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THE TRIVMPHES OF GODS REVENGE

Againſt

The Cryinge, & Execrable Sinne, of Willfull, & Premeditated Murther

Exemplified In Thirtye Severall, Tragicall Historyes *Digeſted into Sixe Bookes* wch *contayne great variety of Mournefull, & Memerable Accydents Amorous Morall, & Divine*

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Written By Iohn Reynolds

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THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING and EXECRABLE SINNE OF (WILFUL and PREMEDITATED) MURTHER.

With His Miraculous Discoveries, and Severe Punishment thereof.

In Thirty several

TRAGICAL HISTORIES:

(Digested into Six Books) committed in divers Countreys beyond the SEAS.

Never Published or Imprinted in any other Language.

Histories which contain great variety of Mournful and Memorable Accidents, **Historical, Moral, and Divine:** very necessary to restrain and deterr us from that bloody sin which in these our days makes so ample and large a Progression.

With a TABLE of all the several Letters and Challenges contained in the whole Six Books.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

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The Lord is known in executing Judgment, and the wicked is snared in the works of his own hand.

PROV. 14. 27.

The fear of the Lord is a well-spring of life, to avoid the snares of death.

The Fifth and Last Edition.

Whereunto are added the lively Pourtraictures of the several Persons, and resemblances of other Passages mentioned therein, engraven in Copper Plates.

LONDON, Printed by *A. M.* for *William Lee*, and are to be sold by *George Sawbridg*, *Francis Tyton*, *John Martin*, *Thomas Vere*, *Randolph Taylor*, *Edward Thomas*, *Thomas Passenger*, *Henry Broome*, *Nevil Symmons*, *Robert Clavel*, *William Crook*, and *James Magnes*; and other Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*, 1670.

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To my Sacred Soveraign, *CHARLES*, King of *Great Britain, France* and *Ireland*, *Defender of the Faith*, &c.

SIR,

AS *Rivers, though in their passing they fall into many Neighbour-Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sea: so let these my poor Labours (though formerly dedicated to divers Illustrious Peers of this your Realm) be suffered at last to terminate in the* Ocean *of your Princely* Greatness *and* Goodness, *wherein all Vertuous Endeavours (as so many Lines in their Center) desire to be united.*

What private respects may challenge me towards their Honours, the same towards your Majesty, *will claim the publike Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more universally obliged. I am not so overweening of my weak Endeavours, as to think them worthy of your* Majesty's *view, much less able to add any thing to your Royal Vertues; Rivers add nothing to the Main; yet thither they naturally send the Tribute of their streams: & if my Loyalty teach me to do the like, it will not, I hope, be conceived done out of an opinion of Merit, but only out of a desire to discharge the duty of a Subject to your* Majesty.

And I am the rather emboldned to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like; when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdom, I (about Eleven years since) presented a Translation of a Work of Monsieur de Refuges, *entituled,* A Treatise of the Court; *the Gracious and Undeserved acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with further Courage, to present you (now advanced to a greater* State) *with a greater encrease of mine own Labour, your* Majesty *will not (I hope) condemn me of groundless Presumption.*

The former Three Books had the Honour and Happiness to be perused by the Judicious Eye of King James, *your Renowned Father, of Happy Memory; In whose Incomparable Judgment they failed not of Approbation, though Dedicated to Inferior*

359093

 Names:

Names: the more am I now encouraged to Inscribe and Intitle the whole Six *to your Sacred* Majesty, *as being no less Heir of His Virtues, than of His Crown and Dignity.*

And one thing more (arising from the Consideration of the thing it self) made me think it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Royal Estate: for, the Contents of it being the Execution of Justice *upon the Unnatural Sin of* Murther; *Where can it be more fitly addressed, than to the Great Patron of* Justice *among us (God's immediate Vicegerent), by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such odious Crimes are to be chastised, and Innocent Blood justly expiated with Guilty.*

And it may more fitly suit with your Majesty, *who as you excel in the careful Administration of* Justice *upon all Offenders; so especially upon those (most heinous of all others) the violaters of God's sacred Image, in the perpetration of wilful* Murther, *towards whom* Clemency *even changeth her nature, and becomes* Cruel *to the* Weal-publick. *Never had any Land less cause to complain of too much Indulgency this way, than ours, as may well appear both by the rareness of such Occurrences in your Kingdom, and the severe vindication of them whensoever they happen, or by whom, or howsoever performed.*

These Histories therefore, which may serve as a Looking-glass to all Nations, shall to these of yours be a special Ornament and Mirror of their felicity, and set forth and publish your Praise, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whose Climate (seldom or never) affords such Tragedies; *nor will do, whiles your Christian resolution shall continue to prevent them in the spring, and to punish the lighter degrees of Bloodiness with due relation. The great* Author *of* Justice (*who is* Goodness *and* Justice *it self*) *long preserve your* Majesty *with us, and the Happiness we enjoy in your Sacred Person, so near resembling Him whose Authority and Image you bear. So prayeth*

Your Majesty's *most humbly devoted in all Dutiful Allegance,*

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

AUTHOR

HIS

PREFACE to the *READER.*

CHristian Reader, we cannot sufficiently bewail the iniquity of these last and worst dayes of the world, in which the crying and scarlet-sin of Murther makes so ample, and so bloody a progression: for we now scarce turn our ear or eye any where, but we shall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mournfull effects, or to see with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now so much degenerated from our selves, or our hearts from our souls, to think that *Christ were no longer our shepherd, or we the sheep of his Pasture*: or as if we were become such wretched and execrable Athiests, to believe *There were no Heaven, to reward the righteous; or Hell, to punish the ungodly.* But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to heaven, and raise and erect our souls from Satan to God, we shall then not only see what engendereth this diabolical passion in us, but also find the means to detect, and root it out from amongst us.

Psal. 23. 1. Psal. 100. 3. Mat. 25. 33. 41.

To which end it is requisite, we first consider, that our enemies who oppose our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weak in power, that we should think our selves able to vanquish, ere we fight with them; for we have to fight with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the entising Devil: not with three simple Souldiers, or poor Pigmies; but with three valiant and puissant Chieftans, subtil to incamp, dangerous to assail, and powerful to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to his will, assails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Masks, and Stage-plays, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, *The lust of the eye, and the pride of life; with inordinate affection and lascivious desires*, with a piercing eye, a vermilion cheek, golden hair, and a slender waste. And although it discover us not all these perfections of nature in one personage; yet, he shews us most of them in divers: and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we shall hear them marry their *Syren* voice to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, Painting, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugared speeches, Wanton embracings, and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimblenes, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxury, Gluttony, Intemperancy, Drunkennes Voluptuousnes and Sensuality will cast us out so fair (I mean so treachercus) a Lure, as if we stoop thereto, we shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein will prove our ruine and destruction.

1. John 2. 16. Col. 3. 5.

And now, if neither the world, nor the flesh can entangle, or insnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devil, that roaring Lyon, who walks about, seeking whom he may devour, that mortal enemy, and arch-traytor to our souls, that Prince of darknes*, whose subtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatal, *in that he transforms himself into an Angel of light, thereby to make us heirs and slaves of his obscure kingdom*: yea, he will proffer us more than either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire; for all the pomp, treasure, and pleasures of the world, yea all that is in the world, and the world it self, he will prostrate and give us, if we will consent to obey him, and promise to fall down and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernal bounty and liberality, he will puff us up with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vain-glory, Ostentation, Disdain, Covetuousnes, Singularity, Affectation, Confidence, Security; and if all these allurements will not prevail to subdue us, he hath yet reserved Troops and Forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frowns, and his calms to storms, he will give us Pensiveness, Grief of mind and body, affliction, sorrow, discontent, choler, envy, indignation, despair, revenge, and the like.

1. Pet. 5. 8. Rev. 12. 9. John 12. 31. Eph. 6. 12. 2. Cor. 11. 6. Luke 4. 6. 7.

Yea, he will watch us at every turn, and wait on us at every occasion: for, are we bent to

revenge;

revenge; he will blow the coals to our choler: are we given to sorrow and discontent; he will thrust and hale us on to dispaire: are we inclined to wantonness, and lasciviousness; he will fit us with means and opportunity to accomplish our carnal desires: or, are we addicted to covetousness and honours; he will either cause us to break our hearts, or our necks, to obtain it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernal Kingdom.

Thus we see how powerfull our three capital Enemies are; yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of subordinate means and instruments they have, not only to ensnare, but to destroy us: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but, which is worse, to make shipwrack of our souls: and from hence comes our misery: yea, from these three fatal trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in general, and each of them in particular; we may swim in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or destruction, if we will consider, and in considering remember, that *God is our Creator, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and Comforter*: that we are honoured with the resemblance of God, whose stamp and character we bear, and inriched with immortal and living souls: which sacred priviledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellency above the rest of all his creatures, whom he hath made for our service, and we onely to serve and glorifie Him: That he hath made the world for a thorow-fare, and us as passengers, that we have no abiding City here, but must seek one in the world to come: That the world is ours but for a season, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pomp and pleasures thereof are but transitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or smoke before the wind, whereas those of Heaven are both immortal and eternal: *That our flesh is but like flowers that fade, and grass that withereth*, but a mass of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of dust and ashes, that the best of its beauty is but vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery but rottenness and putrifaction: If, I say, we spurn at the vanity of the world, contemn the pleasures of the flesh, and scoff at the temptations of Satan; using the first, as if we used it not, making the second *the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and not the members of a Harlot*; and that we are so far from fearing, as we defie the third, *Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth*: for if we will be heirs of the Church Triumphant, we must be first Souldiers of the Militant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apostle, stand against all these our enemies, *Having the whole spiritual Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Brest-plate of Righteousness, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit*, not to catch at these alluremennts, or to be caught by them; not to strike sail, or to stoop to these afflictions: or to hang down our heads, as if we gave way to them, or were contented that our weakness should yield to their strength, or our joyes to their afflictions: rather to stand up couragiously, and to repel and resist manfully, considering that we are not only heirs, but coheirs with Jesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that Heavenly *Hierusalem*, whose joyes are infinite, and glory eternal.

Gen. 1. 27. Psal. 11. 5. 6. Joh. 10. 21. 11. 25. Gen. 2. 7. Gen. 1. 28. Isa. 43. 21. Heb. 13. 14. Psal 132 3. Isa. 40. 7. Psal. 39. 5. 1. Cor. 6. 15. Col. 3. 2. Ephes. 6.

I deny not, but afflictions, and temptations may befall us; yea, I ackhowledg they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom he will trie in the fire, to see whether they will prove silver, or dross: yea, he will come with his fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaff, Corn or Darnel: But the Children of God should *rejoyce in tribulation*, and *account it exceeding joy, when they are tempted*: yea, they must consider, that *God tempteth no man with evil*: but it is our own concupiscence that draws and enticeth us to it. In which respect, we may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madness to follow and imbrace it.

Rom. 5. 3. James 1. 2. James 3. 14.

For why should discontent cast us into dispair, except we will resemble the fooliish Sailor, who abandoneth the Helm in a storm when he hath most need to use it? or the simple fish, that leaps from the pan to fire: Or those ignorant Fools, who to shelter themselves from the rain run into the River? For are we tempted? *The Lord will hold us up by his right hand*, yea, *he will not fail those that seek him*: *For he is our rock and our fortress, our shield, and our refuge*, yea, *although he hath wounded us, he will bind up our wounds*. And that we may yet see a farther benefit, that accrueth to those that are tempted, let us read with joy and retain with comfort, that, *Blessed is the man that indureth temptation, he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him*: yea, *they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever*.

Psal. 73. 25. Psalm. 91. 10. Psal. 18. 2. Hos. 6. 1. Jam. 1. 12. Psal. 125. 1.

When therefore (amongst other temptations) choler so far prevaileth with us (or rather the Devil with our choler) that we imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift up our hands against

our

our Christian Brother; let us then consider what the Apostle tells us from God: *He that hates his Brother, walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth*: yea, *He that loves not his Brother, is not of God.* Hath any one therefore offended thee? why, consider he is a man and no Angel, and as subject to infirmities as thy self: as also, that he is thy Brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he bears the same Image and Resemblance of God as thy self doth: in which regard thou art counselled, *Not to let the Sun go down on thy wrath: That thou seek after peace and follow it: That we forbear and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and that if we live in peace the God of peace will be with us.* 1 John 2 11. 1 Jhon 4. 10 Ephes. 4. 26 1. Pet. 3. 9. Colos. 3. 13. Psal. 14. 58.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardned in their hearts and sins, and so resolute in their wilfulness, as instead of relishing, they distaste, and instead of embracing, reject and disdain this Christian advice and counsell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their souls, they give way to the treacherous baits of the world, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatal temptations of the Devil, and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren; and although the murders of *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envy, of *Uriah* by *David* for Adultery, of *Abner* by *Joab* for Ambition, of *Naboth* by *Jezebel* for malice, and of *Jehu* his sons by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their several punishments which God inflicted on them for these their hainous and horrible crimes) are precedent enough fearfull and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pity, and a regenerate soul melt into tears, yet sith new examples engenders and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty several Tragical Histories, which for thy more easy and perfect memory, I have digested into six several Books, that observing and seeing herein as in a Crystal Mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sin, wherewith these weak Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and seduced: Considering, I say the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian Brethren, some through blood, others through poyson: as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: yea many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many; that the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terrour thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the lists of charity towards men, and the bounds of filial and religious obedience towards God, who tells us by his Royal Prophet, that *who soever maketh a pit for others shall fall into it himself: for his mischief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by Sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counsell of the Apostle, *if any one be afflicted, let him pray:* and grieved *to pour forth their hearts before God:* not considering the efficacy thereof; *nor how Moses made the bitter waters of Marah sweet thereby:* yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on his Gospell and his Sacraments, but spurned at all these Divine comforts and spiritual blessings, yea and trampled that sweet smelling sacrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preservative of the soul against sin, and the Bulwark to expell all the fiery and bloody darts of Satans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and ejaculations of our souls mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it self: the which I present unto the view, not onely of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soul, because it is a vertue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilfull Pilot, who mourns to see the Rocks, whereon his neighbours have suffered shipwrack: and yet again rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his own; which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporal life of our Bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our souls in that to come. Gen 4.8 2. Sam. 11.17. and 3.27. 1 King 21.13. and 21. 1. Psal. 7.14.15 James 5. 13. Psal. 61. 8. Exod. 15. 16.

I must further advertise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragicall Histories from forreign parts, because it grieves me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our own Country, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want Matter of new consolation, then cause of reviving old sorrows; or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend: in which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures; have been so cautious to disguise and mask their Actors, under the vails of other names; and sometimes been inforced to lay

their Scenes in ſtrange and unknown Countreys.

For mine own part, I have illuſtrated and poliſhed theſe Hiſtories, yet not framed them according to the Model of mine own fancies, but of their paſſions, who have repreſented and perſonated them: and therefore if in ſome places they ſeem too amorous, or in other too bloody, I muſt juſtly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy ſelf on me; ſith I onely repreſent what they have acted, and gave that to the publick which they obſcurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, deſire, and prayer, is, that if thou art ſtreng in Chriſt, peruſing and reading of theſe Hiſtories may confirm thy faith, and thy defiance of all ſins in general, and of Murther in particular; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Chriſtian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arme thee againſt the allurements of the World, and the Fleſh; but eſpecially againſt the ſnares and enticements of the Devil, which may ſtir thee up either to Wrath, Deſpair, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou maiſt reſemble the Bee and not the Spider, and ſo draw hony from all flowers, but poyſon from none.

It ſhall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the ſight of theſe Hiſtories, thou reap any ſpiritual comfort or encouragement in this *Chriſtian Warfare* againſt the World, the Fleſh, annd the Devil, our three profeſſed and fatal enemies or if thou wilt be ſo wilfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride poſt by other mens ſins; and vices, yet with leiſure take a curious and exact ſurvey of thy own; and in ſeeing them, not onely endeavour but ſtrive to reform them.

If this firſt Book of my Tragical Hiſtories work any good effect in thee, in cauſing thee to aſſume and take on a reſolution to hate theſe ſins in thy ſelf, and to deteſt them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my premiſe, and the fontiſpiece to thee, ſhall not be kept back, or with-held thee, but in due time ſucceed this their elder ſiſter: having purpoſely enlarged thee this my Preface, becauſe this one ſhall ſerve for all ſix Books, at leaſt if the reſt be ſo happy to ſee the world, or I ſo fortunate, that the world may ſee them. In the mean time hoping that thy courteſie and charity will wink at ſome defects and imperfections, which may herein have ſlipt either from my Pen, or the Preſs, and whereof the malice of ſome, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuſe themſelves by condemning me; I recommend
Deut. 30. 20. theſe my labours from their paſſion to thy friendſhip; from their cenſure to thy judgement: and
Pſal. 104. 31. us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the ſtrength of our days: To whom be glory for evermore.*

Thy Chriſtian Friend

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

AUTHOR

HIS

READVERTISEMENT

TO THE

Judicious Christian Reader.

THat my promise owed six of these Books of *Gods Revenge against Murther* to the World, the Title, and my Epistle (to the *Reader*) of the first Book, doth apparently testifie: It is now some ten years since that I published the third thereof, since when, my time and leisure hath been still so interrupted, and (as it were) cut asunder by many different intervening accidents, that I along time both doubted and feared that the three last Books would have absolutely dyed upon the Design: But I praise and bless God, (he hath been so favourable to my desires, and so propitious to my intentions and resolutions) that I have cleared that doubt and secured this fear; for now (by his sacred Assistance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finished them, and do here present all six Books to thee in one intire Volumn. I am not so vain or presumptuous, to think that they deserve to be seen and read of more Judicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities. I knew it was a singular great and excellent point of wisdom in *Socrates*, who (by the *Oracle* of *Apollo*) was deemed the wisest of Men, to confess and acknowledg to the world, *That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.*

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the world know, that I understand there are a generation of people, who have been so strangely ignorant, as to give out that these my *Histories* are not *Originals*, but *Translations*, either from *Italian* or *French*; all which (with equal Truth and Modesty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard *Matter*, *Manner*, *Method*, or *Phrase*, *Place*, or *Persons*: for contrariwise I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine own leisure) composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being so far from *Translations*, that as I have hitherto refused to imitate any therein, but my self, so had I been so ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or consent to it, some friends of mine in *Paris*, had long since done the three first Books into *French*, from my first *Original* thereof: But knowing Humility to be the fairest Ornament of a Writer, and Modesty best to become Vertuous Minds, I have hitherto prevented it, and do still resolve so to do.

Now becauſe as *Idleneſs* makes ſome too curious, and *Curioſity* makes others too idle, ſo it likewiſe pleaſed ſome (not ſo diſcreet as forward) to condemn and tax ſome of my *Hiſtories* for being too long, and others for being too ſhort, as if I were bound to obſerve and pleaſe their fancy, more then the truth, or mine own judgment; or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my ſelf. No, no, as long as I know men are as different in their opinions and cenſures, as in their countenances and complexions, I ſhall rather connive and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) ignorance, and reſolve and content my ſelf to contemn and paſs by, rather than to eſteem or grieve at it. They will firſt I hope read, before they underſtand, and let me then requeſt them alſo, that they will firſt underſtand, before they either cenſure, or tax any part of what they read; and ſo I doubt not, but they will both ſee, and find, that in the penning and publiſhing of theſe *Hiſtories*, if I am not worthy of their *Love*, yet (at leaſt) their unjuſt *Envy* and *Detraction* is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of theſe our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the preſent, yet it is not impoſſible for the future both to reſpect and honour them; and ſo I leave theſe uncharitable *Zoyliſts* to ſleep, ſtanding in the ſimplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my pen to the wiſe and religious Chriſtian *Readers*, who will know what ſingular good effects it worketh in their hearts, firſt to read with underſtanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence, for whoſe ſakes ſolely I have now added theſe my three laſt Books of *Gods Revenge againſt the Crying Sin of Wilful Murther*, to the three former; for I ſend them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavours ſhould tend, to the Propagation of *Chriſtian Love* and *Charity* among men, whereat all our Enterprizes ſhould aim, and to the flouriſhing advancement of Gods honour and glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls ſhould chiefly aſpire and level.

And becauſe *Scaliger* Affirms, *That nothing ſo ſoon allures or draws a Reader to peruſe and read, as a ſtrange Theam and Argument*: Therefore this Path being ſeldom (if ever) trodden or beaten by any other, I am ſo far from deſpairing, as I am confident, at leaſt, of thy acceptance, if not of thy approbation of theſe my labours; and the ſooner, becauſe as thou haſt heretofore diſburthened my *Stationer* of the three firſt of theſe Books, ſo he (in compenſation thereof) hath now drawn the three laſt of them from me to the *Preſs*, with a more than common and uſual importunity; and I ſhall bear this content to my grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I ſhall leave no pernicious Air behind me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdneſs and Vanity; which as it is the ſhame of this our age, ſo it ought to be the care of every good Man, to ſhun that which ſo many of our lewd and laſcivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have conſecrated my Pen rather to Inſtruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curioſity, and have made it my chiefeſt Care, Ambition, and Conſcience, to profit thy Soul, rather than to pleaſe thine Ear, and to ſavour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirm (with equal truth and boldneſs) that I have written it with ſo innocent a Pen, that the pureſt and moſt unſtained Virgin ſhall not need to make her beautiful Cheeks guilty of the leaſt Bluſh in peruſing it all over.

It is with no ſmall coſt and labour, that I firſt procured, then penned theſe *Hiſtories*, and have now poliſhed and prepared them to the *Preſs*, as well for

the

the extirpating of that *Execrable Sin of Murther* (which cryes so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee, Gods sacred Justice, and righteous Judgments in the Vindication of the inhuman Authors thereof, to the end, that (by the knowledg and reading of them) thou maist become more Charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples: having herein endeavoured (as much as in me lies) to make my *Reader* a Spectator, first of these their foul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary punishments, which (as a dismal storm and terrible tempest from heaven) fell on them on Earth when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my *Re-advertisement* to thee, I religiously from my heart intreat thee to respect the matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty several *Tragical Histories*, whiles I will account and esteem it a far greater Happiness for my self, to learn true Charity, and the true fear of God in writing them, than to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with *Lipsius*, That my aim and desire in publishing of them, *It is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by me.*

What Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their knowledg and contemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable opinion, and dayly prayers to his Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend

John Reynolds.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE

LORD MARQUIS of BUCKINGHAM, &c.

Right Honourable

ABout some two years since, I (from beyond the Seas) presumed to send your Honour two several pregnant Testimonies as well of my affection to your service, as of my zeal to your prosperity; not that I performed those then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know that to flatter, is to betray Greatness: a vice most ignoble in it self, and therefore most improper for your Honours receit, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our Sacred Soveraign, and his most Excellent Majesty to all the World, that you are truly Honourable, truly Noble, and now to second my two former acknowledgments of zeal and duty to your Honour, with this third, I (though in a less serious, yet more publick manner) presume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the first Book of my Tragical Histories, (some of the mean observations and collections of my slender Travels) wherein The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the crying and execrable Sin of Murther, are so eminent and conspicuous, that (except my hope betray my judgment) they are made obvious to the sight, and consequently profitable to the soul of a Christian; and not to prophane either your Honours cares, or my pen, with the least spark or shadow of an untruth, my presumption had not been so ambitious, to have committed these Histories to the Press, except with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby repress that hellish sin, against which they solely contest and fight, and which in these our days (with as much pity as grief) makes so bloody, and so lamentable a progression, thereby to serve as stops and preventions, in our England, in imitation of the Cataracts of Nylus, which kept Egypt from being submerg'd with her Inundation: Nor had I aspired to shelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and Protection, but that thereby they might find the surer passage in conversing with the different opinions, and the safer in meeting with the self-pleasing censures of the world; and if your Honour please, select some few hours from your more serious and weighty affairs, and vouchsafe imploy them on the different accidents these Histories report and relate; I (with as much humility as confidence) presume, that you will esteem them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally nor viciously cast away, in the perusal and contemplation thereof. Howsoever, they proceed from his Pen, whose heart not only admires and honours your Vertue, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the sincerity and candor of my soul, I wish not that your Honour may still remain firm to these, and these eternally fixed and constant to you; and from your Honour successively to your Posterity, transcendently to your Name.

Your Honours

in all duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The *Stationer* to the *Reader*.

HAving been ſo often importun'd for a Fifth Edition of this Book, I may ſeem to owe little further ſatisfaction to the World, but to procure what is deſired, and anſwer a publike Expectation. Yet ſeeing that thoſe that have done well in their former actions, have made themſelves Debtors to the world, and muſt for the future render a ſeverer account upon the ſcore of their old merit. I ſhall not excuſe my ſelf from giving the reaſons of this new Edition in folio, becauſe the Four firſt were receiv'd with univerſal approbation; the which, when they firſt came out, the ſparkling Vein which run through them, the ſublimeneſs of ſome parts, where ſuitable paſſions were to be expreſſed, joined with the rareneſs of the Narrations, and perhaps the compaſſion of ſome perſons, which made them wiſh they might not be true; began to create ſuſpition in ſome, as if they wanted truth, the ſoul of Hiſtory: Upon which the Lord *Abbot*, formerly Arch biſhop of *Canterbury*, not willing ſo great a part of God's Government in the world, ſhould be ſuſtained upon painted Pillars, knowing the Auxiliaries Falſhood ſupplies Truth with, are dangerous, and always call'd back in her greateſt occaſions; did very diligently enquire of the Author concerning moſt of the particulars, and was by him ſo amply ſatisfied, that that excellent perſon (who was then ſo great a part of the publike Conſcience) did judg the Gentleman's Travels moſt profitably undertaken, and his Pains plac'd for the beſt advantage; which he did declare to the World by his Licenſe and Approbation. Beſides, as a further proof of their truth, I have ſpoken with ſeveral Gentlemen, who have had acquaintance with ſome of the chiefeſt Actors. So that thoſe Ladies whoſe perfect goodneſs delights to ſhare in the *ſufferings of* Caſſandra, *and pay their Ceremonies of grief to empty Tombs*, may let fall that Celeſtial Dew upon thoſe ſweet Flowers and Lilies which here grow about the Grave ſometimes of unfortunate Faith and clear Innocence. That all this may appear more lively, I have added the ſeveral Brazen Cuts, which repreſent the moſt conſiderable actions, and offer a variety, which I queſtion not but will be agreeable: for, that which is more ſlowly deduced through

the course of a larger Narration, will at once be presented to the view, and make the impression strike the deeper. For, as *Naturalists* observe, that the blood of that beast which dyes the Purple, does then give the truest stain when he is killed at one blow: so Tragical Stories, put into such order that they may at once touch the sense, do most passionately move the affections; which being the main End of this new Edition, and the truest Benefit the Publike can receive, To create a horror in men of a sin which is pursued of God by those Punishments which are visible, and not adjourned to the Great Day, I shall rest assured of the acceptation of the Candid Reader, to whom I am to give farther notice, That this most Excellent History of *God's Revenge against Murther*, in few years having vended and sold all the Third and Fourth Impressions (so well contrived with the Graving of brass Plates to all the thirty Tragical *Histories*); I now the Fifth time present it unto the World much better corrected than the last Impression.

The whole work at large thus published the Fifth time, hath no Addition to the Matter, neither had any of the former. Only to these two last Impressions I did add the thirty brass Plates, that hath so much satisfied the Reader, that he cannot ever hereafter expect any more to be added. All which I commend to thy kind acceptance, and my self to thy service.

W. L.

A TABLE

Of the Contents of all the Histories, Contained in the whole Six Books.

The Contents of the First Book.

HISTORY I.

HAutefelia *causeth* La Fresnay *an Apothecary, to poyson her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills* de Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel.* La Fresnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth his two former murthers, and says that* Hautefelia *seduced and hired him to perform them:* Hautefelia *is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruel murthers they are both put to severe and cruel Deaths.* Page 1

HIST II.

Pisani *betrayeth* Gasperino *of his Mistress* Christineta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this Disgrace and kils him in the field: He after continueth his Sute to* Christineta. *She dissembles her malice for* Pisani *his Death. She appoints* Gasparino *to meet her in a Garden: and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the same.* pag. 15

HIST. III.

Mortaign, *under the promise of Marriage gets* Josselina *with child, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth* La Verdure *and* La Palma *to murther both her & her young son. The jealousie of* Isabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same.* p. 29

HIST. III.

Beatrice-Joanna, *to marry* Alsemero, *causeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonso Piracquo *who was a suter to her.* Alsemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomaso Piracquo *challengeth* Alsemero *for his Brothers death.* Alsemero *kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea: At his execution, he confesseth, that his Wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonso Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.* p. 41

HIST. V.

Alibius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla: *he is discovered, first, by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.*

The Contents of the Second Book.

HIST. VI.

Victorina *causeth* Sypontus *to stab & murther her first Husband* Souranza, *& she her self poysoneth* Fassino *her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruel murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.* pag. 77

HIST. VII.

Catalina *causeth her waiting maid* Antilva, *two several times to attempt to poyson her own Sister* Berinthia: *wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick,*

termed Sarmiata, *poyson her said maid* Ansilva: Catalina *is killed with a Thunder-bolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poysoning* Ansilva. Antonio *steals* Berinthia *away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother* Sebastiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duel:* Berinthia, *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her Brother* Sebastiano: *she is adjudged to be immured twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.* Pag. 73

HIST. VIII.

Belluile *treacherously murthereth* Poligny *in the street.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Mistris, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, & there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol, when assisted by her waiting-maid* Lucilla, *they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, & so murther him:* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.* Pag. 89

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo, *lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law* Perina, *his own son* Francisco de Castelnovo's *Wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth* Jerantha *first to poyson his own Lady* Fidelia, *and then his said son* Francisco de Castelnovo; *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherously murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in travel of child, confesseth her two murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.* Pag. 104

HIST. X.

