creature, and for your Em-
ployment in this fatal Message. Heaven on-
ly knows the Extreants of Grief I then endu-
red: I cou'd not go out of the Garden, and
leave her in that forlorn Condition; yet to
stay, was perillous to my life: But in a small
Consultation, my Pity overcame my Fear, and
the Care of her Safety, the Thoughts of my
own Security: So that running to a Fountain
which was in the Garden, and taking some
cold Water in my Hands, I sprinkled it on her
Face; and taking her lovely Body in my Arms,
I softly

' I softly began to bow her : So that opening
 ' her fair Eyes, and sending two or three Heart-
 ' breathing Sighs, as a Token of her Soul's Re-
 ' turn to her Body, which was loth, as it see-
 ' med, to leave so fair a Habitation Tenantless.
 ' When her Senses began to execute their pro-
 ' per Function and Duty, casting her Eyes on
 ' me, and taking notice that I had her as yet
 ' embrac'd in my Arms ; *Sir* (said she) *I per-*
 ' *ceive I have been a Trouble unto you, for which I*
 ' *ask your Pardon, and intreat you to assist me to*
 ' *yonder House ;* (shewing me a Place situate in
 ' the midst of the Garden.) So that raising her
 ' up, I supported her by the Arm ; (first taking
 ' up your Letter, which lay on the Ground :)
 ' I conducted her to the House, where she wrote
 ' the Letter that I now deliver'd unto you ; and
 ' sealing it, gave it me, with these Words : *Sir,*
 ' *deliver this to Almerin ; tell him, I wish him much*
 ' *Happiness and Felicity ; for my self, tell him, I*
 ' *shall hardly find any, but in the Grave.* So de-
 ' scending the Stairs, I attended her to the Gate ;
 ' and so taking my Leave, I left her with Tears
 ' in her Eyes, bewailing your Ingratitude.

Thus *Fidelio* ended his Discourse, and conti-
 nued silent, making the Epilogue of his Dis-
 course a melancholy Representation of the Sto-
 ry he had related ; by his Sighs, confirming
 what he had said, to be nothing but Verity. I
 cou'd not refrain from participating with him,
 since if it cou'd produce so much Pity in a Stran-
 ger's Breast, that but a few Hours before had
 but

but only seen her, without my Breast had been Marble, it must melt into Compassion at his Rehearsal, accompany'd with so many Actions of Remorse, and Demonstrations of Grief. I cou'd do no less than hate my self, since she continu'd still to love me; making my Faults more odious, and my Crimes more notorious, for all my Perjury and Infidelity, betraying and abusing so much Innocence. *Desdemona* sends me word, she loves me still, and shall do so in Death; she forgives me too more than I can forgive my self. Yet this was the same *Desdemona*, whose Goodness and Kindness I so much abus'd. Her harmless Innocence began to set a higher Price on her Vertues in my Soul, than formerly I had for her Beauties. I began now to know the Worth of the Treasure I had forgone, and found the Value to surmount all Esteem.

Now all my Thoughts and Desires became wholly engag'd, to make my Endeavours suitable to my Mind, which made it its whole Business, in some sort, to tender an ample Satisfaction, in recompence of the Injuries I had occasion'd her; but I found my Desires were all fruitless, and that my best Performances wou'd be of no value, whilst *Artemesia* remain'd as an Obstacle to obstruct my Intentions. 'Twas here the Agents of Hell sollicit'd and assisted me in this Tragical Design, so that her Death was concluded in a Moment; nothing remain'd, but the Means how to effect it.

When a Man is once made the Scope of the Miseries of Fortune, he only knows then, what it is to be unhappy: So when a Man begins to be bad, he only knows then how to become more wicked: What at first seems horrid, by Custom becomes an Use, and Use doth metamorphose it into a second Nature. O! had I have so soon consented to add Murder to my Perjury, as if one Sin wou'd expiate, and make Satisfaction for another Crime; not having patience to go by degrees, but I must run full Speed to my Ruin: One Sin though seldom go unaccompany'd alone; but is attended by a greater Evil: By Nature we are too prone, forward and eager to be wicked, much more when we make it a Habit: I should have wean'd my self from it in time, before it had procur'd my utter Destruction and Confusion; but I find too late I commiserate my own Folly, and complain of the Faults I might have prevented. So that all the Benefit that proceeds from this lamentable Story will be a Caution and a Warning to the Ages to come, that by my Hazards they may prevent their own Destiny; and carefully taking warning by my Disasters, they may wisely shun the Rock, wherupon I was shipwreck'd.

As formerly I was black with Perjury, now I began to plot how to be red with Murder, in taking away the innocent and guiltless Life of one that, not five Days before, had preserv'd
mine:

mine : But Reason and Consideration were banish'd then ; no Thought remain'd, but how to accomplish and finish what I had so barbarously begun. I had thought of many Ways, how to bring it about : First, I thought to have strangled her in her Bed, but that seem'd dangerous to perform. Poyson at last I resolv'd on, which kills securely and secretly. I was loath to trust any one with a Secret of so great a Consequence, whereon my Life did depend : So that I went my self to an Apothecary in the City, of whom, for some few Crowns, I purchased the fatal Potion ; and injoyning him to Secrecy, I went to perform my fearful Resolutions.

Being come to my Father's House, I found poor *Anemisia* indispos'd, in her Bed, and going to see and visit her in her Chamber, I sat down by the Bed-side ; where casting her Arms about my Neck, and bestowing many a sweet Kiss on me, with Endearments so obliging, that if Hell had not conspir'd my Ruin, sure it wou'd have turn'd the Current of my barbarous Design. Much Discourse pass'd, until she did desire to take a little Rest ; so that kissing her, I left her to her Repose ; but taking notice of a Posset or Cordial, that was preparing on the Fire, the Maid being busie with her Mistress, and none else being present, like a Fiend of Hell, I hastily and unseen, empty'd the Poyson into it, and so departed away undescry'd. About half an Hour after, this invenom'd Drink was administer'd unto her ; which spreading it

self by degrees into all parts of her vital Spirits, with its Force, soon made a Separation betwixt the Soul and Body, and left only her breathless Coarse on the Bed.

This sudden Rumour of her more sudden Death begat an Admiration in them to whom it was related. Accompany'd with my Father and Mother, I went to see her lifeless Trunk, not without Tears in my Eyes; but I cannot safely say, whether it was in Deceit, the better to over-veil and put a Mask on my Villany; or the woful Object, which was presented to my Eyes; but for one, or either, or both together, many Signs of Sorrow I did make. Mean while Messengers were sent to my Father-in-Law, the Earl of *Palermo*, with the heavy Tidings of his Daughter's untimely Death: They arriv'd at the House about the Evening, but the Lamentations and Moans they made over the untimely Hearse of their dear Child were numberless. They were not without Doubts and Mistrusts about the sudden Occasion of her Death; but having no Light whereon they might build or ground a Suspicion, it vanish'd as soon as it receiv'd Birth. After Nature had paid her Tribute in Parential Tears, her Body was carefully coffin'd up, and about two Days after, the same Company that attended me in my Bridal Nuptials in State and Triumph, this Day accompany'd the Coarse of poor *Artemisia*; and her sorrowful and disconsolate Parents, all cloath'd in Black, as best sui-
ting

ting and agreeing with the mournful Object, they attended. At last, we arriv'd at the Temple, where the Body was committed to the Earth, after the usual Ceremonies of the Dead were celebrated. And here I cannot be silent, although I shall aggravate my own Crimes.

When I consider and meditate on the Frailty of poor Mortals, and the Vicissitudes and Alterations they are subject unto. Here was but a seven Days space between a Marriage-Bed and a Grave, betwixt Joy and Sorrow, and a smaller time betwixt Life and Death; but in the space of a few Hours, a Man becomes no Man. Man returns to the Dust, from whence he came, his Remembrance is bury'd with him; and when two Generations have pass'd, he is as if he had never been. He comes forth like a pleasant Flower, and is soon pluck'd by the Hand of Death: If he continue, he soon begins to wither of himself; and Age and Time, like a tedious Winter, soon nips away his Lustre and Glory, and leaves him cover'd with a hoary Frost. Oh, the Vanity of Humane Nature! There is no good thing that he enjoys, but it is past, present, or to come: If past, it is nothing; if to come, uncertain; and if present, they are not satisfactory to our Desires. And thus we spend our little Time we continue here, in Hope and Despairs; and having with much Labour and Misery, purchas'd a Good, we know not how to use it; so frail are our Lives, so uncertain are

our Thoughts, so vain our Designs, so beguile
 led are our Hopes, and so betray'd are our
 Opinions. Thus we spend a few Years in
 Doubts, Fears, Despairs, Joys, Sorrows, Fe-
 licities, Miseries, Plenty, Want, Adversity,
 Prosperity; in Malice, Envy, Love, Hate,
 Jealousies, Wrath, Anger, Mirth, Sadness,
 Ease, Pain; in Sicknes and Gluttony, in Pride
 and Lust; with Patience and Meekness, to
 overcome all these Difficulties in this misera-
 ble Life: When Death on a sudden, gives us
 a short Summons, and so we play this last Act
 on the Theatre of the World, and in a few
 Moments we return to the Earth, and are no
 more seen; so that the very Thoughts are bu-
 ried with us in Oblivion, and our Memory
 soon rots with our Bodies in the Dust.

It is Vertue alone will raise Pyramids to
 perpetuate our Memory, that when our Bo-
 dies are dissolv'd, will bud and yield forth
 Blossoms in the Dust; so that when we are
 dead, we only then begin to live. Always to
 be great in this World, is not always to be
 good; nor always to be mighty, is not al-
 ways to be happy. If so, *Bajazet* might have
 been happy; one of the Race of the *Ottomans*,
 Lord of the *Turkish* Empire, and Master of
 the greater Part of the World; yet he inti-
 mates unto us, they are most wretched: For
 it is related, when he was in the heighth of
 his *Grecian* Conquests, *Tamerlain*, King of
Parthia, with an Army of three hundred thou-
 sand

' sand Men, like a violent Whirl-wind, march'd
 ' against him; he put all his *Turkish* Prisoners
 ' to the Sword, and rased his Cities to the
 ' Ground. Amongst many that were us'd thus;
 ' the famous City of *Sebastia* was onc, highly
 ' priz'd by *Bajazet*. Which unpleasant News
 ' coming unto him, he rais'd his Siege from be-
 ' fore *Constantinople* with much Discontent, and
 ' with his Army set forwards to meet *Tamer-
 ' lain*; when in the midst of his March, by the
 ' side of a pleasant Hill, saw a poor Shepherd,
 ' keeping of his Flocks, and making delight-
 ' ful Melody with his Pipe; which *Bajazet* hea-
 ' ring, made a sudden Stop, giving attentive
 ' Ear to his Rurall Music. After a serious
 ' Contemplation, he utter'd these Words, be-
 ' ginning the *Ruologue* with a deep sigh; *O
 ' happy Shepherd, how hast thou Sebastia so late?* In-
 ' timating his Grief for the Loss of so gallant a
 ' City, and the Felicity of a contented Mind;
 ' And in the Conclusion, he became an Example
 ' of this Verity; for in that fatal Battle, he
 ' fought with *Tamerlain*, the greatest Part of
 ' his Army being dispers'd and slain, the rest
 ' fled, and himself taken Prisoner, his Prison
 ' being an Iron-Cage; and his Pride was abas'd,
 ' being made *Tamerlain's* Foot-stool. To put
 ' a Period to his Ignominy and Shame, and find-
 ' ing no other way to perform it with Conve-
 ' niency, he dash'd his Brains out against the
 ' Iron Bars of the Cage, and so died a misera-
 ' ble Death.

' *Guillimer*, that valiant King of the *Vandals*,
 ' that had twice sack'd *Rome*, being overcome
 ' by *Belisarius*, was shewn in Triumph before
 ' the Emperor; to whom, with a grave, un-
 ' daunted Countenance, he utter'd these Words:
 ' *Vainity of Vanities! and all is Vanity.*

' *Belisarius* himself, which had gain'd so ma-
 ' ny famous Battles over the *Persians*, *Goths* and
 ' *Vandals*, and greatly enlarg'd the *Roman Em-*
 ' pire by his Valour, through Malice of his E-
 ' nemies, growing into Dis-like with his Prince,
 ' had his Eyes bor'd out; by which Means, he
 ' was forc'd by Necessity, to beg by the High-
 ' Way Side; *Dare obolum Belisario: For God's*
 ' *sake, give one Half-penny to poor Belisarius.*

' What shall I say? (continued *Almerin*)
 ' Are not Kings mortal, as well as meaner Men?
 ' Do they not become subject to the same Chan-
 ' ges of Misfortune? Does not Death always
 ' attend 'em? Surely, yes. Else had not *Phi-*
 ' *lip*, King of *Macedon*, fearing to be puff'd
 ' up with his prosperity, and that he shou'd
 ' forget the Frailty of his Condition, comman-
 ' ded his Page, every Morning to sound this
 ' shrill Musick in his Ear: *Remember, Phillip,*
 ' *thou art a mortal Man.* Which soon prov'd
 ' to be a Verity in him: For as he was solemn-
 ' izing and celebrating the Nuptials and Coro-
 ' nation of his Son *Alexander*, in the midst of
 ' his Jollity, was stabb'd by one *Pausianus*, to
 ' whom formerly he deny'd Justice.

' *Alexander*

' *Alexander Magnus*, Son of *Philip*, and Mo-
 ' narch of all the then known World, being fa-
 ' luted for a God, had Sacrifices and Adorations
 ' used unto him; yet being at the Siege of an
 ' *Indian* City, was sorely wounded with an Ar-
 ' row; and feeling the Pain of his Wound, pas-
 ' sionately utter'd these Speeches: *They call me*
 ' *Son of Jupiter* (said he;) *but I find I am sub-*
 ' *ject to Pain, Sickness and Wounds, like other*
 ' *Men*. These Words soon took their Effect
 ' in himself, and Death found him out, in the
 ' height, of his Victories, glorying in his trium-
 ' phant Trophies, when he thought himself in-
 ' vincible, as he was encompass'd with his va-
 ' liant Captains, environ'd with a numberless
 ' Army, in the height of his Pride, in the midst
 ' of his Cups, surfeiting in the lascivious inor-
 ' dinate Affections of his Concubines, in the
 ' Flower and Prime of his Youth, died of this
 ' riotous Excess: Or as other Writers affirm,
 ' was poyson'd by *Cassander*, one of his own
 ' Captains. They all agree, he died suddenly,
 ' that all his Attendants forsook him, his Com-
 ' manders fled, his Army sever'd, and that for
 ' many Days, his Body lay unbury'd, on the
 ' Earth, wanting what meaner People enjoy (a
 ' Grave) to interr the offensive Stench of his
 ' noysome Carcase. So small a Time there was
 ' between an *Alexander* and Nothing.

' Oh, the Frailty and Vanity of poor Mor-
 ' tals, which are made the Tennis-balls of For-
 ' tune! So that she will on purpose raise us to
 ' the

' the highest Felicities, that our Fall may be
 ' the greater. How shou'd we walk then, to
 ' shun and avoid these Precipices, but wisely to
 ' use this World, as if we did not use it! Like
 ' a Traveller going on Pilgrimage to the famous
 ' City of *Jerusalem*; by the Way, visited ma-
 ' ny goodly Cities, and brave magnificent Build-
 ' ings; wou'd but behold 'em, and so depart;
 ' oftentimes saying these Words; *This is not Je-*
 ' *rusalem*. So must we do in the height of our
 ' Felicities; only visit, but not continue; live in
 ' the World, but not the World in us; so enjoy-
 ' ing it, as of a thing that's lent, that must be
 ' restor'd, and taken away at the Owner's Plea-
 ' sure: So that we must often remember this
 ' Saying; *All things are subject to Vicissitudes and*
 ' *Changes: These Pleasures are not permanent.*

Madam (said *Abnerin*, proceeding forward
 in his Discourse, and fixing his Eyes on *Cyn-
 thia*) no doubt, but you wonder to see me in-
 terlace in this my mournful Story, so many va-
 rious Accidents of Chance and Fortune, of the
 Frailty of Life, and uncertain Certainty of
 Death. But these are the only Balsams that
 sweeten my Misfortunes, and the Antidotes
 that expel the Venom. For thus in comparing
 Time present, with the Time that is past, I
 find there is nothing done now, but hath been
 done before us: So that it is some Comfort to
 have so many illustrious Personages, Fellows in
 our Misfortunes. Like a Man that hath many
 dangerous Wounds; the Greater dissipates the
 Pain

Pain of the Lesser, and the Torments of the one makes the Pains of the other become familiar. This, Madam, is my Design, to make you acquainted with Death himself, that the latter part of my Story may seem less horrid unto you, and in some sort, to sweeten your Resentments, if you shou'd conceive any to my Disadvantage, by the Relation of this Story.

But to keep you no longer in Suspence, I shall proceed. After *Artemisia* was interr'd in her Grave, and the Mourners return'd to their Houses, the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Lady, came home to my Father's House; where they remain'd, bewailing the Death of their dear Child, about three Days time: After that was expir'd, they prepar'd their Journey for their own Home. With a feign'd and Hypocritical Sorrow, I offer'd my Service to wait and attend 'em: But it seems, being unwilling to be oblig'd to one that they did suspect (as afterwards they said) of their Daughter's Death, with much Thankfulness and Civility, dismissed and bade me Farewel.

Four Days had pass'd since the Burial of *Artemisia*, and two since the Departure of her Parents, when to pass away the Summers Evening, and to refresh my drooping Spirits with the sweet Air, and pleasant Shades, I retir'd myself, only accompany'd with *Fidelio*, into the same Garden, wherein I first was surpriz'd with my fair *Desdemona*.

Phœbus now hastned to bathe his sweltry Steeds in the foaming Ocean, and his Sister *Luna* began to appear, so to expel the usurping Shades of Night, when being comforted by the refreshing Sweetness of her cold Influences, so that the Pleasures I then enjoy'd, accompany'd with the Thoughts of enjoying *Desdemona*, made the Time seem short in the Contemplation, and the Hours, Minutes in the Imagination: So that the unexpected Hour of Ten arriv'd. *Fidelio's* Intreaties, with the Lateness of the Evening, cou'd not perswade my Return as yet; my Mind being employ'd on other Thoughts, more agreeable. After the Clock had strook Eleven, I intended to leave the Garden; but first resolving to visit the happy Place, where I first rescu'd my dearest *Desdemona*. It was almost upon the Stroak of Twelve, ere I arriv'd there: The Night continu'd fair and clear, and this was the most private Retiring of any in the Garden; where I was no sooner arriv'd, but to my Amazement, Behold, by the glimmering and feeble Light of the Moon, I saw a beautiful Woman; her Countenance was pale and wan, dropping pearly Tears from her fair Eyes; which she wiped off with a Handkerchief. She sate on the Ground, leaning her pretty Head on her fair Hand. She seem'd wholly a Map of Sorrow; and gave Demonstrations, by her suited Actions, that her Gesture cou'd not express the least Torment of her Mind. My Curiosity and Pity perswaded

me to leave the Place, to learn the Reason of such uncommon Sorrows. I had no sooner approach'd before her, being near enough to have spoken unto her, but as one surpriz'd unawares, she hastily takes away her Left Hand, that supported her Head; which she had no sooner done, but behold, from her Breast issu'd a Stream of Crimson Goar. My Amazement was greater, when in her Face I beheld the Visage and Features of *Desdemona*, though overshadow'd with a Veil of Sorrow. Her Countenance seem'd to contend with Grief and Pity, rather than with Wrath and Anger; with Sorrow, rather than with Rage.

Frightned with the Horror of this Sight, I stood metamorphos'd, like an Image of Stone; not being able to go forwards, or retire backwards; when this woful Object came nearer unto me, fixing her Eyes stedfastly on my Face. After a while, raising her Right Hand, laid it on her Wound, which seem'd all this while, to run in a Purple Flood, down her Breast, sprinkling the Grass where she stood with a Scarlet-Dye. My Amazement was augmented, when unfixing her Eyes from my Face, she lifted 'em up towards Heaven with so pale and meanful a Posture, as wou'd have produc'd Pity in the most senseless Breasts. This sudden Surprizal, accompany'd with my Fears, did cowardize all my Spirits; so that I had not the Confidence nor Courage to open my Mouth, to speak to this pitiful Apparition; which once more lifting

ing up her Hand to her Wound, giving me a grievous parting Look; she suddenly vanish'd out of my Sight. I was in amaze after its Departure, and jealous whether I shou'd believe my Eyes, or no; or whether this were a real Apparition, or a Fiction brought forth by Fancy, and begotten by Imagination, that had left such fresh Impressions in my Soul; and figur'd such dismal Idea's in my Mind. But these Doubts were soon expell'd and banish'd by Reason; and the proceeding Accidents soon confirm'd the Effects to be no Illusions; for before I cou'd recollect and rally together my frightned Spirits,

Behold, from the Thicket hard by me, issued dismal Screeches; horrible and fearful Moans; accompany'd with uncommon and confus'd Voices: The Heavens on a sudden cover'd themselves with a sable Colour, and the Moon hid her Face under an Eclipse. The Noises became yet more loud and terrible, and the resounding Echo of the horrid Clamour drew nearer and nearer, and so became more fearful and dreadful. The Horizon was cloath'd with thick dark Clouds, from whence proceeded a stormy Shower of Hail and Rain; the Wind grew tempestuous and boisterous; fearful Flashes of Lightning proceeded, as if the Woods had been on fire; after which, follow'd and ensued loud and fearful Claps of Thunder. The Storm increas'd, and became more horrible; when from the neighbouring Thicket rush'd out a
 Woman;

Woman; who approaching me, I soon knew to be the dead *Artemisia*. I wou'd have fled from her Sight, but I cou'd not fly my Destiny; when coming yet nearer unto me, with a weak, feeble and low Voice, she utter'd these Words.

Wretched Man! Now the Reward of thy Wickedness draws near, and thy Punishment is at hand. Heaven is ready to leave thee, and the Earth is prepar'd to swallow thee. Sentence is pronounc'd against thee, and Messengers prepar'd to execute it. My innocent Death will not go unreveng'd, nor your Perjury unpunish'd. Go, miserable and wretched Man! despair: Think of nothing but Horrors, Stribts, Pains, Torments, Judgments, and everlasting Miseries: Let thy Conscience be a perpetual Hell, and let thy Thoughts have no Object but thy Crimes: Let Content and Felicity henceforth become Strangers unto thee; and let thy Misfortunes become ever worse and worse: Let thy Sleep be short, and disturb'd with fearful Visions and Dreams; that when you awake, you may find it a Verity. The Remainder of your Life shall be a living Death: You shall seek for Death, but you shall not find it; and when you desire to live, you shall cruelly be cut off, at a Time when you least expect it. This is the Commission I had to unfold to thee, from the higher Powers; which having reveal'd, I leave thee to thy Fate.

This said, she vanish'd from my Eyes, like Lightning; so soon she disappear'd to my Sight, but not to my Thoughts, for the Remembrance was green in my Memory, and the Thoughts so fixed

fixed in my Soul, that I think the feign'd Phantasm wou'd hardly yield Precedency to the real. My Eyes were yet firmly best towards that part of the Thicket I saw *Artemesia* take, and my Body continu'd as unmoveable as my Feet, when the Storm began to abate. And *Fidelio*, which the time of this Tempest, had conceal'd and shelter'd himself in a Thicket near at hand, after his Desires and Intreaties became fruitless, in requesting me to retire with him; when he came unto me, he found me not remov'd from the same place where he first left me. Wondering at this Change, he took me by the Arm: Sir (said he) *What occasions these ghasty Looks, and fearful timorous Apprehensions? You seem as if you had met your Sins, or been accosted with your Grandfather's Ghost. What causes you thus to bend your Eyes on Vacancy, and fix your Thoughts on Shadows? Where do you let your Imaginations ramble, your Spirits roam, and your Fancy run at random? Sir, consider where you are, what time of Night it is: Recollect your self out of these Dumps, and let us repair away from this fatal Place, that has brought you this Disturbance.*

His earnest Importunities brought me to my self; and seeing him expect a Reply, Yes, *Fidelio* (said I) *my Sins have met me full blown, and Ghosts more terrible and fearful than my Grandfather's. By Heaven, Fidelio! Shadows haunt me. Saw you not my dearest Desdemona here, and deceas'd Artemesia, who just now pronounc'd the Sentence of Horror and Damnation against me?*

I am

I am impatient of delay, satisfy me with speed, for I consume with Expectation.

Sir, (reply'd he) *These Chimeræ be nothing but the delusions of a disturbed Brain, proceeding from the strength of Imagination, which forms to it self wonders, which the Spectators cannot behold; such, no doubt, was yours; for I protest and vow to you, I heard no Voice, nor did I apprehend any such Similitudes as you now question me about: Artemisia lies quiet in her Grave, and I doubt not but Desdemona is sweetly asleep in her Bed; Rest will soon divert these Illusions, and cure this Disquiet. Come Sir, let us walk home, the Night grows aged, the late Storm is past, both call on us to be parting, lest we should be prevented by a second Disaster; your Parents expect you, and your Necessity requires that you change your self of these wet Cloths, which your absence from your own House will not permit you to perform.*

His Reasons follow'd by his Intreaties, made me accord to leave the Garden, and without returning any Answer, I straightways accompany'd him. We soon came to my Fathers, where they all sat up expecting my Return; but they no sooner beheld me in that condition and gaffly Distemper, but they stood like People charm'd, with amazement in their Looks. I spake not to them, but fearfully casting my Eyes on all Objects, piercing every vacant place with terror. I was had to my Chamber by *Fidelio* and some other Servants, where my wet Cloths were taken off, and I betook my self to my Bed;

but oh! the Horrors that accompanied me the latter part of this fearful Night, were numberless; if asleep, *Desdemona* presented her self to the Eyes of my Soul, though my bodily Eyes were shut, yet suddenly starting from my Trance, methought I saw that Object really, which Fancy formed in my Dreams, so that fearfully calling out to *Fidelio*, which attended me, *Oh Fidelio! Dost thou not see my dearest Desdemona, the Blood streaming from her fair Breast, now standing by my Bed side? behold, now she is going away out of the Door. Oh stay abus'd Innocence! and tell me the reason thou dost visit me in this dismal Posture! look Fidelio, she is gone, run and call her back again; desire her from me to return; by all the Affection that is between us, conjure her not to deny my Request.*

Here *Fidelio*, to divert these thoughts, made me this Discourse. Sir, (said he) *When Melancholy reigns predominant over a mans Spirits, it causes a disturbance in his Brain, which gives birth to thousands of phantastical and fearful Apprehensions, formed from what his Fear and Fancy most ruminates and contemplates most upon, which once conceiv'd, his Reason is so stupify'd, that it cannot pry into the Causes, so that the Cause remaining unremov'd, the Effects continue firm. Many times in such Extreams, Men imagine they meet with Ghosts; others, that be amorous Persons, that they court their Mistresses, enjoy all the delicious Reception they could wish, and the most obliging Discourse and sweetest Entertainment pass between them, that they hold*
them-

themselves the only happy men, yet when they go to embrace the pleasing Apparition, they chasp nothing but the brittle Air; the Spirit is in continual motion, and many times takes a pleasure to deceive the Senses, to play with the Felicity and hope of Man, either to divert or augment them; as for example, one imagines his dearest Friend is dead, that dulls his Happiness; another, that is very poor, dreams he possesses a Mine of Gold, this revives his Spirits; as before, a disconsolate Lover, fancies he enjoys the lovely Object of his Desires, this compleats his Felicity; while another, that is rich, thinks he is undone by some Casualty, that makes him miserable; but as the Mist doth vanish before the Sun in a Summers Morning, so do these Phantasms, when a man comes to consult with Reason; it rather increaseth their Misery, and adds to their Felicity; the one being a bitter Posion to make the Happiness taste the sweeter, and the other a deceitful Sweet, that makes their Miseries relish more bitter; this Sir, I hope, in good time, will be manifested in you, since we that inhabit this Isle, always take such Illusions and Dreams in their Contraries, and apply them accordingly, when a better Consideration takes place; which not to do, were absurd, as the Story that is related of a poor Fisher man of this Island, who drying his Nets on a steep Rock, fell asleep, and in his Sleep, dream'd he was a King; overjoy'd with so great a Felicity, he rises, and in this Ecstasy of Spirit fell a dancing; but long he had not dam'd, ere Fortune so ordain'd it, coming near the side of the Rock, he falls down, and so ends his present Joys and future, in a moment; it

is good to take warning by others Harms, and not to let the Suggestion of a feign'd Apparition, raine the Hopes and Expectations of a Real; Desdemona remains intirely Yours, and you may bind her so forever, by tying that inviolable Knot of Matrimony, which you have already fastned by so many Vows, since Artemelia being dead, there is no Obstruction can hinder you from giving her that Satisfaction, and your self the Content of being wholly hers.

Here Fidelio ended his Discourse, when I straightly embrac'd him in my Arms, saying, Oh my Friend! I am willing to believe whatever thou hast related unto me, cou'd it contain less of Truth; for the only Happiness wretched men receive, is, when pleasantly they deceive themselves, with the Expectation of what ardently they desire; I shou'd wish no greater Happiness, were Desdemona still amongst the Living; nor no greater Felicity, were I reconcil'd unto her in the Bands of Wedlock: I wou'd cease to expect and aspire to any greater Hope, if I cou'd once more embrace her in my Arms, and repose this weary and disturbed Head in her Bosom, it would prove a Corrosive to the greatest of my Distasters, and a Balsam to my most cruel Torments. To morrow, my Fidelio, I will put thee to the trouble once more, to deliver me a Letter to Desdemona, in the mean time I will endeavour, together with thee, to take a little Rest.

Night had no sooner fled away at Days approach, and the Sun had given notice of his rising to adorn the Day, but I left my weary Bed, to consider how to write something
where-

wherein I might oblige *Desdemona* to be less offended with my Infidelity, so that taking Pen, Ink and Paper, I writ to this effect.

Almerin to *Desdemona*.

My Dearest Heart,

TO put thee out of doubt of the Constancy of my Affections, although necessity compell'd me to an forc'd Marriage, yet I knew not how to repair the Fault, nor give thee a real Manifestation of my Love, but by destroying the Cause that gave us this Disturbance, know then my Dear, that to enjoy thy Love, and to give thee an Example of the Integrity of my Heart, I have given my Wife *Artemesia*, a Potion that hath carried her to her long Home, and what rests there now, but that I do thee Right and Equity, according to my Vows so often protested unto thee, if you dare permit me to that Privilege and Felicity, and give new Life to one that daily dies for you. Send my Pardon sign'd from your fair Mouth, by this Messenger; in the Expectation of which, I shall look to remain miserable or happy. If you burn this Letter, the thought of any future Danger is past, for I wou'd not commit the Secret of my Life to any one but *Desdemona*, since it is only she alone can dispose of the Life of

Almerin.

I had no sooner ended my Letter, and fairly seal'd it up, with an Intention to deliver it to *Fidelio*, but I cannot tell what horrid Fate prompted me to the contrary, to go my self in Person, alledging that my Presence wou'd procure more in *Desdemona's* Breast, than my Letter cou'd in my Absence; that my Fearfulness of appearing before her, wou'd make me seem more Guilty: many more offer'd themselves to my thoughts, but we never want for Reasons to perswade what we desire and are forward to perform; In fine, these Thoughts vanquish'd my former Resolutions. I had scarce ended this Contest in my Spirit, but I heard my Father and Mother coming up to visit me, and inquire of my health; they no sooner knock'd at my Chamber Door, but hastily taking up my Letter, I put it up in my Pocket, calling to *Fidelio* to open the Door, which he had no sooner perform'd, but they gave me the Good-morrow, intimating how much satisfied these were, to see me in so different a Temper and Condition, from what I was the last Night; they sat down, where we had much Discourse, too long here to relate; amongst the rest, they desir'd to know where I had spent so large a part of the last Night; to all which I had an Answer provided. That day they din'd with me in my Chamber, and after many usual Kindnesses, such as Parents confer on their dear Children, were bestow'd on me, they bad me Farewel, and so left me; they were

were scarce out of sight, but I began to make me ready to visit *Desdemona*. I went away, accompanied with *Fidelio*, towards her Fathers House; but we had no sooner, with our hasty Steps, less'n'd the Way and Distance which separated us,

But behold, I saw a Coffin cover'd with Black, adorn'd with a Garland of dainty Flowers laid on the top: the Hearse was supported and carried by four young Men, and six beautiful Maidens accompany'd 'em, each holding a part of the Hearse Cloth, wherein they did imitate and silently speak their willingness to do something obliging, it being the last Service they cou'd perform to the Body of this poor departed Virgin; the Company were all cover'd with a Sable Black, their Pace silent and slow, bent towards the great Temple of the City. This Sight began to freeze and chill my warm Blood; and that which gave suspicion to my Fears, was, because I saw them come out of *Philaster's* House; to confirm me that I was not in an Error, I saw the Corps follow'd by the old Knight and his Lady, who bedew'd his Snow white Beard with Tears, whilst his Lady did water her aged Cheeks with the same Liquor; both paid the Tribute exceeding the Custom men usually pay to Nature; their Tears, Countenance, and Actions suitable, did declare them to be in the bitterness of Sorrow, and plung'd in the depth of Wo.

I had accompanied them to the Temple, had not my earnest Desire I had to be resolv'd of the worst, prompted me to the contrary, and perswaded me to return to the House to be truly satisfi'd of my Fears. We soon came to the Door, and having knock'd, were met by a Servant of the House, who did know me since I did first use to frequent the House; and being acquainted with the Respect his Lord and Lady usually paid me when I resorted thither, requested me to come in; where being entred, I ask'd for the Knight and his Lady, not taking notice that I had seen 'em, and also for *Desdemona*; to which he gave me a pitious Look, letting drop from his Eyes many Tears. 'Sir, 'said he, you come in a time to see us bury'd 'in Wo, and to behold us o'recharg'd with 'Sorrow, for about four days ago, after my 'Mistress *Desdemona* had pined her Body with 'an inward Grief, and given to Sorrow the full 'Reins and whole Possession of her Breast, she 'kept the occasion so secret, that her indulgent 'Parents knew not how to provide her a Remedy, or to apply a Comfort. Sorrow was 'printed in her Looks in so lovely a Character, 'and Grief had so sweet an Impression there, 'that it would perswade Sadness in the most 'mirthful and jocond Beholder. She wou'd 'tell so many pretty Stories of Love, and of 'the Unconstancy of Men, and pronounce them 'with so sweet, yet so mournful an Action and 'Accent of Voice and Gesture, that she never
 ' ended

ended but she left her Auditors with Tears in their Eyes.

This day is five days since, when her Spirits being o'recome with Grief, and her Sences o'recharg'd with Melancholy, she fell into despair, and walking out, as if she wou'd recreate her self in the Garden, she retires her self into a House of Pleasure, there privately situated, where imitating that Roman Dame *Lucretia*, with a fatal Dagger, she wounds her self to the Heart.

She was soon mist by her Parents, but being seen by the Servants to walk into the Garden, she was as soon followed; but after they had searched every private Walk and Alley in the Garden, and sought for her in every secret Thicket and shady Grove, and we cou'd receive no Tidings; one of the Servants be-thinks himself, and runs hastily up to this House, where the first Object he cast his Eyes on, was this Spectacle of Pity; he runs down again amaz'd, making a lamentable Cry (saying) *Oh Sirs! Desdemona hath slain her self in the Garden-House, and yet retains the bloody Weapon in her Hand*; which was no sooner heard, but they all began to bemoan her, with a loud and grievous Noise, which was soon o'reheard by *Philaster* and his Lady, who wondring what might occasion such unusual and strange Out-cries, came into the Garden, and understanding by the accent of their Voices, that the cause of their Clamors was in that

' that part of the Garden where the House of
 ' Pleasure was situated, left off his grave and
 ' sober Pace, and with swifter steps and speed
 ' than his Age wou'd permit, ran to the House,
 ' being follow'd as fast by his Lady; but alas,
 ' they made so much hast, they came too soon
 ' to know that they had better never know,
 ' than ever seen that dismal Sight.

' We are like some ignorant Souls which
 ' needs will have their future Fortune related
 ' and made plain to them; they are most eager,
 ' and ardently desire to know the worst that
 ' may befall them, when no Perswasions will
 ' edifie them, nor Reasons divert them from
 ' their Folly, and their Impatience and impor-
 ' tunity hath gotten their Request granted, they
 ' soon begin to repine at what they know, and
 ' fearfully apprehend that Danger present, that
 ' perhaps may never befall them; they repent
 ' they were so careful to understand that, which
 ' known, begets nothing but Discontent; so
 ' that only in expectation of the Miseries that
 ' may happen unto them, they daily seem to
 ' die alive, so that every hour begets a new
 ' Death.

' Such was their unfortunate Speed, that
 ' came too late to behold the Object of their
 ' Miseries too soon, for in a few moments,
 ' they both came into the Room, where we all
 ' stood surrounding the Body of their unfortu-
 ' nate Daughter; they soon saw the cause of
 ' our Moans, and therefore had no occasion to
 ' inquire;

' inquire; and knew it to be, what indeed it was.
 ' Although Death had dress'd her in his pale
 ' Robes, yet cou'd he alter nothing in the sweet
 ' and lovely Charms of her Visage, so that she
 ' seem'd to smile in Death, as having purchas'd
 ' that Rest with him, she cou'd never attain
 ' to here; Oh! the Shrieks, the Moans, the
 ' Lamentations, the Sighs, the Sobs, the Tears,
 ' the Exclamations, the Grievs, the Sorrows,
 ' the Kisses, the Caresses, and the Embraces
 ' this aged Couple bestow'd on the breathless
 ' Body of this their only Child, were number-
 ' less and pitiful to behold! they were, Sir,
 ' such, and so many, so bitter and woful, that
 ' I want words wherein I might express my
 ' self, shou'd I go about to relate them, so that
 ' I leave it wholly to your Imagination, to con-
 ' ceive what is above my Capacity to describe
 ' unto you.