Bertolini *seeks* Paulina *in marriage, but she loves* Sturio, *and not himself: he prays her Brother* Brellati *his dear friend, to sollicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, & he flies for the same.* Sturio *seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, & conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters,* Paulina *dyes for sorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills* Sturio *with a Petronel in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.* Pag. 119

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel;* La Hay *causeth* Michaele *to poyson* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *& because his Father* Argentier *will not consent that he marry her, stifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife; she turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, & himself for murthering his Father* Argentier: *so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt;* La Hay *confesseth this murther, and likewise that she caused* Michaele, *to poyson* La Frange: *she hath her right hand cut off, & is then burnt alive;* Michaele *is broken on the wheel, & his dead body thrown into the River.* p. 135

HIST. XII.

Albemare *causeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *first sought to marry. He causeth his man* Valerio *to poyson* Pedro *in prison, & by a Letter which* Leonardo *sent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and caused* Pedro & Leonardo *to murther her first Lover* Baretano: *which Letter she reveals to the Judg; so he is hanged, and likewise* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for these their bloody crimes.* pag. 161

HIST. XIII.

La

La Vaſſelay *poyſoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof ſhe cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a wood, & then marries him in requital. The ſaid* La Villete *riding a year after through the ſame wood, his Horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him; then he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof: ſo for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe is burnt alive.* p. 171.

HIST XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon, *with their two Lackies* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their Father Captain* Benevente, *which they perform.* Monteleon *and his Lacky* Anſelmo *are drowned.* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf.* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, & on the Gallows confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente, Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.* p. 187.

HIST XV.

Maurice *like a bloody Villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his, wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being diſcrazed of his wits in priſon, he there confeſſeth this foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.* 200

The Contents of the Fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

IDeaques *cauſeth his Son* Don Ivan *to marry* Marſillia, *then commits adultery & Inceſt with her; ſhe makes her father in law* Ideaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *& likewiſe makes her own Brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel;* Marſillia *hath her brains daſht out by a Horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt;* Ideaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the air.* p. 217.

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his brother* Vimory's *wife,* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery. She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebank*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife:* Harcourt *kills his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his Widow* Maſſerina: Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte; *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged.* Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty he is broken alive on the wheel for the ſame.* p. 233.

HIST. XVIII.

Romeo (*the Lackey of* Borlary) *kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna, *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame:* Borlary *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her husband* Seignior Flaneze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded and then burnt.* p. 251.

HIST. XIX.

Beumarays, *and his brother* Montaign, *kill* Champigny *and* Marin, (*his ſecond*) *in a Duel;* Blancheville (*the Widdow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley (*who was ſervant to* Beumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtol, the which he doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.* p. 268.

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia: *he some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son* Thomaso, *who likewise not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father, doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.* p. 281.

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

Baptistyna *and* Amarantha *poyson their eldest Sister* Jaquinta; *after which* Amarantha *causeth her servants,* Bernardo & Pieria, *to stifle their eldest Sister* Baptistyna *in her Bed*; Bernardo *flying away, breaks his neck, with a fall off his Horse*; Pieria *is hanged for the same, so likewise* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt*; Bernardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.* P. 992.

HIST. XXII.

Martino *poysoneth his brother* Pedro, *& murthereth* Monfredo *in the street: He afterwards grows mad, and in his confession reveals both these murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghostly Father: who, afterwards dying, reveals it in his letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widow to* Monfredo, *and Sister to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.* P. 317.

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonso *poysoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after shoots and kills* Cassino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a short musket* (*or Carabine*) *from a Window. He is beheaded for these two murthers, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.* P. 335.

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chausey *kills* La Roche *in a Duel.* Quatbrisson *causeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) *to poyson his own brother* Valfontaine; Moncallier *after falls, and breaks his neck from a pair of stairs.* Quatbrisson *likewise causeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther and strangle* Marieta *in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and* Quatbrisson *first beheaded, then burnt for the same.* P. 345.

HIST. XXV.

Vasti *first murthereth his Son* George, *& next poysoneth his own wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.* P. 365.

The Contents of the Sixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love she bears to young* Morosini, *seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts,* Astonicus *and* Donato) *to stifle to death her old husband* Palmerius, *in his bed:* Morosini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber, that night which he did it, they are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Morosini's, *and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Uncle. So they, together with their accessaries* Astonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the same.* P. 377.

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian *a Priest, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper, poyson* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard*; *where a month after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body*; *which Father* Justinian & Adrian *understanding, they fly upon the same, but are afterwards both of them appre-*

hended and hanged for it. p. 400

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the Street by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *with her Chamber-maid* Denisa *poysoneth her husband* Roderigo; Denisa *after strangleth her new born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the ladder she confesseth that she was accessary with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poysoning of her husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewise hanged.* p. 414.

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore *(upon promise of marriage) gets* Ursina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Ursina *being sensible of this her disgrace, disguises her self in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.* p. 426.

HIST. XXX.

De Mora *treacherously kills* Palura *in a Duel, with two Pistols: His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman Usher* Ferallo, *poysoneth her husband* De Mora, *and afterwards she marieth and murthereth her said husband* Ferallo *in his bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.* p. 447.

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The Triumphs of Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia *cauſeth* La Freſna *an Apothecary, to poyſon her brother* Grand Pre, *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid Brother kills* De Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel;* La Freſna *condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſays that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to perform them;* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended, and ſo for the cruel Murthers, they are both put to ſevere and cruel deaths.*

IF our Contemplation dive into elder times, and our curioſity turn over the variety of ancient and modern Hiſtories (as well Divine as Humane) we ſhall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatal crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which ſo e-

clipse our judgments, and darkens our understandings, as we shall not only see with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us shame for glory, affliction for content, and misery for felicity. Now as they are powerful in Men, so they are (sometimes) implacable in Women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sins: as if that could add grace to their bodies, that deforms their souls, or lustre and prosperity to their days, that makes shipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was born to honour, and not to shame, had not these three aforesaid vices (like so many infernal Furies) lain her glory in the dust, and drag'd her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It it is a History that hath many sorrowful dependences, and which produceth variety of disasterous and mournful accidents: wherein (by the just judgment of God) we shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharply rewarded, and Murther severely punished; by whose example, if all that profess Religion become less impious, and more truly religious, we shall then lead the whole course of our lives, in such peaceful and happy tranquillity, as (arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth, or hell can do unto us. The History is thus:

NEar *Auxone* (a strong and ancient Town upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly descended, and of a very fair demaynes) named *Monsieur de Grandmont*, who had to his wife a virtuous Lady, termed *Madamoyselle de Carnye*, the only daughter of *Mounsieur de Buserat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*. This married couple for a long time lived in the greatest height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts could desire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and wealth, so another way they were indued with three hopeful Sons, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneufe*, and *Masseron*, and with two Daughters, *Madamoyselles de Hautefelia*, and *de Cressye*, a fair Posterity; they blest in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themselves blest in them; so as (to the eye of the world) this one family promised to make many, (especially seeing the youngest of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his Providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the first and chiefest Pillar of the house) craves leave of his Father that he might serve his Apprentiship in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, *Grave Maurice*, then Earl of *Nassaw*, since Prince of *Orange*. *Vileneufe* delighting in Books, his Father thought fit to send to *Pont-au Mousson*; and thinking to retain *Masseron* with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valourous Marshal of *France*, who so willingly and unfortunately lost his Head in the *Bastile* of *Paris*.

As for their two Daughters: *Hautefelia* lived with her Parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowful Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Son, who were both slain by that generous and brave *Lorayn* Prince, the Duke of *Guise*.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of Heaven which can soon metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joys into tears, and our hopes into despair: for within the compass of one whole year, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three several deaths; for *Vileneufe* was drowned at *Pont-au Mousson*, as he bathed himself in the River; *Masseron* was killed in a Duel at *Fontain bleau* by *Rossat* a *Gascoyn*, being Page to the Duke of *Espernon*; and *Hautefelia* died at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loss, which doth not only afflict their hearts and souls, but also seems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournful and sorrowful tears.

Grandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. First, from the Baroness of *Lux* comes *de Cressye* who succeeding her Sister, we must now term by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*, who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this History: after her, very shortly, comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers services) he left many honourable and memorable marks of his prowess and valour behind him.

Upon his arrival to his Fathers House, the flower of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Sister, as also to congratulate his happy return (an office and complement which expresseth much affection and civility) They find *Grand Pre* a brave compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparel, but in the perfection and indowments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exercise of War, and not to the art of courting Ladies; his delights are in the Camp of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*; well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other shame and repentance; his pastims are not crisping and powdering of his hair, quarelling with

his

his Taylor for the fashion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in neat perfumed Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparel, nor Paradise to that of their Mistress beauty: for he only practiseth riding of great Horses, Tilting, running at Ring, displaying of Colours, tossing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himself capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or besiege a City or Castle, or the like; yea, he spurns at the Lute and Viol, and vows there is no Musick to the ratling of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannon; but this Warlike and Marshal humour of his shall not last long. Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drown himself in the beauty of a fair and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, War for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Mistress: but time must work this alteration and metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his Father seeing *Grand Pre*'s Martial disposition, fears lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seek Wars abroad, sith he finds none at home; and therefore desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he profers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the best and most ancient Families in and near *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give ear thereto; the which his Father perceiving, and understanding, he bethinks himself of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reside in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his son *Grand Pre* might at last espy some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royal Chappel to hear Father *Justinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautiful young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparel, yet far richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetness of so fair an object, so as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestness and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strikes sail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erronious, and in his heart vows that there is no such felicity in the world as to injoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and soul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insnared and imprisoned in the fetters of her beauty, no less is she in those of his personage, only she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; so she seems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgress that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, so their eyes with much discontent and unwillingness, for that time take leave each of other; and here *Grand Pre* making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grief that he is deprived of his Mistris sight, & then with sorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as love refines our wits, and gives an edg to our intentions, so he shews her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His Page speedily returns, and informs him, that she is *Madamoysel Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Mounsieur de Cressonville*, one of the chiefest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely rejoyceth to know what she was, and far the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himself or his House to marry her: and therefore omitting all other designes and resolutions (and bidding farewel to the Wars) he resolves to seek her in Marriage; to which end, the next day, he of set purpose, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himself into her Fathers house, who

being absent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her mind is answerable to that of her person; and now she coming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he think; himself happy in seeking such a Mistress, she esteems her self blest in finding such a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his first entertainment from *Mermanda* to be respective and pleasing; and so authorized by her courtesie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrays to him his affection to his Daughter, and the desire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: so having begun his suit, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the company of his beautiful Mistress *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Cressonville* dislikes not this match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewise one only Daughter, and himself one only Son, so he infinitely desires, to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league betwixt their two houses: this is proposed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the Letters sent, from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Cressonvilles* Son) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*, because the inserting thereof would make this brief History swell into an ample volume; These Marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompously solemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of Feasting, Dancing, and Masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected; neither was *Hymenæus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refused to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewise save her labour, because she knows that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lie to this ensuing position, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to fear, than hope to believe the contrary; for no sooner, have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see the Sun-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismal storm of grief, sorrow, and misfortune; whereby we may observe and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the world it self is subject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Sister in Law *Mermanda*'s advancement, and contemns her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knows is by discent her inferiour, and to speak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournful effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who imbraceth and practiseth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengeful, never any married couple live more contented, nor past more pleasant days, than did *Grand Pre* and his fair *Mermanda* for the space of one whole year; wherein she bore her self so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praised and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda*'s prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equal the other, and seeing with no other eyes than those of ambition and envy, bethinks her self how she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not far from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her Brother *Grand Pre*, as also he had lately done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Jewel from her, which she was in price with, of a Gold-Smith at *Dijon*-Fair; and the other for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* Dog, which his Page had stole from her: she thinks to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and trivial motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath laid the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely near *Auxone*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveal to him, which she holds not fit to commit to pen; and withall adviseth him, to frame some other excuse towards her Husband for his sudden coming.

Grand Pre arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but he discovers her to be more sorrowful than accustomed; he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise; but he shall know too soon, and his curiosity shall pay dear to understand

derstand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his Sister *Hautefilia* with tears in her eyes informs him, that she knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty: the which she must needs reveal to him, because his honour is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the bed, then on the floor; yea, and had not his Sister prevented him, he had killed himself with his own Sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousie, which transport our selves beyond our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vile and malicious Sister of his, (more out of policy than charity) useth many prayers and perswasions, brings him again to himself, and they conclude to keep it secret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vows sharply to be revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautefelia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypsie) betakes her self to her rest, leaving her Brother not to sleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulness and jealousie: who the next morn (sooner than his accustomed hour) riseth, takes his leave of his Brother and Sister, and so very pensive and sorrowful rides home.

Mermanda finds her Husband sad, and inquires the cause thereof; she prays him, that if any grief or misfortune have befallen him, she may participate and bear the one half thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity: and as she was wont to do, proffereth to kiss him; but he slights her, and with much unkindness and disdain puts her off; whereat she is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourtesie. After Supper (jealousie being his chiefest dish; and griet, hers) he makes three or four solitary turns in the Court, and then sends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and despair, presently comes to him. He demands of her whether she will walk with him; she answereth, that his pleasure shall ever be hers; and that she will most joyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting swoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband had much ado to recover her, when coming again to her self, she with many volleys of sighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her self of that imputation and scandal; she blames his credulity and jealousie, terms her accusers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witness of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so unchaste a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and seeing her bitter and sorrowful tears, believes his Wife, and so frees both her self and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer than before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulness

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithstanding this submission and reconciliation of her Husband, is still vexed in mind, as finding it easie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: she knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how she should bear her self in this streight and perplexity; for well she knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* should come to visit her Husband, as formerly he was accustomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealousie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it self. Now she resolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her house: but then she thinks it too much indiscretion & presumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof; but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, she resolves to write unto him: which she doth to this effect:

IT is not with blushes, but tears, that I presume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publish my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and necessity throws me on this exigent: for so it is, that my unspotted chastity is not capable to defend him from jealousie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frensie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour; and your honour my innocency from the least shadow of that crime; so that we may both indeavour, rather to quench than enflame this his irregular passion; I most humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him, and so peradventure time may wear away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot. Your reluctent vertues and true generosity assure me of this courtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth *Mermanda*'s discretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre*'s folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealousie; he will be careful to preserve a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, but now this occasion doth both crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome: but before his departure, he returns *Mermanda* this Answer.

YOur vertues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousie, as he of so chaste a Wife as Mermanda, *and so true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last assuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: In the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will manage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine own reputation, as I hope he shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himself, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteem, that I will know how to answer his choler with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.*

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* understanding of the Baron of *Betanford*'s sudden departure for *Paris* (as jealousie is full of eyes) he fears a Plot betwixt him and his Wife, and so confirms his former suspition of her disloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousie) refuseth her his Bed, than which, to a chaste and vertuous Wife, nothing can be more distasteful.

At this ingrateful discourtesie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pittiful sort, that it seems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but she conceals her grief as secretly as she may: only her pale cheeks and discontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do silently discover and bewray it.

Her Husband's Father and Mother, *Grandmont*, and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this discontent between *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daughter *Hautefelia* (whose malice never sleeps) hath spies in every corner of her fathers house, who advertise her thereof; whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers shall be but as a breath on steel, or as smoak before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boils with inveterate rage, and his jealousie carries him to such extreams, as he vows to be revenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his Wife; to which effect he pretends business to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choise Horse, a Page, and two Lackeys with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a days journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to post with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in Saint *Honories* Street, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his Answer, and to return the same night.

The Page to obey his Master's command, seems rather to fly, than post; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds these words:

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

YOU need no other witness than your self, to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather die than live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore think it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday *morning next, at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horse-back, or afoot at* Carency, *half a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a fair Medow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.*

GRAND PRE.

At

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so far from the least shew, or apprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre*'s Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speaks to him thus; *Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on Horse-back without a second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he dispeeds away a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the Clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himself to the field; which he first entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre*'s Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to stir, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (instead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves (according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Doublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloody, yea, performed with such valour, dexterity, and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neer sixscore paces distant, they give spurs to their Horses, and part like two flashes of lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* only wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn short, and so again fall to it with bravery and courage; in which encounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortal, and so ended the Combate with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and so ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part again: *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the sinews and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamly perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base Fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversarie: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend as much as I detest his jealousie, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and fear with these words; Baron, be couragious and chearful, for I will rather die, than disgrace my self so much, to fight with an unarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankful to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroider their Shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they manage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four several Careers: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the loss of all this blood, (which now issued from their bodies rather by spouts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages; and so although with dust, sweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furies than Men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pitying to see them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pity that Parents, Prince, and Country, should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) hath seldom seen braver: but they speak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, again set spurs to their Horses; but this incounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) run *Grand Pre* thorow

row the belly into the reyns, with which unfortunate wound, as alſo with a falſe pace, his horſe then made, he fell from the ſaddle to the ground ſpeechleſs, ſprawling and ſtrugling, as if he were upon the point to take his laſt farewel of the world: but he was not ſo happy, for he ſhall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter die a more mournful and lamentable end.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortal, and ſo alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, *Diſpatch him, Diſpatch him*; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembring the former courteſie he had receeived of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and ſo throwing it and his hat away, he with out-ſpred arms ran to imbrace and aſſiſt him; yea, he prefers *Grand Pre*'s life before his own, and with all poſſible ſpeed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haſte thither his Coach, and to his beſt power doth aſſiſt *Grand Pre*, in ſetting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he cauſeth him to be laid in ſoftly, and ſo he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeys attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-houſe, where they huſh themſelves up privately: and here *Betanford* reſembling himſelf, conjureth both the Chirurgions to uſe their beſt art and chiefeſt skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he cauſeth his to be opened; they do it, and both concurr in opinion, that his laſt wound is mortal; he ſees them dreſs him, and vows he will not forſake him in this extremity, but will be more careful of him than of himſelf. Reciprocal and ſingular demonſtrations of courteſie and honour in theſe two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Poſterity.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* committed to ſleep, cauſeth his own wounds to be ſpeedily ſearched and dreſſed, which are not found dangerous; and then takes order in the houſe, that *Grand Pre* be furniſhed with all things neceſſary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters ſo, that all things might be done with great ſecreſie and ſilence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grand Pre*'s Servants to be ſeen forth the houſe, to the end that the news of theſe their accidents might not be bruited or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre*'s ſpeech by little and little comes to him, and likewiſe his memory, when *Betanford* abſenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-ſide, and having courteouſly ſaluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) firſt ſwear to me on thine Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a queſtion, I will demand of thee, and then I will ſhew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddeſt thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many ſolemn proteſtations and religious oaths, clears both himſelf and *Mermanda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much leſs his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuſe and pardon him, ſith he underſtood and believed the contrary, which was the only cauſe of his diſcontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, eſteem him as his moſt honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happineſs to repair and reform errors, as a miſery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* ſtaies very ſecretly ten days with *Grand Pre* at the Country-houſe, when ſeeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they reſolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courteſies he had received of him, and he as courteouſly doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preſerved his own, and ſo like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horſe for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxone*. Thus we ſee courteſie always returneth with intereſt.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kiſſeth and fawneth on his Wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occaſion and event of the combate, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chaſtity, prays her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Nobleman in the world than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to ſpeak truth, ſhe deſerves this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation, and he that praiſe.

At the knowledg hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) did more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and deteſting his former error, renews his love, affection, and friendſhip to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetual and indiſſoluble Gordian knot: nevertheleſs the variety of her afflictions, and the exceſs of her grief and diſcontent, breeds her much weakneſs and ſickneſs, which withereth the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermanda*'s heavenly vertues, to *Hautefelia*'s deviliſh vices, which cannot be parallel'd or compared, except by *Antitheſis*: for as *Mermanda* repoſeth her ſelf under the ſha-

dow

dow of her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister-in-Law *Hautefelia*, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleep in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) she thought was Enemy to her content, and an eye-sore to her ambition and greatness.

We no sooner flye from God, but the Devil follows us; and it proves always a miserable folly, To be wise in wickedness and sin. *Hautefelia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hell; she bethinks her self of another invention to send *Mermanda* into another world, and so strikes a bargain with *La Fresnay* an Apothecary, for two hundred Crowns to poyson her: who, like a limb of the Devil, doth undertake and promise it: the which (Ah grief to think thereon) he in less than two months performeth, and so this vertuous and harmless young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournful and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, we shall see, God in his due time, will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewails her death, as also her parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her decease; yet no way suspecting or knowing the extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, while others mourn, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloody victory shall cost her dear. In the mean time *Mermanda*'s single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfie her ambition; for as she liked not the Sister, so she (as before we shewed) never loved the Brother, her own Husband *de Malleray*, whom she observed, very bitterly to weep and grieve at his Sister *Mermanda*'s death; she therefore, resolute to add sin to sin, resolves to cast the apple of discord between *Grand Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her Husband: knowing that if the first were slain, she was sole Heir to her Father; if the second, she would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whose invention is as diabolical, as the execution thereof dangerous!

To which effect, she informs her Husband, That her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealousie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford*'s strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her: the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her Husband was, and ought to be neerer to her than her Brother. Good God! how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved at this heart-killing news, because he ever loved his Sister as dearly as his own life, without considering and weighing whether his Wive's words were dross or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his Father herewith, thereby thinking, and presuming that he would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in question for the fact.

But old *Cressonville* (having as well his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head), seeing that this suspicion and accusation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate business to find out, that it would breed a scandal to his Family, and especially to his deceased Daughter's reputation, sith it is the nature of calumny to aim at the most vertuous persons, as *Cantharides* do at the fairest flowers; that it would take up the dust of her tomb, and withal breed him an infinite number of potent and powerful Enemies; Therefore grounding his judgment upon these reasons, and his resolutions upon this his judgment; he holds it best to smother it in silence, and so to brook his Daughter's death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his Father so cold in this business, began to be all in fire himself, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Sister *Mermanda*; and his Wife *Hautefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that very instant understanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, (he consulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, sends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and blood, if I were not sensible of those wrongs and disgraces you have offered your Wife and my Sister; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deserve more pity, or your jealousie contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience make me as justly challenge you, as you have unjustly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to morrow at five of the clock after dinner, at the foot of* Talon-fort, *in the meadow ranked with Walnut-Trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds: The equity of my cause, and the injustice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you lost your blood neer* Brie-count Robert, *you shall now leave your life in the sight of* Dijon. *Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not only count hours, but minutes,*

DE MALLERAY.

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extream wonder to see *De Malleray* so passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and so they meet, where, without any other ceremony, they throw off their Doublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to stay without the next hedge, and not stir from thence, till the death of the one proclaim the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) swiftly posts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody Tragedy; when our Champions unsheath their Swords, and dispose themselves to fight, both with judgment and resolution. *De Malleray* comes up fairly, profers the first thrust, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck, which he aimed fully at the brest, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the first gives back, but seeing *De Malleray* insult and press on him, he resolutely advanceth, and runs him thorow the side: but the wound was so favorable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought little danger. They make a stand & take breath, and so they very resolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his business with less violence and more judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, & taking advantage, thrust him in the left shoulder with a deep wound; but himself is hurt in the left arm with a wound, which ran from his wrist to his elbow.

By this time their shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood; but this will not appease their courage, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatal for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and soul from this world to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horse-back, and with his Chirurgion posts to *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray*'s Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonville* his Father to perform that office.

Who is no sooner advertised of his Sons death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not desirous to lose his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*; where having staid some three months, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble gallant, *Mounsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lieutenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and sent him his pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Sister *Hautefelia* (the disgrace of her Sex, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no sooner understood the death of her Husband, & the flight of her Brother, she having hardly the patience to see him laid in his grave, and resolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewels, Plate, and chiefest Baggage, and so leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father near *Auxone*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the absence of her Brother, she most imperiously sways and commands all. But this her authority lasteth not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose return she finds matters altered, and her greatness and power diminished, and to her grief sees that she cannot so absolutely domineer as before; and which was far worse, her Brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt and understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewise to himself, (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning humour) he is so far from acknowledging or respecting her for his Sister, as he will neither indure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceive, but like a Fury of Hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, she is still constant, and perseveres in her humor of blood and murther, and hath again recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, and to the Devil her Doctor likewise, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with poyson, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it seems) the Devil better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it; and wretched villain as he is, within two months he accomplisheth and finisheth it: And so as *Mermanda* ran equal fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one devillish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirsty Sister *Hautefelia* (the Author of these Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all that stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking of her conscience or soul, of Heaven or Hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the air, and flatters her self with this false ambition that she now must be a Duchess, or at least a Countess; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, nay we have here glutted our eyes with several Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia*, to be the horrible and cruel Author, and this execrable

ecrable *La Fresnay* to be the bloody Actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoke of these their impious and displeasing sacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and assended the presence of God, to sue and draw down vengeance and confusion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for sometimes he protracts and deferrs it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seems best to his inscrutable will, and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory; yea, sometimes he makes the Murtherer himself as well an instrument to discover, as he hath been an actor to commit murther; yea, and many times he punisheth one sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinks least of it, then he heaps coals of fire on his head, and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and soveraign Judge of the World, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Foot-stoole, will no longer permit *Hautefelia* and *La Fresnay* to go unpunished for these their execrable murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous storm, or a terrible thunder-clap, doth in this manner suddenly befall and overtake them.

Some six weeks after *Grand Pre*'s Funerals were solemnized, whereat his Sister *Hautefelia* (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was observed to be the chiefest mourner, this hellish Apothecary *La Fresnay*, having gotten his money so easily, thought to spend it as prodigally; and so on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his brains swelling and swimming with strong Wine (as drunkenness is the Bawd and Usher to other sins) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girle of twelve years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he sate tippling.

This young Girle, with millions of tears, throws her self to the feet of her Parents, and accuseth *La Fresnay* for the fact, who do the like to those famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: so he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter asseverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the second torment confesseth it, and so is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Friers prepare him for his end; they exhort him not to charge and burthen his soul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven; these exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a Devil, he will now die like a Christian; and so with many tears revealeth, that at the instigation of *Hautefelia*, and for the lucre of 500 Crowns (which at two several times she gave him) he had poysoned *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first Sentence, and so for his triple villanies condemn *La Fresnay* to be broken alive upon the wheel, and there to languish and die, without being strangled, which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full satisfaction of Justice.

A Provost likewise is forthwith dispatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont*'s House, to apprehend his Daughter *Hautefelia*, and as God would have it, she was ignorant of *La Fresnay*'s apprehension, and more of his death. The Provost finds her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies; he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into tears: she is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers; saith, *La Fresnay* is her mortal and professed enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devil who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather cannot save her with this poor evasion; she is adjudged to the Rack, and at the first torment confesseth it.

The Criminal Judges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sins, and prepared her self to die, her Paps are seared, and torn off with red hot Pincers, then she is hanged: her body burnt, and her ashes thrown unto the air.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed, rather by the memory of the History it self, let us observe, nay let us imprint in our hearts and souls how busie the Devil was by ambition, covetousness, malice and revenge, to seduce and perswade *Hautefelia* and *La Fresnay* to commit these murthers; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the others; to the end, that as they lived in sin, and died in shame; so we may live in righteousness, and die in peace, thereby to live in eternal felicity and glory.

GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY II.

Pisani *betrayeth* Gasparino *of his Mistress* Christeneta. Gasparino *challengeth* Pisani *for this disgrace, and kills him in the Field: he after continueth his suit to* Christeneta; *she dissembles her malice for* Pisani *his death; she appoints* Gasparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there causeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him; they are all three taken, and executed for the same.*

WHere Affection hath Reason for guide, and vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lists of Religion, Men pity it, Angels lament it, and God himself contemns it; for if we are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we fly Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride post to Hell, and to end our days on a shameful and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatal misery to run from Vice to Vice. Love and Charity are always the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge, those of an Infidel, or rather of a Devil; but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to seek the death of others: is to deprive our selves of our own life, as the sequel of this History will declare, which I relate with pity and compassion, sith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but goared with great variety and effusion of blood.

In *Pavia* (the second City of the Dutchy of *Millain*) the very last year that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spain*) was Vice-roy of that Stage, *Signior Thomaso Vituri*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one only Child, a Daughter of the age of fifteen years, named *Dona Christeneta*; who

was

was exceeding fair and beautiful, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her rank: she was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City; but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must bear her away, or at least her affection:

The History is thus,

Signieur Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his Daughter *Christineta*'s beauty and vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw mens affections) resolveth with himself to seek her for his Wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate dear friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Signior Ludovicus Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom he prays to assist and accompany him to *Pavia*, in seeking and courting the fair *Christeneta* his mistress. *Pisani* terms himself much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*, *Vituri* bids *Gasparino* welcome, and entertains him respectfully and courteously, as also *Pisani*; he thanks *Gasparino* for the Honour he doth him in seeking his Daughter, and like a careful Father takes time to consult hereon: but for *Christeneta*, she looks not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections; but he finds her cold in her discourse and answers, and very melancholy and pensive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of Musick, Dittys, and Ayrs) but still he finds her averse, and contrary to his desires, as if her thoughts were otherwise fixed. *Gasparino* knows not how to win her affection, nor how to bear himself herein; he consults with *Pisani*, and prays him to conferr with *Christeneta*, and to sound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a friend in this case.

Pisani promiseth to perform the office of a Friend, and to conferr effectually with *Christeneta*; he seeks opportunity and place, and finds both; he sets out to her *Gasparino*'s merits; and paints forth his praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friend's content and affection: but he finds *Christeneta*'s mind perplexed and troubled; for she often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red again; yet he observes that her eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him; he prays her that she will return a pleasing answer for him to carry to his Friend, and her Lover *Gasparino*.

Christeneta would willingly speak, but cannot, for her heart and Paps beat and pant, and her sighs very confusedly interrupt her words; but at last, dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion blush, she tells him that she is not ignorant of *Gasparino*'s merits, who deserves far better; but that she cannot consent to love him, in respect she hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extolleth his Friend *Gasparino* to the sky, and for all honourable parts preferrs him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withal, with much industry and insinuation, endeavours to request and draw *Christeneta* to name him her servant: which she once thought to have done, had not modesty (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her, when after two or three deep sighs (the outward Heraulds of her inward passions) she told him thus:

Pisani, It is a dear and near friend of yours, who is the first that I have, and the last that I will affect; but I will not at present name him, only if you please to meet me secretly to morrow, at eight of the clock in the morning, in the Nuns Garden at Saint *Clare*, I will there inform you who it is; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to sollicit me any more for *Gasparino*; sith he shall not be my servant, nor will I be his mistress: and so for that time they part, and he confidently promiseth to meet her.

Gasparino demands of *Pisani* how he finds his mistress *Christeneta*; He answers faithfully according as she told him; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nuns Garden: and now because he seeth it labour lost to research *Christeneta*, he will not be obstinate in his suit, but will give a Law to his passions and affections, rather than they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her self, as by her Father and Mother, and now chiefly by *Pisani*, he sees she is otherwise bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returns to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gasparino* to his thoughts, and come we to those of *Pisani* and *Christeneta*, to see what their Garden-conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagin what friend of his it should be that *Christeneta* loveth, but she knows enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her self: she knows it at least an immodest, if not a bold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her: but she thinks it both wisdom and duty to give way to that which she cannot avoid and prevent, and so preferrs the zeal of her affection before the respect of her modesty, but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to see that *Gasparino* hath found *Pisani* to sollicite for him to her, and she can find none but her self to sollicite for her self to *Pisani*: therefore bold in this her resolution, she bears so deep and so dear an affection to *Pisani*, that she thinks

every moment an hour, and every hour an age, before she see *Pisani*, that one person of the world, whom she loves more dear than all the world. Thus wishing night day, her house the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; she with much impatient patiency awaits the hour of eight, which she knows will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her misery, her life or her death.

The clock strikes eight; *Christeneta* takes her Prayer-Book, and her waiting Maid, and so trips away to the Nunnery; but she doth now dispence with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in seeing and injoying the desired company of *Pisani*, whom she esteems the life of her content, and the content of her life, and so forsakes the Church, to go to the Garden: *Pisani*, who never failed of his hour and promise to men, doth now disdain to miss thereof to a Lady: for *Christeneta* hath scarce made three paces in the walks of the Garden, but e're the fourth be finished, she sees *Pisani* enter; she blushes at his sight, and he grows pale at her blushes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypresses, and Vines, decked within with Roses, Lillies, and Gil'y-flowers, he gives her the good-morrow and the salute, the which, with a modest and sweet courtesie, she receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his promise, and if it please her to receive hers. She would fain answer him, but her cheeks give blushes, where her tongue should words; but at last darting a sweet look on him (which was the Embassador and Herauld of her heart) she discovereth her self to him thus,

The person (*Pisani*) on whom I have fixed and setled my affection, doth exceedingly resemble you, is of your own blood, and of your neerest and dearest acquaintance. *Pisani* presseth her to know his name? when after many glances, sighs, and blushes, she tells him, his name is *Pisani*, and himself the man; prays him to pardon her boldness, and to give an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection; adding withall, that when she first saw him, she loved him; and now prays him to be pleased, that *Christeneta* may be a Sollicitor for her self to *Pisani*, and not *Pisani* to *Christeneta* for *Gasparino*; yea, she confirms her words with many sighs, and again her sighs with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, like pearled drops of dew upon blushing damask Roses.

Pisani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himself in a business of this nature; he sees that her beauty deserves love, and her descent and vertues respect: but withall he is not so dishonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that she deserves a more noble Husband than himself; but seeing her languish for an answer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledg my self infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you please to honour me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, so* Christeneta *must excuse* Pisani, *sith he cannot be a servant to her, but he must be a Traitor to* Gasparino; *and that respect excepted, in requital of your favour, I will esteem my self happy if I may lose my life for your service.*

Yet he is not so unkind, but gives her a kiss or two at farewel, which as much delights *Christeneta*, as his refusal doth afflict her: so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christeneta*, but cherisheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her Idæa; yea, he loves her deeply and dearly, and indeed her perfections and beauty deserve love: but such is *Christeneta*'s affection to *Pisani*, as she can take no truce of her thoughts, but despight of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsel her to the contrary) she within ten days after purposely sends a confident messenger to him, to *Cremona*, with this Letter.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

FInd it not strange, that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and think, that were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blush not, as my cheeks do, when I write them; I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impossible for Christeneta *to love any but* Pisani; *whom I no sooner saw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now sith my zeal to you is begun in vertue, and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my self with hope, that you will not enforce me to despair: for if I am not so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your absence is to me, sith your presence is my chiefest felicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in* Pavia, *or I in* Cremona, *I can prefix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her, who loves you dearly, otherwise, whatsoever you think, I know, your unkindness to me will be meer cruelty.*

CHRISTENETA.

Pisani receiveth this Letter; he wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt, *Christeneta*'s love to him, and his respect to *Gasparino*; he at first holds it incivility not to answer her Letter,

ter, and yet is very unwilling in doing her right, to wrong his Friend: but at last perusing her Letter again, he finds it so kind, as he deems it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an answer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus:

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

YOu discover me as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine own honour, as to your content, I would not stick to say, that Pisani *loves* Christeneta, *because she deserves to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my Pen to signifie you, that I desire to give you hope, and take away your despair; and withall, that* Pavia, *is more pleasing to me than* Cremona, *sith* Christeneta *lives in it, and* Pisani *in her. I was never heretofore cruel to any, neither do I resolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, sith I as truely vow to honour you, as you profess to love me? Live you in this assurance, and I will die in the same.*

PISANI.

Time with a swift foot vanisheth and passeth away, but *Christeneta*'s affection to *Pisani* cannot; she in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despair; but fear doth as soon eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; only, despight of all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts do still gaze and look on *Pisani*, as the needle of the compass doth to the North; so as she can rest in no true tranquillity of mind, before she writes to him again; the which, some fifteen days after, she doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

I May pass the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of honour; I have ever learn'd to retain this Maxim, that affection, which receives end, had never beginning: If then I live, I must breathe the air of your love, as well as this of my life: sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of the light. Your Letter I find so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to despair; could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature do not, pity would inform you, that you ought to prefer the love of a Lady before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you: and how can your absence either rejoyce or comfort me, sith your presence will not? Think what you please, either of me, or of your self; only give me leave to tell you, that I find doubt a step and degree to despair, as despair is to death: I write rather with tears than Ink. If you will not live my Saint, I must die your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this second Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing, and pleasingly sweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarks and defences of his respect to *Gasparino* razed and beaten down, and a fair breach made and laid open for *Christeneta* to enter and take possession of the Castle of his heart: so now at one instant he performs two several attempts; for the farther he flies from his friend *Gasparino*, the nearer he approacheth to his Mistress *Christeneta*; and therefore now wholly imparadising his thoughts in the Garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefest light of his content and felicity from the relucent lustre of her eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to strike sail, and do homage to the soveraign of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purposely sends her, in answer of hers, by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

YOur vertue and beauty is enough powerful to prevail with me; but your affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respects to Gasparino, *to remember my love to* Christeneta; *but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant: for as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition and zeal is to die in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirm, earth shall not enforce me to deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter; till when, you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefest felicity.*

PISANI.

If

If *Pisani* his first Letter overthrew *Christeneta*'s despair, this his second revives and confirms her hopes; so that whereas heretofore she condemned her presumption in writing to *Pisani*, she now not only applauds her resolution therein, but also blesseth the hour that she attempted it: yea, she buildeth such Castles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her soul, to think that she should be his Wife, and he her Husband; that she anticipateth the hours, and blames the days for not presenting her with the sight and presence of her sweet *Pisani*; whom, above all earthly contents, she chiefly desireth.

Now if *Christeneta* were thus perplexed with the absence of her *Pisani*, no less is he with that of his *Christeneta*: for, remembring the freshness of her youth, and the sweetness of her beauty, he in conceit hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved; and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated. It is as great a grief to him to be with his other affairs without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her, without them; yea, she runs so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodesty) he either wisheth himself impaled in her arms, or she incloistered in his. And now, to perform as much as his Letter hath promised, he, without thinking or respecting of his old friend *Gasparino*, prepares all things ready to go see his new Mistress *Christeneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or four of his neerest and dearest friends; visiteth *Christeneta*, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable, and amorous complements: She is joyful, yea, ravished with his arrival; he doth assure her of his perpetual affection, and reciprocally himself of hers; yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extreamly in hers, that she now freely gives her self to *Pisani*, and he in exchange, as absolutely takes himself from *Gasparino*, to give himself to *Christeneta*: so as she rejoycing in her purchase, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordained of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Pisani* to be possessed of *Christeneta*'s favour; for he must likewise obtain that of her parents, before either he can enjoy his wishes, or she her desires, and so he goes honourably and secretly to work with them: but he finds them not so tractable as *Christeneta* hoped, or himself desired: for old *Vituri* her Father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, dislikes this motion, alledging that *Pisani*'s Father died exceedingly in debt: that his chiefest Lands were ingaged and morgaged; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Sisters; but, which was worst of all, that *Pisani* himself loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his expences and apparel he was extreamly prodigal, and frugal in neither; which considerations so swayed the judgment and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter, he gives *Pisani* to understand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter; alledging her few years, and the like trivial reasons and excuses, whereby *Pisani* might plainly perceive, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refusal of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Pisani*, and afflict *Christeneta*, so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossoms, and their desires not in the way to reap such effects as they expected. *Pisani* distrusting his own power, sets his Parents and chiefest Friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reason: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgment, and not his passion, suggested him; they have divers conferences; but every day, instead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and despair; and now that *Pisani* may see that his suit and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he looks not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed; and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her Father's House.

This goes to the hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so sith they cannot Personally visit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters; who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress than divulge them: Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himself, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancy of his Mistress; he will not stain his valour with this point of Cowardize, To be put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusal; and so, after he had staid a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinks himself of an Invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtain his Mistress of her Father.

Pisani, being inriched with the treasure of *Christeneta*'s favour and affection, writes to her, that if she can obtain her Mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her Husband; who hearkening and relishing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot; and as in few days she gained her Mother, so a month was not fully past, before she had likewise drawn her Husband to approve and consent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived and comforted;

for

for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed; and the Parents of both sides fully satisfied, all things now seem in so fair a forwardness and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to injoy each other in marriage; or to injoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their Nuptials might be solemnized with the greater pomp and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparel. The day appointed, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding. But their Parents shall come short of their Designs, and these our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated on earth.

We have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seems we have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if he had no farther part to act in this History; but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but he hath news thereof, who knowing there can be no greater Treason, after that of a Subject to his Soveraign, than for a Friend to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extreamly incensed at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistress: the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are always bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as shutting his Judgment to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to die, than live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and Nature hath made his inferiour. Were we as apt to do good as evil, we should be Angels, not Men; but resembling our selves (or rather hearkening too much to the Prince of Darkness) we fly reason to follow rage, and many times procure our own destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses o're-clouded and veiled with the mist of Revenge, is transported with such bloody passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to Pistol *Pisani*, either in the Street, or in his Bed; and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time he rides into the Country: but at last casting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feet, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters into a resolution with himself, no more to think on *Christeneta*, and less to be revenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himself to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himself as a prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now, understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* pratled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, he thinks that not only himself, but his honour is disparaged and wronged herein, and that he shall be extreamly condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duel he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea, the only consideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so dear a price, as the peril and loss both of body and soul) did so violently perswade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one only Lackey, sets spurs to his Horse and so hies thither, resolving with himself to gain his honour in the same City, where he had received his disgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the City, and enquiring more curiously after him, he understands, that, that very instant he is with his Mistress *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once resolved that very instant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witness of the delivery thereof: but to speak truth, Passion could not find a better opportunity, nor Judgment a worse, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although she had refused to respect him, and fearing if she had the least notice or inkling thereof, she loved her *Pisani* so dearly, as she would hinder and prevent him from running into so eminent a danger, he all that day hush'd himself up privately in his Inne, deferring the sending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Cousin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) he prays him instantly to find out *Pisani*, and to deliver it to him as secretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebastiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repairs to *Pisani* his Lodging and finds him as he was issuing of his Chamber, whom he salutes, and delivers *Gasparino* Chal-

lenge faſt ſealed. *Piſani* with a conſtant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, ſteps aſide and reads theſe Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOU have given the firſt breach to our friendſhip: for ſith you have treacherouſly bereaved me of my Miſtris, you muſt now both in honour and juſtice, either take my life, or yield me yours in requital. If you conſider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax, much leſs condemn, this my reſolution: the Place, the Weſt end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you pleaſe, two ſingle Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other; and I will be content to take the refuſal, to give you the choice. If your courage anſwer your infidelity, you will not refuſe to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Piſani having received and peruſed this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or ſhew of alteration, either in his ſpeeches or countenance, turns to *Sebaſtiano*, and ſpeaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelf and Second will with ſingle Rapiers meet him and his, at the hour and place appointed.

Sebaſtiano returns: and *Piſani* having accepted the Challenge, bears it ſo ſecretly, as *Chriſteneta* (the other half of his heart) underſtands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, iſſued of a very noble Family of *Millain*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom he relates the whole effect of this buſineſs, ſhewing him *Gaſparino*'s Challenge, and requeſting him to honour him ſo much as to Second him in this quarrel: *Sfondrato* very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himſelf; and ſo about noon *Sebaſtiano* and himſelf, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it ſo ſecretly and diſcreetly, as none what ſoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their reſolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horſe, and that day *Piſani*, becauſe he would be no way prevented and hindred, doth purpoſely refrain to viſit his Miſtreſs *Chriſteneta*. They poſt to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous of their meeting (ſo famous for the Defeat of the *French*, and taking Priſoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor *Charles* the fifth.)

Gaſparino and *Sebaſtiano* are firſt in the Field; but *Piſani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after; ſo they all tye up their Horſes to the hedge, pull off their Spurs, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but ſtand firm in their play: But ere they begin, the Seconds ſearch the Principals, and they the Seconds: ſo they throw off their Doublets, and appear all in their ſhirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were reſolved to make death fear them.

By this time *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* draw; they make their approaches, and at the firſt encounter *Piſani* is hurt in the out-ſide of the left arm, and *Gaſparino* in the right flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hoſe; they again ſeparate themſelves, and now try their fortunes a freſh; here *Piſani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and *Gaſparino* one deep one in his left ſhoulder; but theſe ſlight hurts they only eſteem as ſcarrs, not as wounds, and therefore ſeeing their ſhirts but ſprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they couragiouſly come on again; but this bout proves favourable to them both, for *Gaſparino* wards *Piſani*'s thruſt from him, and only runs *Piſani* thorow the hoſe, without doing him any other harm: and ſo they cloſe, which *Piſani* doth purpoſely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their ſtations, neither can they yet imagine to whoſe ſide fortune will incline, they being well-near as equal in wounds as courage; and now *Piſani* and *Gaſparino* dreſſing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make tryal on whom Victory is reſolved to ſmile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now *Gaſparino* fights with judgment, and not with fury; and *Piſani* with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverſe their grounds, *Piſani* is ſo violent, as he hath almoſt put himſelf out of breath; but *Gaſparino* is ſo wary and cautelous, as he contents himſelf to break his thruſts, and reſolves not to make any but to the purpoſe, and upon manifeſt advantage; the iſſue anſwereth his hopes and expectations; for at the very next encounter, as *Piſani* runs *Gaſparino* in the neck, he runs *Piſani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and his ſoul, and ſo he falls ſtark dead to the ground. *Gaſparino* knowing him diſpatched, ſheaths up his Rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion run to his aſſiſtance;

stance; but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vain; for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his soul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilst *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and covering it up with their Cloaks, *Sebastiano* runs to *Gasparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky. But *Gasparino* tells him, that these praises appertain not to him, but to a higher providence; and withall prayes him to be careful, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion: and for himself, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till he see the issue of the Combate betwixt his faithful friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather incouraged and resolved to set it dearly on the life of *Sebastiano*; he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebastiano* meets him half way with a very fresh and chearful countenance, and so they approach one to the other; at their first encounter, *Sebastiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right side, but receives another from him thorow the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* poured forth more blood; and, to be brief, they both give and take divers wounds, and perform the part of valorous Gentlemen.

But, in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers, to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions, and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seem to excuse, yet Religion cannot; after they had three several times taken breath, *Sebastiano* advancing a fair thrust to *Sfondrato's* breast, which only pierced his shirt, and ravelled his skin; *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournful interest, for he ran him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would have exchanged a thrust or two with him; the which certainly he had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the loss of so much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends that night to *Pavia*; they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take Horse and post away, *Gasparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*: from whence they resolve not to stir, before their friends have procured and sent them their Pardons.

Leave we them there, and, to follow the stream of this History, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the news of the issues, of these lamentable and tragical Combates. *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their friends, yea of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all these tears are nothing, in comparison of those which our fair *Christeneta* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*, for her griefs are so infinitely bitter, as she tears her hair, disfigureth her face, weeps, mourns, houls, and cryes so extreamly, that Sorrow her self would grieve to see her sorrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournful and sad apparrel; so as all the perswasions of the world are not capable to give her the least shadow of consolation; for, as she affirms, she neither will, nor can be comforted; only amidst her tears, if she admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge against *Gasparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and sweet *Pisani*, whom she loved a thousand times more dear and tenderly than her self, and of him she vows to be revenged in the highest degree: Whereby we may here in *Christeneta* see the old phrase made good, and verified, That there is no affection or hatred to that of a VVoman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, they hate deadly: But leave we her to her sorrows, and come we again to *Gasparino*; who in short time, having obtained his pardon, returns from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no sooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Christeneta's* beauty doth flourish and revive in his heart; for although she had loved another, yet he could affect none but her self: when letting pass some six or eight months, and hoping that time (which is subject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her sighs for the death of *Pisani*; he resolves to renew his old suite to her; to which end he visits her, first by friends, next by letters, and then in person. *Christeneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) dissembles her love to *Pisani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to see how discreetly and closely she bears her malice: But our wisdom in sin proves meer folly in the eyes of God, which though she

will not now acknowledg; yet she shall hereafter be inforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being resolute in her inveterate indignation; her malice doth so out-brave her Charity, and her revenge her Religion, as she cannot find any rest in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her mind, before she see the death of *Gasparino* make amends and satisfaction for that of *Pisani*.

Gasparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not fore-seeing how dangerous it is to repose and relie on the favour of an incensed enemy, (as our judgments are never clearest when we approach our ruin) is very importunate with *Christeneta*, that he may meet and conferr privately with her, which indeed is the only opportunity that in heart she hath so long desired; and now it is that she conspires his ruin, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) seeking his death, she may procure her own.

Dissembling wretch as she is, she seems to be vanquished with his importunity, and therefore to shew her self courteous and kind to him, she appoints him to meet her in the Nunns Garden at six of the clock in the morning. But what courtesie, what kindness is this, To have honey in the tongue, and poyson in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul, and her God, becomes the Author of so execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gasparino, drowning his sences and understanding in the contemplation of the content he should receive in injoying his Mistress *Christeneta*'s Company, thinks the night long e're the day appear, and although the evening were fair and clear, yet in the morn, *Aurora* had no sooner leapt from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-cast and veiled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sun and his golden beams, purposely not to behold so bloody a Tragedy, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleep for revenge) is stirring in the morning betimes, and so are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunns Garden, the walking in the Alleys, and they hideing themselves out of sight: At last the clock strikes six, and immediately in comes *Gasparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his side; he courts and salutes *Christeneta* with many amorous speeches, and sweet complements; she prepares to receive him: but in stead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome; her words (or rather her watch-words) are these; *Gasparino* (quoth she) *this Garden is the place where I had my first conference with* Pisani, *and where I purpose to have my last with you*. At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, rush forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet, but he had first the leisure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himself, giving each of them several wounds. *Christeneta* seeing *Gasparino* telled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, she runs to him, thrusts her Handkercher into his mouth; and to shew her self more like a Tygar than a Woman, and a Devil than a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stelleto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet, utters this revengeful and bloody speech; *This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear Love Pisani*. And so *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murthered body of *Gasparino*, and tying a great stone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and, the better to conceal this damnable act, they fly by a Postern-door; and *Christeneta* thinking to cover and shroud her sin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forsakes the Garden; and so, unseen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunns Church, where she falls on her knees; but with so prophane a devotion, as she did no way repent, but rather triumph at this murther; But this her hypocrisie shall cost her dear.

We have here seen this horrible and cruel murther committed and acted, and the murtherers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes; yea, *Christeneta* glorieth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; so as they now think themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine Providence hath decreed otherwise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this murther; wherein God's mercy and justice, his providence and his glory, do most miraculously shine and appear.

The Nunns being in their Cells at their Orisons, hear the clinking of swords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governness thereof, who gives the Alarum in the House. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumor might be; they find the Postern open, and the Alleys very much sprinkled and gored with blood; they suspect murther, but neither find nor see any, either living or dead: they send to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden, and (as before) find much blood, but see no body; they make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but find nothing, only they forgot to search the Well: Then to find what those fighters were, they think of a policy, as worthy of them, as they of their office; they give a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to

be

be cured, whereupon *Khanutio*, one of the chiefest Chirurgions, informs them, that he about an hour since had dressed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Soldiers of the City) of nine several wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provost advertised thereof, cause them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had consulted. They inquire who wounded them? They answer, They had a quarrel betwixt themselves, and so they fought it out. Being demanded again, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Christeneta* was safe at home, and *Gasparino* close in the Well, they instantly replyed, it was in the Nunns Garden at Saint *Clayre*, and at six of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunns relation, gave end to this business, for that time especially. But though they delude and blind the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor shall not those of God; And now, although these murtherers have thus escaped, yet they prepare to forsake and leave *Pavia*, for fear to be afterwards discovered. But they shall be prevented in their subtleties, for the hand of God will speedily arrest them.

Now we must observe, that *Gasparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at *Vituri*'s House, where he usually frequented to visit and court his Mistress *Christeneta*, he informs the Host of the house thereof; and he like an honest man, doubting the worst (after the custom of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wise Magistrates, examined *Gasparino*'s Lackey, when he last saw his Master, and where. The Lackey answers, He parted from his chamber yesterday morning betwixt five and six, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and since (he saith) he saw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackey's relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this murther; for, the Magistrates see, that the hour of *Gasparino*'s departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli*'s fighting do agree; as also his Book and the Nunns Church bear some shew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon, they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to imprison both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who, the very next day had thought to have slipt down the River to *Ferrara*, and so to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor seen. The Magistrates hold it fit they should be put to the Rack, which is as speedily performed: but these stout Villains firmly and constantly maintain their first speech; and although they make suit to be freed and released, yet the Prefect holds it necessary to continue them in prison; and withal, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nunns Garden.

Christeneta, being at the first advertised that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat astonished and amazed, and so resolves to fly, but being advertised they had already suffered torments, and revealed nothing, she again resolves to stay, which indeed she doth; but it is the justice and mercy of God that keeps this bloody Bird within her Nest.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inspired from Heaven) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the Garden for murther; which they do, and very curiously, leaving no place unsearched: at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Provost's mind to search the Well, which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hooks bring up some pieces of wrought black Taffety, which by the Lackey was affirmed, and known to be the same that his Master *Gasparino* wore, the last time he saw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to search again most exactly; which they do, and at last bring up the dead body of *Gasparino*, when stripping off his cloths, they find his body pierced with thirteen several wounds, at the mournful sight whereof, the whole Assembly, but especially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorifie God for finding his body, as also for the discovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently, believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But see the farther mercies of God; for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates, being sure of them, do now resolve to hye to prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what Quiver the first Arrow of this murther came: But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the Malefactor brought them by a most miraculous and unheard-of accident; for when the Magistrates and whole Company had often visited *Gasparino*'s naked body, and seen nothing but wounds, a little Boy standing by (of some ten years of age) espied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he shewed the Company, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick Handkercher, and withal, a name in red silk Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see, the goodness! Oh let us stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what means and instruments he ordaineth for the discovery of murtherers!

The Prefect and Provoſt, ſend away ſpeedily to apprehend her; ſhe is taken in the midſt of her pleaſures and paſtimes, yea from the Arm of her Mother, and feet of her Father, to whom ſhe fled for ſafety, but in vain; for ſhe is inſtantly committed cloſe Priſoner, from whence we ſhall not ſee her come forth, till ſhe come to her condign puniſhment, on a ſhameful Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provoſt go themſelves to the Priſon, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are; they accuſe them peremptorily for the murther of *Gaſparino*, whoſe body, they inform them, they have taken out of the VVell: but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveal this their murther; but they are ſo ſtrong of courage, or rather the Devil is ſo ſtrong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuſe themſelves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Provoſt, although they ſaw all circumſtances concur, that undoubtedly *Chriſteneta* had a deep hand in this murther, yet they examine her fairly, and promiſe her much favour, and their beſt friendſhip and aſſiſtance, if ſhe will reveal it; but ſhe, as her two confederates, denies all. They adjudg her to the Rack, whereunto ſhe very patiently permits her ſelf to be faſtned; but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot indure the cruelty of this torment; and ſo ſhe confeſſeth all; that, in revenge of *Piſani*'s death, ſhe had cauſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nunn's Garden, as we have formerly underſtood.

And now comes Gods ſentence from Heaven, pronounced againſt theſe murtherers, by the mouth of his Magiſtrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murther, committed on *Gaſparino*, adjudg *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Po*; And *Chriſteneta* (notwithſtanding all the ſolicitation which her Father and friends made for her) to be firſt hanged, then burned, and her aſhes thrown into the air: VVhich, to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who aſſiſted at their mournful ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded *Chriſteneta*'s affection to *Piſani*, as they deteſted and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gaſparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteouſly, ſo they dyed deſperately, and could not be drawn ro repent themſelves of this their bloody fact: But, as I have underſtood, *Chriſteneta* was extremely ſorrowful for her ſins, but eſpecially for this murther, whereof at her laſt breath ſhe infinitely and exceedingly repented her ſelf: yea, I have been informed, that ſhe delivered a godly and religious ſpeech upon the Ladder, but I was not ſo fortunate to recover it.

May all true Chriſtians read this Hiſtory with profit, and profit in reading it, that ſo God may receive the glory, and their ſouls the eternal comfort and conſolation. *Amen.*

GOD's

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY III.

Mortaign, *under promiſe of Marriage, gets* Joſſelina *with Child, and after, converting his love into hatred, cauſeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma, *to murther both her, and her young Son: the jealouſie of* Iſabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the diſcovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IT is a juſt reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errors of our youth, that we buy pleaſure with repentance, and the ſweetneſs of ſin with the bitterneſs of afflictions: but if we violate the laws of Chriſtianity, and abandon our ſelves to luſt and fornication, then we ſhall ſee with ſhame, that men will not pity us, and find with grief, that God will puniſh us. It is an excellent vertue in maidens, not to liſten to the lewd temptations of men, and in men not to hearken to the fugred charms of the Devil, for commonly that folly gives the one ſhame, and this madneſs brings the other deſtruction: but if we firſt forget our ſelves, and then our God, by adding and heaping ſin upon ſin, as firſt, to perpetrate fornication, and after murther, than aſſuredly our eſtate is ſo miſerably wretched, and ſo wretchedly miſerable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worſe. And becauſe Example is both pleaſing to our memory, and profitable to our judgment, this mournful enſuing Hiſtory ſhall make good, and confirm it to us: Therefore let us ſhut the door of our thoughts againſt the power of ſin, and that of our hearts, againſt the malice of Hell, and we ſhall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this world, but our felicity eternal in that to come.

In the South-eaſt part of *France*, within a days journey of the famous City of *Lions*, at the foot of the Mountain of *Tarara*, upon the border and boſome of that ſweet River *Lignon*, ſo famouſed by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muſes, the Marqueſs of *Urſe*, in his beautiful and Divine *Aſtrea*, near *Dureney* (a certain ſmall Village) there dwelt a poor Country Farmer named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girle, about the age of twelve years old, named *Joſſelina*, whom he hoped

ſhould

ſhould prove the ſtaff and prop of his age, and reſolved when ſhe grew up in years, and came to womans eſtate, to marry her to ſome of his neighbours ſons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and induſtry had left or procured him.

Two or three years ſliding away, in which time *Mollard* increaſing in wealth, and his daughter in years, ſhe was, and was juſtly reported to be the faireſt Nymph of thoſe parts, and by all the ruſtick Swains termed the fair *Joſſelina*, eſteeming themſelves happy, if they might ſee her, much more, if they might enjoy her preſence.

Now within a little League of *Mollard*'s houſe, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounſieur de Coucye*, who had many Children: but among the reſt, his eldeſt ſon, termed *Mounſieur de Mortaign*, was a very hopeful and brave Gentleman, who was firſt a Page to that generous Noble-man *Mounſieur de la Guiche*, ſometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and ſince his death, a chief Gentleman to *Mounſieur de Saint Jervant*, now a Marſhal of *France*.