Here, to give the more Life unto his Dis-
 course, he let fall a shower of Briny Tears,
 which were no sooner clear'd away, but with
 a Sorrow, suitable to his Subject, he proceeded
 in this manner. ' Sir, after they had bath'd
 ' this breathless Body with a Sea of Tears, and
 ' seem'd to grieve, that the Conduits of their
 ' Eyes were dry'd up, that they cou'd bestow
 ' no more, willing to accompany her in Death;
 ' whom they lov'd so in Life, suddenly the old
 ' Lady giving a grievous Shriek, she swooned
 ' away, clasping the liveless Coarse in her Arms:
 ' she seem'd as far from Life as the Body she em-
 ' brac'd;

' brac'd; our Master himself, stood like one
 ' transform'd, and made up of Sorrow, the
 ' Tears hanging on his aged Face and Beard,
 ' like frozen Isicles, that in a Winters Day, on
 ' the dis-rob'd Trees take their Habitations. In
 ' the mean time, the Servants had hastned for
 ' some Sovereign Remedies, wherewithal to re-
 ' cover their poor departed Mistriss, which
 ' chasing her Temples, and infusing some preci-
 ' ous Spirits down her Throat, they, with
 ' much difficulty, at last obtain'd what they de-
 ' sir'd, her return to Life; yet so amaz'd, and
 ' so gastly, wanting, as yet, her Sences,
 ' that it was a woful Sight to behold her.
 ' *Philaster* commanded us to bear her in from the
 ' sight of the Body, whilst she continu'd igno-
 ' rant of what they did, giving Order to o-
 ' thers, to remove *Desdemona* from that fatal
 ' Place, into the House; but as they began to
 ' take the Body from the Ground, *Philaster*
 ' espy'd in her Left Hand a Paper, which she
 ' had fix'd there so fast, as it seem'd a difficul-
 ' ty for the Servants to take it away, which
 ' *Philaster* seeing, went himself, and had no
 ' sooner touch'd her Hand, but it open'd of its
 ' own accord, as being unwilling any shou'd
 ' take from her in Death, what in Life she had
 ' appointed and reserv'd for him; he had no
 ' sooner open'd the Paper, but he found these
 ' Lines following, written in *Desdemona's* own
 ' Character.

Death

Death cruel seems to timorous Men that fear,
 To such as in this World lay up their Rest,
 But sweet to wretched Souls that do despair,
 To such as are with great Misfortunes prest.

Death takes us hence, and so expels our Pain,
 Our Miseries and Woes we see no more,
 By Death we nothing lose, he is our Gain;
 For dying makes us happier than before.

Mourn not, my Friends, for my untimely Death,
 Because, in blooming Tears, I die so young;
 The Loss is small I lose, in losing Breath;
 I fall asleep too soon, and lie too long.

Death is the Balsam to afflicted Minds;
 From Falshood and Deceipt, it sets us free;
 Only within the Grave, the poor Man finds
 A Harbour from the Rich Mans Tiranny.

No where but here, a Remedy we have;
 When Woe and Sorrow grow unto excess,
 Then we do soviet Death, and court the Grave,
 Since Misery only there can find redress.

I fear not Death, I only fear your Fears,
 Lest when you see me gone, you shou'd lament;
 Let Reason court you to restrain your Tears,
 'Tis bootless to spend Tears, when Life is spent.

To the Elyzian Shades, I go before,
 And in the Walks, Expect you till you come;
 Few Days will pass, and you will be no more,
 And the same Way I go, you then will run.

Farewell my Father, I have founde so kind;
 Farewell my Mother, I do Prize so dear;
 Farewell my wretched Life, wherein I find
 Nothing of value that will crave a Tear.

Farewell the Author of my cruel Woes,
 Who in my Hour of Death I do forgive
 Thy greatest Crimes; but Heaven only knows
 It wou'd go hard to do't, were I to live.

And welcome Death, that com'st to cure my smart,
 No Med'cine now can cure me but thy Dart;
 Then Death I'll court, 'tis he must bring me, where
 I shall be free from Sorrow, Grief and Care;
 Come, long'd for Death, I will not be deny'd,
 More welcome than the Bride-groom makes his Bride
 Hark how I'll bribe you, pray see Death make hast,
 More welcome than the Spring, when Winter's past;
 Fresher than Air, sweeter than pearly Dew,
 Which swells the early Rose, and makes it blow;
 Welcome as Joy, because you bring me Bliss,
 For in the Grave of Rest I cannot miss.

Farewell deceitful World, and weary Breath;
 Adieu all earthly Joys, and welcome Death.

With

' With this mournful Song, like the Swan,
 ' she seem'd to chant it, though Death were at
 ' hand, and like the Lyon, seem'd most confi-
 ' dent, when she was nearest Danger. These
 ' Lines might have augmented their Sorrows,
 ' if their Grievs wou'd have admitted of an ad-
 ' dition, but their Woes being at full; cou'd
 ' receive no more. *Desdemona* was convey'd
 ' in, and Surgeons sent for to embalm her Bo-
 ' dy, whilst her Parents went anew to lament,
 ' and afresh began to renew their Tears, utter-
 ' ing grievous Exclamations against the Person,
 ' which as they understood by *Desdemona*, had
 ' been the Original Cause of their Sorrows,
 ' by being the Author and Occasion of the
 ' Death of their Child, vowing a severe Revenge,
 ' if ever they came to the Knowledge of the
 ' Author: thus they have spent the Day and
 ' Night in sorrow, not admitting one Minutes
 ' Rest, in permitting the least Cessation to
 ' their Grievs, till this day, accompanied with
 ' all their Friends, in a solemn manner, they
 ' perform her Obsequies, and convey her Body
 ' to the Temple, to be set in the Vault of her
 ' Ancestors. This, Sir, is the reason they are
 ' now from Home, and not here, to give you
 ' such Entertainment as befits, and is due to
 ' your Worthiness.

Having ended his Discourse, to my Amaze-
 ment and Grief, I desir'd he wou'd conduct me
 into the Garden, to the Place where *Desdemona*
 acted this last Tragick Scene and Catastrophe of
 her

her Life; he return'd no Answer, but leading the Way, we follow'd him, till he brought us to the Place, where so unfortunately she yielded up her last Breath; here my Amazement was above what I can express, when I saw this was the same House, and very Place, where so falsely I first deceiv'd and rob'd *Desdemona* of that Jewel, which had prov'd the Main and Original Cause of her Death; now the Apparition I saw the last Night, came bleeding fresh in Memory, all my Crimes presented themselves in their own Colours; for which, my Conscience bid me expect no other, but a fulfilling of murder'd *Artemesia's* Sentence; here my Grievs were doubled in the Death of her I priz'd above my Life. I cou'd not refrain from letting fall a Flood of Tears, to the Remembrance of one I lov'd so dear; when we left the Room, and began to take a turn or two in the Alleys, where the Memory of *Desdemona* begat new Grievs in my Soul, and fresh Sluces from my Eyes; and fearing the Servant might gather some Suspicion from my too deep Concernments, I privately drew out my Handkerchief, to wipe away those rebellious Tears I cou'd not restrain; and not being willing any longer to remain in so doleful a Place, I took my Farewell of the Servant, desiring him to tell his Master, I wou'd wait on him some other time, when his Sorrows wou'd better admit of a Visit; so I left the House, in such an ill Composure of Body, and Disturbance of Spirit, as
 ever

ever tormented a poor afflicted Soul; at this time I had given a Period to my Life, had I not been restrain'd by *Fidelio*, who, by Intrigues, desir'd me to preserve my Life, yet cou'd give me no Comforts or Reasons, why I shou'd prolong it, unless it were to add to my Miseries.

When we were arriv'd Home, I betook me to my Chamber, casting my self on the Bed; *And to what end, Fidelio, said I, shou'd I secure this miserable part of Life that remains? Desdemona is dead, and who wou'd woo Death, that sees her so much commend and approve of it? Why shall I stay behind, Fidelio? let me go and ask her Pardon, and seek her in the blessed Shades: Now Fidelio, what think'st thou? were the Apparitions real or feign'd, I did behold, or Illusions, or Fancies, as thou wou'dst make me believe? now Experience and Reason tells me, it was the lovely Ghost of my dear Desdemona, which came to accuse me of Disloyalty and Perjury; Oh miserable Man! wretched Life! When wilt thou have an End.*

Now I began to grow an Object of Heavens Justice and Punishment, I was defil'd with Murder and Perjury; the first call'd for a speedy Revenge; for other Sins only speak, Murder shrieks out, the Element of Water moistens the Earth; but Blood flies upwards, and bedews the Heavens, which soon hears, and makes strict Inquiry, and severe Inquisition for Blood, and triumph in their Revenges; their curious Search soon found me out, to make me an Ex-
I
ample,

ample of their Vengeance ; there is nothing that is done ne'er so privately, that can be hid from their Sight ; the darkeſt Night cannot blind them, nor the craftieſt Mortals deceive them ; were ſin committed in the dark Caverns of the Earth, there they wou'd plainly ſee them ; or in the bottom of the Ocean, there they wou'd behold them ; whither then can a poor Sinner fly to avoid their Juſtice ? if they ſhou'd fly to Heaven, they are there ; if to unfrequented Deſarts, they are there ; if to the Vaults below, there will they likewise find 'em out.

For as I was reposing my ſelf on my Bed, ſuddenly, and unexpectedly, our Houſe was ſurrounded with Arm'd Men, my Chamber Doors broke open, my Body ſeiz'd on, and taken Priſoner ; being thus ſurpriz'd, I demanded the Cauſe, and by what Authority they did it ; to which they return'd me this ſharp Answer ; their Authority they had from the King, which I muſt obey, and the Occaſion, the Death of your late married Wife *Artemesia*, Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*, ſuppoſed to be poiſon'd by you, with a ſtrong Suſpicion which is conceiv'd of you, that you are the chief Authour and Cauſe of the Death of *Defdemona*, Daughter and only Child to an aged Knight of this City, call'd *Philaster* ; theſe are the Crimes objected againſt you, to which you muſt answer, in the mean time, without reſiſtance, you muſt yield obedience to our Power, and

and immediately go along with us. This said, they laid hands on me, and speedily hurried me out of my Chamber, to convoy me to Prison; but we had not thortned half the way, between my Fathers House and the City Gaol, but by the Shine of the Moon, which as then gave but a Dimm and glitamering Light, we might discern a Troop of Horse, and perceive a small Company of Foot, which in a void place of the City, began to compass us about, which my Guard no sooner discried, but they began to cry out, A Rescue, A Restue, but their Voices were soon stop'd by the Horie-men, which over-ran them, and the Foot-men, that bravely assault-ed them; so that in a moment I saw my Guard dispers'd and dispatch'd, my self free and no Prisoner, and bravely mounted on a Fresh Horse; whil'st I was wondring and musing at the strangeness of this Rescue, I saw one make towards me, which I presently knew to be Faldio: Sir, said he to me, *cease your Amazement, and follow this Guard with speed, for every moment you stay here will be dangerous, and they will safely convey you to the Water-side, where a Vessel attends you, provided by your Father, from whom, by my timely Notice, came also this Guard, for he now repents him of his Obstinacy, which occasion'd these Evils, for which you were accused, fearing you are too much Guilty to stand in justification of your self and your Crimes, too notorious to abide a Tryal; and therefore being unwilling to leave you to the Mercies and Severities of the Law,*

that himself first brought into danger, waits for you now at the Water-side.

This said, giving him many thanks for his Fidelity, I follow'd the Guard, and soon came to the Water-side, or Haven, where my Father and Mother were standing, expecting my coming; I no sooner saw them, but I alighted, and having done my Duty, my Mother cast her Arms about my Neck, bathing my Cheeks with Tears, lamenting this so suddain and unexpected Departure; the thought of my Absence produc'd the same effects in my Fathers Breast, for his Countenance was o'rcast with a mortal Sadness.

But our Gratulations and Farewels were soon broken off, by an unlook'd for Noise; for casting our Eyes about, we espied a Party of Men make towards us, with much Facility and Speed; this Sight caus'd my Father to hasten my Departure, so that I parted from them abruptly, hurrying my self, with the Money and Jewels they had brought me, aboard the Vessel, and so speedily put off from Shore; mean while, my Father, with *Fidelio*, rallied up their Men for defence; this Sight more griev'd me than any former Misfortune, to see my Father and Mother, only for my Safety, expose themselves to such certain Perils and Dangers; and to secure my Life, so carelessly to venture their own. Nature wou'd not admit I shou'd leave them so, and my Duty prompted me to their Assistance, so that commanding

manding the Ship-men to put ashore, they wou'd not obey me, telling me, *they might so endanger my Life, and all their own, and that it was contrary to the Orders my Father had given them, to return back again; that no doubt, my Father wou'd well defend himself against a greater Force than those he had to cope withal, if he cou'd any ways give notice to the Garrison belonging to the City, which were all at his Devotion.*

Their Discourse did savour of Truth and Likelihood, and therefore made me more apt to believe it; so that yielding to their Intreaties and Perswasions, agreeing, when Necessity inforc'd me, to submit, according with that I cou'd not remedy, and hoping the best, I patiently expected the Issue.

The Wind blew fair, so that we left *Syracuse* far a stern, and a few hours after, we wholly lost the sight of the Island of *Sicilia*; the Gale continuing still fair, we gain'd a Ken of the Isle of *Malto*, where we did not land, but continuing our Course almost three days, we gain'd a View of the main Continent of *Africa*; and about the Evening of the third Day, we anchor'd before the mighty City of *Carthage*, the Rival of the Roman Empire, between whom, as yet, Fortune had left it uncertain and doubtful, which shou'd gain Precedency, and continue Masters of all the then known World, since their Forces were equal, and their Valor not much different, so that Fate had left it to be decided by the various Chance of War.

Here we landed, and provided our selves of all Necessaries, as well Offensive as Defensive, and all other things needful, which our so hasty parting from *Syracuse* wou'd not permit us to provide and furnish our selves withal; we lay there one whole Day, and then going aboard, we weigh'd Anchor, and hois'd Sail, and so made off to Sea; where our Intentions were to cruise about, in expectation to meet with some Vessel that came lately from *Syracuse*, of whom we might inquire Tidings, of what we all did so passionately desire to know.

It was now seven days since we parted from *Sicilia*, and two since we left the coast of *Africa*, about the time of the day when the Sun begins to decline towards the West, when a Boy that stood Sentinal on the Top-Mast-Head, suddenly cried out, *a Sail, a Sail*; being demanded from whence She stear'd her Course; he return'd answer, *From Sicilia*. This began to augment my ardent desire I had to receive News from *Syracuse*, so that I gave commands to the Pilot, to stear his Course towards Her, which he had no sooner perform'd, but the Boy call'd out again, saying, *Sirs, prepare for your Defence, for this Vessel bears towards us with full speed; all things being put in a readiness for a present Assault*. He had scarce ended these Words, but our Eyes did give us proof they were a Verity, for we discern'd it drawing nearer unto us, in all appearance, fitted for a present Fight.

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This fight caused them to forget the concerns of others, and to think on nothing so much, as to provide for their own Safety; yet they agree'd with one accord, cheerfully to make good their Defence, and manfully to guard themselves; we had hardly made our Preparation for a Resistance, but we saw this Vessel, with great dexterity and agility, ready to board us on the Weather side; their Ravens in a moment were ready to grapple with our Vessel; in the performance of which, we receiv'd a brave Assault, and they as gallant a Repulse; our Archers scarce spent an Arrow in vain, neither did theirs slack their Duty; the Fight continu'd sharp while we lay off the one from the other; but when, in spite of our best Endeavours, they grappled our Vessels together, and that we came to Handy Blows, the Fight became dreadful and bloody on both sides; we were hardly fastned the one to the other, but I heard him that seem'd to be Captain of the Vessel, utter these Word to his Souldiers. *Arm your selves with Courage, noble Hearts, and let the King of Sicilia know you are Valiant; we are not mistaken; See, Fortune hath presented the wretched Villain, an Object to our Eyes, and brought him a Sacrifice to our just Resentments; now let the innocent Deaths of Artemisia and Desdemona sharpen your Swords for a just Revenge, and let their sorrowful Parents see your Fidelity and Interest you take in their Wrongs, when you present them with the Head of their mortal Enemy.*

When I did hear *Artemesia* once nam'd, I did guess of their business, but I think the nature of all men is such, that if they be wicked, yet they cannot brook to be exclaim'd against; and though I was guilty of all that was bad; yet I cou'd not with patience, receive the Nicknames of Villain and Murtherer; my Life was a thing so wretched, and by me so little esteem'd, that I shou'd not have given one sigh for the loss of that I did not desire to preserve; yet the great Promise this Fellow made of my Head, made me resolve not to part from it tamely to my Enemies, at such a time when I was in a good Capacity to defend it; this rais'd my anger to make a stout Resistance, and his Oration caus'd his Souldiers to assail us with greater Courage; now the Fight began to be at highest, and numbers of men lay dead on the Deck, the Living always supplying their places, till our Vessels were cover'd with the Blood and Carcases of slain men; it was fought obstinately on both sides, till the Sun began to bid a Good-night to our Horizon, leaving this upper World in darkness; yet Fortune had left it doubtful, to which side she wou'd incline; when we were prest by our Enemies, with so much Force and Vigour, that my Men were forc'd to retire, whilst they furiously mounted our Vessel; here I expos'd my self to certain Dangers, very willing to part with Life, so I cou'd have lost it nobly, in resisting my Enemies; but Death flies them that seek him, and

and intrudes on such as desire his Absence; as I was desperately braving the utmost Dangers, fronting the main Body of my Enemies, I met and engag'd with their Commander, so greedily we combated one with another, and with so much desire, endeavour'd the ruine of each other, that it was no wonder Fortune made hast to determine of the end; many cruel Blows we exchang'd, and many Wounds we received, till at last, I pursu'd my Enemy so closely, and redoubled my Blows with so much violence, that directing a Blow which fell on his Head, with my greatest force, it parted it in two, so that he fell down sprawling on the Deck; thus he which had so confidently dispos'd of my Head, cou'd not secure his own from my Sword.

This sight began to abate the Courage of our Enemies, and to revive the Spirits of my almost vanquish'd men; for returning upon our despairing Enemies with a greater Force than at first, they made a mighty Slaughter; and having dispatch'd all those in our own Vessel, with great speed we boarded our Enemies, so that the Offensive were now become the Defensive, and perform'd their parts so ill in maintaining it, that we soon became Conquerors of the other Ship, committing all the Souls to the places appointed for their Deserts, where the Spirits of all men are rewarded according to their Merits; the dead Bodies of our Men and also of our Enemies, we cast over-board into the Sea.

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The Night became extream dark, not one Star appear'd in the Firmament, as if they had disdain'd to behold so bloody a Tragedy, so that we were forc'd to strike up Lights, the better to see to clear our Vessel of the dead Carcases; my self, with a Torch in my Hand, went to behold the Slain in the Enemies Vessel, where the Souldiers, the tempest of their Revenge being not yet still'd, without pity, cast, as well the Wounded, as the Dead out of the Vessel, when their Wounds, Miseries, Intreaties, Prayers, nor dismal Moans cou'd perswade them to mercy.

Among many that were thus us'd, one of them whom my men had taken up into their Arms, ready to cast him away into the Billows of the raging Ocean, cried out, *Oh Sirs! spare me one moment, and bring me to your Commander, to whom I shall relate such Scories, as he is, as yet, ignorant of;* this had not preserv'd, his Life, if I had not given a speedy Command to the Souldiers to hold their Hands, and running with their Lights, I came also with mine, to see if I knew him, but his Blood had so disfigure'd him, as I cou'd gather no certain knowledge that I had ever seen him before; which the wounded man seeing, with a mournful and low Voice, growing faint, through loss of Blood, he utter'd these Words, Sir, said he, *you knew me better about eight days since, when you came to visit my Master Philaster, when you seem'd so much concern'd in the Relation I made you of the*
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ful Death of my Mistress Desdemona; he had scarce ended these words, but through weakness, he sunk down in the Arms of the Men that supported him, I commanded he shou'd be convey'd away to a Cabbin with speed, and that my own Surgeon shou'd carefully dress his Wounds; all which was as soon perform'd as commanded: my Gratitude to the poor man requir'd thus much. But I had other sound reasons induc'd me to preserve his Life, if possible, since it was only from him, now all his Companions were dead, I did look for a true Relation and Intelligence, how my Affairs stood affected in *Syracuse*, as my own Interest requir'd his Safety; yet for *Desdemona's* sake; whose Remembrance I did prefer above my Life, considering he was once hers, I cou'd do no other, but esteem of him highly, and thank Fortune, who had offer'd me this Opportunity, that I might in some measure express the Kindness I did yet retain for his Mistress, and my dear *Desdemona*.