This *Mortaign* having lived ſome years in *Paris*, with his Lord the Marſhal, where he followed all honourable exerciſes, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchaſed himſelf the honourable title of a moſt perfect and accompliſhed Gentleman) was at laſt deſirous to ſee his Father, partly, becauſe he underſtood he was weak and ſickly; but eſpecially to be at the Nuptials of a Siſter of his, termed *Madamoyſelle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, termed *Mounſieur de Caſſalis*.

This Marriage being ſolemnized, *Mortaign* having conducted his ſiſter into *Avergne*, and now ſeeing his Father ſtrong and luſty, he begins to diſlike the Country, and to wiſh himſelf again in *Paris*, where the ratling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and pleaſe him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (becauſe he is the chiefeſt ſtay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and ſo he prepares for his return to *Paris*. But an unlooked-for Accident ſhall ſtop his Journey for the preſent; and another, but far more fatal, ſeconding and ſucceeding that, ſhall ſtop and hinder him from ever ſeeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, *de Coucye* his Father is moſt dangerouſly taken with a burning Fever, and ſo neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling near his Father's houſe, he gives himſelf to Hunting and Hawking, paſtimes and exerciſes, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongſt other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had loſt in a thicket) by chance ſprung a Pheaſant, which flying to the next Woods, he ſends for his Hawk, with an intent to fly at him; and ſo being not ſo happy as again to ſet ſight of him, he ranged ſo far, and withal ſo faſt, that he was very thirſty, but ſaw no houſe near him, that he might call for Wine; till at laſt he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaign*, ſeeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the houſe, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine alledging that he was very thirſty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the model of his face, preſumed to demand him if he were not one of *Mounſieur de Coucye*'s Sons? He anſwered, yes, and that his name was *Mortaign*. *Mollard* preſently calling to mind that he was his Father's Heir, very courteouſly (in his faſhion) prays him to enter his houſe, and ſo being ſet down, he ſends his daughter *Joſſelina* for Wine, which ſhe fetched, and they both drink; where honeſt *Mollard* thinking his houſe bleſſed with ſo great (and as he thought ſo good) a Gentleman, very chearfully proffers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and ſuch homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we ſhall ſee *Mortaign* requite this courteſie of *Mollard*, with an extream ingratitude.

Mortaign whoſe eye was ſeldom on *Mollard*, and never from his Daughter, admires to ſee ſo ſweet a beauty in ſo obſcure a place; he cannot refrain from bluſhing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though ſhe were poor in clothes, yet he ſaw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that ſhe was wonderful fair; ſith it is ever the ſign of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparel, and not the apparel the face. And now comparing *Joſſelina*'s taint, to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falſhood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaſter of her Front, Neck, and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of *Meander*'s ſtreams ſwiftly range, and ſweetly preſents it ſelf to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their ſplendor was ſo clear, and their influence ſo piercing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaign* gaze on the freſhneſs and ſweetneſs of *Joſſelina*'s beauty, no leſs doth ſhe on the properneſs and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modeſty, reſpect, and ſecrecy; which *Mortaign* well eſpying, he vows to obtain her favour, or to loſe his life in reſearch thereof: but the end of ſuch laſcivious reſolutions ſeldome proſper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaign*'s affection, or rather his lust, to *Josselina*! for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a small Tenement near adjoining to his Father; who hath now put him in Suit of Law for two Herriots; and therefore beseecheth him for his good word and favour to his Father in his behalf. *Mortaign* glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloak for him to have access to his House and Daughter, promiseth him to deal effectually with his Father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and so stealing a kiss or two from *Josselina*, as her Father went into the Court, and withall, swearing to her, that he loved her dearly, and would come often to see her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good chear, for that time departed.

But the further he goes from *Mollard*'s house, the nearer his heart approacheth his Daughter *Josselina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, he begins to distaste his Father's house, yea, forsakes all company; and many times pretending to walk in the Park and Woods, he steals away privately to see his new Mistress. He visits her often, but especially when her Father is at Market; and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk Girdles; yea, he never comes to her, but brings her some Gift and Present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtain his desire, but as yet he is still deceived: for, although she be humble and simple, yet she is chast, and will not hearken to his allurements and enticements. Had *Josselina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death less mournful.

Mortaign perceiving *Josselina*'s coyness and obstinacy, is thereat no way the less, but rather far the more ensnared and enflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches, and Prayers, work no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, whereby so many silly Maids are abused and deceived; he vows, that if she will permit him to enjoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding that their Birth and Quality were so unequal and different: and this, and only this battery and allurement, was that which vanquished *Josselina*'s Chastity; who, poor Girl, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shook hands with her Maiden-head, which she should have prized and esteemed far more precious than her life: but she shall pay deer for this her folly; for she shall live *Mortaign*'s Strumpet, and never dye his Wife.

Mortaign hath now his desire of *Josselina*; and for the fruit of this their unchast pleasure, in short time her belly swells. *Mollard* her Father discovers the Pad in the straw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows, his Daughter's infamy will shorten his dayes. He torments her with reproachings and threatnings, so as she can find no rest or tranquillity in his House: she advertiseth *Mortaign* hereof, and requests his assistance in this her affliction. *Mortaign* by night steals her away, and sends her ten Leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poor Kinsman's House of his, where she is delivered of a young Son. But she shall shortly see (with repentance) what it is to have a Child ere a Husband. In the mean time she feeds her self with hope, that *Mortaign* will shortly marry her; but he resolves nothing less: for the Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwrack and ruins of Maidens Honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire; but perform nothing when they have obtained it; but rather spurn at those pleasures, as at Nose-gayes, which they delight in in the morn, and throw away ere night.

Calintha (*Mortaign*'s Mother) all this while knows nothing of these occurrences betwixt her Son and *Josselina*; and desires to see him married, that she might have the felicity to see her self a Grand-mother: to which end, she resolves to seek a Wife for him; and makes a motion to *Monsieur de Vassy*, the *Seneschal* of *la Paliss*e, to match her Son with *Madamoyselle la Varina*, his only Daughter. *De Vassy* dislikes not this motion; the young folks see and love: so as in all human sense, and outward appearance, it seems a short time will finish and conclude this Match: but it was otherwise determined in Heaven.

This news doth amaze and terrifie *Josselina*: but, as misfortune seldom comes alone, she likewise, that very instant, understands that *Mollard* her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath dis-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame, for her Portion and Dowry, and only repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the forerunner of her future misery. Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her self and welfare; to which end she resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to put him in mind of his promise, and to take compassion of her poverty, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithal to maintain her self and Child. Her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusal thereof, deserves both pity and compassion.

JOSSELINA to MORTAIGN.

YOU have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I as much grace as vanity) I should have esteemed far dearer and more precious than my life. Your promise to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly; at the remembrance whereof, I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me: let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty, (which with many oaths you protested you both admired and adored) judg whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you: but it is a just punishment for my sin; and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pills which seem sweet to the Palate, but prove poyson to the Stomack; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastity. You know, my Father is dead, and with him, all the Means which in this world I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my self, as of your Son, except from your self; the which, with millions of sighs and tears, I beg and beseech you afford us; and if not for love to me, at least for pity to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your Picture, but your Image: therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine; and think, that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son; so it will be extream cruelty, not to allow that poor Babe wherewithall to live, sith he hath received both his Being and life of you. But I hope you will prove more natural to him, and more charitable to my self; otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindness, will never go long, either unpitied of men, or unpunished of God.

JOSSELINA.

Josselina having penned this Letter to *Mortaign*; she, desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it fit likewise to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a confident Messenger, with express charge to deliver them severally: the tenor thereof is thus.

JOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortunes, or reveal you my misery; especially sith my own folly and indiscretion gave life to the first, as your Son Mortaign's *ingratitude doth to the second: had I been as wise, as now sorrowful; or as chast, as now repentant; or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush, as I do, to write to you, That his promise to make me his Wife, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young Son, whereof he is the unkind Father. I may well term my self unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my Father, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his Means from me, which before, Right and Nature had promised me; and I may justly term your Son* Mortaign *unkind, sith he not only refuseth to marry me, but also to allow maintainance, either for my self or his Child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many blushes and tears, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richness of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pity and relieve; at least, if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cause thereof. My love to him, hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather, if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poor Babe my Son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not smile on me, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innocency, though you condemn mine error: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my grave, That I maybe sure he shall live happily. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that Cruelty.*

JOSSELINA.

Whiles *Josselina* flatters her self with hope, that these Letters will procure her, her desire and comfort, *Mortaign*, and *Calintha* his Mother, receive them. As for *Mortaign*, he, like a base Gentleman, (whose courtesie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own sin, as rejoyceth in *Josselina's* foolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him, to think that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore he now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory; her misery, his happiness; and her affliction, his content; yea, he no more thinks of her, but with disdain and envy: for the beauty of *Varina*, hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Josselina*. Neither doth this cruelty of *Mortaign* end in her, but it begins in the pretty Babe his Son: for he so far degenerateth from

from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Child's sake, but the Child for his Mother's sake; yea, he is so far from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as he scorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child; and so burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratefully and cruelly resolves to answer it with silence: and this is the best comfort which *Josselina* and the poor young Babe, her Son, receive from *Mortaign*. But I fear the worst is to come.

If *Josselina* and her Babe receive such dis-respect and inhumanity from *Mortaign*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*; who no sooner received and read her Letter, but, full of wrath and indignation, she in disdain throws it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against *Josselina* and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blur and a block to *Mortaign*'s marriage with *Varina*, she not only refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruel and inhuman, as she wisheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too passionate, and her passions too unnatural and cruel: for if she would not relieve *Josselina*, whom her Son *Mortaign* had abused; yet, in pity, yea, in nature, she should have taken order for the maintenance of the Child, whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion, than her envy; or, at least, if there had been any spark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have been seen courteous and barbarous to them her self, yet she might dispence with her Son, and wink if he had performed it. But nothing less: for her malice is so great, and her rage so outragious and unreasonable, as she refuseth it her self, and commands him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to return *Josselina* an answer, she at last in a humour, wherein disdain triumphed over pity, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and returns her this bitter and cruel answer.

CALINTHA to JOSSELINA.

HAving been so graceless to abuse my Son, I wonder how thou darest be so impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter; the which I had once thought rather to have burnt, than read: but I find it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgment; to think, that sith thine own Father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meer stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst been to my Son) should afford or give thee any thing. Neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for, as thou art a woman, I pity thee; but, as a strumpet, hold it no pity to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy self, thou pleadest for thy Brat; but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art of my Son, and withall the cause: why should I look on the Child with compassion, sith I neither can nor will see the Mother, but with disdain and envy? Thou complainest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the Stars and Horoscope of thy base birth, never pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a Clown's Daughter, to become a Gentleman's Wife: but thou must add ambition to thy dishonesty; as if one of these two vices were not enough powerful to make thee miserable. Thou dost likewise tax my Son of unkindness towards thee, without considering, that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himself: for, as thou art like to buy his familiarity with tears; so, for ought I know, may he thine with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other than this, That as my Son disdains to marry thee, so do I, that either my self or he relieve thee. Look then on thy self with shame, on thy Child with repentance; whiles my Son and I will remember you both with contempt, but neither with pity.

CALINTHA.

Poor *Josselina* having received and perused *Calintha*'s Letter, and seeing, withall, *Mortaign* so inhuman, as he disdains to write to her; for meer grief and sorrow, she, with her Babe at her breast, falls to the ground in a swoon; and had not the noise thereof advertised those in the next room, to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life, and not afterwards lived to see and endure so many sharp afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas! alas! she hath now no power to speak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am sure her words are sighs: for, being abandoned of *Mortaign*, and hated of his Mother, she is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdain, that she tears her hair, repents her self of her former folly, and curseth the hour that *Mortaign* first saw her Father's house, or she him: but this is but one part of her sorrows and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her discontent into despair, her despair into rage, and her rage into madness.

For, by this time, *Calintha* understanding by her Son, where *Josselina* resided and sojourned, she so ordered the matter, as when *Josselina* least thought thereof, she and her Babe, in a dark

and cold night, is moſt inhumanly turned out of the Houſe where ſhe was, yea, with ſo great barbariſm and cruelty, as ſhe was not ſuffered to reſt, either in the Hay-loft, Barn, or Stable, or any other place within doors; but inforced to lye in the open field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold Air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopy. And now it is, and neve before, that her eyes guſh forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breaſt ſends forth many Volleys of deep-fetch'd ſighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starrs of Heaven to light her, ſhe looks on her poor Babe for comfort; whoſe ſight, God knows, doth but redouble her ſorrows and afflictions, becauſe it lyes crying at her breaſt for want of Milk, which (poor woman) ſhe had not to give it: when, being in this miſerable caſe, and accompanied with none but the Beaſts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were far happier than her ſelf, becauſe they were gone to their reſt, and ſhe could receive none: ſhe, after many bitter ſighs, groans, and tears, uttered theſe ſpeeches to her ſelf:

Alas, alas, poor *Joſſelina*! it is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this miſery: for, hadſt thou the grace to uſe, and not to abuſe thy beauty, thou might'ſt have ſeen thy ſelf as happy, as now thou art wretched and miſerable. But ſee what a double loſs thou receiveſt for thy ſingle pleaſure; for the loſs of thy chaſtity to *Mortaign*, was that of thy Father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miſery: for, as thy loſs is double, ſo is thy griet: for now thou muſt as well ſorrow for thy Child, as for thy ſelf: yea, *Joſſelina*, forget to grieve for thy ſelf, and remember to do it for thy Babe, ſith thou haſt brought it into the world, and haſt not wherewith to maintain it. And then, not able to proceed further, ſhe takes it up and kiſſes it, rains tears on its cheeks, though ſhe cannot ſtream milk in its mouth; when again, recovering her ſpeech, ſhe continues thus:

Ay-me, *Joſſelina*! thou art both the Author and the Cauſe of thine own miſery, and therefore thou muſt not blame Heaven, but thank thy ſelf for it: for, thy afflictions are ſo great, as whereſoever thou turneſt thy thoughts or eyes, thou findeſt nothing but grief, nothing but ſorrow: for if thou think on *Mortaign*, he looks on thee with diſdain; if on his Mother *Calintha*, ſhe with envy: yea, thou canſt not behold the World without ſhame; thy poor Infant, without ſorrow; nor thy ſelf, without repentance. Nay, conſider further with thy ſelf, what thou haſt gotten by caſting (or rather, by caſting away) thy affection on *Mortaign*; he found thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou haſt a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert ſo happy, as to have a Father; and now thy Son is ſo miſerable, as he can find none: yea, then thou wert a Friend to many; but now thou findeſt not one that will be ſo to thee; and, which is worſe, thou haſt not wherewithal to be ſo to thy ſelf. Alas! alas! thou haſt no Houſe to go to, no Friend to truſt to, no Meat for thy ſelf, nor Milk for thy Child: therefore poor *Joſſelina*, quoth ſhe, How happy ſhould we both be, if thou wert buryed, and he unborn.

She would have finiſhed her ſpeech, but that tears interrupted her words, and ſighs cut her tears in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls aſleep; but her griefs are ſo great, and her ſorrows ſo infinite, as ſhe cannot cloſe her eyes, nor yet be ſo much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to do it for her; which perceiving, as alſo that the Moon was inveloped in a Cloud, and that the Starrs began to deny her the comfort and luſtre of their light: ſhe fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a prety way off from her, ſhe takes her Babe, and as faſt as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and ſighing) hyes thither for ſhelter: but Heaven proves more kind to her, than Earth; for lo, both the Moon and Starrs aſſiſt and comfort her in this her ſorrowful Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than ſhe thought) ſhe began to be weary; and there making a bed of Leaves (which at that ſeaſon of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) ſhe thereon for a while reſted her ſelf, but ſleep ſhe could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to ſee that her Infant ſlept pretily, though not ſoundly: but here, if her eyes craved reſt, ſo her ſtomack craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and ſhe had eaten nothing ſince noon: ſo pulling off her Upper-Coat, ſhe wraps and covers her Child as hot as ſhe could; who being faſt a-ſleep, and laying it on the bed of Leaves, ſhe goes from Tree to Hedg, and gathers Black-berries, Slows, and wild Cheſs-nuts, wherewith, inſtead of better Viands, ſhe ſatisfied her hunger; and now ſhe ſees her ſelf on the top of a Hill, at whoſe foot ſhe perceived a River, and a great ſtony Bridg over it, the which ſhe knew; as alſo, that there was a little Village near about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midſt of her miſeries afforded her ſome comfort. So back ſhe hyes to her Child, which ſhe finds out by its crying; it wanting not only his Nipple, but his Nurſe; and ſo with many kiſſes takes it up in her Arms, and hyes towards the Bridg,

and

and from thence to the Village, which the now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where she arrives at five of the clock in the morning, and lodged her self in a very poor Inn; being extreamly glad, and infinitely joyful, that she had recovered so good a harbour.

But money she hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Inns upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worse looked to: so she is enforced, yea, fain to sell away her Quoives, her Bands, and her Upper-Coat, to discharge her present occasions. Poor *Josselina*! how happy hadst thou been, if thou hadst had as much Wit and Chastity, as Beauty, or rather, more Chastity, and less Beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it; though never, to repent it.

Josselina knowing *Villepont* to be but seven Leagues from *Durency* (the Parish where she was born) is irresolute, whether to stay here, or to go thither. Want of means perswades her to the first: but, knowing that *Mortaign*'s love was turned into hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incensed Mother, she resolves to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her Kinsfolks and Friends, to assist her in this her misery and necessity. In the mean time she is enforced to content her self with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor Window, but only a small loop, whereinto the Sun scarce ever entred; and yet she is extreamly well contented, and glad hereof.

But, Wealth finds many Friends, and Poverty none; and yet, sith diversity of fortunes is the true Touch-stone of Friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly term those our friends, who assist us in our necessity, and not who seem to pleasure us in our prosperity; for, those are real friends, but these verbal: those will perform more than they promise; and these promise much, and perform nothing.

But *Josselina* is so wretched and unfortunate, as she finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this misery: yea, so far she is to receive either means or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her; so as miserable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortunes of her fortune, and to complain to all the world, of *Mortaign*'s treachery, and of his Mother *Calintha*'s cruelty: yea, she threatens to send him his Son, sith he will not afford her wherewith to maintain him.

This is not so secretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vassye* and *Varina* his Daughter have news hereof in *La Palisse*, which occasioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his respect to *Mortaign*; so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match shall go forward. *Mortaign* is too clear-sighted, to be blind herein; yea, he presently knows from what point of the Compass this wind cometh; and is fully possessed, that *Josselina* is the cause of these alterations and storms: he is exceedingly enraged and enflamed hereat, and gives such way to his passion and choler, as these obstacles must be removed; and he vows to destroy both *Josselina* and her Son. A bloody resolution, not beseeming either a Christian, or a Gentleman: for, Was it not enough for him to rob *Josselina* of her honour, and to put a Rape on her Chastity and Vertue, but he must likewise bereave her of her life, and so add Murther to his lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this? yea, how far degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruel to her that hath been so kind to him? But the Devil suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fair; and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before *Josselina* and her Brat be dispatched. Now if Grace could not perswade him from being so cruel to *Josselina*, yet (me-thinks) Nature should have with-held him from being so inhuman to his own Son. But his faith is so weak towards God, and the Devil is so strong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloody resolution, only he alters the manner thereof: for, whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the Child; now he will first dispatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens! why should Earth produce so bloody and prodigious a Monster?

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinks to reclaim and pacifie *Josselina*: and so gives order that she and her Child be lodged in a better Inn, in the same Village of *Villepont*; and signifies to her, that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his Son; and that shortly he will send his Lacquey for him: but withall, that she must keep this very secret, because he will not have his Mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Josselina* rejoyceth, and seems to be revived at this pleasing news; yea, she begins to forget her former misery, and flatters her self with this hope, that Fortune will again smile on her. So, within three dayes, *Mortaign* sends his Lacquey, *La Verdure*, to her for the Babe; the which, with many kisses and tears, she delivereth him; hoping that *Mortaign*, his Father, would be careful of his maintenance; and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiving, that he had any intent to murther it. But she shall find the contrary; for henceforth she shall never see her Babe, nor her Babe her.

La Verdure (the Lacquey) following his Master's command, is not four Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable Miscreant, he strangles it; and, wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth

(which he had purposely brought with him) throws it into the River *Lignon*; but he shall pay deer for murthering of this sweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaign*'s devillish malice and revenge, will not be quenched or satisfied, till he see the Mother follow the fortune of the Son: to which end he agrees with her Host, *La Palma*, and his aforesaid Lacquey, *La Verdure*, to stifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred Franks, they perform, and bury her in his Garden, she being soundly sleeping, and, poor soul, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournful and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monsters of Nature are these, to commit so damnable a Murther; as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor Earth or Hell to punish them!

But we shall see the contrary; yea, we shall see both the Murther, and the Murtherers, revealed and discovered by an extraordinary means; wherein God's providence and glory will most miraculously resplend and shine.

As soon as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murthered our harmless *Josselina*, they both post away to *Durency*, as well to acquaint *Mortaign* herewith, as also to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other due). This news was so pleasing to him as he chearfully layes down his promise: and so they both frolick it in the Village: *La Verdure* making no haste home to his Master *Mortaign*, nor *La Palma* to his old Wife *Isabella*.

In the mean time (a Month being past away) *Mortaign* hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his fair Mistress *Varina*; he procures his Father, *De Coucye*, and others of his friends, to ride to *La Paliſſe*, hoping to finish the Match betwixt *La Varina* and himself. But he and they are inforced to see themselves deceived of their hopes. For, *De Vassy* and his Daughter having heard that *Josselina* and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (suspecting and fearing that which indeed was faln out) in plain terms gave *Mortaign* the refusal; who, galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and see his former bloody Errors and Crimes; but it is too late: for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma understanding of *Mortaign*'s arrival from *La Paliſſe*, thinks it high time for him to leave *Durency*; and so returning home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Isabella*, who being an old woman, and he a young man, was not only impatient, but jealous of his long stay (which was well near five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as she thought, in the company of *Josselina*; who, because she was young and fair, she vehemently suspected he had since entertained and stayed with. But, this Jealousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this execrable Murther.

For, *La Palma* coming home, his Wife *Isabella* (as we have heard) being incensed with anger, and inflamed with jealousie, gives him this bitter entertainment and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth she) *you were very unkind, so soon to forsake your Whore* Josselina. *La Palma* being pierced to the quick with this bitter speech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her first the lye, and then termed her Whore in speaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his speeches. So, after many bitter and scandalous injuries banded one to the other, she adds rage to her words, and he a box on the ear to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants, and all that beheld it, cry out a-main, as if her soul had already taken her last farewel of her body. At this tumult the neighbours assemble, and deeming *Isabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer, *Fiscal* of *La Paliſſe*, who was then in the Village of *Villepont*; who, without further examination, commits him to prison; and so goes in person to visit *Isabella*; who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death. She relates him all that had past betwixt her husband and her self; as also of his departure with *Josselina*, and of his long stay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now she hopes that this blow will not go unpunished: yea, her rage, or rather God's Providence, carries her so far, as she constantly averrs to the Magistrate, that if *Josselina* be not her Husband's Strumpet, she constantly believes he is her Murtherer; and, to conclude, saith, that her servant-maid, *Jaqueta*, can say more.

Jaqueta examined, saith, That the night before her Master's departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Josselina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lacquey, and that since, *Josselina* was neither seen nor heard of: and being farther demanded, if she knew whose Lacquey *La Verdure* was; she answered, he was *Monsieur Mortaign*'s Lacquey, who was Son to *Monsieur de Couey*. The Procurer *Fiscal*, considering their several depositions, doth shrewdly suspect there was more in the wind than is yet discovered: he leaves *Isabella*, and goes to her Husband in Prison; and after he had sharply checked him for beating his Wife, he enquires and chargeth him with these two points: first, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Josselina*'s Chamber at mid-night: and secondly, what was become of her, sith, since that time, she hath neither been seen nor heard of.

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La Palma is terrified and amazed with these demands, (and far the more, because he least expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He answereth not punctually to those points demanded of him; but runs on with many bitter invectives against the rage and jealousie of his Wife, and then being by the Procurer bid answer to those two points he formerly demanded of him; he, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, denyes that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Josselina's* Chamber; and that he neither saw her departure, nor knew what was become of her; and withal, prays the Procurer, *Fiscal*, to free and release him of his imprisonment. But he shall not escape at so cheap a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Monsieur de Vassye* his Colleague and fellow-Judg of *La Paliss*e, remembred that he had formerly heard him speak of this *Monsieur Mortaign*, who lately sought his Daughter *La Varina* in Marriage; as also of his entertaining and rejecting this *Josselina*, a Farmer's Daughter of *Dureney*, by whom he had a base Son: and now considering, that at such an unseasonable hour his Lacquey *La Verdure* should be in her Chamber in *La Palma*'s House, and *La Palma* himself in his Company, and she never since seen or heard of; he thinks there is some fire hid and covered in these embers, and there is some deeper Mystery in this business, which as yet was not revealed.

Wherefore, like a wise Magistrate, he holds it fit, the same night to send *La Palma* privately to *La Paliss*e, as also his Wife *Isabella*, and *Jaquita*, for Witnesses; and rides thither himself, to sit upon his Processe; with whom the Lieutenant of that Jurisdiction joyned: but for *Monsieur de Vassye*, the Seneschal, he (for the regard he bore to *Mortaign*, because he vehemently suspected he had a deep and chief hand in this business) would not be present, but purposely absented himself at a House of his in the Countrey: the next morning *La Palma* is examined, as also the two Witnesses; and *Jaqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firm to her former deposition: but he flatly denies all. The Procurer and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He endureth the first torment; but at the second, he confesseth, that he and *La Verdure* had stifled and murthered *Josselina* in her Bed, in his own House, and had buried her in his Garden; and that they were set a work and hired to do it, by *Monsieur Mortaign*, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Lo here, by the Mercy and Providence of God, *La Palma*'s malice to his Wife *Isabella*, and her jealousie to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruel and bloody Murther, which was so secretly contrived, and so cunningly and devillishly acted upon the body of *Josselina*. But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmless and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Judges themselves ride all night to *Villepont*; they search the Garden, and find the dead body of *Josselina*, having no other Winding-sheet, but her own Smock. They send away the Provost to apprehend *Mortaign* and his Lacquy for this Murther; who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaign* in his Bed.

They are severally brought to *La Paliss*e; and first, *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denies all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then he confesseth not only the Murther of *Josselina*, but likewise that of her Infant-Son; whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, he said, he did at the request of his Master *Mortaign*; of whom, for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of these Murtherers; and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and, as it were, the capital great Wheel of these bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to his Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the Prison, and charge *Mortaign* with these two bloody Murthers: he knows it is in vain to deny it, sith he is sure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it: therefore he, ashamed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many tears very sorrowfully and penitently confess all.

It is a happiness for him to repent these Murthers; but it had been a far greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it; and both send their praises and thankfulness to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their own Tragedies, wherein every one of these Malefactors receives condign punishment for their several offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River *Lignon*; and *Mortaign*, though the last in rank, yet first in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the air: which Sentence, in the sight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market-day accordingly executed and performed in *La Paliss*.

And

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaign*, and his two Helliſh Inſtruments, for murthering innocent *Joſſelina*, and her ſilly and tender Infant. May all Maidens learn by her example, to preſerve their Chaſtities; and Men, by *La Verdure*'s, and *La Palma*'s, not to be drawn to ſhed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaign*'s, to be leſs laſcivious, inhuman, and bloody; thereby to prevent ſo execrable a life, and ſo infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *La Palma*, on the Ladder, extreamly curſed the malice of his Wife *Iſabella*, who (he ſaid) was the Author of his death: and no leſs did *La Verdure*, on the Wheel, by his Maſter *Mortaign*: but both of them were ſo deſperately irreligious, as neither of them conſidered that it was their former ſins, and the malice of the Devil, to whom they gave too much ear, that was the cauſe thereof.

And for *Mortaign*, after he had informed the World, that he was extreamly grieved that his Judges had not given him the Death of a Gentleman, which was, to have been Beheaded; he, with many tears, bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalneſs, both towards *Joſſelina*, as alſo his and her young Son: yet he prayed the World in general to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewiſe requeſted the Executioner to diſpatch him quickly out of this life, becauſe he confeſſed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a ſtrict inquiſition for Blood, and a curious and miraculous enquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear; ſith he is as impartial in his Juſtice, as in diſtributing his Mercies.

GODS

The Triumph of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY IV.

Beatrice-Joana, *to marry* Alſemero, *cauſeth* De Flores *to murther* Alfonſo Piracquo, *who was a Suter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* De Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomaſo Piracquo *challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he confeſſeth, that, his Wife and* De Flores *murthered* Alfonſo Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their aſhes thrown into the air.*

SIth in the day of Judgment we ſhall anſwer at God's great Tribunal, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then ſhall we dare to appear (much leſs think to eſcape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our ſouls with the innocent blood of our Chriſtian Brethren? when, I ſay, with beaſtly luſt and adultery, we unſanctifie our ſanctified bodies, which are the receptals and Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, and with high and preſumptuous hands, ſtab at the Majeſty of God, by murthering Man, who is his Image? This is not the Ladder to ſcale Heaven, but the ſhorteſt way to ride poſt to Hell: for, how can we give our ſelves to God, when in the heat of luſt and fume of revenge, we ſell our hearts to the Devil? But did we either love God for his mercy, or fear him for his Juſtice, we would then not only hate theſe ſins in our ſelves, but deteſt them in others; for theſe are crying and capital offences, ſeen in Heaven, and, by the Sword of his Magiſtrates, brought forth and puniſhed here on Earth. A lamentable and mournful example whereof, I here produce to your view, but not to your incitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our ſouls, and to the eternal glory of that moſt Sacred and Individual Trinity.

In *Valentia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spain*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alſemero*, a noble young Cavalier, whoſe Father (*Don Juan Alſemero*) being ſlain by the *Hollanders* in the Sea-fight at *Gibralter*, he reſolved to addict himſelf to Naval and Sea actions, whereby to make himſelf

himself capable to revenge his Father's death: a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a Son, and the Generosity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two voyages to the *West-Indies*, from whence he returns flourishing and rich, which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoysted his fame from top to top-gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable; nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchased by danger. In the Actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he shewed many noble proofs and testimonies of his valour and prowess, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven several wounds, which as Marks and Trophees of Honour made him famous in *Castile*. Boyling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he resolves to go to *Validolyd*, and to imploy some Grandee either to the King, or the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favourit, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody Wars against the *Netherlands*, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this sute, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the *Hage*, by his Excellency of *Nassaw*, and Marques *Spinola*, being chief Commissioners of either party. *Alsemero* seeing his hopes frustrated, that the Keys of Peace had now shut up the Temple of War, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corslets, that were wont to grace the Fields, were now rusting by the walls; he is irresolute what course to take, resembling those fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but dye in those that are still and quiet; For he spurns at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather disdaining the pomp, bravery and vanity of Courtiers, he withdraws himself from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seek Wars abroad, sith he could find none at home: where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country; yet his thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession, he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity: and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see *Malta*, that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of *Christendome*, and the terrour of *Turkey*, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Iland, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to inrich his judgment and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities, their Orders, & Discipline in War, the potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Customs, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Traveller and a Souldier; and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find passage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ship himself upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing so vain as our thoughts, nor so uncertain as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our selves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjust (for to think so were impiety) but that our hopes take false objects, and have no true foundation; and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alsemero* finds true: for here the wind doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves; yea, the Providence of God, doth cross him in his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For coming one morning to our Lady's Church at *Mass*, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he espies a young Gentlewoman likewise on hers, next to him; who being young, tender, and fair, he thorow her thin Veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet Beauty; she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheeks, and tilting with the invisible Lances of his eyes, to hers: he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelical countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of Love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alsemero* dyes in conceit with impatiency, that he cannot injoy the happiness and means to speak with her; but he sees it is in vain to attempt it, because she is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Mass being ended, he inquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informs him, that she is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* Daughter; he being Captain of the Castle of that City, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Joana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and near about the same hour.

Alsemero hath the sweetness of her beauty so deeply ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vows *Beatrice-Joana* is his Mistress, and he her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sail. And now he leaves *Bellona*, to adore *Venus*; and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can

neither

neither give, nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be again made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morn (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alsemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistris, no other Church would please him, but our Ladies; nor place, but where he first and last saw her; but she is more zealous than himself; for she is first in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion, whom *Alsemero* gladly espying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let pass one poor quarter of an hour (he resolving, as yet, to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements, and courting his Mistress, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it seems, that these two mornings, my devotions have been more powerful and acceptable than heretofore, sith I have had the felicity, to be placed next so fair, and so sweet a Nymph as your self, whose excellent beauty, hath so suddenly captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of Love; and therefore, having ended my devotion, I beseech you excuse me, If I begin to pray you to take pity of me, sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye my own.

Beatrice-Joana could not refrain from blushing under her Veil, to see an unkown Cavalier board her in these terms in the Church; and as she gave attentive ear to his speech, so she could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the spruceness of his person, and the sumptuousness of his Apparel: but at last, accusing her own silence, because she would give him no cause to condemn it, she with a modest Grace, and a graceful Modesty, returns him this answer.

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soul, if in this place you account it a felicity to injoy the sight of so mean a Gentle-woman as my self; so I cannot impute it to affection, but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or, which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your self. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equal, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection such as you profess to me, no doubt, regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alsemero (though a Novice in the Art of Love) was not so ignorant, and cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and refusal; but rather seeing that the perfections of her mind corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a trial of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword; and so joins with her thus:

It is a pretty ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reason of the Night's obscurity; and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: But I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your dis-respect, to slight and post me over from your self whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire; which in effect is to give me a Cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is only to you, and to no other, that I present and dedicate my service; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie, sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Asemero*, *Beatrice-Joana* returns this reply:

It is not for poor Gentlewomen of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or politick, except it be to keep themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your self, who (for the most part) under the colour of affection, aim to erect the trophees of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thank you for the proffer of your service, the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As she had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Mass; when *Alsemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand (sequestring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady *Beatrice-Joana*, Daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captain of the Castle of this City; so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntarily an injury to your judgment, and my intents, as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocency hath this consolation, that my heart is pledg for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words real. In the mean time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach; and be at least so curteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your Father's Castle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeneſs of her ſpeeches, and the ſharpneſs of his anſwer, not bluſhing for joy, but now looking pale for ſorrow, repents her ſelf of her error, the which ſhe ſalves up the beſt ſhe could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your ſpeeches, I ſhall then not only repent, but recant mine errour, in judging your ſelf by others; in the mean time, If I have any way wronged your merits and vertues, to give you ſome part of ſatisfaction, if you pleaſe to grace me with your company to the Caſtle (although it be not the cuſtom of *Alicant*) I do moſt kindly, and thankfully accept thereof: then *Alſemero*, giving her many thanks, and kiſſing her hand, he takes her by the arm, and ſo conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a ſcandal to any true Chriſtian's heart, that the Church, ordained for thankſgiving and prayer unto God, ſhould be made a Stews, or, at leaſt, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies; but in all parts of the Chriſtian World, where the Roman Religion reigneth, this ſinful cuſtom is frequently practiſed, eſpecially in *Italy* and *Spain*, where, for the moſt part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happineſs for *France*, if her Popiſh Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again to our Hiſtory.

We will purpoſely omit the conference which *Alſemero* and *Beatrix-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Caſtle; where firſt her ſelf, then the Captain her Father, thank him for this honour and courteſie; in requital whereof, he ſhewed him the rarities and ſtrength of his Caſtle; and after ſome ſpeeches and complements between them, he was ſo happy as to kiſs *Beatrix-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and ſo he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet, to the Counter-ſcarſe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, while the wind holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to reſolve in what ſort he might contrive his ſuit, for the obtaining of his new and fair Miſtris *Beatrice-Joana*; and likewiſe her ſelf, to muſe upon the ſpeeches and extraordinary courteſies, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to ſpeak of *Don Alfonſo Piracquo*, a rich Cavalier of the City, who, unknown to *Alſemero*, was his rival and competitor, in likewiſe ſeeking and courting *Beatrice-Joana* for his Miſtreſs and Wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in Lands and Money, and deſcended of one of the chiefeſt and nobleſt Families of *Alicant*, by Profeſſion a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indued with many rare qualities and perfections, was ſo highly beloved, reſpected, and eſteemed in that City, as the very faireſt and nobleſt young Ladies were, with much reſpect and affection, profered him in Marriage by their Parents; but there was none either ſo precious or pleaſing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he obſerved for beauty to excel others, and for Majeſty and Grace to ſurpaſs her ſelf: and indeed he could not refrain from loving her, nor be perſwaded or drawn to affect any other; ſo as he ſetled his reſolution either to have her to his Wife, or not to be the Husband of any. Yea, he is ſo earneſt in his ſuit, as ſcarce any one day paſſeth, but he is at the Caſtle.

Vermandero thinks himſelf much honoured of him, in ſeeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteouſly; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and ſo gives *Piracquo* many teſtimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he ſhall prevail and obtain his Miſtris. But *Beatrice-Joana* ſtands not ſo affected to him, rather ſhe receives him coldly; and when he begins his ſuit to her, ſhe turns her deaf ear, and never anſwereth him; but in general terms; only, not peremptorily to diſobey her Parents, ſhe ſeems to be pleaſed with him, and yet ſecretly in her heart wiſheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himſelf in his hope, and as much doting on *Beatrice-Joana*'s Beauty, as he relies on her Father's conſtant affection to him, he is ſo far from giving over his ſuit to her, as he continueth it with more earneſtneſs and importunity, and vows that he will forſake his life ere his Miſtris: But ſometimes we ſpeak true, when we think we jeſt: yet he findes her one and the ſame; for although ſhe were not yet acquainted with *Alſemero*, yet ſhe made it the thirteenth Article in her Creed, that the ſupream power had ordained her another Husband, and not *Piracquo*; yea, at that very inſtant the remembrance of *Alſemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, ſo that ſhe wholly refuſed her heart to the laſt, of purpoſe to reſerve and give it to the firſt; as the ſequel will ſhew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was ſecretly informed of *Alſemero*'s affection to his daughter, and withall that ſhe liked him far better than *Piracquo*; which news was indeed very diſtaſtful, and diſpleaſing to him, becauſe he perfectly knew that *Piracquo*'s means far exceeded that of *Alſemero*. Whereupon, conſidering that he had given his conſent, and in a manner ingaged his promiſe to *Piracquo*: he, to prevent the hopes, and to fruſtrate the attempts of *Alſemero*, leaves his Caſtle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino*, his Son, and taking his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* with him, he in his Coach very ſuddenly and ſecretly goes to *Briamata*,

a fair house of his, ten leagues from *Alicant*, where he means to sojourn, untill he had concluded and solemnized the Match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joana*'s departure, *Alsemero* is extreamly perplexed and sorrowful, knowing not whether it proceeded from her self, her father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the suddenness thereof, which he fears may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindness; yet, sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reason to hope, much less to assure himself of her affection towards him. He knows not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to think or do in a matter of this nature and importance; for thus he reasoneth with himself, If he ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the Father; if he stay at *Alicant*, displease the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazard of his envy, than of her affection; yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steer his course by the compass of her commands: He therefore be-thinks himself of a means to avoid these extreams, and so finds out a Channel to pass free betwixt that *Scylla* and this *Carybdis*; which is, to visit her by Letters: he sees more reason to embrace, than to reject this invention: and so providing himself of a confident Messenger, his heart commands his pen to signifie her these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA

AS long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thousand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from embarquing and sailing from you; yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I began it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, fair Mistris, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining your self to my Wife, whereon not only my fortune, but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but, which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair* Beatrice-Joana, *if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me, to sweeteen the bitterness of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.*

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Joana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alsemero*, than she doth now rejoice to receive this his Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy; and, as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not only reason to flatter, but to assure her self thereof: & therefore, though she will not seem at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to return him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modesty. Her letter is thus:

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to beleeve, that so poor a beauty as mine should have power to stop so brave a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a Voyage, as your first; or to perswade you to one so simple as your second: so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seek me for your Wife, when, in your heart, I presume, you least desire it: and where as you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purposely, either to make tryal of your own wit, or of my indiscretion, by endeavouring to see whether I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left Alicant, *so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father: for this I pray believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never dye your enemy.*

BEATRICE-JOANA.

This Letter of *Beatrice-Joana* gives *Alsemero* much despair, and little hope; yet though he have reason to condemn her unkindness, he cannot but approve her modesty and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as he knows not whether he should advance his hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Mistris. But at last, knowing that the excellency of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Vertues, deserves a second Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his first could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

YOU have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letter, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you believe the sincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witness and Judg, if under Heaven I desire any thing so much on Earth, as to be crowned with the felicity to see Beatrice-Joana *my Wife, and* Alsemero *her Husband? But why should I strive to perswade that, which you resolve not to believe, or flatter my self*

with any hope, ſith I ſee I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpair? I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love: and ſith it is impoſſible for me to live, I will prepare my ſelf to dye, that the World may know, I have loſt a moſt fair Miſtreſs, in you; and you a moſt faithful and conſtant Servant, in me.

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana ſeeing *Alſemero*'s conſtant affection, holds it now rather diſcretion, than immodeſty to accept both his ſervice and ſelf, yea, her heart ſo delights in the greableneſs of his perſon, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that ſhe either wiſheth her ſelf in *Alicant* with him, or he in *Briamata* with her: but conſidering her affection to *Alſemero* by her Father's hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; ſhe thinks it high time to inform *Alſemero* with what impatiency, they both endeavour to obtain her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe, and find means to ſtop the progreſs of theſe their importunities, and to with draw her Father's inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelf: But all this while ſhe thinks her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is ſo kind to her; ſhe very ſecretly conveighs him this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict God's providence, ſo I cannot deny, but now acknowledg, that if ever I effected any man, it is your ſelf; for your Letters, proteſtations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelity, hath won my heart, from my ſelf, to give it you: but there are ſome important conſiderations and reaſons, that inforce me to crave your ſecreſie herein, and to requeſt you, as ſoon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me; for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyful with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion; and, whiles you reſolve to make Alicant *your* Malta, *I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiency to* Briamata.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judg how welcome this Leetter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it. He had as we have formerly underſtood, been twice in the *Indies*; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treaſure in *Spain*, I mean his *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he eſteems the joy of his life, and the life of his joy; but ſhe will not prove ſo. He is ſo inamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicity of her preſence, as the Wind coming good, the Ship ſets ſail for *Malta*, and he (to give a colour for his ſtay) feigns himſelf ſick, fetcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in *Alicant*; and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly dear, and dearly ſweet Miſtreſs, he diſpatcheth away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertiſe her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is raviſhed with the joy of this news, and ſo provides for his coming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſtern-door, which anſwers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, ſhe conducts him ſecretly thorow a private Gallery, into *Beatrice-Joana*'s Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhe very curteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes; which they ſecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates to him *Piracquo*'s importunate ſuit to her, and her Father's earneſtneſs; yea, in a manner, his conſtraint, to ſee the Match concluded betwixt them; he being for that purpoſe there, in her Father's houſe. Again, after ſhe had alledged, and ſhewn him the intireneſs of her affection to himſelf, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and dye, ſhe lets fall ſome dark and ambiguous ſpeeches, tending to this effect, That before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to injoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſign of a lamentable and execrable Murther, which we ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a ſharp and quick underſtanding. *Alſemero* knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this diſ-reſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that ſhe will forſake *Piracquo*, to live and dye with him. Paſſion and affection blinding his judgment, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conſcience, he freely profereth himſelf to his Miſtreſs, vowing, that he will ſhortly ſend him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thouſand lives, as he hath but one, he is ready, if ſhe pleaſe, to expoſe and ſacrifice them all at her command and ſervice. *Beatrice-Joana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeal, the which ſhe ſaith, ſhe holds redoubled by thee freneſs of his profer; but being loath that he ſhould hazard his own life, in ſeeking that of another, ſhe conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*, but that he repoſe and build upon her affection and conſtancy; not doubting but ſhe will ſo prevail with her Father, that he ſhall ſhortly change his opinion, and no more perſwade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom ſhe reſolutely affirms, neither life nor death ſhall enforce

her

her to marry. And to conclude, although she affirm, that his presence is dearer to her, than her life, yet the better, and sooner to compass their desires, she prayes him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while to return to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance haste, or importunity may never. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and she of his affection; he returns for *Alicant*, packs up his baggage, which he sends before, and within less than four daies takes his journey for *Valentia*; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrencies; which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compass of this History.

This meeting, and part of *Alsemero*'s and *Beatrice-Joana*'s conference at her Father's house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious, or treacherous person neer him, or her, over-hear and reveal it: which makes her Father *Vermandero* fume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiarity; *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall work and finish his desire; and that sith his request cannot prevail with his Daughter his commands shall. But he shall miss of his aim.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the City are advertised hereof; and one among the rest, in great zeal and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of *Alicant*; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his Brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persevere in his present errour, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithful and honest Brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this insuing letter to *Briamata*.

THOMASO to ALFONSO PIRACQUO.

BEing more zealous of your prosperity, than my own; and knowing, it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearness and solidity of their judgment, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties; I, desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my self bound to signifie to you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches bear their perswasions with them, that your Suit to Beatrice-Joana *is in vain, and she unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her self to* Alsemero *your Rival: I am as sorry to be the Herald of this news, as glad, and confident, that as she hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better. Wherefore, Sir, recal your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider, that the shortest errours are best; and though you love her well, yet think, that at your pleasure you may find variety of Beauties, whereunto hers deserves not the honour to do homage. I could give no truce to my thought, till I had advertised you hereof, & I hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generosity, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brother's Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his suit, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and, as many mens judgments are dazled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear; so he is not capable to be dis-swaded from researching his Mistris; but rather resembleth those Sailors, who are resolute to endure a storm, in hope of fair weather: but he had found more security, and less danger, if he had imbraced and followed the counsel that his Brother gave him: For, *Beatrice-Joana* seeing she could not obtain her desire in marrying *Alsemero* e're *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never flies from those who follow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Glentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who follows her Father, that to her knowledg doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her; yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not stick to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero*'s departure to *Valentia* he with his daughter and *Piracquo*, returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; where, within three dayes of their arrival, *Beatrice-Joana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the air of the Country, nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness and courtesies, if he will perform it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Joana* is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forthwith we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himself fairly into *Piracquo*'s company and familiarity, as he comes to the Castle; where watching his hellish opportunity, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickness and strength of the Walls, told him, that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walls, but in the *Casemates*

that were ſtored with good Ordnance to ſcour the ditches. *Piracquo* very curteouſly prayes *De Flores* to be a means that he may go down and ſee the *Caſemates*. *De Flores* like a bloody Faulkner, ſeeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but, if he pleaſe, he himſelf will after dinner accompany him, and ſhew him all the ſtrength and rarities of the Caſtle. He thanks *De Flores* for this courteſie; accepts hereof, with promiſe to go. So he hies in to dinner, and *De Flores*, pretending ſome buſineſs, walks in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *De Flores* is providing of a bloody banquet in the Eaſt *Caſemate*; where, of purpoſe he goes, and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *De Flores*, and ſummons him of his promiſe; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: ſo, away they goe from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Poſtern to the Ditches; and ſo, in again to the *Caſemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the laſt, which is the Theater, whereon, we ſhall preſently ſee acted, a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the deſcent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherouſly informing *Piracquo*, that the deſcent is narrow and craggy. See here the Policy and Villany of this deviliſh and treacherous Miſcreant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treaſon, follows his example, and ſo caſts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor Gentle-man, he ſhall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the *Caſemate*; *De Flores* opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: He ſtoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that, that Peece doth thorowly ſcoure the Ditch. *Piracquo* ſtoops likewiſe down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) *De Flores* ſteps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard ſtabs him thorow the back, and ſwiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that *Caſemate* was built. Lo here the firſt part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceleſs villain) having diſpatched this ſorrowful buſineſs, ſpeedily acquaints *Beatrice-Joana* herewith, who (miſerable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kiſſes; and the better to conceal this their vild and bloody Murther, as alſo to caſt a miſt before peoples conceits and judgments, ſhe bids him, by ſome ſecret means to cauſe reports to be ſpread, firſt, that *Piracquo* was ſeen gone forth the Caſtle-gate; then, that in the City he was ſeen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wit of theirs ſhall prove folly: for though men, as yet, ſee not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and puniſh it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Caſtle: ſo theſe aforeſaid reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof. *Vermandero* knows not what to ſay, nor *Piracquo*'s Brother and Friends what to do herein; they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongſt the reſt, our deviliſh *Beatrice-Joana* ſeems exceedingly to grieve and mourn hereat. *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, with the reſt of his friends, ſearch every corner of the City, and ſend ſcouts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. *Vermandero* the Captain of the Caſtle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved *Piracquo* before any man in the world; yea, not only his friends, but generally all thoſe who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the abſence and loſs of this Cavalier; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the midſt of this ſorrow, and of theſe tears, *Beatrice-Joana* doth ſecretly advertiſe her Lover *Alſemero* hereof, but in ſuch palliating terms, that thereby ſhe may delude and carry away his judgment from imagining that ſhe had the leaſt ſhadow or finger herein; and withall prayes him to make no longer ſtay in *Valentia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alſemero* wonders at this news, and to pleaſe his fair Miſtris, believes part thereof, but will never believe all: but he is ſo inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*: when letting paſs a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*; but firſt he ſends the chiefeſt of his Kindred to *Vermandero*, to demand his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* in Marriage for him, and then comes himſelf in perſon, and in diſcreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes ſhew to ſeek her publickly.

In fine, After many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alſemero* hath heretofore won the affection of *Beatrice-Joana*, ſo now at laſt he obtains likewiſe the favour and conſent of *Vermandero* her Father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of Marriage, of two perſons made one; their Nuptials being ſolemnized in the Caſtle of *Alicant*, with much Pomp, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that paſt betwixt *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* in the Church; having likewiſe ſeen the amorous Letters that paſt betwixt them, from *Alicant* to

Briamata,

Briamata, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now considering the Pomp and Glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any averse accident could alter the sweetness and tranquillity of their affections; or that the Sun-shine of their joyes, should so soon be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storm? But God is as just as secret in his decrees.

For this married couple had scarce lived three months in the pleasures of wedlock (which if virtuously observed, is the chiefest earthly joy) but *Alsemero*, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife; so as he curbs and restrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converse with, yea, far less, to see any man: But this is not the way to teach a woman chastity; for, if fair words, good examples, and sweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatning, and imprisoning in a chamber will never. Yea, the experience thereof is daily seen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the women use (but not abuse) their liberty and freedome granted them by their Husbands, with much civility, affection, and respect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her Husband's discourtesie, she vows she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousie, and that she is as unworthy of his suspition, as he of her affection: he watcheth her every where, and sets spies over her in every corner; yea, his jealousie is become so violent, as he deems her unchast with many, yet knows not with whom: But this Tree of jealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her Father, and prayes him to be a means to appease and calm this tempest, which threatens the Shipwrack, not only of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* bears himself discreetly herein; but he may as soon place another Sun in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzy out of *Alsemero*'s head; for this his paternal admonition is so far from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alsemero*, to prevent his shame, and secure his fear, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This sudden departure grieves *Vermandero*, and galls *Beatrice-Joana* to the heart, who now looks no longer on her Husband with affection, but with disdain and envy. Many daies are not past, but her Father resolves to send to *Valentia*, to know how matters stand betwixt his Daughter and her Husband: He makes choice of *De Flores* to ride thither, and sends letters to them both.

De Flores is extreamly joyful of this occasion, to see his old Mistress, *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he loves dearer than his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alsemero* abroad, and she at home delivers her her Father's Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which modesty holds unworthy of relation) she acquaints him with her Husband's ingratitude: he rather rejoyces, than grieves hereat, and now revives his old sute, and redoubleth his new kisses: she considering what he hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her husband's jealousie, not only ingageth her self to him for the time present, but for the future, and bids him visit her often. But they both shall pay dear for their familiarity and pleasure.

Alsemero comes home, receives his Father's Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome. And so the next day writes back to his Father *Vermandero*, and dispatcheth *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for *Alicant*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alsemero* is by one of his spies, a waiting Gentlewoman of his Wives, whom he had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances between her Mistress and *De Flores*: yea, she reveals all that ever she saw or heard; for she past not to be false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this waiting gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alsemero* to her Ladie's Chamber at *Briamata*. *Alsemero* is all fire at this news, he consults not with judgment, but with passion; and so, rather like a devil than a man, flies to his Wive's chamber, wherein furiously rushing, he with his Sword drawn in his hand, to her great terrour and amazement, delivers her these words:

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *de Flores* and thy self? whereat she, fetching many sighs, & shedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courtesie, but such as a Brother may shew to his own natural Sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she grows pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, dispatch quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else, this sword of mine shall instantly find a passage to thy heart. When lo, the providence of God so ordained it, that she is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must be a witness against her self; and in seeking to conceal her whoredom, must discover her murther; the which she doth in these words: Know *Alsemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce me to shew thee the true cause of my chast familiarity with *de Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy self more; for he it was, that, at my request, dispatched *Piracquo*, without which (as thou well knowest) I could never have injoyed thee for my Husband, nor thou me for thy Wife: And so she reveales him the whole circumstance of that cruel Murther, as we have formerly understood

underſtood; the which ſhe conjures, and prayes him to conceal, ſith no leſs than *De Flores* and her own life depended thereon, and that ſhe will dye a thouſand deaths, before conſent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promiſe given him in Marriage.

Alſemero both wondring and grieving at this lamentable news, ſayes little, but thinks the more; and though he had reaſon and apparance to believe, that ſhe who commits Murther, will not ſtick to commit Adultery; yet upon his Wive's ſolemn oaths and proteſtations, he forgets what is paſt; only he ſtrictly chargeth her, no more to ſee, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will ſo ſharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all poſterity.

But *Beatrice-Joana*, notwithſtanding her Husband's ſpeeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her Husband no ſooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become ſo impudent, as, what they did before ſecretly, they now in a manner do publickly, or at leaſt, with Chamber-doors open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great ſcandal, as well to her Maſter's hor our, as houſe, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a ſharp revenge of this their infamy and indignity; as indeed he doth: for he bethinks himſelf (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealouſie, as of their crime of Murther, and of their ſecond Adultery: He enjoineth *Diaphanta* to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which ſhe doth; when inſtantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, he very ſecretly and ſilently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Caſe of Piſtols ready charged in his pocket (ſeeming to take horſe) huſheth himſelf up privately in his ſtudy, which was next adjoyning and within his Bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, ſends away for *De Flores*, who comes inſtantly to her: they fall to their kiſſings and imbracings; ſhe rejoycing extreamly for his arrival, and he for her husband *Alſemero*'s departure: ſhe relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband hath ſhewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* underſtands with much contempt & choler, as alſo with many threats. *Alſemero* hears all, but doth neither ſpeak, cough, ſneeze, nor ſpit. So from words they fall to their beaſtly pleaſures, when *Alſemero* no longer able to contain himſelf, much leſs to be acceſſary to his ſhame, and their villany, throws off the door, and violently ruſheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midſt of their Adultery, he firſt diſchargeth his Piſtols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runs them thorow, and ſtabs them with ſo many deep and wide wounds, that they have not ſo much power or time to ſpeak a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their ſouls fly to another world, to relate what horrible and beaſtly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the ſecond Tragedy of our Hiſtory, we ſee our two Murtherers Murthered, and *Piracquo*'s innocent blood revenged in the guiltneſs of theirs.

Alſemero having finiſhing this bloody buſineſs, leaves his Piſtols on the Table, as alſo his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without covering or removing the breathleſs bodies of theſe two wretched miſcreants, he ſhuts his Chamber-door, and is ſo far from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judg himſelf, and reveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judg is aſtoniſhed and amazed at the report of this mournful and pittiful accident; he takes *Alſemero* with him, returns to his houſe, and finds thoſe two dead bodies freſh ſmoaking, and reaking in their blood. The news hereof is ſpread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flock thither to be eye-witneſſes of theſe two murthered Perſons; where ſome behold them with pitty, others with joy, but all with aſtoniſhment and admiration; and no leſs do thoſe of *Alicant*, where this news is ſpeedily poſted; but all their griefs is nothing to thoſe of *Don Diego de Vermandero*'s (*Beatrice-Joana*'s father) who infinitely and extreamly grieves, partly for the Death, but eſpecially for the Crime of his Daughter.

The Judg preſently commits *Alſemero* priſoner in another of his own Chambers, and ſo examining *Diaphanta*, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Joana*; ſhe affirms conſtantly, that now, and many times before, ſhe ſaw them commit Adultery, and that, ſhe it was, that firſt advertiſed *Alſemero* her Maſter hereof. Whereupon, after a ſecond examination of *Alſemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquit him of this fact; ſo he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judg have acquitted *Alſemero* of this fact, yet the Judg of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who ſeeth not only our heart, but our thoughts, not only our actions, but our intents, hath this, & ſomething elſe to lay to his charge; for he (in his ſacred providence, and divine Juſtice) doth both remember and obſerve: firſt, how ready and willing *Alſemero* was to engage himſelf to *Beatrice-Joana* to kill *Piracquo*; then, though he conſented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and puniſhment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable, and Chriſtian-like Sepulchre:

chre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Lo, he is entring into a new, wilful, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously perform it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall find no heart to pitty him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious, to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alfonso Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, to withdraw himself from his suit to *Beatrice-Joana*; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brother's disgrace, was then the chief occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that dear and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held & esteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Center, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceited or drawn, but that *Beatrice Joana* & *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authors of his loss: upon the foundation of which belief he raiseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable loss which he sustaineth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is he drawn thereunto, because he believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordained of old to chastise *Beatrice-Joana*, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custom of *Spain* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he resolves to fight with him: and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO to ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much assurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joana's *vanity, and your rashness, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized far dearer than my self: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much less to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of my own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courtesie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised* Beatrice-Joana's *error, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your self, meet me at the foot of* Glisseran *hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds; and it shall be at your choice, either to use your Sword on horse-back, or your Rapier on foot.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alsemero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth, that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo*'s valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great loss he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justness of his quarrel against him; who although he were not accessary to his murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and think of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and design of his, shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; *Piracquo* is first in the field, and *Alsemero* stayes not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his Enemy shall ruine himself. They draw, and as they approach, *Alsemero* throws away this Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand, prayes *Piracquo* to hear him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brother's Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous, as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand comes to meet him; but it is a folly to unarm our selves in our Enemy's presence; for it is better and fitter that he stand to our courtesie, than we to his: When *Piracquo* feared nothing less than Treachery, *Alsemero* draws out his Pistols, and dischargeth them; the first thorow head, the second thorow his breast; of which two wounds, he, speaking only thus, *O Villain! O Traitor!* falls down dead at his feet. Lo here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther; but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruel manner, this exceeds all baseness and cruelty it self: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the Firmament: *Piracquo*'s Chirurgion being an eye-witness hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alsemero*; All *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extol *Thomaso Piracquo*'s valour, and his singular affection to his dead brother, and both detest and curse the treachery and memory of *Alsemero*. The criminal Judges are advertised hereof, who speedily send post after him: but he is mounted on a swift Gennet, and, like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather fly than gallop: but his haste is in vain; for the justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest Him. He is not recovered half way from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, but his Horse stumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alsemero* his right arm; he is amazed, pereplexed, and inraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whither to fly for safety; for he sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him; and now he repents himself of his fact, but it is too late. His

Horse failing him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his Cloak, runs as speedily as he may: but the foulness of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as he is afraid of his own shadow; looks still back, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him; yea, his thoughts, like so many blood-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind; yea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and fears his apprehension.