After we had cleansed our Enemies Vessel, we remov'd all things that were of value out of our own Ship into theirs, it being the strongest and sturdiest built, and boring holes in the bottom of the forsaken Vessel, we sunk it in the Sea, which being perform'd, we hoist ed Sails, directing our Course towards the City of *Algiers*, in *Barbary*, so that it was about the hour of two in the Morning, when I betook my self to my Cabbin to have my Wounds dress'd,

dress'd I had receiv'd in the last Fight; when the Surgeon had search'd them, he found them all slight; and although I had many, he assur'd me none of them were Mortal.

Thus such as desperately seem regardless of their Lives, by a slight of Fortune preserve them; what shou'd occasion it, I cannot tell if it be not that reasonable men fly such as imprudently and lavishly cast away their Lives, esteeming them mad or frantick, that so inconsiderately endanger themselves; or else Fortune and Victory, which be always Friends to bold and resolute Men, and assist resolute Spirits in their confident Enterprizes, have agreed with Nature, who has planted a timorous Fear in the Heart of Man, when he is assaulted above his Expectations, and sees Wonders acted beyond his Capacity or thoughts, is danted, being so suddenly surpriz'd; their bold Assailer gives them not time to recollect their thoughts; but presses more fierce and desperately on them, that they stand gazing like men metamorphos'd, not having the Courage to defend themselves, nor scarce to run away to preserve their Lives; such Advantage seems to wait on resolute Spirits, that their Enemies are charm'd, and when they meet with a Spirit above their own, like all men, they yield Precedency, and obey the greater, yielding Obedience to them as to their Superiors; Victory, as it were, hovering her Wings over their Heads,

Here *Almerick* proceeded forwards, in relating the Misfortunes of his Life, whilst fair *Cynthia* cou'd not refrain from spending some Tears, out of the Treasury of her own Misfortunes, in pity, to the unfortunate Loss of lovely, yet miserable *Desdemona*. Madam, (said he) after my Wounds were dress'd, I betook my self to my Bed, but not before I had inquir'd of the Health and Condition the Prisoner was in; the Surgeon having assur'd me of his Life, I did endeavour my self, to take a little Rest, after so much Pain and Toll.

Long wish'd for day at last appear'd, and *Phœbus* with his glorious Rays, cast a resplendent Lustre on the Face of the Waters, whilst *Zephyrus*, with his sweet and pleasant Gales, courted our Sails, making our Vessel to trip it sweetly away over the Ocean, thereby easing *Neptune* of his Burthen, that he might daily with his beloved *Thetis*; when I arose from my weary Bed, my Wounds permitting me, and my Desires perswading and calling on me to the Chamber of the wounded Man, from whose Mouth, I did now expect to hear the Sentence and Period of my Miseries, or to receive some little Comfort to sweeten my Calamities; after I had been assur'd by my Surgeon, that he was in a Capacity to be visited, I cannot say whether my Resolutions, or the Performancē were soonest put in action, since hardly was the one conceiv'd, but the other receiv'd Birth,
such

such speedy Execution always depends on things of this Nature, that nothing can, without repugnance, make a return to defer it. I went, but indeed accompanied with such Fears, as forbidden Lovers are furnished with, when they go to pay their unwelcome Oblations to the Goddess they adore, who fear to ask, fearing to be refus'd; being come to his Cabbin, and inquiring of his Health, such Gratulations having pass'd between us, as are common and familiar to be used to one in such Extremity, I bespake him in this manner: *My Friend, you may guess it is something extraordinary, that wou'd not admit of delay, which hath made me so soon venter forth to give you this untimely Visit, which is dangerous to my self, and troublesome to you; Fortune has oblig'd me, in the midst of all my Miseries, in making me the Preserver of one, which sometime was Desdemona's. Love to her, perswaded me to be thus tender of your Welfare; but I have other Business of consequence which drew me hither, and wou'd ill agree to be defer'd to a longer time. It is the Welfare of my Father and Mother, by whose Intreaty, I left Syracuse, leaving them engag'd at the moment of my Departure, in a fatal Skirmish with an unknown Party of men, that I wou'd hear Tidings of; Nature perswades, and my Fears thrust me forwards, to receive some Satisfaction from your Intelligence, which I desire you wou'd discharge your self off, so to disperse these Doubts, and procure my Repose.*

The wounded man raising himself up in his Bed, casting his Eyes on me, with a down-cast and mournful Look, with a weak Voicce, he uttered these Words, *Shou'd ill requite you for the Gratitude of mine, to give you a Relation that will add to your Torments, and it had been far better your Souldiers had cast me into the Sea, than that the remainders of this woful Life, being preserv'd, shou'd endeavour to put a Period to yours; leave this fatal News to be discover'd by time, and let not your Curiosity undo you; I feel my Life growing towards an end, and all that is Man about me begins to decay, let not the last Fragments of my Life, be a Medicine to procure your Disquiet, rather than the Repose you expect.* Here he continued silent, expecting my Reply, so that I return'd him this Answer. *Let not any Concernments of mine, defer your Relation, for Dangers and Misfortunes are become so familiar unto me, that the Strangness is no Novelty, nor the Bug-bears are not horrid enough to fright me; I am arm'd against the worst Effects of Fortune that you can relate has befallen me; there is nothing now can make me more miserable than I am already, by thy last Discourse, of the lamentable Loss of my dearest Desdemona.*

Sir, (replied he) these be the Effects and Symptoms of a Noble Mind; to bear with Adversity as well as Prosperity; that can wellcome Misfortunes as well as Felicities; that is not Ambitious in his Happiness, nor Despairing in his Miseries, but wisely yields to what he cannot shun; seeing I have
found

found you in this Temper, I shall make no farther scruple to satisfie your Request; and lest my Weakness should be a hindrance to my Discourse, I will endeavour to contract all my Relation into a pithy Abstract of the whole, yet not leaving any thing forgotten or omitted, wherein your Interest is concerned; and to delay you no longer, Sir, you may understand, that you had scarcely pass'd the Threshold of my Masters Door, but he and his Lady came Home, accompanied only with some few of their Friends, the rest having parted from them at the Grave; and these stay'd not long, but comforting them in the best wise they might, urging Patience as the best Remedy to cure their Miseries, they soon left them, to return to their several Places of Abode. Now being destitute of all that cou'd disturb them, they became their own Disturbers, and being alone, they had a more ample Opportunity, and clearer and a deeper Insight, to discern and make an Inspection into their Miseries, so to discover the true Value of what they had lost; they began now to consider they had lost, lost the Light of their Eyes, the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their House in a moment, when they did least expect it; and that she did not die by Age, or Sickness, or any Disease incident to Mankind, but that she was torn away out of their Arms, in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty, when she promised most Felicity and Comfort to their Age.

Here they let fall a Shower of briny Tears, bedewing the Place where they sat, and filling the Room with the Echo of their Complaints, and Aggravations

tions of their Loss. When that Storm of Grief was something allay'd, they went Hand in Hand into the Garden, and from thence into the House of Pleasure there situated, and the same where Desdemona perform'd the last Violence on her self; their Intention, as far as I cou'd guess, being to spend the remainders of those Tears, they had yet left, in the same place where their dearest Daughter had expired her latest Breath; they had newly seated themselves, and began with a greater freedom to vent their Sorrows, which sat so heavy on their Hearts, out of the Flood-gates of their Eyes; the Place well suiting to accompany them in their Woes; as they continu'd in this grievous excess of Misery, bitterly inveighing against him that had occasion'd it, a little Spaniel Dog, which always us'd to follow him, and in whom, before he was taken up with Sorrow, he us'd to take great Delight, had been searching and hunting up and down the Walks and young Springs and Thickets in the Garden, and at last came up into the House, and after he had, before them, wantonly plaid with a Paper, which he had brought in in his Mouth, as his usual Customs were, to carry all things he found to his Master, at last he brought this, where he stood fisking his Tail, as willing his Master to receive it, and make much of him for what he had brought him; but because it was common with him daily to do as much, they neglected him, as a thing of no Concernment; when the Dog saw he had not that Welcome he us'd to receive, he leaps up with his Paws on his Master, making a kind of a bowling Noise, and holding up the Paper

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towards him in his Mouth; this Action made my Master something more attentive, and as he would have thrust him from him, looking something nearer on the Paper, that the Dog still held in his Mouth, he discover'd it to be a Letter, fairly foulded and seal'd up, which he no sooner did perceive, but he took it out of his Mouth, and the Dog as willingly parted from it, going his way to his old Trade of busking to and fro in the Garden. After he had look'd on the Letter, and saw the Directions to Desdemona, he shew'd it to his Lady, and both of them deferring their Sorrows for a small time, in expectation of what the Contents might contain; they open'd the Letter, wherein they found not only Likelihood and Suspicion, but certain Assurance, that you had been the only Cause, and none else beside, of all their Misfortunes: that you had Poisoned your Married Wife Artemesia, and although not actually, yet your self was the chief in the Tragedy of Desdemona; I need not tell you what it contain'd, since it was written by your self, and sign'd with your own Hand, being seal'd with your Signet at Arms.

At the Period of this, (said Almerin to Cynthia, who gave earnest attention to his Discourse) the wounded Man growing faint, defer'd his Relation for a small time, whilst I continued buried in astonishment, at what he had related. Now, to my cost, I began to see how Heaven glories in divulging the Faults and Crimes of Offenders; and lest we shou'd ascribe and refer the revealing of them to common

Causes, see they make a poor Spaniel Dog the Instrument of my Discovery; thus the most neglected and forgotten things, they many times make Executors of their Will, lest men shou'd say such things came by Fortune, and such by Chance; but in this Example, we may behold the immediate Hand of Heaven made manifest to our Capacity; as for my Letter, since the time my Resolutions were alter'd, concerning the sending of it, as I have formerly related unto you; my Father and Mother coming in accidentally to visit me the Morning of the same Day, that I saw *Desdemona* afterwards convey'd to the Temple, fearing then they might have surpriz'd me, in what I did endeavour to make a Secret to them, I put it hastily into my Pocket to conceal it, not once minding or thinking on the securing of that, which did so much concern the Safety of my Life. Afterwards, when I came to *Desdemona* Father's House, where this Man gave me the whole Particulars of her Death; which when I had heard, leaving *Fidelio* and him together, I went into one of the most secret Alleys in the Garden, that I might give my Grievs unseen, the greater Current; where I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe of the wandring Tears that issued from my Eyes, and at that fatal moment, as far as I can conceive by Conjectures, with that I drew out the Letter, so that my Repentance and Sorrow, both turn'd to my greater Rebuke and Punishment.

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The Man proceeded forwards again in his Relation, (saying) *After that they both understood by your Letter, that you were the only Author of all the Calamities that had befallen them, they left off to grieve, and began only now to think of Revenge, thinking your guilty Blood wou'd be more acceptable to the injur'd Spirit of Desdemona, than their fruitless Tears; I cannot describe the bitter Complaints they made against you, for your Ingratitude, in abusing their Love and Kindnesses, with so shameless a Requital. Now Revenge had only Precedency, and reign'd Supream in their Thoughts; my Master, as if his Youth had been renew'd, at the Sight of your Letter, leaving his Lady at Home, ran nimble to the Judges of criminal Causes, then residing in the City; where producing the Letter, they with all diligence, let him have Power and Authority to apprehend you, and secure, and bring you to your Answer; to this end and purpose, the Corrigedor was strongly assisted with many of my Masters Friends, where they seiz'd you in your Fathers House; and by your Fathers Order and Authority, you were again rescu'd out of their Hands, and convoy'd to the Water-side, where you escap'd away, your Escape being made good by your Father, a strong Party of men assaulted him, which were Friends to my Master, and he making good his Defence, was there slain; scarce was he fallen, but the Garrison of the City came in, having notice from your Servant, which you left with him, with what unequal Odds he was assaulted; immediately they encompassed them in with their Forces, destroying all*

of them, leaving not a man alive, so cruelly revenging them for the Death of their Commander, they so dearly affected; your Servant being over-careless, and too forward in his Revenge for his Masters Death, unhappily was slain on the Place; your Mother was convey'd in a deadly Trance Home to her own House, where, for very Grief, for the Death of her Husband, and the Loss of you, she, in a few hours, expir'd her last Breath.

Day at last appear'd, yet blushing to behold the Catastrophe of so fatal a Tragedy, where the Streets lay cover'd with Blood and dismembred Men; Fame soon carried Tidings of this Tumult and Disturbance to King Tancredus, who, sojourn'd then with the Earl of Palermo; who, from my Master bearing the certain Cause of his Daughters Death, provoked the King to a speedy Revenge, and he soon accorded to his Desires; so that with all expedition he return'd to Syracuse, where his Presence quieted the remainders of any further Stirs; there was diligent inquiry made to discover you, but hearing you were gone, he sent many Vessels in pursuit of you; amongst many that were sent forth, the Earl of Palermo and my Master sent out this we are now in, at their own Charge, Manning it with their own Servants, thinking their Interest wou'd oblige them to revenge their Injuries more fully, promising great Rewards to us all, if we cou'd secure you alive, or if dead, to produce your Head; in the mean time our Vessel was Rigging, and making ready to put forth to Sea, your Father and Mother were both solemnly Inter'd in the great Temple of
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the City, the King himself accompanying their Bodies to the Grave, not without Tears, for the Loss of two Friends, he always so dearly affected, vowing a severe Castisement on you, if ever he did get you into his Hands; soon after we put to Sea, and in two days time had the ill Fortune to meet with you; what then happen'd, is bleeding fresh in Memory, and therefore needs no Rehearsal; all that I know I have related unto you, which will be Caution enough, I hope, to perswade you forth of these narrow Seas, if you do prize your Life, and the Lives of these men that accompany you, since there is no Harbour on the African Shore will secure you; for Sicilia being under the Government of the Carthaginians, the Senate will not deny King Tancredus things of greater consequence, than the delivering of you up into his Hands; and to fly to the Romans, is both dangerous and perillous, since it is difficult, the Seas being so beset for you, that you can't pass without discovery; I find Death taking Possession of my mortal Body, and my Soul, which is but a Tenant at will, ready to leave his Habitation; let not the last remainders of this Life, to which you have shown so much Kindness, be an Occasion to destroy yours; that I may in some sort die freed from the Obligation I stand indebted unto you in, I desire you to live, but I hold it better for me to die, than to see so many Miseries acted over afresh again, as I have been Spectator of; I feel Death seizing on me, Oh! whether am I going? to strange and unknown Shades, from whence none ever yet return'd back again to give a Description; but what ever it be,

Isle of *Cadex*, and taking in fresh Water and Victuals, needful for so long a Voyage, we left the African Shore a stern, and sail'd away due North; when I came something better to my self, I cou'd not much gain-say or disapprove what they had done, since I had nothing cou'd detain, or perswade my Return to *Syracuse*, since all my Joys were vanish'd, in the Loss of *Desdemona*, and my dear Parents.

It wou'd be too tedious to give you a Relation over what Seas we pass'd, and how many Dangers we escap'd, sailing over mighty Waters, where the Waves, like Mountains, did almost lift us up to the Skies, and then again to cast us into a Valley, like the Jaws of Death, so that the Death we did fly from, did seem to meet us, and that which we wou'd have shun'd, began to overtake us; but by Heavens Ordinance, which wou'd not permit my wretched Life shou'd so end, we escap'd these fearful and dreadful Dangers, and were preserv'd free from Shipwrack, where every Wave threatned Ruine, and every Storm Destruction, so that at last we arriv'd safely at where casting forth our Anchors, and furling our Sails, we went ashore, where we soon found the great alteration of the Climate, and the bad Exchange we had made, in forsaking *Sicilia*, our native Country; where *Flora* did keep a never-fading Spring, and *Phœbus*, with his Rays, a continual Summer; where *Bacchus* kept his Vintage, and *Ceres* a perpetual Harvest; the Trees and
Ground

I verily believe, if King *Tancredus* and the Earl of *Palermo* had known of my being there, they wou'd scarce have made so long and dangerous a Journey after me, but wou'd rather have accorded to have let me live in this Country, as being a greater Punishment than a sudden Death; so that I need not have given the King of *Norway* the trouble to protect me in his Dominions; the very Coldness of his Country, and the dangerous Seas that lay betwixt *Sicilia* and this Place, were of force enough for our Safety.

But Life alone, without a Livelihood to maintain it, is a continual Death; and I think, in this distraction of Spirit, I shou'd have courted my own Ruine, had not my Concernments for my poor men, retarded me from it; I cou'd not, without great Ingratitude, leave these poor men, who had so willingly made themselves Companions in my Misfortunes, and forsaken their own Country for my proper Interest; a Prey to Casualties and Disasters of a strange Country, so to perish in an unknown Land. When I consider'd their Condition, my Bowels yearn'd, with the Imagination of their future Misery; we stay'd there about five months, and all the Wealth I did enjoy, serv'd only to defray our Charges, so that our Condition, as I imagin'd, was past hope of cure, and Necessity began so much to straiten me, that I had nothing left, wherewithal to maintain almost an hundred men, being all the Remainders of two hundred,

the Issue, yet having not Courage enough to disobey his Commands, I went and stood upon it accordingly; which I had no sooner done, but he also plac'd himself by me, and drawing out a Book forth his Bosom, he began to read strange Characters in an unknown Language, which I understood not; with a Wand which he had in his hand, three times he circled the Mantle, then turning himself to the East, then to the West, then to the South, and lastly to the North; when on a sudden, there arose a tempestuous Wind, and in a moment, the Mantle began to remove off from the Ground, and nimbly to mount with us into the Air; in a few moments we were lifted up above the sight of Earth, flying swiftly away on the Wings of the Wind, till about the Hour that *Lucifer*, that glorious Star, did begin to appear, then the Mantle began to descend towards the Earth, in a strange unknown Place, and softly seated us, hard by the Mouth of a dismal Cave; he beckoned me to follow him, which accordingly I did; being enter'd the Cave, I did behold many spacious and sumptuous Rooms, richly hang'd with Cloth of Arras and Tapestry, the Tables furnished with all sorts of delicious Viands; I still follow'd him into the midst of the Vault, where hung a bright and shining Carbuncle, which gave a clear Light to the rest of the Rooms; all the living Creatures I did behold passing along, were many ill favour'd old Women, deform'd above what I can describe, or you I-

magine,

imagine; ill shapen, and more strangely attir'd; they all yielded a kind of Reverence to this old Man, as to their Chief; we went through many Rooms, till at last we came into an inner Parlour, more dismal and fearful than the rest; on the Walls were painted many strange and monstrous Shapes; in the midst of the Room hang two Lamps, which gave a blew and dim Light, from which issu'd a sulphurous and stinking Stench of Brimstone, hard by the Lamps, was seated a large round Table, and on the Table lay a very great Book, and by the Table stood a Chair, far above the common Size, where he seated himself, and leaning his Head on his Right Hand about a quarter of an hour. He was very earnest in turning over the Leaves of the Book, and at last, leaving it open on the Table, he turn'd himself towards me, and bespake me thus.