Neither is his fear or expectation vain: for lo, at last he perceives four come galloping after him, as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poor horse, and now espying his miserable self, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembring himself a Gentleman, and withall a Soldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearly in that place, than to be made a spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold: but this courage and resolution shall neither prevail or rescue him.

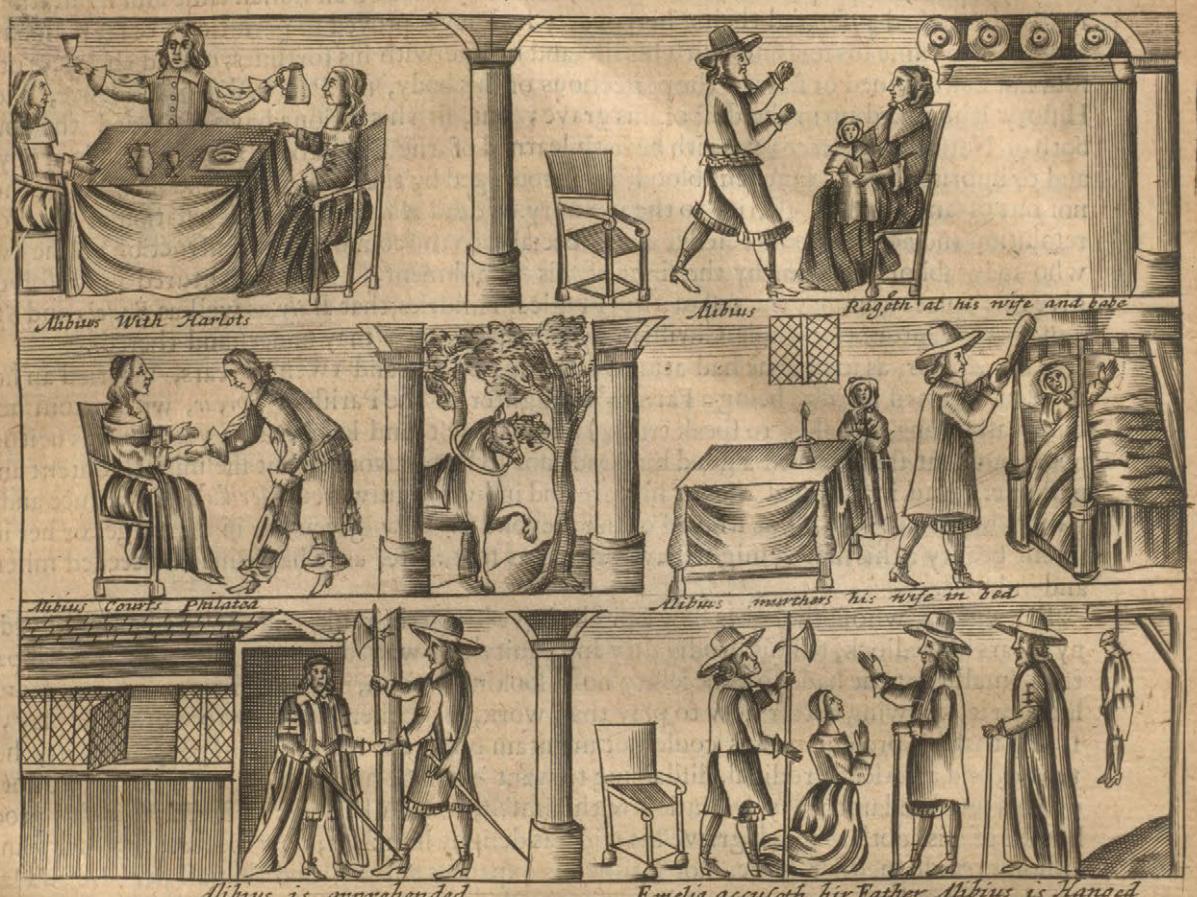
He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings Laws and Justice; but he is resolute to defend himself. They threaten him with their Pistols; but their sight do as little amaze him, as their report, and bullets: so they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they break his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yields himself. *Alsemero* thus taken, is the same night brought back to *Alicant*, in whose Gates and Streets a wonderful concourse of people assembled to see him pass, who as much pity his person, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alsemero* brought to appear, who considering the hainousness of his treacherous and bloody fact, which the Devil had caused him to commit, he stays for no Witnesses, but accuseth himself of this murther, the which from point to point he confesseth; and so they adjudg him to lose his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himself to die, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to dissemble with God, or to fear the Law, he to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alfonso*, whom (he said) *De Flores* at the instigation of his wicked and wretched Wife *Beatrice-Joana*, had murthered, and buried in the east *Casemate* of the Castle: and withal affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himself, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soul with it, sith he was ready to leave this world, and to go to another; and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty he confessed he had highly and infinitely offended; and wished them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devil, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Judges advertised hereof, cause his head to be stricken off for murthering of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, and his body to be thrown into the sea, for concealing that of *Don Alfonso*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediately go to the Castle, and so to the East *Casemate*, where causing the stones to be removed, they find the mournful murthered body of *Don Alfonso Piracquo*, which they give to his kinsfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree; and from thence they return to the Churches, where the bodies of *De Flores*, and *Beatrice-Joana* were interred (after they were brought back from *Valentia*) the which, for their horrid murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to be burned, and their ashes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any resting place on earth, which they had so cruelly stained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloody Murtherers! at the sight of whose Executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, universally laud and praise the Majesty of God for purging the earth of such unnatural and bloody Monsters.

GOD'S



GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY V.

Alibius *murthered his Wife* Merilla: *he is diſcovered, firſt by* Bernardo, *then* Emelia *his own Daughter: ſo he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.*

HOW far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their own Wives; yea, when they murther them in their beds, inſtead of repoſing their ſecrets and affections in their boſoms! Theſe are helliſh reſolutions, and infernal ſtratagems, that Nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, beſides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none ſo perfect and abſolute on Earth, as is that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two perſons, ſo God hath conjoyned, and made them one; and therefore, what madneſs, nay, what cruelty is it to be ſo cruel to thoſe, who (if not our ſelves) are at leaſt our ſecond ſelves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but eſpecially thoſe who are our Kinsfolks or Friends. Religion (the Mother of Charity) ſteps a degree farther, and enjoineth us to love thoſe who hate us; yea, theſe likewiſe are not only the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to kill thoſe who love us, and to deprive thoſe of life; who (did occaſion preſent) are ready to ſacrifice theirs for the preſervation of ours, it muſt needs proceed rather from a monſter than a man, or rather from a devil than a monſter; but ſuch devils, and ſuch monſters are but too rife and common in theſe our ſinful times. And amongſt others, I here produce one for example: who for that cruel and inhumane fact of his, by the juſtice of God, was juſtly rewarded with a Halter. And may all thoſe, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the ſame, or of a worſe puniſhment.

In the Pariſh of *Sprear*, ſome fifteen miles diſtant from the beautiful and noble City of *Breſcia*, (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poor Country-man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceaſed parents, but that he was a man of a

comely ſtature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honeſt fame and reputation: if ſo his virtues had anſwered theirs, his poverty had never proved ſo pernitious, & fatal an enemy to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes; or, had the vices of his ſoul not contamined or ſtained the perfections of his body, my Pen had ſlept in ſilence, and his Hiſtory lain raked up in the duſt of his grave; but, ſith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea, ſith he hath learned of the Devil to imbathe his hands in poyſon, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the connivency and ſilence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in deteſtation of his bloody reſolution and actions, and chiefly, and eſpecially to the comfort and inſtruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the ſight of his puniſhment, I have adventured and reſolved to give this a place amongſt the reſt of my Tragical Hiſtories, that *Italy*, as well as *Breſcia* and *Sprear* (and peradventure the whole Chriſtian world with *Italy*) may underſtand thereof.

This *Alibius*, as ſoon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honeſt maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmer's daughter of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, with whom he had but ſmall means, and ſhe (to ſpeak truth) but little wit, and leſs beauty; yet, ſhe was neither ſo poor, but that ſhe deſerved a good husband, nor ſo hard-favoured but ſhe might content an honeſt one. And indeed had *Alibius* his care and induſtry, anſwered *Merilla*'s providence and frugality; or his luſtful eye, not ſtrayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty: this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath ſince ſucceeded miſerable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whoſe thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, rank, and means; had not lived many years in wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had waſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of that ſmall eſtate he had; ſo as neceſſity now looking on him, becauſe formerly he diſdained to look on it, knowing better how to play than work, or rather, not how to work, but play; and ſeeing that his preſent means could not maintain him, nor his future hopes promiſe it, he as a truant, and a perfect Prodigal, diſdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, ſets up this lewd and unthrifty reſolution with himſelf, to ſet all at ſix and ſeven. But this prodigal humor of his, doth as much grieve his wife, as delight him: for, now ſhe ſees, that her ſpinning at home could neither ſerve, nor ſatisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by far too little to maintain his vanity; which ſhe (poor good woman) perceiving, yea, more than ſo, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, ſhe with fair words, and ſecret and ſweet perſwaſions, endeavoureth to reclaim him from it: but this courſe of hers works a contrary effect; for if before he played the prodigal in her abſence, now he playes the Tyrant in her preſence; for he not onely rejoyceth, and ſtops his ears againſt her counſel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous ſpeeches, ſuch as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give, or a wife to receive. And this, as I have been informed, was the firſt diſtate betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not go far for a ſecond. There is no peſtilent Infection, nor infectious Peſtilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rock whereon many have ſuffered Shipwrack; it is a fountain that ſends forth many poyſoned ſtreams to thoſe that taſte or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whoſe fruit is by ſo much bitterer to the ſtomack as it ſeems pleaſing to the palate, like Pills of poyſon candyed in Sugar: and as that which moſt delights, moſt confounds the ſenſe, ſo uſe breeding an habit, and habit a ſecond nature, vicious company, whom we take to be our deareſt friends, do in fine prove our moſt dangerous enemies, and ſo much the more dangerous, ſith when we would forſake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius*, will at laſt find true in himſelf; yea, we ſhall ſee him inforced to acknowledg it, as having bought and purchaſed it with a woeful and lamentable experience, for now he begins to love ſwearing, whoredom, and drunkenneſs, that before he hated; and to hate the Goſpel of Chriſt, and the profeſſors thereof, that before he loved; a moſt wretched exchange, where we take from our ſouls to give our ſenſes; and a woful bargain, where we ſell God to buy the Devil.

Poor *Merilla*, grieving to ſee that ſhe could not un-ſee, theſe ungodly courſes, as alſo that it not onely conſumed the ſmall remainder of his means, but likewiſe loſt his friends, and darkned and eclipſed his reputation, thinks it, not only a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to requeſt ſome virtuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby, to endeavour to perſwade him from theſe his irregular and prophane courſes: But, as thoſe who are ſick, are ſo deprived of their taſte, as they cannot diſcern between ſweet and bitter. So *Alibius* ſick of the Lethargie of theſe his enormous and diſſolute vices, was ſo far from relliſhing this wholeſome counſel, as he not only rejected it, but ſcoffed and reviled the party who gave it him: and it being not ſo ſecretly (or peradventure not ſo wiſely) mannaged, but he coming to underſtand, it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*, he took it ſo paſſionately and outragiouſly, to ſee his follies revealed by her who was bound to conceal them, as moſt uncivilly and

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unhumanely checking her; he in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some months forsakes her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his disrespect to her, as I know not whether e more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third distaste to his wife, were grounded upon her barrenness and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrenness and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord: Or without remembring that some Children are born for a curse, as others for a blessing to their Parents: Or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were fittest for him And yet these reasons cannot prevail against his unreasonable self, and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, he, or rather the Devil for him, throws in against his Wife: *That if he had a Child, he should be a good Husband, and not before*: As if he desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjustly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wife: yea, his impudency was grown to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children; so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, do justly and infinitely afflict his wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their Wedlock) sends her tears to earth, and her Prayers to Heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to bless her with a Child; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrisy, which he will revenge, and understanding her Religious Zeal, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and Providence, grants her her request, and him his desire; so as in short time she sees her self the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste at his Wife, was, that seeing time run on in his swift cariere, and his prodigality still remaining, as also that his mask of his Wive's sterility was taken away; he that was heretofore so desirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, because (saith he) he can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But, is there any thing so unnatural or Ridicalous as this? Now, if he murmure at this his Child, during her Infancy, he will much more storm at her, when she comes to riper years: And observing that her Mother doth subtract from his prodigality, to add to her maintenance, this doth again extremely vex and afflict him; so that his Child, whom he pretended should be the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his grief; and as he thinks, of his farther poverty and misery: The which poor *Merilla* his Wife, to her unspeakable and ineffable grief, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her Daughter *Emelia*'s sake, as to *Emelia* for her sake: But what know we, whether God hath purposely sent this Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father intended to her Mother?

His fifth, and (as yet) his last distaste against his Wife, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that she is not so fair now, as when he first married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the blossoms of our youth, as the Sun hath to daver the freshest Roses and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his Wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneness: so this last of his, doth manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to whoredome: for it is impossible for our Wives to seem foul in our eyes, except there be some others seem fairer; as blackness seems blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whiteness; and this indeed, is the Vulture and Viper that sticks so close to his breast, and so near to his heart; yea, this is his darling and bosome sin that will strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kiss and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully sollicited by these five several distastes conceived against his Wife *Merilla*, who poor Woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles he (in the heat and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousness and sensuality, but especially provoked by his own poverty and penury; who now begin to appear to him in a lean and miserable shape: he leaves his Wife and Family, and betakes himself to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had been indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had been answerable to the sweetness of his tongue: but we shall see the contrary, and find, by his example, that Snakes alwaies lurk under the fairest and greenest leaves.

During which time, he serves some Gentleman of worth and quality, but one of especial account and Reputation, not distant above three small miles from the City of *Brescia*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal, there *Alibius*

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(had he had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old Vices, and have learned new Vertues: But if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was, first to bee a perfect Carver and Waiter, then to be decent in his Apparel; and last of all, to be smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus past away many years abroad in service, and very seldome or never either seen *Sprear*, or visited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*, he at last seeing of the one side, that age began to snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have only a new Livery, and a full belly; to have many verbal, but no real Friends, resolved to leave his service, as also his Wife and Daughter in *Sprear*, and so to travel to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnificoes* or *Clarissimoes*: But then considering the charge of the Journey, the weakness of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he resolves for a time to sojourn in *Brescia*; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby he might repair and Raise his Fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, situation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it self) gives not the hand to any of her Sister-Cities of that State;) but his eyes (as the lustful Sentinels of his heart) espy so many beauties, as he began to loathe his own Wife *Merilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another Wife, in this. Lo, here the Devil begins with him anew to perswade him to hate his Wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out that he, who bore the silver rod in token of Honour and Justice (or rather of Honour to Justice) before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of this City, dyed; and to this office *Alibius* (because he knew himself a grave and personal man) aspired, and what through the respect of his gravity, through his smooth tongue, and fair speeches, but especially by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it: A place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* look aloft, and so he scorns his poor Wife *Merilla*, as if there were no parity and sympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: Yea, he would not see *Sprear*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*; and the Devil was so busy with him, or he with the Devil, that in hope of a richer and fairer Wife, he resolves to poyson her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himself, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as poverty many times befalls us for our good; so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us misfortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise rejoyce him: An honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though no way his Kinsman dyes (and since it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspition of poyson) leaving a rich Widdow, named *Philatea*: And for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritical show of honesty and piety, makes him sole Over-seer of his Will; so neatly, and smoothly did our *Alibius* work and insinuate himself in his favour: But the mask of this his hypocrisy shall be soon pulled off.

Alibius seeing *Philatea* young, rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her husbands Testament; and so wishing his Wife *Merilla* in his adopted Kinsmans Grave, and himself in *Philatea*'s Bed, he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that run to their Center: yea, so strongly hath the Devil possessed him with these hellish designs and bloody resolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his respect to *Merilla*, he sees her a block in his way, and a stop to his preferment, and so concludes that she must be removed and dispatched: To which effect, to draw his sinful contemplation, into bloody action, he rides over to *Sprear* to her, and under colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, Wine, and roasted Apples, gives her poyson; when seeing it would not work his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrel with her, and so very lamentably (in presence of their Daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beats her, and returns to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poyson yet might operate, and disperse it self in her veins, and that shortly he should hear news of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his first attempt in seeking to murther his Wife.

In this mean time he layes close siege to *Philatea*'s Chastity; who not so honest as fair, is soon drawn to sin, and prostitutes her self unto his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputation, conscience, or soul, consents to this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery; the which lascivious familiarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philatea*'s straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her; when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, she acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and asks his advice, Whether she shall marry with one of her Servants:

Servants; *Alibius* meaning to keep the Farm for himself, whereof he had already taken possession, bids her not to care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that far within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great belly; yea, so secret, as her own heart could either wish or desire.

But if our miserable *Alibius* were be fore resolved to murther his poor harmless Wife *Merilla*, this news, and these speeches of *Philatea*, set him all in fire; and so (having consulted with that Devil) he vows she shall not live: to which end, he provides himself of stronger poison, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himself with hope, that the Heavens were so unjust and inhuman, to conspire with him in the Murther of his Wife, he takes horse in the East-Suburb of *Brescia*, and so rides towards *Sprear*.

But see the Justice, and withall the Providence and Mercy, of our indulgent God! who vouchsafed, and yet resolved, to restrain and divert him from his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true; for, a mile out of *Brescia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of Execution, his Horse stumbles, and falls under him, right against it; with which fall, his shoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a Caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the least spark of grace to have made good use hereof! But the Devil had bewitched his understanding and judgment; for he could see by no other eyes, but by those of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his House at *Sprear*, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter *Emelia*, with her Mother (who by this time was married likewise to a poor Country-man of *Sprear*) whose sight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her Father's poysoning-design on her Mother; for he feared that she had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution, as indeed she had: wherefore he forbore to administer it, only because he would not lose all his labour, he again quarrels with his Wife, and after he had reviled her with many scandalous and contumelious speeches, he in the presence of his (mournful) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to see her Mother weep) infinitely grieved to be an eye-witness of this inhuman and barbarous cruelty of her Father: and so, for that time, *Alibius* again permitted his Wife to live; but this will prove no pardon, but only a short reprival for her.

Returning again to *Brescia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and salving of her shame, alledging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. *Alibius*, at these her second assummons, begins to look about, and resolves, at what rate, or in what manner soever, now to send his Wife into another World; yet (as I think, or ever understood) conceals his purpose from *Philatea*. Miserable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tygar, than a man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wife, whom Earth and Heaven had made flesh of his flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had so much grace to have considered, that the silver Wand, he bore before the *Podestate*, was for the scourgeing and punishing of sin. Methinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloody to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprize, and revenge execute, if we neither fear God with our hearts, nor love him with our souls?

Perseverance in Grace and Vertue is excellent, but in sin lamentable. *Alibius* hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wife: but the longer he lives, the deeper root it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to revenge and murther, and both to the Devil: for now he is resolute to finish this mournful and bloody Tragedy, that he hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the fatal time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murtherous hand of her Husband, must be sent out of this world to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podestate* to Supper, takes Horse, a little before the Gates of the City were shut; and having his former poyson in his pocket, away he rides to *Sprear*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he masketh and disguiseth himself; approaching his house, he in the next Meddow tyes up his Horse to a tree, and so knocks at the door. Poor *Merilla* his Wife was in bed and a sleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named *Pomeria*, the Daughter of her Daughter *Emelia*, whom without a Candle, she sends down to open the door, assuring her self (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the door, lets one in, but whom she knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchin, which she shuts fast on her. So *Alibius* mounts to his Wive's Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milk) bitterly sugred with poyson, and forceth it down her: who poor soul is amazed hereat, and with her weak strength cries out for help, but in vain. He being devillishly resolved, now to make sure work, takes a Billet out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soul unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a Candle, and aſcends up the Chamber, where ſhe ſees the lamentable ſpectacle of her murthered Grand-Mother, hot, reeking and ſmoaking in her bed; whereat ſhe is amazed, and makes moſt woful cries and mournful lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly ſighing and weeping, ſhe knows not what to do, or what not to do, in this her bitter and wretched perplexity: in which mean time *Alibius* going for his Horſe, finds only the Halter, for his Horſe is grazing in the Meddow; he diligently ſeeks him but cannot a long time get ſight of him; which indeed doth much aſtoniſh and amaze him: but at laſt he finds him, and ſo gallops away to *Breſcia*; where the better to delude the world, and to caſt a miſt before their eyes, he is again by ſix of the clock in the morning waiting upon the *Podeſtate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this policy of his ſhall not prevent his detection and puniſhment.

In this mean time, *Pomerea* runs to the neareſt neighbours, and divulgeth the murther of her Grand-Mother. Many of the neighbours flock thither, to ſee this bloody and woful ſpectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* are acquainted herewith; they ſend for Chirurgeons, who viſit the dead body, and report ſhe is both poyſoned and beaten to Death; they examine poor *Pomerea*, who relates what ſhe ſees and knows; they ſend every where to ſearch for the Murtherer. By this time the news hereof comes to *Breſcia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfeit miſcreant) is all in tears, yea, he ſheweth ſuch living affection, to the memory of his dead Wife, as he ſends every where to find out the murtherer; But God will not have him eſcape, for in due time we ſhall ſee him brought forth, and appear to the world in his colours.

Alibius, notwithſtanding his tears in his eyes, having ſtill a hell in his conſcience, is afraid, leſt *Emelia* his Daughter (meaſuring the ſubſequent by the antecedent) hold him to be her mothers murtherer; and becauſe the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* (ſuſpecting her) have taken ſureties for her appearance; he, the better to inſinuate with her, uſeth her with more than wonted courteſie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were ſtopped, he need not fear any others tongue: But this politick ſleight of his ſhall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time, (the conſumer of all things) begins to wear away the crying rumour of this murther; and ſo *Alibius* thinking himſelf ſecure, ere three months be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his ſecond Wife; which being known in *Breſcia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any ſuſtantial ground, but only out of preſumptive circumſtances) vehemently ſuſpect that *Alibius* had a deep hand in the murther of his late Wife *Merilla*: but they dare not ſpeak it aloud, becauſe he was well beloved both of the *Podeſtate* himſelf (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as murther pierceth the Clouds, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, ſo we ſhall ſee this of *Alibius*, miraculouſly diſcovered, and ere long ſeverely puniſhed: for when he thought the ſtorm paſt, and ſaw the Skyes clear; when, I ſay, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were huſhed up in ſilence, and that he thought on nothing elſe, but to paſs his time ſweetly and voluptuouſly with his new and fair Wife *Philatea*. Then, when all other means and inſtruments wanted, to bring this his obſcure and bloody fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of God, we ſhall ſee *Alibius* himſelf be the cauſe, and inſtrument of his own diſcovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to be the firſt light of ſuſpecting him of his wife *Merilla*'s murther) (if my information be true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the ſecond: *Alibius* under the pretext of other buſineſs, ſends for one *Bernardo*, of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, to come to him to *Breſcia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as alſo for the more orderly contriving of this Hiſtory, we muſt underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was an old affociate and diſſolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well known by thoſe who knew them) he had many times uſed and made his ſtickler and agent in many of his former lewd courſes and enterprizes; not that I any way think he had any hand in the preſent murther of *Merilla*, for then (I know) ſuch is the Candour and Wiſdom of the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*, and ſuch is the clear judgment and zeal of the Senators of *Breſcia* to Juſtice, that he had never eſcaped but had been apprehended and brought to his tryal.

We muſt farther underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was likewiſe a companion of *Emelia*'s Husband: yea, ſcarce any one day paſt, but they were known and ſeen together in Tippling-houſes, and other ſuch lewd and vicious places, whereas drink was ſtill a moſt treacherous and unſecret Secretary.

It may be that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, he diſcovered it publickly to *Bernardo*: who coming (as we have formerly heard) to *Breſcia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, he fell to his old vain of tipling and carowſing, and there without the North-gate of *Breſcia* (which looks towards *Bergamo*) having more money than wit, and more wine than money, in the middeſt of his cups, told he was a Conradyne, or Country-man of *Sprear*: that he knew *Alibius* as great as now he bore himſelf, and that he murthered his poor Wife in the Countrey,

to

to have this fine one in the City. Which speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often; yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd companions took notice hereof: and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius* went and secretly advised him hereof; who (under-hand) sends away for *Bernardo*, where he was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seen in *Brescia*: But this report of his, remained behind him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all suspitions vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtesie to disrespect and unkindness towards his Daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small means he gave her towards her maintenance; which uncharitable and unnatural part of his, threw this poor woman into so bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conscience, that her Father was her Mother's Murtherer, she exceedingly apprehended and feared, lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise: the which she far the more doubted, because her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*. But here, as simple as she was, she enters into many considerations with her self; that, to accuse her Father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murther her Mother. She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprize: and here she consults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what she should do, or how she should bear her self in a matter of so unnatural a nature; it grieves her to be the means of her Father's death, of whom she had received her being; and yet she sorroweth not to reveal the murther of her Mother, of whom she injoyed her life. But though sense and nature cannot, yet reason and religion will reconcile, and clear these doubts: yea, evaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from our eyes, and make us see clear, that Earth may not conceal Murthers, sith God receives glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this Daughter did ill to accuse her Father. But who will not affirm that he did far worse, to murther her Mother; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it; for she enters into this resolution with tears, and persevereth therein with sighs and lamentations: but if she were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her Father so suddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great belly; especially when she hears the reports of this suspition bruited in *Brescia*. So now she can no longer contain her self, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveals to him, that her Father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her Mother *Merilla*.

The Corrigador being a wise and grave Gentleman, wondring at this lamentable news, detains *Emelia* in his house, and writes away to the Podestate of *Brescia* hereof; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repair to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controuled himself) waiting to conduct the Podestate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him: he is by an Isbier or Serjeant called in to speak with the Podestate; and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very chearfully comes before him. At his first arrival, his velvet Cap, and Silver Wand (those dignified marks of Honour and Justice) are taken from him, and consequently his Office: (because these are rewards only proper to Vertue, and not to Vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who bear gravity in their looks, wisdom in their speeches, and justice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varnish of his graceful gestures, he strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vain; for he hath to do with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the sugar of a lye, or the charm of an envasion. So they commit him close Prisoner, where he hath both time and leisure to think on the foulness of his fact, and the unnaturalness and barbarism of his cruelty.

The Monday following, the Corrigadors of *Sprear* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the Podestate, Prefect and Senators, examined her; they first exhort her to consider, that she speaks before God; and although *Alibius* be her earthly Father, yet he is her heavenly: they conjure and swear her to speak the truth, and no more: and because they see her a simple illiterate Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and stedfastly looking up towards Heaven, she (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word, the Prefect with mild exhortations and speeches incourageth her to speak; when with many tears and interrupted sighs, she at last uttereth these words: My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and

even lain her for dead; and at other times, he hath given her poyſon, and he it is and no other, that hath now murthered her. One of the Senators, (ſome ſay it was the Podeſtate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his Crime) bad *Emelia* look to her Conſcience, and her Conſcience to God, and withall to conſider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, ſo *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat ſhe bitterly weeping, again ſaid, that what ſhe had already ſpoken was true, as ſhe hoped to injoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which ſome four months after was to be held in the Caſtle of their City, they diſmiſs her.

In which mean time *Alibius* is viſited in Priſon by divers of his acquaintance; yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelves afforded him that Honour and Charity: they deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that he is innocent; yea, he ſeems to be ſo religious and conſcionable in his ſpeeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and underſtanding, to beleeve that his accuſation was not true, and his impriſonment unjuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly unmask his hypocriſie, and, to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open and diſcover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Dukes and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminal Judges, to deſcend and paſs thorow the Provinces of their Territories and Dominions, to ſit upon all capital Malefactors, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A Cuſtom indeed held famous, not only in the Chriſtian, but in the whole Univerſal World: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both Glory, Vigour, and Life, ſith it not only preſerveth their Peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewd and diſſolute actions) ſeek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus theſe high and honourable Judges (being in number two for every Diviſion) having diſpatcht their buſineſs (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenſa*, *Verona*, and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Breſcia*, in the Caſtle whereof (which is both beautiful and conſpicuous to the eye) they keep their *Forum* and Tribunal. And becauſe this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Juriſdiction, and honoured with many honourable Priviledges and Prerogatives, therefore (*Merilla* being murthered in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his firſt Priſon, and, by one of the chiefeſt and graveſt Senators deputed for that purpoſe by the Podeſtate and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Caſtle, there to be arraigned by thoſe two great Judges: and although this aforeſaid Senator was ſo wiſe and religious, as he ſeemed to have the art of perſwaſion in his ſpeeches; yet, by the way, uſing his beſt oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denial to confeſſion, and from that to contrition, and repentance, his heart was ſtill ſo perverſe and obdurate, as he notwithſtanding perſevered in his wilful obſtinacy, and peremptorily continued and ſtood upon the points of his innocency, and juſtification. So ſtrong was the Devil yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gaze on *Alibius*, as he is in the Caſtle, and he chearfully and careleſly converſed with ſome of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conſcience were ſuch, as his heart felt no grief nor perturbation; Lo, he is called to his Arraignment, whereunto that world of people, who were then in the Caſtle, flock and concurr.