Almerin of Sicilia, that art come to purchase a Habitation in this remote Part of the World; wonder not at what you have seen, nor at what you see, but leave your Admiration intire for the time to come; for the Days draw near at hand, when your Wealth shall exceed the Riches of Norway, when your Name shall become a Terror to the Inhabitants of this Northern World; their Kings and Rulers shall tremble for fear of you, and their Ears shall glow to hear your Acts related; Merchants from remote Parts shall hold themselves happy in your Friendship; you shall ingross to your self so many rich Commodities, that the World shall not be valu'd,

valu'd, and you will make the King of Norway Mighty, by reason of your Puissance; great Kings shall request his Alliance for their own Safety, and you shall grow strong, from the Ruine of others. The time will come, nay, it is at the Doors, when Fame shall sound the Report of you to foreign Nations, so that your Cruelties shall make you famous, for you shall destroy Mothers, and cruelly dash their Children against the Wall; barbarously you will Deflower and Ravish innocent Virgins, destroying whole Villages, with their Inhabitants; since you have delighted in Rape and Murther, you shall proceed, and what you have done, shall be nothing, in comparison of what you shall do; yet remember that Saying of Artemelia, for it must be fulfilled, (when you desire to live, you shall be surpriz'd and cut off.) This Country you are now in, is Lapland, this Cave is my Residence; I am Servant to Lucifer, Lord of this World, Prince of the Air, and Arch-duke of the River Stix, and chief King of the Infernal Shades; by him I am employ'd as a Register, to take the Names of all such Persons as will become his Servants, and having notice by my Intelligencers, of the lost Condition you and your Men were in; by Order from my Sovereign Lord, I have brought you here, where, before I can give you Remedy, you must, with your own Blood, write your Name in this Book, and enter your self a Servant to him, always to be at his Command and Disposal, when-ever he shall require it, only for him, and alone to him; and of these Particulars you are not to fail. This said, he turn'd the

Book towards me: *Look here (said he) and behold this huge Volume, fill'd with the Names of such Servants as I have taken in the behalf of my Lord Lucifer; it is no small Advantage, that he designs you the Honour to be one of his.* This said, he offer'd me a Pen and Pen-knife, and a small Cup, (saying) *What you do, perform it quickly, for the Night begins to grow old, and you have many Miles to return to the Place from whence you came.*

I, who then had not reason to consider of the Circumstances, thinking this *Lucifer* was some great God that our Fore-fathers and Priests did never know, and that he was pitiful, because he commiserated my woful Condition, and judging my self happy, in being own'd by so great a Deity, I made no scruple to perform what he commanded me; so that taking the Pen-knife, I open'd a Vein in my Left-arm, while the old Senior held the Cup to receive the Blood, and having bled some small quantity, I stopt the Incision, and wrote according to the Presidents of others there before me, and sign'd it with my Name; this done, he clos'd up the Book, and going into a dark Corner or Hole, he took forth a small Bag of Gold, and deliver'd it into my Hands, (saying) *Let this suffice to Victual your Ship, and provide what Necessaries you are in want of; you must now turn Rover, or in a more proper sence, Pirate, and by that means raise your Fortunes on the Sea; here also I will give you a Treasure shall help you in your need,*
and

and secure you in the midst of Dangers. Saying this, he shew'd me a small Compass, denomi- nating and shewing the four Quarters of the World. Here (continu'd he) is a Jewel not to be valu'd; if you want Booty, sail towards the East, and you shall obtain your Desire; if you are pur- su'd, sail towards the West, and you shall secure your Retreat; yet take this Caution with you, that you steer at such times, according to the several Points of this Compass, and not of the known Quarters of the World, for this varies from them. Rules; now what remains, but that we sit and eat what is prepar'd for us, and that you return again to your Vessel. This said, he left that dismal Room, and conducted me to one of the Tables I saw cover'd at my first coming in, where we seated our selves, being serv'd and attended by these ill-look'd old Women. Having taken some small Repast, the Cloth was taken away, and for his Diversion, he commanded the old Women to come before him, which was no sooner done, but pronouncing many strange Speeches, from the most secret parts of the Cave, there was heard to proceed a bewitch- ing and delightful Noise of sweet charming Musick; at the hearing of this, the old de- form'd Women began to dance, in form, ac- cording to the Stops of the Musick, when in a moment, the sweetness chang'd, sounding more rude and harsh; and in the turning of a Hand, these old Hags were transform'd into the Shape of Wolves, still dancing after a rustick man- ner;

ner ; immediately the Musick alter'd, and they became all metamorphos'd into the Shape of Lyons, and by the changing of the Notes, into their own Likeness again, and so continuing dancing while the Melody ceased, and then they left off ; after which, the old grim Vizzer thus bespake me. *I wou'd detain you with me longer, but the Time is short, and your Journey long, and your Men ardently expect your Return ; but before you go, take this Present from my Hand, it is of no small esteem, neither will it be of mean use unto you ; by Virtue of this, Eolus shall be your Slave, and Boreas and Zephyrus shall attend you, and Fortune, spite of her self, shall be your Friend.* This said, he drew from his Bosom a small Cord, knit with about one hundred Knots : *If you be becalm'd, (continu'd he) undo one of these Knots, and you shall have a Gale according to your desire, at all times, and on all occasions ; for my own part, I cannot accompany you back to your Vessel, but one of these shall, pointing to the old Women.* This said, we arose from the Table and went forth, where one of the Hags spread a Mantle on the Ground. I was order'd, as before, to stand on-it, while he plac'd one of those horrid Monsters by my side, which being done, he takes his Book, as at first, and circling the Mantle with his Wand, he bad me farewell ; mean while the Mantle arose from the Ground, and ascended aloft into the Air, so that we soon lost a sight of his Cave, and parting the Air with incredible swiftnes, being carried after such a rate, that in a small
time

time we had gain'd the Kingdom of *Norway*, and the Mantle began to descend down where it first took me up; I was no sooner gone off it, but immediately it vanish'd from my sight, so that I had not one minutes time to return thanks for those Kindnesses so freely confer'd on me.

The day began now to break in the East, which forc'd the Shades of Night to retire; (while I stood musing on the strange Passages) *Aurora* leapt nimbly from watry *Neptune*. This sight caused me to make means to get aboard, which I soon purchas'd; where coming, I found my men almost dead with Despair, but my return began to enliven and quicken their Hope, and from my Countenance, they began to preface of their own good Fortune; being unwilling to keep them in suspense, I shew'd them the Gold, and acquainted them on what terms it was given; I gave them a true Rehearfal of all the Accidents that had befallen me from the time I left them, unto that present hour; and also the Discourse of the old Man, touching my self and them; I left nothing unreveal'd of all that hapned, but discover'd all to a tittle; my Discourse charm'd them so, that they all joyntly, with one applause, willingly offer'd to continue subject to my Commands, and freely to spend their Lives in my Defence; I gave them many thanks for their Affection formerly shew'd, and their Kindnesses still continued towards me, and distributing to every man a piece of Gold, I kept the residue to provide Necessaries

for the Ship; we all went ashore, merrily frolicking out the insuing day, all of them banishing their Fears, began to grow sprightly and lively, like many Flowers, that in the absence of the Sun, droop their Heads, and at his return, receive new Life and Vigour, flourishing freshly; so these despairing men, from this new Hope, receiv'd fresh Courage, and they, that not an hour before, had not Valour enough to defend themselves, with the thought of what they had, and the Hope and Expectation of what they might have, became confident and resolute; so that the greatest impossibilities became easie, and the greatest Difficulties possible to be overcome by them. The next Day, towards the Evening, we weigh'd Anchor, and loos'd our Sails, which had lain a long time furled up; letting fly our Colours, away we went, leaving the City of _____ at our Backs; and now to make experience of my Compass, we stear'd towards the East accordingly, and being impatient to prove the Tryal of my Knots, I loos'd one, and upon a sudden, there arose a stiff Gale of Wind, which forc'd our Ship forwards with such speed, that with our Canvas Wings, it rather seem'd to fly than to sail; thus we spent the greatest part of the Night, thinking it to be long and tedious, because it did so much defer our Expectations of the insuing Day. Day, long wish'd for, at last appear'd, so that we might discern, on our Larboard side, a very stately Ship sailing along; at this sight we alter'd our Course, and made
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up to it with speed, and storm'd it with our Arrows, but found so small resistance, that we soon boarded the Ship, making prize of all, as well Ship as Lading, casting, as well the Whole as the wounded Men overboard, and leaving some few of my own men to guide and conduct it, we follow'd the same Course we formerly steer'd by the Directions of the Compass; in a few hours sail, we took two Ships more, both richly laden, and cast all the Souls overboard, as we did the first; this was our Custom a while, lest by preserving them, we had ruin'd our selves, by the Intelligence they might have given to the Kings of that Country, unto whom they did belong, and perswade them to a Revenge while we were yet in our Infancy of rising, and so soon have rooted us up, and frustrated our Intentions; thus secretly we began to lay our Foundation and Hopes of becoming greater on the Ruine of others, till we grew to a Capacity to make opposition against the strongest Enemy that durst disturb us. Why, Madam, need I inlarge my self on particulars of this nature, or cloy your Ears with such Discourses as have been too dull and frequent in the Relation I have made you? In short, we began to steer our Course for the Coast of *Normay*, when we discern'd a Ship making after us with full Sails, and fearing to loose the Booty we had gotten, I speedily began to undo one of my Knots, and to steer towards the West, according to the Observation

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of my Compaſs, when ſuddenly there aroſe a contrary Gale of Wind, ſo that in a moment we loſt ſight of the other Veſſel; and ſailing, with a ſtrong Wind, towards the Evening of the next enſuing Day, we diſcover'd the Coaſt of *Norway*, which we ſoon gain'd; we anchor'd, and landed our Goods, which were very rich, where we made a ſudden Sale, but yet reſerving what was moſt precious, to make a Preſent of it to the King, the more to endear and oblige him to our Intereſt; the Money I wou'd have ſhar'd equally amongſt them all, but they wou'd not agree to that, ſo that by their Importunity, I was forc'd to receive the one half, with which I redeem'd the beſt part of my Grandfathers Poſſeſſions; we put forth to Sea again, and return'd with many rich Prizes, as is almoſt incredible; I redeem'd the reſidue of my Grandfathers Eſtate, and in a ſmall time, purchaſed greater Lordſhips, yet always reſerving a great Stock of Money, ready on all occaſions; all the Ships that were fit for War, I ſet forth to Sea again, making, of my own Men, Officers, which had, as their Servants, many of the Subjects of the King of *Norway*, that went with them. Thus we diſpers'd our ſelves on the Sea, and became mighty on the Ocean; if we miſs'd of Booty by Water, we ſought it on Land, and on the Eaſt ſide of *Britain*, and the Weſtern Parts of *Scotland* we went aſhore, plundring and ſacking whole Towns, and convoying our Prey aboard, we return'd
ſafely

safely Home, so that my Fame began to rise in all Parts, and spread abroad in foreign Countries, so that not one tittle of the old Mans Words fell to the Ground unfulfil'd.

My Wealth growing great, and my Riches daily increasing, the King of *Norway* honour'd me so much, as to offer me his own Neece to Wife, willing me to continue in the City Royal with him, and to ordain a Deputy over my Affairs at Sea, that I might take a little Pleasure and Ease after so many past Miseries; I promis'd to perform all that he desir'd, after I had been forth one Voyage more, and at my return, to submit to whatsoever he shou'd command me; I gave him many obliging thanks for his Concerns he had for me, and so took my Leave of him, promising a speedy return. Our Ships being ready, and the Wind blowing fair, we quickly left *Norway*, and sailing about three days, by the Directions of my Compass, Eastwards, and meeting no Prize, we sever'd our selves to divers Quarters, so that I left my self alone, only with this Admiral Ship we are now in, and cruising about some time to little purpose, we resolv'd to put ashore, on the East Parts of *Albion* (as often times we had done before) to forage for Cattel to Victual our Ship; when at our first Landing, lo Fortune presented us with the sight of your Brother, who stood in opposition against a very great number in your Defence; this sight diverted our former Intentions, so that we march-

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ed towards them, not to assist either Party, but to make our utmost advantage of both; at the sight of us, those that assaulted your Brother, fled away, and he only keeping his Station, undaunted made his Stand good against us all, till being o'repower'd by Number, we took him Prisoner, and with him, your fair self, Fortune above measure, making me happy for the loss of my dearest *Desdemona*, so that there rests nothing now, but that I return to *Norway*, never to trust the Dangers of this Liquid Element any longer, there to offer my self, and what I enjoy, at your Feet, and joyfully to build my whole Felicity in the Hopes I have conceiv'd, one day to be yours.

This, Madam (continu'd he) is the Period and end of my dismal Story, which I have truly related, not omitting ought might make me seem less faulty; but rather, I have aggravated my Crimes, and added to my Offences; for I find it impossible to relate Falshoods unto you, or to excuse my self with Untruths; I am before a Judge (your fair Self, Madam) who can judiciously and wisely dilate upon and censure my Offences, which well weigh'd and consider'd, will rather inforce Pity than Resentments, that may prove fatal unto me, since none of my Crimes have proceeded from my Inclinations, but from my adverse Fate, did I practice *Artemesia's* Death? remember that wicked Issue, had a noble Parent Love; was I unconstant to *Artemesia*? Oh remember my
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Constancy to *Desdemona*! think, if I cou'd have been unconstant, I might have been less wretched; if I have oblig'd you in the Rehearſal, or diſoblig'd my ſelf, I am not able to judge, yet conſider how willing I am to court all Opportunities to endear you, and that I hazard my own Intereſt, for the pettiest occaſion to oblige you; there is ſomething due to that; ſhou'd you hold me guilty, I will not juſtify my ſelf, or judge me innocent. I wou'd continue ſilent, and make no reply, but reſt ſatisfied, in granting your Requeſt in this Rehearſal and Relation of the Hiſtory of my Life.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Orſamus and Cynthia.

HERE *Almerin* ended the Story of the Adventures of his Life, leaving *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* in Admiration and Aſtoniſhment; they ſaw he was purſu'd by a Divine Hand, and that it was impoſſible for him to fly his Fate, ſo that they began to look on their own Condition, fearfully apprehending the Calamities that might befall them, in being Priſoner to one, who being follow'd by Divine Vengeance, made all miſerable that were concern'd in any thing that appertain'd unto him; they

they well knew what they cou'd expect, or receive from the Hands of one, whose Life had been monstrous, but the latter part most fearful and horrid; their Fears almost made them despair, but that they did remember, Heaven doth always assist the Vertuous in their greatest Calamities, and is nearest at hand with Remedy and Relief, when our Miseries become most desperate, and past Cure.

Alexander Magnus, that brave *Macedonian* Monarch, being by the States of all *Grecia*, chosen Captain-General to pass into *Asia*, and to make War with the *Persians*; before he took Ship, he enquir'd after the Estate of all his Friends, to know what Means they had to follow him; then he distributed and gave to one Lands, to another a Village, to this man the Custom of some Haven, to another the Profit of some Borough Town, bestowing in this manner, the most part of his Demesns and Revenues; and when *Perdicus*, one of his Lieutenants, ask'd him what he reserv'd for himself; he answer'd, (*I leave Hope for Alexander*;) so great Confidence had this Noble Warriar in his own Vertue; nothing in the World is more common than Hope, it abides with the most Prosperous, nor doth it abandon the most Wretched; without Hope, our Life wou'd be insupportable; for as the Winds do not always blow vehemently, so happy Men are not ever Fortunate, nor unhappy Men always Miserable; Hope easeth the Burthen of Mans Miseries, and
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always remain unpunish'd, and that there is no Period set to thy Wickedness? Barbarous Man (continued he) thou dost but hasten on thy Fate, which else might have been defer'd some small time longer. This said, he entred into Cynthia's Cabbin, yet composing all that was fierce and terrible in his Looks to a lovely Sweetness, he found the Idea of all his Felicity, bathing that lovely Object in Tears; Love and Pity wou'd have perswaded him to bear her Company in her Sorrows, she made Grief seem so lovely; but better reason taught him to dissipate those Floods of Woes, if possible, that thus oppress'd her; when falling at her Feet, embracing her Knees, with a tender emotion of Pity and Compassion: Why these precious Showers, Madam? (said he) wherefore these Over-flowings of Grief? is it because this Villain has so confidently set a time to finish his Desires? Alas my dearest Princess! he does but hurry on his own Punishment, and set an end unto his Villany; fear not the Issue, Madam, for if you fear, I shall faint; from your Eyes I shall receive my Destiny; oh! let them not be overcast with clouds, as a certain Omen of my Overthrow; Death it self, cou'd not beget an Effect in my Soul like your Tears. Oh cease to exercise those Cruelties on your self! and be not so unkind to one that loves you above his Life.

All the time of this Discourse, Orsamus remain'd at her Feet, excess of Grief having almost made her insensible; but recollecting her Spirits, taking him by the Hand, Rise Orsamus,
(said

(said she) and blame not my Grievs, since Fortune intends to put no Period to our Misfortunes, nor end to our Miseries; she is become cruel without remorse, and Pitiless without Compassion; if I think of Hope, she soon transforms it into Despair, and if I dare imagine I may be more Happy, she soon curbs me in for that Presumption; if there is no determinate end set to my Misfortunes, why shou'd I expect any longer, and not court Death as the last Remedy? then blame not the Tears I shed in so woful a Case, since some fall for Orsamus, and accompany those that drop away for Cynthia. Orsamus ravish'd at this free and unconstrain'd Answer of Cynthia, and manifestation of her Pity: Oh! Madam, (said he) how happy do you make me in the midst of my Misfortunes, a thousand such Lives as mine spent in your Service, were but poor Arguments to balance, or make a Recompence for the least of those precious Tears that you shed. Oh rest contented, my dearest Princess! I am only safe in your Security, and happy in your Satisfaction: Oh fear not for me! it is impossible I shou'd be thus fortunate and yet be unhappy.

In such mournful Discourse they pass away the Day, till Night approach'd to accompany them with her dismal Shades; this Night Orsamus continu'd with Cynthia, a woful Companion of her Sorrows, nor was it gainsaid by Almerin, since he apprehended it wou'd be a furtherance to his Designs; much Discourse pass'd between these unfortunate Lovers that ensuing Night, so woful, that my Pen cannot

decipher them in their true Colours, and therefore I continue silent.

Night began to cast off her Sable Mantle, and *Luna* gave an Exit to this upper World; Darkness was hush'd away, and *Phoebus* newly darted his resplendent Rays from the East, when our disconsolate Lovers prepar'd themselves for the Disasters that might befall them the succeeding Day. Scarce had the Aurora of the Day given place to that illustrious Planet the Sun, but *Almerin*, with hasty Steps, made towards the Cabbin-door; which was no sooner perceiv'd by *Orsamus*, but he made ready for his Entertainment; *Cynthia* perswaded him from an Attempt upon his Life, but he return'd answer, *Cease fair Soul, and let me alone, middle ways to such Enterprizes are dull.* By this time *Almerin* came to the Cabbin-door, which was open'd unto him by *Orsamus*; at his Entrance, he suddenly disarm'd him of his Sword, with such an impetuous Fury, that before he cou'd cry for Help, or make the least Resistance, he cast him deadly wounded at his Feet. *Lie there, thou main Obstructor of my Quiet, (said he) take the Reward of thy Villany in the Grave.* Hardly was he fallen on the Deck, but his amaz'd Spirits return'd, being ready to give a Farewel to that old Companion the Body; which *Orsamus* seeing, made ready to give him another Blow, so to make a sudden End to that fatal Separation, which *Almerin* perceiving, cry'd out, *Oh hold your Hand! it is enough, I*
feet

feel my Soul is ready to take her Flight, and my Continuance here will be but for a few moments, when I must go hence, and never return no more. O take a Truth from my Mouth! the last Words of a dying Man, and let them be annexed to the fatal Story of my Life, for the advantage of succeeding Times.