His thoughts are ſo vain, and vanity ſo ambitious, as he comes to the Bar in a black-beaten Satin ſuit, with a fair Gown, and a ſpruce ſet Ruff, having both the hair of his head, and his long gray beard neatly combed and cut; yea, with ſo pleaſant a look, and ſo confident a demeanor, as if he were to receive, not the ſentence of his guiltineſs and death, but that of his innocency and inlargement. Theſe Honourable Judges cauſe his Inditement to be read, wherein his poyſoning and murthering of his Wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumſtances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithſtanding) ſo great, as by his looks he ſeems no way moved, much leſs aſtoniſhed or afflicted: the Witneſſes are produced; firſt, his own Daughter *Emelia*, who with tears in her eyes, ſtands firm to her former depoſition, that he had often beat her Mother almoſt to death, and now had killed and poyſoned her; agreeing in every point with her depoſition given to the Podeſtate and Prefect of *Breſcia*: which to refell, her Father *Alibius* with many plauſible and ſugred ſpeeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incenſed or lunatick; or elſe that ſhe purpoſely ſeeks his life, to injoy that ſmall means he hath, after his death: and ſo runs on in a moſt extravagant and impertinent Apology for himſelf, with many invective and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyſon.

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination and zeal to ſacred Juſtice, permit him to ſpeak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to ſhew him the foulneſs of his fact; yea, like Heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devilliſh nature and monſtrous Crime of Murther, the which they ſay he redoubleth by denying it, notwithſtanding that they have

evidence

evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof: and so they call for two Apothecaries Boyes, who severally affirm, they sold him Rats-bane at two several times.

But the Devil is still so strong with *Alibius*, as though his Conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him, yet, there is no change nor sign thereof, either seen in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still he perseveres in his obstinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries Boyes evidence, with this poor Evasion, that he bought and used it only to poyson Rats: And so again with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical complements, he useth the prime of his subtilty and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife: but this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Judges, whose integrity and wisdom, can pierce thorow the foggy mists of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly-compacted evasions.

And now to close and wind up this History, after the Jury impannelled had amply heard as well the witnesses against *Alibius* as his defence for himself; and that all the world could testifie that his Judges gave him a fair Trial, they return and report him guilty of murthering his wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the Barr, and so for that time sent back to his Prison: and yet the heat of his obstinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denial any way rebated, nor the obduratenes of his heart, in the least thing mollified: he, by the way as he passeth, beating his breast, and sometimes out-spreading his arms, saith, It is not his Crime, but the Malice of his devillish Daughter that hath cast him away; yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian Friends, do now again in prison, work and perswade him to confession, by alledging him, that God is as merciful to the repentant, as severe to the impenitent and obstinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The second morning after his conviction, he is brought again from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the Bar, to receive his Judgment, where one of the two most honourable Judges shew him,

That it is his hearkning to the Devil, and his forsaking of God, that hath brought him to this misery; paints and points him out his dissolute life; his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality, and adultery; but above all, his masked hypocrisie, which, he saith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himself: yea, in heavenly and religious speeches, informs him how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant sinners; that he must now cast off his thoughts from earth, and ascend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his soul; and so after a learned and Christian-like speech, as well for the instruction of the living, as the consolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himself to die, he pronounceth, that for his execrable murther committed on his own Wife *Merilla*, he should hang till he were dead: and so besought the Lord to be merciful to his soul.

And now is *Alibius* again returned to his prison, but still remaineth obstinate and perverse, affirming to all the world, that, as he hath lived, so he will dye innocently: But God will not suffer him to die, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and unnatural murther.

These his grave and religious Judges, out of an honourable and Christian charity, send him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his soul to the life of that to come: they deal most effectually, powerfully, and religiously with him in prison; and although they found, that the Devil had strongly ensnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition; yet, God out of his infinite and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and heart pierced and mollified, they at last so prevail with him, that being terrified with God's Justice, and incouraged and comforted with his mercies, he with tears, sighs, and groans, confesseth this murther of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but also doth thank these Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeal for the preservation and saving of his soul, and doth upon his knees beseech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have seen *Alibius* murther his Wife *Merilla*; we have seen his apprehension, imprisonment, trial, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody fact: wherein we may observe how the Justice of God still triumpheth o're the temptations and malice of the Devil; and how murther, though never so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last be detected and punished. What resteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good use of this example, we see *Alibius* fetched from his Prison, and conveyed to the place of Execution; (whereat, as we have heard, he formerly stumbled in jest, but now he must in earnest) where, (although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at least three hours before the other condemned Malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Brescia*, (of all Ranks, and of both Sexes) assembled to see *Alibius* take his last farewel of this world.

At his ascending up the Ladder, his fair Gray Beard and comely presence, drew pitty from the

hearts, and tears from the eyes of the greateſt part of the Spectators, to ſee that the Devil had ſo ſtrongly inchanted and ſeduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to ſee ſo grave and ſo proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely caſt away.

His ſpeech at his end, was brief and ſhort; only he freely confeſt his Crime, and with infinite ſighs and tears beſought the world to pray for his ſoul; he lamented the vanity of his youth, and the diſſolutencſs of his age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the Devil, had brought him to this ſhameful end; and therefore beſought them again and again to beware by his example: and ſo having ſolemnly freed his ſecond wife *Philatea* from being any way acquainted or acceſſary with the murther of his firſt wife *Merilla*, he recommending his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived diſſolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*; the which I was the more willingly induced to publiſh, partly, becauſe I was an eye-witneſs, both of his arraigment and death, (as I returned from my travels) but more eſpecially, in hope that this example and Hiſtory may prove to be as great a conſolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God be all Glory and Praiſe.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING and EXECRABLE SIN OF MURTHER,

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK II.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Maxwel* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Fleet-Street*, at the Sign of the *Turks*-Head, near the *Miter*-Tavern
1669.

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BOOK II.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.

LONDON,

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND

TRULY NOBLE

Richard Lord Buckhurst

Earl of *Dorset*, Lord Lieutenant of his Majestie's County of *Sussex*.

Right Honourable,

OUT of a resolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this second Book of my Tragical Histories *to the World, under your Honour's Patronage and Protection. Neither need I go far to yeeld either your Honour, or the World, a reason of this my* Presumption *and* Ambition, *sith your Vertues innobling your blood, as much as your* Nobility *illustrates your Vertues, was the first motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (resembling your self) not only endeavours, but strives to be good; as well knowing, that* Goodness *is the glory and essence, yea, the life, and as I may say, the soul of* Greatness; *and that betwixt* Greatness *and* Goodness, *there is this difference and disparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortal; that, beloved of Men, this, of God; that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My second prevailing Motive in this my* Dedication *proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my first was solely derived from the consideration of your own general and generous Vertues) for having the Honour to retain to your Noble Brother, Sir* Edward Sackvile *Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and immerited favours (whiles I am my self) I ow not only my service, but my self; I therein hold me obliged and bound to proffer and impart this part of my labours to your honour, as the first publick testimony of my zeal and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the Illustrious Name and Family of the* Sackviles; *whereof* God's *Divine Providence hath made your Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and scope of these* Histories *are to inform the World how* God's Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying and execrable sin of (Wilful and premeditated) Murther, *which in these our (impure and prophane) times, is so fatally and frequently co-incident to unregenerated Christians; which scarlet and bloody Crime, is, infallibly met with, and rewarded by* God's

sharp and severe punishments; having purposely published and divulged them to my dear Countrey of England, *that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of* Julius Cæsar's *bloody Robe (shewed by* Marcus Antonius *to the* Romans *in* Campo Martio, *when he there pronounced his funeral* Oration) *thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horrour and execration with the people. The* Histories *of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: Their Scenes being willfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of* Christendom *beyond the Seas, and the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to impiety, than* Grace, *and to Satan than* God, *made shipwrack, if not of their souls with their bodies, I am sure of their lives with their Fortunes, and of their Fortunes with their Lives. They themselves (or rather their sins) first brought the Materials, I only the Collection, Illustration, and Polishing of these their deplorable* Histories, *which are penn'd in so low a sphere of speech, and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the* Honour *of your perusal, much less of your judgment, and least of all, of your noble Protection and Patronage.*

Howsoever, my hopes (led and Marshalled by the premises) do as it were flatter me, that your protections will wink at my imperfections, and your curiosity at my ignorance and presumption, in daigning to permit this my rude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the World, under the authentical passe-port of your Honour's *favour; who of her self is composed of so poor metal (or rather drosse) as, without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would run a hazard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our (too curious and too censorious) Age: whereof could I rest assured, I should then not only rejoyce, but triumph in this my happiness, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poor Labours and Merits, that I could not aspire to a greater honour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy self to your pardon, and your* Honour, *your* Noble Countess, *and the sweet young* Lady *your* Daughter, *to Gods best favours and mercies; I will assume the confidence and constancy to remain,*

Your Honour's in all humility and service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VI.

Victorina *causeth* Sypontus *to stab and murther her first Husband* Souranza, *and she her self poysoneth* Faffino: *so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruel Murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged, and burnt for the same.*

WHere Lust takes up our desires, and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions; it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our souls miserable in that to come: for if chastity and charity (the two precious vertues and ornaments of a Christian) steer not our actions on earth, how shall, nay, how can he arrive to the harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon these celestial vertues, to follow and embrace those infernal vices, what do we but take our selves from felicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did we seriously (and not trivialy) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a Hell to punish the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our souls with the thought, much less with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes. But in this sinful age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the affection and practise thereof: Among whom I here represent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover: who were both born to honour, and not to infamy; had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruine them. The History is bloody, and therefore monruful: but if we detest their crimes, we need not fear their punishments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as just and severe to chastise the guilty.

In *Italy*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearl and diamond of the world) in the latter years of the reign of noble *Leonardo Donata*, (who as Duke, sate at the helm of that potent and powerful Estate) so famous for ba-

niſhing the Jeſuites, and for oppoſing himſelf againſt the intruſion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the juſt defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and priviledges of the *Seigniory*; there was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well near fifty years old of the noble family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Jacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto*-Bridge (that famous Maſter-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Granda*, who in the *April* of his youth took to wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenza Burſſo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom he had ſeven Children, four Sons and three Daughters; ſo as his Wife and he eſteeming themſelves happy in their Iſſue, paſt away their time in much content and felicity: But God (for ſome ſecret and ſacred reaſons to his Divine Majeſty beſt known) converting his ſmiles into frowns, within the ſpace of ſeven years, takes away ſix of their Children; ſo as their eldeſt Daughter only remained living, being a young Gentle-woman of ſome eighteen years old, named *Dona Victorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and fair, (three powerful and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her deſert, had divers Gallants who ſought her in marriage: But ſhe was of nature proud, cholerick, diſdainful, and malicious; Vices enough to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her ſuiters and ſervants, he whom ſhe beſt loved and affected, was one *Seigniour Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more debaucht and vicious than noble; but otherwiſe a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body, are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the mind, for thoſe are but the varniſhes and ſhadows of a meer man, but theſe the perfections and excellencies of a wiſe man, and therein noble; ſith indeed wiſdom is one of the trueſt degrees, and moſt eſſential parts of nobility. Now if *Victorina* love *Sypontus*, with no leſs reciprocal flame and zeal doth *Sypontus* affect *Victorina*: for, as his eyes behold the delicacy of her perſonage, and the ſweetneſs of her beauty, ſo his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, ſo deep an impreſſion hath ſhe ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he ſee her, nor pleaſed till he injoy the felicity of her company; which, *Victorina* rejoyceth to ſee, and obſerves with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus intangled in the ſnares of *Victorina*'s beauty, and ſhe likewiſe in thoſe of his perfections, he reſolves to court her, and ſeek her in Marriage, which he performs with much affection, zeal, and conſtancy, leaving no induſtry, care, curioſity, or coſt unattempted, to inrich and crown his deſires with the precious and ineſtimable treaſures of her love. I ſhould make this ſhort diſcourſe ſwell into an ample Hiſtory, to particularize, or punctually relate the letters, Sonnets, Preſents, Meetings, Dancings, Muſick, and Banquets, which paſt 'twixt theſe two Lovers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertained his dear Miſtreſs *Victorina*. I will therefore purpoſely omit it, and cover my ſelf with this excuſe, which may ſatisfie my Reader, to conſider that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whoſe cuſtom and nature rather exceeds than comes ſhort, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore, again to reſume my Hiſtory, I muſt briefly declare, that after the protraction and receſs of a years time, *Victorina* conſenteth to *Sypontus*, to be his Wife, ſo far forth as he can obtain thoſe of her Father and Mother: a fit and vertuous anſwer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether ſhe bewray more Modeſty and Diſcretion in her ſelf, or reſpect and obedience to her Parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleaſed with this ſweet news and delightful melody, is as it were raviſhed and wrapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himſelf with this poor hope, that as *Victorina* was courteous, ſo he ſhould find her Parents kind to him; he, with much reſpect and honour, repairs to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in fair and diſcreet terms acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victorina*; whom (with as much earneſtneſs as humility) he prayes to beſtow her on him for his Wife: But this old Couple are as much diſpleaſed at *Sypontus* his motion, as their daughter *Victorina* rejoyceth thereat; and ſo they return him their denial inſtead of their conſent, only in general tearms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwiſe diſpoſed of their daughter. *Sypontus* bites the Lip, and *Victorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and diſtaſteful anſwer: but he is too generous and amorous to be put off with this firſt repulſe. Whereupon he imployes his Parents and Kinſfolks (whereof ſome were of the chiefeſt rank of Senatours, and *Magnifico's*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to conſent to this match; but in vain: for they are deaf to thoſe requeſts, and reſolute in their denial, grounding their refuſal upon *Sypontus* his poverty: for they ſee he is become poor; becauſe in the laſt tranſ-marine Wars, the *Turks* took from his father and himſelf moſt of his Lands and Poſſeſſions near *Scutary* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they reſolve to provide a richer Husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times is as ſtrange, as lamentable: for in matters of marriage, Parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their Children, ſtill prefer gold before grace, and many times riches before vertue, and Nobility, which concur and meet in one perſonage: but divers of theſe marriages in the end, find either ſhame, miſery, or repentance; and ſometimes all.

Sypontus

Sypontus storms as much as *Victorina* grievs at his refusal; but, to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deals with *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza* to marry his Daughter *Victorina*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but far richer than *Sypontus*; but withal far different in age; for *Sypontus* is but twenty eight years old, and *Souranza* neer threescore: So as Gold playing the chiefest part in this Contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victorina* for his Wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seen her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his Daughter of his will and pleasure herein: So *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disgrace and grief; and thus this old Lover the first time entertains his young Mistris with kisses, and she him with tears. He is no sooner departed, but *Victorina* very sorrowfully and pensively throws her self at her Parents feet, and with showers of tears very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirms) she cannot love, much less obey; prays them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will be to her thoughts and self, to have him in her bed, and *Sypontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighs cut her words in pieces, and so grief daunting her heart, and her fear to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, casting a milk-white veil over her vermillion cheeks, she sinks to the earth in a fainting cold swoon, when her hard-hearted and cruel Parents (more with astonishment than commiseration and pity) step to her assistance, and again bring her to her senses; who not forgetting where her speeches ended, shee remembers to begin and continue them thus: O my dear Parents! Name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veins of my body, of two let me injoy one, either *Sypontus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrows: Neither is it disobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your selves, that throws me on the exigent of this request and resolution; wherein, I pray, consider me by the bonds of nature and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any respect to her youth and tears, or regard to her affections and Prayers) love *Souranza*'s wealth so well, as they will hate *Sypontus* his poverty, and in it himself: And therefore checking *Victorina* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and desires: And, to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall so cruel to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, so it is no less in Parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their Children; but in matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought to proceed with judgment, not with passion; with perswasion, not with force: For can there be any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed? Or is it not a grief to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their Children live in despair instead of hope, in affliction, instead of joy; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously? 'Tis true, that young folks affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsel, many times meet with misery for felicity, yet sith Marriage is a contract, not for a day, but for ever; not for an hour, but for the term and lease of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their Children, should be rather charitable than greedy for the world, and rather compassionate than rigid: But enough of this; and again to our History.

We have seen *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingness, inforced to marry *Souranza*; wee shall not go far, before wee see what sharp calamities and bitter afflictions and miseries this Match produceth: *The argument and cause briefly is thus*; Victorina *lies with her husband* Souranza, *but cannot love him*; from whence (as so many lines from their center) spring forth many mournful and dysastrous accidents; the little Ring of Matrimony incloseth many great and weighty considerations, and among others this is not one of the least; Disparity in years makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity 'twixt *January* and *May*; and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize. *Souranza*'s best performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but desire; yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much less reward, the dainties of *Victorina*'s youth; for hee is more superstitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiss an Image in the Church, than his Wife in his Bed: and, not to betray the truth, I must crave leave of modesty, to aver, that she finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wife, so that her lust out-braving her chastity, and sensualities trampling her vertue and honour under foot, whereas her affection should look from *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both she and it contrariwise look from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seem to embrace and kiss us, bitter Pills candied in sugar, Cordials to the sense, but corrosives to the soul! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had she been as vertuous as young or as chast as fair, it had not only been her vertue, but her duty, to have smothered the defects,

and concealed the imperfections and impotency of her old Husband; Chaſtity would have perſwaded her to this, but incontinency and luſt draw her to a contrary reſolution.

Sypontus likewiſe ſtorms and grieves at this unwiſhed and unequal Match of old *Souranza* with his young and fair *Victorina*; yea, he hates him ſo much, and loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are married; and he, inſtead of the *Laurel*, is forced to wear the *Willow*; but his grief finds this comfort, and her diſcontent this conſolation, that ſith *Victorina* is not his Wife, ſhe is his Miſtreſs; and ſith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to uſe the *Venetian* phraſe) ſhe is his *Courtizana*, and he her *Enamorata*: but ſuch Leagues and contracts, of vicious affections, ſeldom make happy ends; for as they begin in luſt, ſo commonly they end in infamy and miſery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victorina*; yea, their familiarity is ſuch, as I in modeſty will not report, ſith in charity I cannot; and although they bear their affections and pleaſures ſecret, yet cuſtom breeding a habit, and that a ſecond Nature, *Souranza* is now no ſooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, ſo as in effect, *Souranza* is but the ſhadow, and *Sypontus* the ſubſtance of *Victorina*'s Husband: but theſe laſcivious Lovers ſhall pay dear for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another Man's Wife, and *Victorina* for breaking her vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in denling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foul ſin of Adultery.

It had been good and ſafe for them, if they had not begun theſe their beaſtly pleaſures, but to give no end to them, muſt needs prove dangerous and ruinous; to commit this ſin of Adultery is odious, but to perſevere therein, is moſt abominable before God: the reaſon hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a ſingle be death, the redoubling thereof muſt needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other ſins, ſo *Victorina* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but ſhe makes a farther progreſſion in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband *Souranza*; who, poor honeſt Gentleman, ſick with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now diſtaſteful, and which is worſe, odious to her: ſo that ſhe which ſhould be a cordial to his age, his age is now a corroſive to her youth, and ſhe ſo far forgets both her ſelf and her duty, as ſhe rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus* preſence; ſhe makes her diſcontents and malice to her Husband known to *Sypontus*, who doth pitty, but will not remedy them; all her ſpeeches tend to wiſh her ſelf in another world, or her Husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aims; but although he injoy the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart, but is too conſciencious to murther the Husband: Had he remained in the conſtancy of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his dayes with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the Gentry and Nobility of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receives ſudden and ſorrowful news of two great loſſes befaln him in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeveral Ships, the one coming from *Alepo*, taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrats of *Rhodes*; the other from *Alexandria*, taken as is ſuppoſed, by one of the Duke of *Oſſunas Neapolitan* Gallies, ſcouring the Iſlands of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zeckines*, it being the two third parts of his whole eſtate; and now to maintain his greatneſs, and bear up his Port and Reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his Wife *Victorina* young, amorous, and fair, he agrees with the devil, and ſo reſolves to murther him, and then to marry her, which he knows, ſhe, above any earthly matter chiefly deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a murther, as lamentable as execrable! Neceſſity in baſe ſpirits may be a powerful, but in thoſe more vertuous and noble, it ſhould never be a pernicious and prodigious Councellor; for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting poverty with patience, as there is covetouſneſs in being ambitious to purchaſe wealth with infamy.

At the next enterview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, ſhe like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcontents againſt her Husband; and becauſe *Sypontus* knows it wiſdom to ſtrike whiles the Iron is hot, as alſo that time muſt be taken by the fore-lock, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the murther of her Husband; when from this bloody reſolution, they paſs to the manner how to effect it: they conſult on this lamentable buſineſs. *Victorina* (induſtrious in her malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little Garden: but *Sypontus* diſlikes this project, and proffers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Luciſizina*; whereon they agree. So ſome ten dayes after, *Victorina* advertiſeth him, that her Husband is to go to his houſe of pleaſure in the Country neer *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to ſtay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occaſion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his abſence, promiſeth her to meet her Husband at his return, and then to diſpatch him; which news with a longing deſire this miſerable Curtezan *Victorina*

attends

attends him, with as much impatience as impudency. *Sypontus* in the mean time (in favour of twice ten *Zechines*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or Watermen, who deeply vow and swear to conceal this Murther. So the precise day of *Souranza*'s departure from his Countrey-house being come, *Sypontus*, not to fail of his promise to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrival, who, poor harmless Gentleman, loved his young Wife so tenderly and dearly, as he thought this short time long that he had wandred from her; but he hath seen his last of her, and alas, alas! he shall see an end of himself; for about five of the clock of the evening (it being Summer time) his usual hour of return, he takes *Gondola* at *Lucifizina*, for *Venice*, and neer midway twixt both, *Sypontus* espies him, and the sooner, because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, *Souranza* had caused his curtains to be withdrawn. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and revenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his *Gondola*, the which disguised and masked he enters, and there with his Poniard very devillishly stabs him three several times at the heart, when falling down to his feet, he most barbarously cut off his Beard, and Nose (that he might not be known) and so throws him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hies first to *Murano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arsenal*, and so to his own house behind Saint *Servi*'s Church; thereby to cast a fairer varnish on this villany, by landing and coming into the City another way. When being arrived at his house, he that night by a confident Servant of his, sends *Victorina* this Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

FAir and dear Victorina, *I have begun, and ended a business, which infinitely imports thy good and my content: the party hath drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternal rest; so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy o'd tears, and confirm thy new joyes. Be but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will be affectionate, and thou needst neither fear my fortunes, nor doubt thine own: Judg what I would do to injoy thee, and for thy sake, sith I have already undertaken and acted a business of this nature. We must for a time refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and less danger.*

SYPONTUS.

Victorina, infinitely rejoyceth at this news, and the better to cloak her malice, under the veil of secrecy, she laments and complains to her Father of her Husband's long absence. *Souranza*'s parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his Nephew, *Seignior Andrew Souranza* up the River *Brenta*, to know the cause thereof: he passeth and repasseth the Sluce of *Lucifizina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, four dayes since. *Victorina* his Wife grieves, and weeps at his absence; so do his own Parents and Friends, who inquire of all sides, but find comfort or news from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee farther, I conjure thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderful judgment of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some eight dayes after, casting out their Nets betwixt the Islands of *La Lazareto* and Saint *George Majore*, bring up this dead body of murthered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their own discharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at Saint *Marks* Stairs, where they extend and expose his body to be known of Passengers. Now behold further God's miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for, amongst the numberless number of spectators and walkers, who dayly and almost hourly frequent and adorn that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza*: cast his eye on this dead and Sea-withered Body; on whom he looks with as much stedfastness, as curiosity, as if nature had made his living body a part of that dead: or as if his hot blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long since the coldness of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espying a red spot in his Neck (under his right ear) that he brought into the World with him, and which all the Influence and Vertue of the Water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away; as also observing a Wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his birth, and his Youth his Age: he passionately cries out before the World, that it is the Body of his Uncle, *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*: so it is visited by his Parents and Friends, and known to be the same; so they carried him to an adjoyning house, and there divesting it naked, find that he hath three several Wounds in his Body, either of a Sword or Poniard, which gives matter of talk, and administreth cause of admiration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according

according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be murthered, infinitely bewail his untimely, and lament his mournful death: But especially his wife *Victorina*, who having formerly plaid the Strumpet, then the Murtherress, now takes on the mask, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for sorrow, when God, and her foul ulcerated Conscience know, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd, and free'd of her old Husband. Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipse the judgment of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspition on her for this unnatural murther, she and her whole family take on black and mourning Attire; and for her self in two months after, never goes forth of her house, except to the Church where her husband was buried: Where her hypocrisie is so infinitely feigned, and dissembling, that she is often observed to bedew and wash his Tomb with tears; but these *Crocodile*-tears of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrows shall not avail her; for although Gods Divine and Sacred Majesty be merciful in his Justice, yet he is so just in Mercies, as neither the politick secrecy of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocritical sorrows of *Victorina*, for this cruel murther, shall go either unmasked or unpunished, but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publick examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: The manner is thus.

The deceased *Seignior Jovan Souranza* hath a younger brother, named *Seignior Hieronymo Souranza*; who having carefully and curiously observed, that his Sister-in-Law *Victorina*, never perfectly nor dearly loved his brother her husband, and that she was never so familiar, nor dutiful to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her marriage, which partly he attributed to the disparity of their years, in respect of the frozenness of his age, and the heat and freshness of her youth; he began vehemently to suspect her of this murther, which he often revolv'd and rum-inated in his mind, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it: To which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should pass beyond the grave, and not remain intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, he is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to discover and reveal the same; to which end, he breaks with *Victorina*'s Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Necce, *Felicia*, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* informs her Unkle, that *Seignior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Unkle glad of this glimmering light, which he hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectual discovery of his brother's, and her Unkle's death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: For in few daies after, being sent by her Lady *Victorina* to a Casket of hers to fetch her a new pair of *Romish* Gloves, she opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which she reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, she thinks it no sin to be false to her Lady, and true to her Unkle, and so very secretly and safely sends it to him; which indeed was the very Letter we have formerly seen and read: Now is his jealouzy and suspition confirm'd. So vowing and sacrificing revenge to his dead and murthered brother, away he goes to three chief Judges of the fourty, who sit on criminal causes; and very passionately accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* for the murther, committed on the person of his brother, *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza*, at Sea; whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in several Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Victorina*; they both very constantly deny the murther, and with many sugred words, and subtil evasions, intimate and insinuate, their innocencies therein: So the next day the Judges produce *Sypontus* his own Letter; the sight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him, but he is constant in his denial, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many asseverations and imprecations, again and again denyes it, averring, It is not his hand, but a meer imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfeited it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction; yet inwardly to himself he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no means left him to escape death, whose Image and form he now too apparently and fatally sees before his eyes. So he is sent back to his Prison, and his Judges in the *interim* consult on his Fact; where he is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himself, he considering that either *Victorina*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he, in bitter fury of choler and passion, throws away his Hat, now crosseth his arms, and then beats his breast, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himself bandeth forth these speeches.

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Victorina* her folly, and treachery, into whose hands I repos'd both my secrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her sake, and is this the requital she gives me? And sith there is no other witness, must mine own Letter be produced in Justice against mee? What will I not do? What have I not done for her sake? Wo is mee, that I should live to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratitude; when

for

for sorrow and indignation, not able to contain himself, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victorina* this ensuing Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

IS it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the only woman of the world to betray me? I have hazzarded my life for thy sake; and must I now be so unfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with such care and secresie, that no witness whatsoever could be produced against me, must mine own Letter, which was safely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime, and so to incur death, which otherwise I had avoided? Is ohis the reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O Victorina! Victorina! *Such is my tender esteem of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my self happy to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou be so cruel to deprive me thereof! But that my loyalty and my affection may shine in thy malice, take this for thy comfort, That as I have ever liv'd, so I will now dye thy true Servant and faithful Lover,*

SYPONTUS.

But observe here the error of *Sypontus* his judgment: for whiles he imputes it to *Victorina*'s treachery, that his Letter will occasion his death, he is so irreligious and impious, as he looks not up to Heaven, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No, no. For the Devil yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the snares of *Victorina*'s beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine*, and unregenerated person, being within a small point of time near his end, he yet thinks not of his soul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection, and beastly sensuality.

By this time *Victorina* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the news and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which she (though unjustly) terms love, that she is all in tears, sighs, and lamentable exclamations; she knows it impossible for any other of the world to be the revealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but only her Maid *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable revenge she curseth to the pit of hell: but that which adds a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable sorrows, is, to see that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer than her life) sinisterly suspecteth her fidelity towards him; yea, so far, as he not only calls her affection, but her treachery, in question: and this indeed seems to drown her in her tears. But yet notwithstanding, so fervent is her love towards him, as the fear of his death draws her to a resolution of her own: so if *Sypontus* dye, she vows she will be her own accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for Ink and Paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

I Were the most wretched and ingratefull Lady of the world; yea, a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if Victorina *should any way prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath still been so true and kind to her. But believe me, dear* Sypontus, *and I speak in the presence of God, upon peril of my soul, I am as innocent, as that Witch, that Devil, my Maid* Felicia, *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter, which I fear will prove thy death; and rejoyce, that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For, to clear my self of ingratitude and treachery, as I have lived, so I will dye with thee; that as we mutually participated the joys of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my Husband* Souranza*'s Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my Loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not survive, but dye with thee, I will accuse my self to my Judges, not only as accessary, but as Author of that Murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will shortly seal it with my blood.*

VICTORINA.