Yesterday, about the time that the Moon, the fair Ruler of the dismal Shades, began to decline towards the West, & illumine that part of Heaven, the Bell then beating One, as I lay in my Cabin upon my Bed, a feeble and low Voice came unto my Ear: Almerin awake, the last Period of thy Life draws near; oh be wise! and endeavour to avoid it. I suddenly started from my Bed at this Summons, but stiffned with amazement, for behold I saw the fair Idea of my dearest Desdemona close by me; in the same Form I have related unto you: Arise, continu'd this fair Shape, and let me make thee understand things whereof thou art yet Ignorant, for which I have burst the Cerements of my Sepulchre, and the Earth wherein I was buried, to give thee a timely Warning: but soft; methinks I scent the Morning Air, I must be brief, and so leave thee. Know Almerin, the utmost Date of thy Life, allotted thee by the Fates, is at an end, since thou dearest to live, and there is no way to avoid it, but by neglecting the Cause: Oh, cease to love this fair Unknown, now in thy Custody! thy Love to me, has made thy Life unpleasant; the continuance of thy Love to her, will make thee miserable to all eternity; set her ashore, on the Land from whence

thou ravish'dst her, and make thy self miserable by
her Absence, that beginning to loath thy Life, thou
may'st keep it some few moments longer, which spend
to pacifie the offenaed Deities, that thou may'st be
happy in the Life to come; make use of this Adver-
tisement, from one that must needs love thee in
the Grave. About this time, a Cock, I have a
long time kept aboard my Vessel, began to crow, at
which this fair Spirit started, as a guilty thing.
But hark, (continu'd it) I hear a Summons,
that speaks Martins to be near, so that I must de-
part with speed to my Confinement: Adieu, adieu,
make use of my Advice; farewell, and be happy;
and so it vanish'd from my Sight. When I re-
collected my amazed Spirits, I cou'd not frame a
Resolution to prefer my Life before my Love, and
indeed my Soul was so rack'd and disturb'd, that
much t me pass'd before I cou'd resolve on anything;
but at last, constrain'd by necessity, I agreed to
quit my dearest Object for ever; but alas, alas, many
Doubts cast themselves in the way, and my Mind
was as yet unstable, unto which side I shou'd in-
cline: so that leaping from my Bed, I girded on
my Sword, leaving my Cabbin to make these Dis-
asters known unto you, to crave your Advice, and
see what has fallen out; in my Death I have no
more than my Deserts, yet I shou'd die satisfi'd,
cou'd I secure your Safety; but my Breath begins
to fail me, so that I cannot perform this last Office
to my Love. Oh this gloomy World! in what a
Shadow and deep Pit of Darkness do you leave us;
unto what dismal Place, and Abiss of misery must

I be convey'd? Where must my fleeting Soul take her Habitation? Oh you Divine Deities, that punish the Errors Mortals commit in this Life, with perpetual Torments! is there no End or Period set, but from Eternity to Eternity? is there no revoking of your Decrees, nor no Cessation of our Torments? Oh no! Alas, alas, none that go to that appointed Place, ever return back again. Oh horrible! Oh fearful! Oh terrible! still beginning, and never ending Eternity; now I desire to live, because I fear to die; yet I wou'd die, because I wou'd be freed from the Fear of worse to come. Oh happy, they that so live, that they may never be afraid to die; to such, Death is a Bed of Rest, eternal Happiness, and their Reward is Elizium;—but mine is—another Voyage,—my last minutes are at hand;—I go away in a Mist I know not how;—I can no more,—Farewel.— At this Word he gave up the Ghost, to the amazement of Orsamus, and the Terror of Cynthia.

In a moment, the Glory of the Day was overcast with black Clouds, the Winds grew boistrous, and the Seas turbulent; the resounding Echo of the Thunder-claps were terrible to the Hearer; Flashes of Lightning made the Ship seem on Fire, with Storms of Hail and Rain, so that there began a cruel Tempest; the Waves grew proud, and the Ship disdain'd to be govern'd by the Pilots Skill; so that the Men made towards Cynthia's Cabbin, to give notice to their Captain, to have his Advice; when, behold they were amaz'd at the dismal

Object presented unto their Eyes; they saw him wallowing in his own Blood, at the Entrance of the Cabbin; this Sight was follow'd by a loud and bitter Cry, and with the Lamentations of many different Voices; still the Storm continued, and their Confusion increased, until at last, recollecting their Distracti-
 on, they agreed with one Consent, to make good their Revenge upon *Orsamus*, who they doubted not, had been the Murderer of their Captain; part they appointed to manage the Ship in that Storm, while the rest went to sacrifice his Blood to the Ghost of their slain Com-
 mander; their Resolution was answerable to their Design; for the loss of their Captain, whom they lov'd so intirely, and in whom they built their future Fortunes, had rais'd their Choler to such an height, that nothing cou'd allay it but his Death; this was made manifest in their fierce Assault, which was by *Orsamus* as bravely repulsed; for he had gotten this Advantage, that defending himself at the Entrance of the Cabbin-Door, but one at a time cou'd endanger or hurt him, and that Odds seem'd not much unequal unto him; the Combat continu'd hot on both sides, *Orsamus* for the Safety of his dearest *Cynthia*, and the Pirats for their Revenge; three of the Pirats, *Orsamus* had sent to accompany their Captain, neither did he himself escape without Wounds; things were thus stated, when the Tempest began to abate, and one from the Fore-castle began

began to cry out *A Sail, a Sail.* This Summons perswaded them to defer their Revenge for a small time, so that of that great number that assail'd him, six only staid as a Guard to secure him, fearing, shou'd they ingage, he might issue forth, and joyn with the Enemy, to their no small disadvantage.

The Ship drew nearer, making towards them with full Sails, and before their Preparations were in a readiness for defence, they were saluted with a shower of Arrows, that seem'd to darken the Sky; in a few moments they came to a closer Combat, and grapled with their Ship, then the Fight became bloody and cruel, Despair made the Pirats couragious, so that twice they repuls'd them, with no small Loss; in the third Assault they were worsted, and their Enemies taking advantage of their Retreat, slew all leaving not a man alive; those that guarded *Orsamus* were fled away, and escap'd his Hands, but it was only to fall by others; some that were forwardest for Plunder and Spoil, wou'd have entred *Orsamus's* Cabbin, but their Lives paid the Forfeit of their Folly; this occasion'd another bickering, and drew most part of the Conquerors together, to behold a Resistance so bravely maintain'd by one Man, where eight lay wallowing in their Blood; yet he made good his Defence still, in the Passage he had undertaken to keep; thus he continued triumphing in their Deaths, making himself a Barricado of their Carcases, while

the Victorious Captain that had boarded the Ship was a Spectator, and pitying that so much Bravery shou'd wither in the Bud, and be destroyed by rustick Hands, he commanded his Men to leave assailing him : and drawing something nearer : *Gallant Man* (said he) *your Courage has gain'd an Esteem in the Breast of your Enemy; cease this fatal Contest, and I promise you Safety, both of Life and Liberty.*

Your Offer is Noble, (replied *Orsamus*) *nor cou'd it flow, but from a Breast truly generous; it is not only against your Men I have made this Resistance, but against the whole Strength of the Ship, before your Valour subdu'd it; the Captain lies here a Sacrifice, slain by my hand, and nothing cou'd have preserv'd my Life, had not Divine Providence directed you hither; yet being my Preserver, I dare not deliver my self on these Terms; not that I doubt the Performance of your Promise but a small Addition thereto; here is within this Cabbin, one, whose Safety if I cannot secure, I shall little value my own; if you please to let us both share alike in your Bounty and Generosity, and promise to include us both in that noble Offer of Life and Liberty you so lately proffer'd me, I'll submit my self to your Protection; if not, I am ready to make good my Defence, with the Loss of that Life, I shall not esteem, without the entire Performance of these Articles.* Saying this, he put himself in a Posture of Defence. *Hold,* (quoth the Captain) *for Curiosityes sake, I'll fulfil all thy Request, in the King of Kents Name, my Royal Master, I*
plighe

plight thee my Faith, and before our great God, I vow to keep it intire. Orsamus remain'd amaz'd at his Answer, and after some Resolutions in his Spirit, (he replied) *Ha, King of Kent said you? come and finish what you have begun, for I'll never live to see that in anothers Power, the Treasure in anothers Custody, that is whole and intirely due to my Merits.*

Scarce had these Words took a Farewel from his Mouth, but behold an aged old man, with more hast than his many years wou'd permit him, made through the Croud towards him, and being come something nearer, that he might be heard, with an Ecstasy of Joy, he utter'd these Word, (*My Noble Lord Orsamus living, and found here! Heavens, you have satisfied my tedious Expectations!*) and pausing a while with admiration, he continu'd his Discourse: *Sir, I am not so much lost unto your Memory, but you may remember one Willifrid. At this Orsamus recollecting himself, cried out, My dear Father, Oh come into this fatal Place, that I may have this Happiness in Death, to die in the Defence of two Persons that share my Soul betwixt them! Oh Sir! (replied the old Man) talk not of Death, we came in search of you, only for your Safety; that I may make all this evident unto you, cease your Admirarion for a time. This said, and all continuing silent, he proceeded as followeth.*

Oswald, that famous King of the Northumbers, had a Brother named Ofwin, the only Successor

cessor to that great Kingdom; he was married to a Noble Lady, by whom he had Issue, Egfrid the Elder, and Osfamus one year younger; (so that you are not my Son, as hitherto you have esteem'd your self) when that fatal Battle of Mafferfield was fought by King Penda, the Tyrant of Mercia, against your Uncle Oswald, King of the Northumbers, in which Field he was slain, so weak were the Hopes of your Family, that I thought it great Wisdom and Thrift, to preserve one alive, in spite of the Vicissitudes of Fortune, that there might not want one of that Family to sway the Scepter of the Northumbers. It was then uncertain, whether Oswin your Father, or your elder Brother Egfride had ended their Lives at that moment; as soon as Tidings were brought of their dismal Overthrow, I fled with you, being as then about ten years old, unto the next Port Town, where I got Shipping, and escaped away, to find a more secure Sanctuary in another Country, than in our own; that I kept you from the Knowledge of your self, your Pardon; it was my Love that err'd, for I did conclude it wou'd be prejudicial. While we were sailing on the Ocean, as you well remember, there arose a mighty Tempest, that I imagin'd we escap'd Death on the Land, to receive it from that liquid Element; the Storm increased, and with it our Fears, the Skill of the Mariners was us'd in vain, so that being left to the mercy of the Sea and Wind, we were convoy'd unto unknown Parts; the Storm continued, so that about the dawning of the second Day, we discern'd Land, and before ever we had

time

time to recollect upon what Shore we were cast, we grounded upon a Rock, so that the Ship burst into a thousand peeces; the last time I had left, I did consider of your Safety, so that tying two Casks together, and securing you safely on, I left you to the mercy of the Sea, while I did provide for my own Security; neither could I find that you did relent so much at the sense of Danger you were expos'd unto, as at your parting from me; after much danger of my Life, I secur'd me on a piece of Timber that came from the broken Ship, but mine was driven a contrary Course unto that which you went, so that we were soon separated a great distance, so that I never saw you since, until this moment. Sometime after your Father recover'd, and took Possession of his Brothers Kingdom, and after I had made a stricke Inquiry about them Parts, where I conceiv'd you were land'd ashore, and not finding you, I imagin'd you had paid your Life, as a Tribute unto the unmerciful Waves: so that I return'd home sorrowful into my own Country, and made this Relation unto your Father, who bitterly lamented your Loss; but time at last put your Memory into Oblivion, when we consider'd you were not among the Living.

Some years had add'd themselves unto the Age of Time, when Fame proclaim'd, in our Country, the excellent Beauty of Cynthia, Daughter to the King of Kent; so much did the Report of this fair Unknown, seize your Brother Egfrid's Affections, as he desir'd his Father to treat of an Alliance with the King of Kent, by a Marriage with
his

his Daughter; his Father, that after the Report of your Death, did prize him as the Apple of his Eye, unwilling to cross his Affections in a Cause so just, immediately accorded with his Desires, and chose me for that Embassage; so that well attended, in a few days I arriv'd at Doroborina, the Regal City of Kent; in a small time I was admitted to a Hearing, where I deliver'd the sum of my Ambassage; hardly had I arriv'd unto the Period of my Commands, but with Tears in his Eyes, he began as followeth.

‘ Sir, Some few years ago, when my Felicity was more upholden by Fortune than at present, when I enjoy’d my dearest *Cynthia*; for now she is not; or if she be, she is not to me, in a pleasant Morning, e’re *Sol* had cast his Rays from the East on the Mountain tops, she arose to enjoy the Variety of the pleasant Spring, which *Flora* had cloath’d in her choicest Garb; the pearly Dew did yet hang on the sweet Damask Roses, and the Infant Blossoms cast forth a pleasant Savour; the wild Queristers of the Wood made the Vallies ring with the Echo of their delightful Notes; while her Contemplation was taken up on the musing of these Rareties, her Curiosity had brought her to a little Path, which led towards the Sea, which was not far from the Place where she then was; straying some small way farther, and casting her Eyes on the Ocean, they encountred with an Object, that at once parted her Admiration and Pity;

‘ she

' she saw a Youth about her own Age, that had
 ' secur'd himself on two Casks, and with his
 ' utmost Skill, endeavour'd to gain the Shore,
 ' Remorse is never wanting in so tender a
 ' Breast, nor was it now absent from hers; she
 ' commanded those men that attended, with all
 ' expedition, to make off, and save his Life,
 ' and bring him unto her, having more timo-
 ' rous apprehensions of his Safety, than at that
 ' time needed; her Commands were exactly
 ' obey'd, so that by their Industry, in a few
 ' moments they had secur'd him ashore, and
 ' weak and feeble as he was, presented him be-
 ' fore *Cynthia*; he stood as one amaz'd, gazing
 ' on her Face a long time, at last breaking si-
 ' lence, he began as followeth. *Oh Heavens!*

*Where am I cast? to what happy Shore am I brought?
 do the Deities transform themselves into the Shape
 of Mortals, to become my Preservers? Whatever
 you be, (contin'd he) with a Grace Magestick,
 you can never make this Live you have preserv'd
 happy, if you divorce it from this sweet Object.*

' This was spoken with an Action so becoming,
 ' that it was the Wonder of the Spectators.

' This Discourse was as innocently taken as it
 ' was spoken, and *Cynthia* answer'd it only with
 ' a Smile, giving Commands they shou'd shift off
 ' his whet Cloths, and attire him in New;
 ' telling him he shou'd be hers, and wait on her.
 ' He took his Leave with a profound Reve-
 ' rence, and she left him to the Guard of her
 ' Servants, and return'd to the Palace. The

' Sun

' Sun had not run many hours in his Career,
 ' before this pretty Youth was again presented
 ' unto *Cymbria*, array'd according to her desire ;
 ' the Fear of Death being past, and his feeble
 ' Spirits revived by her Servants Care, his Vi-
 ' gor returned to its former Lustre ; the chang-
 ' ing of his Habit made him appear so graceful,
 ' that she cou'd hardly perswade her self he
 ' was the same, whom, a few hours before, she
 ' did behold in that forlorn Condition ; so
 ' much do Ornaments add to exterior Beauty.
 ' These Helps made her discover a new Mine
 ' of Masculine Beauties, which before, seem'd
 ' to have left their Habitation, so that she suf-
 ' fer'd him to gain ground in her Affection, and
 ' a great hold in her Esteem ; I remember : I
 ' was walking in my Palace Garden, when *Cy-
 ' mbria* presented him unto me, after her Obser-
 ' vations pay'd, which were never wanting.
Look here Sir, ' said she, taking the Youth by
 ' the Hand, with a Smile sweetly innocent :
See how fortunate I have been to day by my early
rising, to be the Preserver of this pretty Lad, which,
with your Consent, I wou'd have to attend on me,
since it is his desire to spend his Life, I so happily
prefer'd, in my Service. ' With this she related
 ' where, and how he came unto her Hands ; I
 ' staid some time for an Answer, contemplat-
 ' ing his Behaviour, and sweet becoming Gra-
 ' ces ; me-thought I saw something in that
 ' Morning of his Age already risen, of Maje-
 ' stick and Heroical. I question'd him of his
 ' Name,

' Name, Country, and Friends; he accosted me
 ' with a Garb, wherein was nothing of Rustick,
 ' and with a stately Modesty, he return'd me
 ' this Answer. *Sir, my Name is Orsamus, my*
Father an aged old Man, which I fear, (continu-
 ed he, with a grievous Sigh) *perish'd in the late*
Storm; my Country is far hence, in Parts unknown
to me, for some Reasons, unreveal'd, my Father left
it, and being Shipwrack'd in the late Tempest, he se-
cur'd my Safety upon two Casks; many hours I
continu'd on the Waves, uncertain of Life, until I
was cast on this happy Shore, and rescued from the
Fangs of Neptune, by this Fair Divinity, in whose
Service I shou'd be too happy, were I assur'd of my
dear Fathers Safety. ' At the Period of this
 ' Discourse, he let fall a shower of Tears, to
 ' the memory of so near a Loss; we comforted
 ' him with the most agreeable words we cou'd
 ' frame, telling him, his Mistress wou'd be to
 ' him instead of a Father, that if his Father
 ' were cast upon our Coast, he shou'd have no-
 ' tice given of his Safety; he seem'd much sa-
 ' tisfied with this Discourse, which Content-
 ' ment he express'd in his Countenance, for that
 ' time he left me, and attended the Princess.

' He was already become the Darling of the
 ' whole Court, every day added to the esteem
 ' he had already gotten, who all admir'd such
 ' uncommon Graces shou'd bud in years so
 ' green; he had a Solidity that o'ertopt his
 ' Age, he was never hardly from *Cynthia's* eye,
 ' nor indeed did she desire it, so that he seem'd
 ' to

' to bound his whole Felicity in her Service;
 ' he waited upon her Walks and Recre-
 ' ations, but still kept himself about her
 ' with a profound Reverence; his Officious-
 ' ness was such; that all his Actions bespake
 ' him; he wou'd not prize the dearest Good be-
 ' fore the least and smallest occasion to please
 ' her; he courted all Opportunities, Times and
 ' Places, to make it manifest; if she wou'd re-
 ' tire her self into an Arbour, there wou'd he
 ' charm sweet Sleep upon her Eye-lids, with
 ' delightful Musick, in which Art he was very
 ' excellent; and while she slept, he wou'd re-
 ' main a careful Sentinal; the Princess, young
 ' as she was, did not bury these Services in obli-
 ' vion, but rated them at their true value in her
 ' Breast, rewarding all with a grand Esteem,
 ' which was receiv'd by him, as a Reward far
 ' exceeding his Merits; he cou'd so sweeten his
 ' Discourse and Actions to so near a Sympathy,
 ' his Conversation being so charming and agree-
 ' able, that *Cynthia* was never satisfied when he
 ' was absent; as his years increas'd, he bent his
 ' delight to Manly Exercises, so that many times
 ' his gallant Deportment in publick Spectacles,
 ' drew admiration from all that did behold
 ' him, and ere he had attain'd his fifteenth year,
 ' he won the Prize in all those Exercises where-
 ' in Valour or Wit were needful: so that he be-
 ' came rarely skil'd in every Undertaking, to
 ' which his Vertuous Inclinations carried him.
 ' *Cynthia* counted that day happy wherein she
 ' found

' found him, and my greatest Nobles became
 ' enamor'd of his Carriage, calling him the
 ' fair Stranger; his Behaviour was so free,
 ' sweet, generous, and obliging, that there was
 ' not one that envied his Happiness; nor was
 ' it a small hold he had gotten in my Esteem.

' His Affairs stood thus in Court, when my
 ' Land was suddenly invaded by *Cevaline*, King of
 ' the West-Saxons. I rais'd an Army to oppose
 ' him, as speedily as time wou'd permit me, and
 ' set forward to meet him; when this young
 ' Novice, fir'd with Hopes of Action, to make tryal
 ' of his Valor, taking opportunity, when the Prin-
 ' cefs was alone, he accosted her in this manner.

*Madam, I am too happy in the Felicity you have
 raised me unto, in being your Servant, nor wou'd I
 prefer my Life, when I cease to be yours. But now op-
 portunity presents, what perchance Fortune may ne-
 ver offer again; your Country is invaded by
 Enemies, and I wou'd desire your good Leave, to
 accompany your Royal Father in this Expedition a-
 gainst those Pagans, that dare to commit so great
 a Sacrilege, where in the Field of Honour, I may
 purchase some petty Trophies, that may raise me to
 deserve that Esteem your Goodness has had for me.*

' *Cynthia* having a while consider'd of his Re-
 ' quest, with an unusual Kindness in her Eyes,
 ' made this Reply. Yes *Orsamus*, you have my
 free Leave to go, nor can I trust you better, than
 with my Father; yet shall I tell you, it is not with-
 out regret, I give you this Licence. Yet it is no
 small hopes I promise my self from these early begin-

nings of your Bravery; go then, and be happy, for you shall never want the Prayers of your Mistress. Then, (quoth he) in a Rapture, I dare Fortune to bring the least Obstruction to my Hopes. ' This
 ' said, he attended her to my Chamber, where
 ' she made known his Resolution unto me; nor
 ' cou'd I disapprove the Gallantry of his Mind,
 ' but commending his Forwardness, gave him my
 ' Consent, ordering him always to be near my
 ' Person; thus I parted from my dearest *Cyn-*
 ' *thia*, leaving her Rosie Cheeks bedew'd with
 ' Pearly Tears, for fear of the Dangers I ex-
 ' pos'd my self unto.

' We marched forwards by unusual Journies,
 ' to hinder the Enemies foraging of the Coun-
 ' try, until at last we encamp'd upon a large
 ' Plain, on the Frontiers of my Kingdom, call'd
 ' *Black-Heath*; here we took the advantage of
 ' our Ground, and had the Enemy Battle; it
 ' was first began by the Forerunners of our Ar-
 ' mies, but at last our main Battels engag'd, and
 ' the Fight became bloody on both sides, Victo-
 ' ry as yet remaining doubtful, to which side she
 ' wou'd incline, at last, by a violent Charge of
 ' the Enemy, my Ranks were broken, and
 ' my main Battle disorder'd, and spite of my
 ' Guard, I was taken Prisoner; this was no
 ' sooner understood by *Orsamus*, but like a
 ' young *Mars*, he rush'd into the midst of the
 ' Throng, dealing Blows with so much Brave-
 ' ry, that instead of making a Defence, his Acti-
 ' ons were become the admiration of the Behol-
 ' ders,

ders; to see one so young, become so resolute
 and daring; five lay groveling on the Earth,
 and thought of Death made others keep at
 further distance, thinking themselves happy
 in avoiding his fatal Sword, which never fell
 but perform'd dire Execution, that by their
 hasty Flight, many times his Blows only part-
 ed the brittle Air; he follow'd this Advan-
 tage with such good success, that, spite of
 their Resistance, before they cou'd secure me
 in the Body of their Army, he had re-mounted
 me upon his own Horse, mounting himself up-
 on one he had made Masterless, and by his Va-
 lour forc'd our way, and secur'd me amongst my
 own Troops. Upon certainty of my Safety,
 my men that began to leave the Field, made a
 brave Retreat, and renew'd the Fight with so
 much Fury, that Victory declar'd wholly on
 our side; but it came in bloody Colors, with
 the Loss of twenty thousand men. *Cevaline* nar-
 rowly escap'd away, but his Brother was ta-
 ken Prisoner by *Orsamus*, and so were many
 other of his chiefest Captains; so that
 very few escap'd away. When the Fight
 was ended, I had *Orsamus* to my Tent, where
 I saw him disarm'd, and some slight Wounds
 he had receiv'd dress'd by my own Surgeon;
 I caressed him with all the Endearments due to
 an only Son, knighted him in the Head of my
 Army, confer'd Honours on him, I thought
 Youth might be ambitious off; he receiv'd
 all with a becoming Obedience, and a dutiful

' Respect; his Fortune did not make him ar-
 ' rogant, but rather added to his Humility.
 ' After Rites, due to the Dead were perform-
 ' ed, we marched Home triumphant, with our
 ' Prisoners, the Trophies of our Victory, un-
 ' to this City; our Entrance was magnificent,
 ' and this young Warriour accompanied me on
 ' my Right-hand; their Eyes were wholly fix-
 ' ed on him, their Praises were numberless,
 ' the Vows they made in his behalf were many,
 ' such as many times raised a fiery Blush in his
 ' youthful Cheeks; at last we arriv'd at the
 ' Palace, where we were receiv'd by *Cynthia*
 ' with many Expressions of Joy; I took her by
 ' the Hand, see here, my dear *Cynthia*, said I,
 ' your Servant returns home safe, the Protector
 ' of your Fathers Life, and your Countries
 ' Champion. *Orsamus* (said she) *I always ex-*
pected great matters from your Valor, but those
Actions be excessive. Madam (replied *Orsamus*)
Could you look for less, from one that has the Ho-
nour to be yours? 'tis impossible you shou'd pray,
and not receive the fruition of your Wishes.
 ' These Words were delivered with an Air
 ' repleat, and receiv'd by *Cynthia* with an Acti-
 ' on wholly charming; he attended us in, where
 ' the residue of that day, I spent in giving *Cyn-*
 ' *thia* an exact Relation of the last Fight, all
 ' which, begat *Orsamus* a greater esteem in her
 ' Affection. I shou'd be too tedious, shou'd I
 ' relate the Discourse then pass'd, or the Vi-
 ' cissitudes that hapned almost a year after, but
 ' only

‘only tell you, he remained beloved of
 ‘all, and surely seated in *Cynthia’s* Affecti-
 ‘ons, where he treasured up his whole Feli-
 ‘city.

‘But it fortun’d soon after, although un-
 ‘known unto me, I became the Disturber of
 ‘his Quiet; and chief occasion that he left my
 ‘Court. It fell out thus; the *East-Angles* King,
 ‘my adjoining Neighbour, crav’d *Cynthia* in
 ‘Marriage by his Ambassador, for his Son *Cor-*
 ‘*dello*; my Council advis’d me to grant his Re-
 ‘quest, telling me, that by gaining so near an
 ‘Alley, I did secure my Kingdom the more
 ‘firmly from Invasion; I condescended to their
 ‘Advice, and concluded the Marriage with the
 ‘said Ambassadors, telling them I wou’d cele-
 ‘brate their Nuptials in *Doroborina*; the Am-
 ‘bassadors returned Home, and in a few days
 ‘after *Cordello* arriv’d with a great Train.
 ‘The day was appointed to joyn their Hands,
 ‘all Necessaries provided, yet by a sad turn of
 ‘Fortune, it came to no effect.

‘After this Contract of Marriage, *Orsamus*
 ‘became possess’d with an unusual Melancholy,
 ‘he sought out Solitary Places wherein to
 ‘spend his time, a mortal Sadness was cha-
 ‘racter’d in all the Features of his Face, the
 ‘whole Court concern’d themselves in his
 ‘Misfortunes; and my self was not the least;
 ‘I oftentimes demand’d of him from whence
 ‘this Change did arise, but he never yielded
 ‘me any account. This was soon taken notice

' of by Cynthia, so that being with him alone
 ' in the Garden Walks, taking opportunity
 ' from those Heart-breathing Sighs, that brake
 ' from the Closet of his Breast; How now Or-
 famus? (said she) why these Sighs? wherefore
 is your Countenance changed, seeing you are not
 sick? What, have you let your self fall into a Di-
 stemper below the Knowledge of your Mistress? re-
 veal it, that, if possible, I may procure a Remedy.
 There spake, my Mistress (replied Orsamus)
 yes, it is only you can yield a Remedy; you made
 me happy, only to be unfortunate; Oh that I had
 been buried in the raging Waves, I shou'd have
 found a resting place in Elezium, and not have
 died by a second Death, more violent and cruel
 than the first! Oh, Madam! (continued he) Re-
 solve me, must you be married? Yes, (replied
 Cynthia, amaz'd at his Discourse) it is so de-
 creed. Then, farewell Hopes, (contin'd Orsa-
 mus) now Madam, you have provided a Remedy,
 Death and Despair will soon give a Period to my
 Life; but because I will accord with your Desire,
 in revealing the Cause of these strange Effects,
 that your Displeasure may hasten on the Death I
 so much desire, Know, Madam, from that mo-
 ment you preserv'd my Life, until this time, I
 have nourish'd a Passion for your Vertues, accom-
 panied with such a Zeal, as will follow my Ashes
 to the Grave; my Resistance and Reason became too
 weak to turn the Current of it, although I levied all
 the Power against you; that was likely to prevent
 any Fruit to Hope, even in my greener Tomb;

which

which you know is apt to take home Objects to the Heart, before it has weigh'd them; I endeavour'd to fortifie my Soul against the Force of Nature, with an Opposition, under which I was like to fall your Sacrifice. I saw my Resolutions cowardly turn their Heads in the Combat against you, and though I call'd all the Knowledge that I ought to have of you and my self, to re-inforce them, at last I

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found an absolute Impossibility to hold up my Arms any longer. It was no blind Presumption that thrust me headlong upon this Attempt, for I never found any thing in my Person or Services that might authorise my Boldness; 'tis a resistless Constraint that only labours to excuse me. Seven long years are now past and fled away, since I have conceal'd this a Secret to my Bosom; the Summers scorching Heat, nor the tedious Winter Nights, or Icy Frost, cou'd ere work the least Change; it was daily nourish'd by your Goodness, although innocently, until it came to its full Growth; whilst there was the least Hope it thriv'd, nor did I ever complain, but to have Hope torn up by the Roots, to be confin'd never to see you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be born with: I can welcome Death with less repugnance: 'Here he continued silent,

' While Cynthia remained astonish'd at his Discourse; but at last recovering that assurance she had lost the time of his Discourse. How now Orsamus, (replied she) Is it thus you

Pay your Respects unto me? dare you raise your
 Ambition to the Daughter of a King? or cou'd
 you imagine I wou'd ever own your Pretensions? I
 am sorry my Esteem shou'd be thus lessened by your
 Folly, or that I shou'd be forc'd to desire your Ab-
 sence, because I wou'd not be guilty of a thing I
 cannot own; or if my Intentions or Inclinations
 cou'd lean that way, it is impossible my Father
 shou'd ever consent, whose Displeasure I wou'd not
 gain, to obtain the dearest Good; to put an end
 to those Dangers that this may occasion for the fu-
 ture, I desire you from henceforth, to avoid my
 Presence, since there is only this means left to cure
 your Malady, while I restrain those innocent Fa-
 miliarities have disturb'd your Quiet. *Ob Ma-*
dam! (quoth *Onsamus*, falling on his Knees)
Mitigate your Displeasure a little, there wanted on-
ly this to make me perfectly wretched. It is de-
creed, (replied *Cynthia*, with a Voice some-
 what elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle
 with anger;) and it behoves not you to dispute
 it. 'Saying this, she left him, without either
 ' Voice to speak, or Strength to follow her;
 ' unto so sad a Condition was he reduc'd:
 ' what his Complaints were after her Depart-
 ' ture, I cannot tell, but certain I am, upon
 ' this occasion, he absented himself from Court,
 ' having first indited these Verses, and con-
 ' veyed them into her Cabinet, which was
 ' not hard for him to do, considering the Ac-
 ' cess and Liberty was always allowed unto
 ' him. Some few hours after his Departure,
 ' they

“ they came to *Cynthia's* hands, and I think they
 “ spake these words.

Too cruel *Cynthia*, for one small amiss,
 To rob me of my better part of *Bliss*.
 Oh cruel *Life!* that's never freed from fear,
 Preserv'd by *Pity*, ruin'd by *Despair*.
 I Love; and therefore from your *Sight* I go,
 Who can behold you, and not love you too?
 'Tis all mens Fault, but my too wretched Fate
 Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
 I lose your *Presence* by too much *Respect*;
 Others enjoy it only by *Neglect*.
 Oh dismal *Griefs*, that harbour in my *Brest!*
 My absent *Joy*s beget me this *Unrest*.
 He that enjoys a *Bliss*, enjoys a *Cross*,
 That makes him treble wretched in the *Loss*.
 When *Phœbus* to our *Sight* doth disappear,
 The *Night* seems darker, cause it once was here.
 Your *Doom* is past, I'll not dispute it now,
 But to your *Sentence* with submission bow.
 Farewel, my dearest *Mistris*s, stubborn *Heart*,
 Oh break, when I pronounce this word, (*Depart*.)
 Adieu, my chiefest good, oh let that *Breath*,
 That bids adieu, give *Sentence* to my *Death!*
 I talk of going, yet I slowly move;
 So weak does *Reason* to a *Lover* prove.
 This *Dulness* only speaks the want of *Wit*;
 I wish you happy, yet wou'd hinder it.

*Enjoy your Wishes then, while wretched I,
Seek out an unfrequented Place to die,
So in my Death, your Pity I may have,
To make my Ghost rest quiet in the Grave.*

Orsamus.

‘ The sight of these Lines, and the Absence
‘ of Orsamus, produced great effects in the
‘ Breast of Cymbia; Discontent seated it self
‘ upon her Brow, the Carnations of her
‘ Cheeks began to abate, and the Lilies began
‘ to possess their Places; having demanded the
‘ reasons of these sudden Effects, she made me
‘ a Discourse of all the Particulars that had
‘ fallen out betwixt Orsamus and her self, and
‘ the occasion of his Absence, also shewing me
‘ these Verses I have rehearsed unto you. Look
‘ here Sir, (said she). see the Resolution of this Un-
‘ fortunate, occasioned by one hasty Word, which I
‘ fear will destroy what I so happily preserved, al-
‘ though the audacious revealing of his Love were an
‘ Offence, it was not of that degree, to call his Life
‘ in question. Shall I tell you, (continued she)
‘ from whom I do not conceal my closest Secrets, nor
‘ hide my dearest Resentments; had Orsamus Love
‘ been authoriz’d by your free Consent, I wou’d have
‘ chosen him out of the Stock of Mankind; nor can
‘ I much offend, in loving one that has been the Pre-
‘ server of your Life, and Safeguard of your King-
‘ dom. I cou’d not much gainsay what she had
‘ said,

so soon bury in Oblivion the Memory of so
 brave a Man, to whose Valour I was so much
 oblig'd; his Absence wrought Effects upon
 my Soul, and his Merits had gotten such sure
 footing in my Breast, that had not this fatal
 Marriage been an Obstruction, I wou'd have
 offer'd that into his Arms, he so-much desir'd,
 and I doubt not, I shou'd have found a clearer
 Satisfaction in his Person, than in the Posses-
 sion of Royalties.

For true Nobility was never begun, but
 by Vertue: nor is it as the vulgar Opinion of
 Men rate it, but it is only the Praise and Sur-
 name of Vertue, it is a miserable Folly, to
 beg esteem of dead men, when we deserve
 none our selves; for the true Honour and
 Worship, saith a Wise Man, is the Vertue
 of the Mind, which Honour, no Monarch
 can give thee, nor no Flattery or Mo-
 ney can purchase us: This Honour hath in
 it nothing feigned, nothing painted, no-
 thing hid; of this Honour there is no Suc-
 cessor, no Accuser, no Defiler; this Ho-
 nour is not varied, nor it esteemeth not the
 Favour or Dis-favour of Princes; it is only
 Vertue makes a difference betwixt the Vulgar
 and brave Heroick Souls. Nature makes no
 difference, as these Verses briefly express.

As little Trees that in the Valley grow,
 Shadow'd by others of a greater height,
 Whose spreading Branches cover all below,
 Hiding those little Cyons out of sight;
 Replant these Plants unto a Soil more free,
 Each little Shrub will grow a lofty Tree.

All men one Mother have, and that is Earth,
 Nature to all Kind, Privileges gave;
 She makes no man Superior in his Birth,
 Nor Death does make no difference in the Grave.
 But Fortunes Darlings, smaller Shrubs do sway,
 That Spirits have, and Souls as good as they.

Wisdom ennobles not the Royal Womb,
 Good Deeds be Laurel Crowns that ever flourish;
 Vertues a Pyramid and lasting Tomb,
 Such a Memento as can never Perish.
 This makes brave Souls to soar above the rest,
 As Reason makes a Man excel a Beast.

Awake my Soul, and fix thy Thoughts above;
 Unto a higher Region take thy Flight;
 Mount like the Morning Lark, or harmless Dove,
 Above the various Change of Fortunes Spight.
 Slight such vain Earth-worms, as repose a trust
 In windy Honours, or in fading Dust.

' Princes shou'd be Paterns of Vertue, to
 ' them over whom they Rule, for most Peo-
 ' ple take their Rulers as a Glass to examine
 ' themselves by ; so let the Prince be Vicious,
 ' the People shall not be Vertuous over whom
 ' he rules, for they think they cannot do bet-
 ' ter, than to regulate their Actions by their
 ' Princes; this Consideration shou'd be of
 ' force enough, to induce Princes so to live,
 ' that their vertuous Actions may shine in the
 ' Eyes of their Subjects, that they shou'd
 ' nourish budding Vertue, and protect it in a
 ' Cottage as well as in a Palace, for the Dia-
 ' mond is of as much value, worn by a poor
 ' Man, as upon the Finger of the Rich.

' I have the more enlarged my self on this
 ' Subject (*continued he*) because I apprehend
 ' my Neglect in rewarding Vertue, occasion-
 ' ed these Misfortunes that suddenly beset
 ' me. But to my Discourse again, from which
 ' I fear I have too long detained you: My
 ' Spies returned Home again, without bring-
 ' ing the least Intelligence of *Orsamus's* abode ;
 ' this being revealed unto *Cynthia*, added much
 ' unto her Grief ; as *Orsamus* before had done,
 ' she sought out Solitude, she refrained Compa-
 ' ny, but when Decency requir'd it, she shun'd
 ' all Divertisements that might charm her Me-
 ' lancholy, so that she brought her self wholly
 ' to an Estate of Pity and Compassion ; I beheld
 ' this Vicissitude with a mortal Vexation, and
 ' gladly wou'd have procured a Remedy,
 ' if

* If with safety I could have purchased it.
 * Time flew away with exceeding swiftness,
 * and the Sun had but one Career to run, be-
 * fore the Day of Marriage approached; and
 * being unwilling at such a time, she shou'd
 * be a desperate thing, wholly made up of
 * Sorrow, I caused a stately Banquet to be
 * prepared, in a Garden I had abutting to the
 * Sea-side, environed by an unfrequented
 * Wood, so situated, that Nature and Art,
 * both endeavoured to make it a Nonparil; it
 * was here I recreated my self, when my busi-
 * ness at Court wou'd permit my Absence; it
 * was illustrated with many spacious Houses of
 * Pleasure, adorned with *Flora's* fairest Treas-
 * ure, or what more fair that the Spring
 * cou'd produce, whereunto frequented a me-
 * lodious Consort of the wild Choristers of the
 * neighbouring Woods. Variety of Objects
 * will dissipate the deepest Sadness, but it pro-
 * duced no Effects in the Soul of *Cynthia*, for
 * thither I came with her, attended by *Cor-
 dello*, who accompanied us with a great Train.
 * Our Banquet was ended, and the Sun began
 * to decline towards the Western World;
 * when we all betook our selves, each to
 * those Pleasures the mind best affected; *Cor-
 dello* remained with me, and *Cynthia*, accom-
 * panied only with her usual Attendance, di-
 * rected her Walk to that part of the Garden
 * abutting to the Sea; she hardly approached
 * unto the utmost Bounds of the Garden, but
 * she

' she gave a Caution to her Servants, to keep
 ' at a distance ; these Commands were com-
 ' mon with her, when she desired to retire her
 ' self from Company, so that she was exactly
 ' obey'd ; scarce, by the turning of some Al-
 ' leys, had she concealed her self from their
 ' sight, but by a small Passage, that gave en-
 ' trance into the Wood, she gave an Exit to
 ' the Garden, where she stray'd the better part
 ' of an Hour, before her Attendance wou'd
 ' break the bounds of those Commands she had
 ' imposed on them ; at last, the Care of her
 ' Safety had precedence before their Breach of
 ' Duty, and they followed the same Path they
 ' saw her take, but they cou'd not find what
 ' they sought ; by the Passage that they found
 ' open, they all agreed she had willingly stray-
 ' ed in the Woods ; they once resolv'd to fol-
 ' low her, but better reason dissuaded them ;
 ' the Turnings were so intricate, that being
 ' once entred, it is possible they might sooner
 ' lose themselves, than recover their absent
 ' Mistriss ; these second Thoughts directed them
 ' to give me notice of her Departure ; this
 ' News seiz'd my Soul like a Thunder-clap,
 ' still things became worse and worse, each
 ' particular foreshewing an unhappy Augury
 ' to insue ; nor did my Apprehensions fail me,
 ' for that I was afraid of, soon came unto me,
 ' and the thing which I did dread came upon
 ' me like a Tempest ; upon these Tidings,
 ' in a moment we dispersed our selves into
 ' all

all Parts of the Wood, promised great Rewards to him that cou'd bring me the first Tidings of her Safety; scarce a Thicket in the Wood was left untraced, and as far as we cou'd conceive, all our Labours wou'd become fruitless, when it was *Cordello's* hap to find her sitting alone, on the out-side of the Wood. He made towards her, and seated himself by her side; hardly had any Discourse pass'd between them, but there issued out of the adjacent Wood, a man that bent his Steps towards the Water-side, but seeing her sit there, altered the Course of his Design; he cast himself at her Feet, and was soon known to be the absent *Orsamus*; after many Complaints that she was cruel, seasoned with so many Tears, as wou'd have produced Pity in a barbarians Heart; his Carriage and Actions so desperate amazed *Cynthia*, that she had not force enough for a Reply: at last, he resolved in desperate manner, to sacrifice the last part of his Life to his Love; he drew his Sword, the Sight and Fear of which, cast *Cynthia* into a deadly Trance; he had made that Place the Tragick Scene of his Revenge on *Cordello*, if his Attendants had not fortunately made in and rescued him from his Hands, and all at once assaulted him; five had their Passports for the other World, and no doubt, the Company, that continually increased, had put a Period to his Life, had not a strange

○

turn

' turn of Fortune preserv'd him. From forth a
 ' small Creek thereunto adjoyning, issued out
 ' sixteen Pirats, at the sight of which, those
 ' that assaulted *Orsamus* fled away, but he
 ' made good his Defence against them all, for
 ' the Safety of *Cymbia*. Too late I had News
 ' of this, for I made to the Place with what
 ' Power I had, but I saw nothing but half a
 ' score men lying dead on the Ground. A-
 ' mongst those that lay wallowing in their
 ' Goar, there was one that began to recover
 ' a little, and was so well followed by my
 ' Servants, that his Senses return'd unto him.
 ' I promised him his Life, on condition he
 ' wou'd give me a true Relation what they
 ' were. After a sigh or two as prologue, the
 ' wounded man began as followeth.

*My Country is Norway, and the Commander
 of these Men, with whom I came ashore, is Al-
 merin, the famous Rover of those Northern
 Parts, and his Protector is the King of Nor-
 way; I believe the Name of Almerin is not
 unknown to the Inhabitants of Albion, but his
 Robberies keep it always green in Memory; un-
 der his Conduct, sixteen of us came ashore, and
 were bravely repulsed by one single man, who made
 his Defence good against us all, for the preserving
 of a Lady that lay Senseless on the Ground; three
 of my Companions besides my self, lay groveling
 in their Blood at his Feet, which sight incensed
 Almerin to a speedy Revinge, that they rushed
 upon him on all parts, with such Rage and Force,
 that*

that it seem'd impossible he shou'd make any longer Resistance; in fine, they seiz'd him, and convoy'd both him and the Lady aboard our Vessel, which lay in a small Creek not far distant off, from whence, no doubt, they have put off to Sea. This is all the Account I can give you; for your Pardon of my Life, it is of no value, since my Pass is sign'd for the other World? Kings may take Life away, but they cannot command a Soul to stay when her Date is expired; such is mine, Oh King! (continued he) you cannot give what you dare not promise your self; I am going the way of all Mortals; in Death there is no difference; my Soul is ready to take her last adieu; Oh let my Death be a Glass to shew what I was, and what you must shortly be! Saying this, Life gave an exit indeed, and left his Body breathless on the Ground.

‘ Scarce had I unfixed my Eyes from this
 ‘ Object of Mortality, and cast them to-
 ‘ wards the Ocean, but behold I saw the
 ‘ Ship that contained all my worldly Joys,
 ‘ going before the Wind, with full Sails,
 ‘ wafting away my Soul; how often did I
 ‘ wish some Remora wou'd retard her hast,
 ‘ or that *Aeolus* wou'd obstruct its Flight? but
 ‘ my Prayers and Sighs were turn'd to Air,
 ‘ from whence they were framed, and pro-
 ‘ duced no effects; I gave command to sever-
 ‘ ral Vessels to follow this Pirat, but all
 ‘ things agreed to further his Escape. The
 ‘ Night became exceeding dark, and there a-
 ‘ rose

' rose a mighty Storm, so that he was convoy-
 ' ed to unknown Parts, far from my Country ;
 ' my Ships were dispersed by the Tempest,
 ' and most of them are return'd Home with-
 ' out Tidings. This Sir, is one reason I can-
 ' not accord with your Masters Desires, and
 ' the other is, were she here, I cou'd not
 ' without breach of Honour, break my Pro-
 ' mise to Cordello ; although, shall I tell
 ' you, I hold him not fit to enjoy such a
 ' Treasure, because he has not Reason to
 ' prize the Worth of what he wou'd possess ;
 ' these be the Causes that inforce me not to
 ' agree with his Request, whose Alliance I
 ' shou'd otherways court, being far above my
 ' Hopes.

*Here Sir, (continued Willisfride) the King
 ended his Story, which I harkned unto with astu-
 nishment ; at last, recollecting my Spirits, Sir,
 (replied I) Your Discourse gives me great Cause
 of Wonder and Pity, and perhaps my Concern-
 ments in your disastrous Story, will not vail or
 become inferior to your Resentments ; I pity poor
 Orfamus's Misfortunes, with as much Regret as
 you have Sorrow for your Daughters ; but before
 I proceed, tell me one thing truly, I see you prize
 Orfamus's Vertues at their full Value in your
 Thoughts, shou'd his Birth be as Illustrious, or
 more Sublime than his Vertues, wou'd you deny
 him your Daughter in Marriage, if Heaven shou'd
 be so benevolent to send them both to your Hands ?
 ' Wou'd I, (replied the King, expecting the Pe-
 riod*

rid of my Discourse) ' Cou'd I expect Heaven
' wou'd be so fortunate unto me, his Person
' and Merits, without addition of Honours,
' shou'd gain Precedency in my Breast before
' all men. *I was much satisfied at the freeness of
his Discourse, and return'd him this Answer.*
*Know Sir, Orlamus is of Royal Blood, second
Son to my Master, the mighty King of the Nor-
thumbers, by Casualty Shipwrack'd on your Coast,
I gave him a Relation of what already you have
heard, which augmented his Admiration and Sa-
tisfaction, confirming him in his Resolves. This
Discourse was about three days after your Depar-
ture from the Kentish Coast. I comforted him in
what measure I might, telling him I wou'd return
to my Master, to give him this Intelligence, of
those many strange Adventures, from whence, I
wou'd set out with a Ship well mann'd in pursuit of
the Pirat, and that if I miss'd of him, I wou'd
go unto the King of Norway, and demand them
of him, and if he refus'd their Delivery, to arm
most of the Kingdoms of Albion in his behalf,
that had been disadvantaged by his Robberies; he
seem'd much satisfied with what I had propos'd,
not making any Demur against any thing I had
deliver'd; for that time we brake off our Dis-
course, and began to fall to Action; he bestow'd
many rich Presents on me, fitted out this Ship we
are now in; for my better accomodation in my
Passage, dispatched this Noble Commander as his
Ambassador, with full Power to confirm whatever
we had, or for the future shou'd agree upon: for*

the recovery of you and his Daughter; the Wind blowing fair, we put off from Shoar, and gave a Farewel to the King, bidding him not doubt of good Success. In fine, we had a nimble Passage into our own Country, where I Landed, and gave your Father an account of your Safety, and what else seem'd satisfactory to your Discovery; your Father rejoiced much at the Tidings of your Safety, according with the King of Kent in all his Requests, for they were equally concern'd in each others Disasters.

Hardly were Commands issued out for a Preparation, but a Ship that came into our Harbour, brought news that Almerin was off at Sea, and that they narrowly escaped his Hands; this Opportunity wou'd admit of no delays, which this brave Captain conceiving, requested the Command of the Ship we are now in, and had his desire granted; in a moment it was strongly Mann'd with our own Men, who freely offered their Lives to redeem their Prince, with their chearful Acclamations, foretelling a prosperous Omen; my self, though Age wou'd have excused it, accompanied this Noble Man, the thought of your Welfare extinguishing the imagination of my own Danger; thus we made off to Sea, accompanied with one Ship more, which was severed from us in the late Storm. Four days hath not yet pass'd away, since I left our own Country, in which time, Heaven has been so kind to make me your Preserver: now what rests there behind, but that we return to your Father and Brother, who thinks himself fortunate enough in
your

your Life, and resigns his unseen Mistress unto you, as a Reward only due to your Merits, and from thence unto the King of Kent, to make him happy in a Daughter, as your Father in his Son? for by your Discourse, I understand she is with you in the Cabbin.

This is the full End and Period of what I have to reveal unto you, the chief of which, you have been an Actor in your self, yet I have not been observant to abbreviate what you know, more than that, which, till this Moment, was a Secret unto you; but I have kept such a Method, that in giving you the Relation of what you know not, I have also satisfied those your Preservers, that until this time, have been almost ignorant of the Adventures of your Life, and cleared your Breast of all Scruples and Doubts that might make a Demur against the Verity of what I have related, for which causes only, I did enlarge my self, and to satisfy you why I have made this Digression.

Here *Willifride* ended his Discourse, when those that environed *Orsamus*, casting themselves at his Feet, cried out, *Long live our Prince Orsamus! Long live our Prince Orsamus!* *Orsamus* cast away his Weapon, and ran and imbraced *Willifride*, as the chief Author of his Happiness; the Caresses and Endearments that passed between them, were many; the Captain congratulated his Happiness; there was not the meanest Souldier in the Ship, but interess'd themselves in this

Fortunate Change. After *Orsamus* had spent some small time in these Transports, he left *Willifride* and the Captain, and again entred the Cabbin, where he found his dearest *Cynthia* hardly recovered from her former Fears, musing what the Event of so desperate a Beginning might fortune to be; he gave her a brief Relation of all that had passed, from which *Cynthia* received much delightful Satisfaction; at the Conclusion of which, he cast himself at her Feet; See *Madam*, (continued he) *Gods and Men agree to make me happy, if my dearest Princess do not vote me miserable, for the Knowledge of my Self, and my Life so strangely preserved, wou'd become unpleasant, should they not raise me to some esteem in your Affection.*

Rise Orsamus (said she) *and believe I rated your Vertues at their full Worth in my Esteem, and this Discovery has added nothing to the Value I always had for you; and since my Father owns your Pretensions, without whose Seal I can make no assurance, if the perfecting of your Felicity depend on my Disposal, the Conquest of my Obstinacy will be but a small Obstruction to your Content. Oh fortunate Orsamus!* (replied he) *Oh what a Day was here! how wisely does Heaven provide to make me bippy; I find my Princess kind, I've found a Life, a Father, a Brother and a Friend! What could Fortune have done more, in the perfecting of my Happiness, or making an addition to my Felicitities?*

cities? Mans Joys never come to perfection, till heightened by a Surprize, the Sun shines most clear through a Cloud, and that Joy rises most glorious, that breaks through Fears, for there is nothing more endearts a Good, than to contemplate the Difficulty we have to attain it.

This Discourse being over, *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* left the Cabbin, whose Beauty was the Admiration of all that did behold her, and claimed Obedience, as Tribute from all Hearts; and the respect there shewed her, was not inferior to those she received in her Fathers Court; the Captain fell at her Feet, paying his dutious Observances to his Princess: they consulted with him and *Willifride*, what course they shou'd shape for the future; at last it was resolved to steer their Way towards the Kingdom of *Northumberland*, and it was soon put into execution; the Ships were cleansed of the dead Carcases; *Almerin's* Body with the rest, was committed unto the Waves, and this was the miserable end of that wretched Man.

Neptune grew pliant, and *Auster* with a pleasant Gale did sweetly swell their Carrivels Wings, that they seem'd to fly; with such swiftness did this happy Bottom speed them away, so fortunate were they in their Voyage, as that in less time than they expected, they discovered their own Coast, where they soon landed, and bent their Journey to the Regal City, where being arriv-

ed,

ed, they made themselves known unto the King, who was almost ravished with Joy, in the sight of his long lost Son; his Brother caressed him, his Friends welcomed him, nor cou'd there be a Parallel to his Entertainment; the Relation of which, I abbreviate, and remain silent: words are not full enough to express their Content, for Language is too narrow to cloath great Passions. I shall only give the Reader this Caution, that there was nothing wanting to express their Joy more intire. *Cynthia* had such Respects paid her, as were peculiar to so rare a Creature; such deep Impressions can Vertue and Beauty make in illustrious and high born Spirits; because they wou'd not disturb their Happiness by a sudden Journey, they sent a Messenger express to the King of *Kent*, to certify him of Daughters his Safety, and to give him advice, that in a few days time, [*Oswin* wou'd be with him in *Doroborina*, accompanied with his two Sons, and his fair Daughter *Cynthia*, to celebrate *Orsamus's* Nuptials; the Messenger was received with all Joy and Respect, and returned well rewarded; Preparations were made on all Parts, for a Triumphant Entrance; at the time limited, *Oswin* came, and was received with all the Acclamations of Joy cou'd be expressed, the Bells cast their resounding Echo on all Parts of the City, and the Bonfires seemed to contest for Splendor with the Planet that rules

rules the Night; the Spectators were numberless, that came to behold their lost Princess, and their Welcomes made a thundring Noise on all Parts; never was an Entry made into that City more stately. Thus they were attended to the Palace, where *Cynthia* cast her self at her Fathers Feet, and was raised by the old King, with excessive Ravishment; the Embraces and Kisses he bestowed on her, were many, nor did they pass unaccompanied without some Tears of Joy.

These Endearments being passed, he embraced the *Northumbers* King, who stood ready to receive him; then *Egfride*, and lastly *Orsamus*, whom he caressed with Endearments peculiar to an only Son, still calling him his Preserver. *Orsamus*, (said he) Now the time is come to reward your Merits, with what is most dear and precious unto me, for indeed all other Recompences were inferior to your Deserts. *Orsamus* wou'd have replied to this obliging Language, but they were disturbed by the Company that approached. *Willifide* came to kiss his Hand, with that noble Captain of the Ship, that so fortunately rescued *Cynthia*.

What shall I say? the Salutations on all parts were numberless, and the Welcomes infinite while Supper lasted, which ended, and their high Flood of Joy being somewhat dissipated, they resolved about *Orsamus's*

mus's Marriage, whose Happiness was deferred no longer than till the next day, which soon arrived, *Phœbus* hastning his Race with his swiftest speed, unwilling his Absence shou'd defer their Delights, or perhaps longing to behold the Royalties of so glorious a Day.

Cynthia was attired that day, in a Gown resembling the Colour of the Azure Sky, more fair than that Divinity that ravished *Endymion*; her head was adorned with Jewels, which cast a Lustre on all parts where she went; yet was that Splendor darkned by the transcendent Rays that pierced from her Eyes, than which, nothing was more penetrating; she was the only Object of all those eyes that beheld her that Day, and happy did he count himself, that cou'd gain a sight of this surpassing Beauty, for nothing was wanting to make that amiable, which alas, was too lovely of it self.

Now the hour approached, wherein *Hymen* must do his Duty, in knitting this happy Knot. *Orsamas* with his beloved *Cynthia*, accompanied with the two Kings, and Prince, attended by the Nobility of both Kingdoms, followed by an infinite Number of Spectators; after some small time had pass'd away, they arriv'd at the great Temple of the City, where the Bishop stood ready to joyn their Hands, which Ceremony

mony performed with great Magnificence, they returned to the Palace. It would ask too long a time to describe the Entertainment they received Homewards; many stately Pageants were erected, where the Gods and Goddesses seemed to descend, and in Heroick Poems, to describe their strange Adventures: many rich Presents were offered by the Citizens, wherein they did express the Gratefulness of their Hearts. In fine, nothing was left undone, that cou'd speak their Joy more absolute; the residue of that Day, was spent in Masks and Plays, in all the Delights and Merriments the Heart of Man cou'd fancy.

Phaëbas necessitated, gave a Farewel to this upper World, yet not before he had charged his Sister *Cynthia* to attend at *Cynthia's* Nuptials; which she duly performed; for never was there seen a fairer Night, where the Heavenly Spangles were evident to the Eye, while *Diana* ran her Career in Glory, perhaps to vie Splendor with *Cynthia*, whose Happiness she began to envy. The time drew near when *Morpheus* with his leaden Mace, approaches, commanding to rest; upon which Notice given, *Cynthia* was conducted by her Royal Attendance, to her Bed, after whom, followed *Orsamus*, accom-
 nied

nied by the two Kings, who saw him lodged by her Side; and giving them the Goodnight, not without the Blushes of *Cynthia*, left them unto their Rest, or to the Possession of those Pleasures, the Stock of Mankind might envy him; and here I wou'd rest and continue silent, but that my Genius directs me a little further, to give you notice, that so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleas'd to bestow on their first Year, a Son, and on the second, a Daughter, which heir'd all the Perfections and Features of her Mother; *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* loving and living in such Felicity and true Affection, as every Day seem'd their Marriage Day, and every Night, a fresh Rivalry of Delight; *Cynthia* living in *Orsamus*, and *Orsamus* bounding his whole Felicity in *Cynthia*.

*After a Storm, the Sun more bright appears;
That Joy is greatest, that is rais'd from Fears,
And built on Hopes, doth chiefest Comfort bring;
A cruel Winter makes a lovely Spring.
Adversity makes Men esteem of Wealth,
He that hath Sickness had, doth prize his Health,
The sence of Woe, adds Pleasures to the Joys;
Still to be happy, Happiness destroys.*

Excess

*Excess of Dainties soon will glut the Taste,
 Felicity were Sorrow, shou'd it last.
 Things that are dearest bought we most do prize,
 And Joys kept down by Sorrows highest rise.
 This is the Comfort vertuous Lovers find,
 Their Hell is first, their Heaven is behind.*

F I N I S.

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