Sypontus in the midst of his perplexities and sorrows, receives this Letter from *Victorina*, the sweetness of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him: for now her innocency defaceth his suspition of her ingratitude and treachery; and withal, he plainly sees, and truly believes, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victorina*, who brought this Letter to light.

But when he deſcends to the latter part of the Letter, and finds her reſolution to dye with him, then he condemns his former error in taxing her, and in requital, loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be ſo far from accuſing her as acceſſary of her Husband's murther, as both the Rack, and his Death ſhall clear and proclaim her innocency. Had the ground of theſe fervent and reciprocal affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus* been laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chaſtity, and not in Luſt and Adultery, they would have given cauſe to the whole world as juſtly to praiſe, as now to diſpraiſe them; and then to have been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and deteſtation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively reſolved, not to accuſe but to clear *Victorina* of this Murther; as alſo, that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the enjoying of many more earthly pleaſures; he expecting hourly to be ſent for before his Judges, to ſit upon his torment or death, thinking himſelf bound both in affection and honour, to ſignifie *Victorina* his pleaſure herein, he craves his Jaylor's abſence, and with much affection and paſſion, writes her this his laſt Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

SWeet Victorina, *thy Letter hath given me ſo full ſatisfaction, as I repent me of my raſh credulity conceived againſt thy affection and conſtancy, and now lay the fault of the diſcovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on* Felicia, *not on thy ſelf. It is with a ſorrowful, but true preſage, that I fore-ſee my life haſtens to her period: the Rack is already prepared for my torments, and I hourly expect when I ſhall be fetch'd to receive them, which for thy ſake I will embrace and ſuffer with as much conſtancy as patience. I will deny mine own guiltineſs the firſt time, but not the ſecond, but in my torments and death, I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a reſolution, as earth expects to loſe me, and I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection that ever have been between us, I firſt pray, then conjure thee to change thy reſolution, and to ſtand on thine innocence. For if thou wilt, or deſireſt to gratifie me with thy laſt affection and courteſie at my death, let me bear this one content and joy to my grave, That* Victorina *will live for* Sypontus *his ſake, though* Sypontus *dye for hers.*

SYPONTUS.

He had no ſooner ſent away this his Letter to *Victorina*, but he himſelf is ſent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his ſecond examination and denial, adjudged him to the Rack; which he endured with admirable patience and conſtancy; yea, he cannot be drawn to confeſs, but ſtands firm in his denial, and not only clears himſelf, but alſo acquits *Victorina. Hieronymo Souranza* doth, notwithſtanding, earneſtly follow and ſolicite the Judges, and God, out of his immenſe Mercy, and profound Providence, ſo ordaineth, that their Conſciences ſuggeſt and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they adminiſter him double torment; when lo, his reſolution and ſtrength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confeſſeth it was himſelf that had murthered *Seignior Jovan Baptiſta Souranza*; but withal, proteſteth conſtantly, that *Victorina* is innocent, and no way acceſſary hereunto. The Judges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confeſſion, as much as they grieve at the foulneſs of his fact: and ſo, although they were alſo deſirous to hang him, yet conſidering he was a *Venetian* Gentleman (and conſequently had a great voice in the great Councel of the *Seigniory*) they adjudg him the next day to loſe his head betwixt the two Columns at Saint *Marks place*, and ſo for that night ſend him back to his priſon to prepare himſelf to die. *Sypontus* is no ſooner departed from them, but they conſult on *Victorina*, whether ſhe were guilty or innocent of her Husband *Souranza*'s Murther: but they differ in opinion, ſome would likewiſe have her Racked; but others of them, more adviſed and modeſt, reply, that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated only his affection to *Victorina*, but no way her malice to her dead Husband *Souranza*, not that ſhe was any way guilty or acceſſary to his Murther: ſo they reſolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuſe her at his Execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morn, he infinitely deſires his Jaylor to permit him to confer with *Victorina*, and to take his laſt leave of her; which is denied him, as having received command from Authority to the contrary: whereat extreamly grieving, he is called away by ſome Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate ſend him, to prepare and direct his ſoul in her paſſage and tranſmigration to Heaven. So paſſing the night in tears and prayers for the foulneſs of his crime, the morn being come, and nine of the clock ſtrucken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a world of people concur and flock from all parts of the City, to ſee this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the laſt Scene and part of his life upon this infamous *Theater*. Here *Sypontus* freely confeſſeth his foul Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet ſo vain and wretched, as he takes it on his death, that *Victorina* is abſolutely innocent hereof: he ſeems to be very repentant and ſorrowful

rowfull for all his sins in general, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body; a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more than chastity, to revenge than charity, and to the Devil than God; forgot himself so far, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leads us from dead *Sypontus*, to living *Victorina*; who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husband's Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster; for contrary to her vows, and repugnant to her Letters Tears, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soon cold, as her zeal and friendship; for she now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency pass currant with her Judges; yea, so desirous and ambitious is she to live, as her female heart hath drawn on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that, if occasion present, she will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the Torments of the Rack, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three dayes after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges again sit and consult on *Victorina*, but finding no Evidence nor Witness to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her; only they deem it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Rack, before they give her her Liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Rack: but she vows, that all the Torments of the World shall never inforce her to confess an untruth, and that she never had the least suspition that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her Husband: her Judges will not yet beleeve her; so they cause her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto she very cheerfully and patiently permits her self to be fastned, bidding the Executioner do his worst; which constancy of hers, her Judges seeing and hearing, they, in pitty and commiseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her Father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtezan *Victorina* acquitted of her Judges for her Husbands murther, so as triumphing more in her good fortune, than her innocency; she now thinks the storm of her punishment past and ore-blown, and that no future can possible be reserved for her, or she for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although she have made her Peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven; and although she have deluded the eyes of her Judges, yet she shall not those of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sins, her adultery and murther, shall draw down vengeance from Heaven, to her confusion. In the mean time we shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her Sex, make such bad use of her former danger, as she will again add blood to blood, and Murther to Murther: but God will reserve not only the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full vials of his indignation for her confusion; as the sequel will shew thee.

Six months are scarce past, since the Murther of her Husband *Souranza*, and the Execution of her *Enamorata Sypontus*, but she hath already quite forgotten these two mournful and tragical accidents; and which is more, she is so frolick and youthful, as she hath thrown off her mourning attire, and drawn on her rich apparel, and glittering Jewels, whereof the curiosity of the nobler sort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact observation; and though *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her indiscretion and immodestly, yet she thinks her self exempt of their commands and therefore will do it, out of the ambitious priviledg of her own uncontrollable authority and wilfulness. Besides, her thoughts are so youthful, and her carriage so light, as notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first Husband, yet she is resolved without delay, to have a second; her Father and Mother check her of levity and uncivility in imbracing this resolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodest answer, That she will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to do nothing rashly in this her second Match; that the Misfortune and Scandal of her first may no more reflect on her. But she will make choice of her self by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her own fancy, and not by these of their election. Her Husband *Souranza* died rich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widdow *Victorina*, without any opposition, injoyeth all: so she needs not look out for Suiters, for there are Gallants enough, who sue and seek her; but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignior Londovicus Fassino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well descended; his Parents and Kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimo's* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victorina* desires and resolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as *Souranza*

was too old for her, so *Fassino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her Husband, and she his Wife, measuring him wholly by his exteriour personage, and not so much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. *Fassino*, who carried a vicious and pernicious Heart, under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving *Victorina*'s Wealth more than her Beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seeks, courts, and wins her. Her Parents understanding hereof, as also that *Fassino* is a vicious and debaucht Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seek to divert their Daughter from him. But she is deaf to their requests, and resolved, that as she followed the stream of their commands in her first Match, so she will now the current of her own pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grief of all her Parents and Friends, before she had above ten dayes conferred with *Fassino*, she marries him. But this Match shall not succeed according to their desires; for *Victorina* shall shortly repent it, and *Fassino* affoon rue and smart for it; sith it is a *Maxim*, that sudden affections prove seldome prosperous; for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident affoon to fade as flourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for lust than love, and more for wealth than vertue.

The first month of this marriage, *Fassino* keeps good correspondence and observance with his Wife, but thenceforth he breaks pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, although he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old whore-master, which lascivious profession of his, threatens the ruin, not only of his health, but of his fortune and reputation; so now, when he should be at home, he is abroad; yea, not only by day, but by night, that, upon the whole, *Victorina* is more a Widdow than a Wife: at which unlook't and unwish't for news, she not only bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at Heart, to see her self thus sleighted, neglected, and abused by *Fassino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, she had elected and chosen for her Husband; she is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her jealousie infinitely exceeds her grief and sorrow: and now as graceless as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lascivious *Fassino* for her second Husband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her adultery committed against *Souranza* her first; so, had she had more grace, and less vanity and impiety, she would have made better use of this consideration, and not so soon forgot it, and, in it, her self.

Now as it is the nature of Jealousie, to have more eyes than *Argus*, and so to pry and see every where; *Victorina* her curiosity, or rather her malice herein, finds out that her Husband *Fassino* familiarly frequenteth and useth the company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the most famous and reputed Beauties of *Venice*: and this news indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; fain she would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband, but how, she knows not: for she sees little or no hope to reclaim him, sith he not only tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but, which is worse, she apparently sees, that for her sake, he contemns her self and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute or Books, which is but to pass his melancholy, for his Lady *Paleriana*'s absence, till he again revisit her; so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her Husband, she knows not what to do, nor how to bear her self in those furious storms of her grief, and miserable tempest of her jealousie, but of two different courses to reclaim him from this his sin of whoredome, she takes the worst; for instead of councelling and disswading her Husband, she torments him with a thousand scandalous and injurious speeches: but this instead of quenching, doth but only bring oyl to the flame of his lust; for if he repaired home to her seldom before, now he scarce at all comes near her; so as she is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair speeches and sweet exhortations may prevail, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady, again assumes bloody resolutions against her second Husband as she had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall dye, ere she will live to be thus contemned and abused of him; yea, her hot love to him is soon grown cold, and her fervent affections, already so frozen, that now she thinks on nothing else but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and graceless, as she cares not how, nor in what manner soever she send him from this World to another: for the Devil hath drawn a resolution from her, or rather she from the Devil, that here he shall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched Fury of hell will *Victorina* prove her self here on earth? for the blood and life of one Husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and revenge, but she must and will imbrue her hands in that of two; as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that she will needs gallop and ride post to hell. O what pity is it, to see a Lady so wretched and execrable! O what an Execrable Wretchedness is it, to see a Lady so inhuman, and so devoid of pity! But the Devil is strong with her, because her faith is weak with God; therefore she will advance, she will not retire in this her bloody design and resolution. Wherefore we

shall

shall shortly see *Fassino* his Adultery punished with death, by his Wife *Victorina*'s revenge; and this murther of hers justly rewarded and revenged with the punishment of her own: the bloodier our actions are, the severer God's Judgments, and the sharper his revenge will be.

Of all sort and degrees of Inhumane and Violent Deaths, this wretched Lady *Victorina* thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to dispatch her Husband. This invention came immediately from the Devil, and is only practised by his Members, of which number she will desperately and damnably make her self one: her lust and revenge, like miserable advocates, and fatal Orators, perswade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her Husband's life, she shall find, that she likewise casts away her own life. So neither grace nor nature prevailing, she sends for an Apothecary, named *Augustino*; and when she hath conjured, and he promised his secrecy, she acquaints him, that her new husband *Fassino* keeps Courtezans to her nose, and daily and hourly offereth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces; in requital and revenge whereof she is resolved to poyson him, and prayes him to undertake and perform it, and that she will reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all Professions and Faculties, there are good and bad; *Augustino* loves God too well, herein to obey the Devil; he hath too much grace, to be so impious and graceless, and vows that he will not buy gold at so dear a rate, as the price of blood; so as a good Christian, and a true Child of God, he not only refuseth *Victorina*'s motion and proffer, but in religious terms, seeks to divert and perswade her from this her bloody attempt. But she is resolute in her malice, and wilful in her revenge, and therefore will perform it her self, sith *Augustino* will not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyson from a strange *Emperick*; whereof the City of *Venice*, more than others of *Italy*, aboundeth: so she only waits for an opportunity, which very shortly; though, alas, too too soon, presents it self; the manner thus:

It is impossible that *Fassino* his dissolute life, and extream debauching can keep him long from sickness; for this punishment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that sin. He complains thereof to his Wife *Victorina*, who receives this news rather with gladness, than commiseration and pity; and so taking his bed, he prayes her to make him some comfortable hot broath for his stomack: which news she hears, and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with disdain. For albeit she layes hold of this opportunity to poyson him, yet she dissembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, because she knows it the smoother and shorter way to be revenged in poysoning him, she will not make the broath her self, but commands her Maid *Felicia* to do it (of whom we have formerly spoken, in the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter to her Unkle *Hieronymo Souranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and devillish *Victorina* her Lady and Mistress, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and hellish recompence: for while *Felicia* is boyling of the broath, her Lady *Victorina* trips to her Chamber and Closet, and fetcheth out the poyson, inveloped in a Paper, whereof she takes two parts and brings down with her, and whiles she had purposely sent *Felicia* from the fire, she runs and throws it into the broath, which for the present no whit altered the colour thereof: so *Fassino* calling for it, this poor innocent Gentlewoman *Felicia*, (not suspecting or dreaming of poyson) gives it him, which (as ignorant thereof) he sups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clock in the morning.

Now while *Felicia* is acting this mournful tragedy in *Fassino* in his Chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers; for she takes the other third part of the poyson, and secretly opening *Felicia*'s Trunk, puts it into a painted box which she found therein, and so locks it again, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyson found in her Trunk, she would give out that *Felicia* had poysoned him with broath that Morn, and this, found in her Chest, would make her guilty of the Murther; for which she knew she must needs dye. See, see, the devillish double malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*, as well to her husband *Fassino*, as her maid *Felicia*! But as finely as the Devil hath taught her to spin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, nevertheless she shall in the end fail of hers to innocent *Felicia*: in the *interim*, though to the eyes of the world it seem at first to succeed according to her desires by the by, yet it shall not in the main: But that murther and this treason of *Victorina* shall not go long either undetected, or unpunished.

This poyson working in *Fassino* his Stomack and Body, begins by degrees to cut off his vital Spirits, so as his strength fails him, his red Cheeks already look pale and earthy, and his body infinitely swells: he calls for his Wife *Victorina*, who with all haste and expedition, tells her secretly, that he fears *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broath she gave him in the Morning, and so requesteth her to send for his Parents and Friends to be present at his Death, for live he could not. *Victorina*, like a dissembling she-devil, tears her hair for anger, and for meer sorrow seems to drown her self in her tears at this news, kisseth and fawns on her husband, and in all pos-

sible haste sends away of all sides for his Kinsfolk and Friends, who hastily repair thither, and find *Fassino* almost dead: so, they with tears, inquire his sickness, when with open voice his Wife *Victorina* cryes out, that her wretched Maid *Felicia* had with broath, that morn, poysoned him; which *Fassino* his memory and tongue yet served him to confess and averr, word for word, as his Wife *Victorina* had related them: whereat they are all sorrowfull and weep, and then, and there, cause *Felicia* to be apprehended and shut fast in a Chamber; who (poor harmless young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and strangeness of this news, and cries out and weeps so bitterly, as she seems to melt her self into tears, only she knows her self innocent; and yet fears that this Malice and Revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victorina*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under sure keeping, her Master *Fassino* dyes: which news is soon dispersed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next morn the criminal Judges are advertized hereof, who repair to *Fassino* his House, who by this time is dead, and there see his breathless Carcass, which they ordain to be opened: the poyson is apparently found on his stomack in its natural pristine colour; when examining first *Felicia*, then *Victorina*'s Parents, they report *Fassino* his own words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morn poysoned him with broath: which is averred by *Victorina*, who saith, she saw her give it him. So they send away poor *Felicia* to prison, but yet with a vehement suspition, that this poysoned arrow came out of *Victorina* her own quiver, which they the sooner beleeve, in respect of her former troubles, and suspitions for the murther of her first Husband *Suranza*. So the Judges return and betake themselves, that very instant, to their Tribunal of Justice, in the Duke's Palace of Saint *Mark*, where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them unaccompanied of any; for, as misfortune would, both her Unkle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousen *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in some publick affairs for the Seigniory. The Judges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broath and poyson she gave her Master. She bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the broath, but denies the poyson; vowing by her part and hope of Heaven, she neither touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired no Favour of them, if it were found or proved against her; withall, she acquaints them, that she fears it is a trick of malice and revenge, clapt on her, by her Lady *Victorina*, for the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter. And, to speak truth, the Judges in their Hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion: they demand of her, whether her Lady *Victorina* touched this broath, either by the Fire, or the Bed? She according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledg or sight, she touched it not, nor no other but her self. So they send her again to prison, and return speedily to *Fassino* his house; where committing *Victorina* to a sure guard, they ascend her Chamber and Closet, search all her Trunks, Caskets and Boxes, for poyson, but find none: and the like they do to *Felicia*'s Trunks, which they break open, she having the Key, and in a Box find a quantity of the same poyson, whereby it was apparent she absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The Judges having thus found out, and revealed, as they thought, the true Author of this Murther, they descend again, examine *Victorina*, and so acquit her. Poor *Felicia* is advertised hereof; whereat she is amazed and astonished, and thinks that some Witch or Devil cast it there for her destruction. She is again sent for before her Judges, who produce the poyson found in her Trunk: she denies both the poyson and the Murther, with many sighs and tears: so they adjudg her to the Rack, which Torment she suffereth with much Patience and Constancy; notwithstanding, her Judges considering that she made and gave *Fassino* the broath, that none touched it but her self, that he dyed of it, and that they found the Remainder of the poyson in her Trunk, they think her the Murtherer; so they pronounce sentence, that the next morn she shall be hanged at Saint *Marks* place. She poor soul is returned to her prison; she bewails her misfortune thus to dye, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Judges of injustice, as her soul is ready to answer it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruel murther committed by this young Gentlewoman; but for her Lady *Victorina*, she triumphs and laughs like a Gypsey, to see how with this one stone she hath given two strokes, and how one poor drug hath freed her this day of her Husband *Fassino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom she rejoyceth in her self, that now she hath cryed quittance for the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather the Devil will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinful our actions be, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and these with shame.

The next morn, according to the laudable custom of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our sorrowful *Felicia* to the place of Execution, where she modestly ascended the Ladder, with much silence, pensiveness, and affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beauty, most of that great and infinitie of Spectators cannot refrain from tears, and commiserating and pittying, that so sweet a young Gentlewoman should come to so infamous and untimely a Death.

When

When *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards Heaven, she briefly speaks to this effect. She takes Heaven and Earth to witness, that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fassino*, and ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her Trunk: that as her knowledg cannot accuse, so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that fact, only she leaves the detection and judgment thereof to God, that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, she as much triumphs in her innocency as grieves at her misfortune: and that she may not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, she first forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Judges; and then beseecheth God to forgive her all her sins, whereunto she humbly, and heartily prays all that are present, to add their prayers to hers: and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her self to die.

Now, *Christian Reader*, what human wisdom, or earthly capacity, would here conceive or think, that there were any sublunary means left for this comfortless Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her self that she could avoid death? But lo, as the Children of God cannot fall, because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and find to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch enemy *Victorina* brought in her stead, to receive this shametul death, in expiation of the horrible murthers of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparent to the eyes of the world: for as the Friers and Nuns prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewel of this world, and so to shut up her life in the direful and mournful Catastrophe of her death; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary *Augustino* (of whom this our History hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Istria*, and having left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Marks* stairs; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, he thrusts himself in amongst the croud of people: where beholding so young and so fair a Gentlewoman, ready to die, he demands of those next by him, what she was, and her crime: when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a waiting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*, who had poysoned her Master *Fassino*; at the very first report of the names of *Victorina*, and her husband *Fassino*, *Augustino* his blood flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther, he was informed, that her Lady *Victorina* was vehemently suspected thereof, but she was cleared, and only *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman, found guilty thereof; vvhich vvords vvere no sooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poysoned her husband *Fassino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlevvoman innocent hereof, vvith all possible speed, as fast as his legs could drive, he runs up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, vvhere the Officers sit to see execution done; the vvhich he requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murther of Signiour *Fassino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: vvhich bred infinite admiration in all the spectators, as vvondring at the cause and reason hereof, vvhen, in constant and discreet terms, *Augustino* informs the Judges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victorina* guilty of this murther, and so relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victorina* her self seduced him to poyson her husband *Fassino*, how she proffered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refused, and to the utmost of his power sought to disswade her from this bloody and execrable business. The Judges are astonished at the strangeness of this news, which they begin confidently to believe; and so bless the hour of *Augustino*'s arrival, that hath with-held them from spilling the innocent blood of *Felicia*; when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they instantly give order for the Lady *Victorina*'s apprehension, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to see that all her bloody designs so well succeeded. But now is the Lord's appointed time come, wherein all her cruel Murthers, Whoredom, treachery, and Hypocrisie, shall be brought to light and punished: yea, now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the Devil, her Schoolmaster, and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment, or to add the least moment or point of time to her life. She is all in tears at her apprehension, but they rather ingender envy than pitty, in her Judges: And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conveyed to prison.

Her Judges, in honour to the sacred dignity of Justice (the Queen of Earth and Daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Augustino*, who avers his former deposition as constantly in her face, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the sight of her crime too apparent. So without any regard to her praiers tears, or exclamations, they adjudg her to the Rack, where the tenderness of her limbs, the sharpness of her torments, but especially the griefs and pinches of her conscience make her acquit

quit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Auguſtino* his evidence, and condemn her ſelf to be the author both of her firſt Husband's ſtabbing, and alſo her ſecond's poyſoning: her Judges as much praiſe God for her confeſſion, as they deteſt and are aſtoniſhed at the falſeneſs of theſe her horrible crimes. So with much joy they firſt free innocent *Felicia* of her unjuſt impriſonment; and then, knowing it pity that ſo wretched a Lady as *Victorina*, ſhould live any longer; they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemn her (the next morn) to be hang'd and burnt on Saint *Marks Place*. At the knowledg and divulging of which news, as her Father, Mother, and Kinsfolks extreamly grieve, ſo all *Venice* bleſs and glorifie God, firſt, that innocent *Felicia* is ſaved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the ſhame and puniſhment of a deſerved death.

The ſame night the Prieſts and Fryers deal with her about the ſtate of her ſoul, and its pilgrimage and tranſmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, luſt, and revenge, hath taken a ſtrange poſſeſſion of the devil, and he in them: for ſhe ſtill loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and deteſts that of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*: but they deal effectually with her, and in their ſpeeches depainting her forth the joys of Heaven, and the torments of Hell, they at laſt happily prevail, and ſo make her forſake the vanity and impiety of theſe her paſſions, by reliſhing the ſweet ſhowers of Gods mercies. So the next morn ſhe is brought to her execution; where the world expecting to hear much matter from her, ſhe is very penſive, and contemplative, and ſays little; only ſhe prays *Felicia* to forgive her, as alſo all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*, and likewiſe of *Sypontus*; but chiefly ſhe invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon theſe her horrible ſins of Adultery and Murther, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray for her ſoul; and ſo according to her ſentence, ſhe is firſt hang'd, and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourſe of people, praiſe the Providence and Juſtice of God, in cutting off this female Monſter, and ſhame of her ſex, *Victorina*; whoſe tragical and mournful Hiſtory may we all read and remember with deteſtation, that the example hereof be our fore-warning and caveat, not to truſt in the deceivable luſts of the fleſh, and the treacherous tentations of the Devil, but to rely on the mereies and promiſes of God, which will never fail his elect, but will aſſuredly make them happy in their lives, bleſſed in their deaths, and conſtantly glorious in their reſurrections.

GODS

GOD'S Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her waiting-Maid* Anſilva *two ſeveral times attempt to poyſon her own ſiſter* Berinthia; *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Emperick termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid Maid* Anſilva. Catalina *is killed with a Thunderbolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged, for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteals* Berinthia *away by her own conſent; whereupon her brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duel.* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her own brother* Sebaſtiano: *She is adjudged to be immured betwixt two walls, and there languiſheth and dyes.*

HOw fooliſhly and impiouſly doth our malice betray our ſelves, or the devil our ſouls, when we maliciouſly betray others? For we are as far from Grace as Wiſdome, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawful paſſion to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoyd of all Chriſtian piety and charity, when our thoughts are ſo eclipſed, and our judgments darkened, when our conſciences are ſo defiled, and our ſouls ſo polluted with revenge, that the eldeſt Siſter ſeeks to poyſon her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only Brother, becauſe in a Duel he had formerly ſlain her Lover? Alaſs, alaſs, theſe are bloody accidents, which not only fight againſt Grace, but Nature, not only againſt Earth, but Heaven; and not only againſt our Souls, but againſt God. Neither are theſe the only Tragedies that our inſuing Hiſtory reporteth and relateth; for we ſhall therein farther ſee a wretched waiting-Gentlewoman poyſoned by her more wretched Lady and Miſtreſs, together with her execrable Agent, a bloody and graceleſs Emperick; and all juſtly revenged, and ſeverely puniſhed by the Sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Chriſtian Reader may obſerve, as well to Gods glory, as his own conſolation, that never pretended or actual Murthers were either contrived more ſecretly, perpetrated more cloſely, detected more miraculouſly, or puniſhed more

ſtrangely and ſeverely; ſo as if the Devil have not fully poſſeſt our hearts and Souls, or if our thoughts and reſolutions do yet retain the leaſt ſpark of Grace and Chriſtianity, we ſhall flye their crimes by the ſight and fear of their puniſhments, re-fetch our wandring and erroneous ſenſes from Hell to Earth, purpoſely to raiſe them from Earth to Heaven; and ſo religiouſly to give, and conſecrate both them, and our ſelves, and ſouls from ſin to righteouſneſs, and conſequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of *Avero* in *Portugal*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Jaſpar de Vilarezo*, rich either in quality of earthly greatneſs, as well of blood, as revenews; who was nearly allied to the Marqueſs of *Denia* (in *Spain*) as marrying a Neece of his, named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquiſitely indued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for ſhee was both fair and vertuous; that adding to luſtre to theſe, and theſe returning and reflecting embelliſhment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all thoſe who had the honour to know her; and, to crown the felicity of their affections and marriage, they had three hopeful children, one ſon, and two daughters: He, termed *Don Sebaſtiano*; and they, the *Donas*, *Catalina* and *Berinthia*: He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court; and they, from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived ſometimes at *Coimbra*, other-whiles at *Lisbone*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who ſo carefully trained them up in thoſe qualities and perfections, requiſite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no ſooner ſeen, but admired of all who ſaw them.

But before we make a further progreſſion in this Hiſtory (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it;) I hold it rather neceſſary than impertinent, that we take a courſory, though not a curious ſurvey, of both theſe young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their Vices and Virtues, their beauty and deformity: That as objects are beſt known by the oppoſition of their contraries, ſo by the way of compariſon wee may diſtinguiſh how to know, and know how to diſtinguiſh of the diſparity of theſe two Siſters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was ſomewhat ſhort of ſtature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but ſlender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more brown then fair: *Berinthia* not brown but ſweetly fair, or fairly ſweet: *Catalina* had a diſdainful, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengeful; and *Berinthia*, modeſtly courteous, gracious, and religious. So theſe two young Ladies, growing now to be capable of marriage, many Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in reſpect of their Father's nobility and wealth, as for their own beauties and virtues: yea, their fame is generally ſo ſpread, that from *Lisbone*, and moſt of the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugal*, divers Nobles and Knights reſort to their Father *Don Vilarezo*'s houſe, to proffer up their affections, to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the ſecrets and myſteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in general terms, or honourable excuſes; as holding the matching of his daughters of ſo eminent and important conſideration, as he thinks it fit he ſhould adviſedly conſult, and not raſhly conclude them; which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is ſtill as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebaſtiano their Brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolid*, and *Lisbon*, becomes very intimately and ſingularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivero*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by birth likewiſe a *Portugal*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was firſt and chief gentleman to the Duke of *Braganza*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he proffers him his eldeſt Siſter in marriage, and prays him at his firſt conveniency, to ride over to *Avero*, to ſee her; offering himſelf to accompany him in his journey, and to ſecond him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Siſter. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully liſteneth to *Don Sebaſtiano*'s courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it ſo far from the leaſt diſparagement, as it was a great happineſs and honour for him to match himſelf in ſo noble a Family, they aſſign a day for that journey: againſt when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatives and train, in all reſpects anſwerable to his rank and generoſity. They arive at *Avero*, where *Don Jaſper de Vilarezo*, for his own worth, and his Son's report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertains him courteouſly: He viſiteth and ſaluteth, firſt the Mother, then the two young Ladies her Daughters: And although he cannot diſlike *Catalina*, yet ſo precious and amiable is ſweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no ſooner ſees, but loves her: Yea, her piercing eye, her vermilion cheeks, and delicate ſtature, act ſuch wonders in his heart, as he ſecretly proclaimes himſelf her Servant, and publickly ſhe his Miſtreſs: To which end he takes time and opportunity at advantage, and ſo reveals her ſo much in terms, that intimates the fervency of his zeal, and endears the zeal of his affection and conſtancy.

Berinthia

Berinthia entertains his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then casts a rosie vail o're the milk-white Lillies of her complexion: and, to speak truth, if *Antonio* be inamored of *Berinthia*, no less is she of him: so as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seem already to sympathize and burn in the Flame of an equal affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this resolution, that, as she hath not the will to grant, so she hath not the power to deny his suite: the rest time will produce.

But so powerfully do the Beauty and Vertues of sweet *Berinthia* work in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delayes, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requisite for him to give, and they receive) demands their Daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for his honour, replies, that of his two Daughters, he thinks *Berinthia* his younger, as unworthy of him, as *Catalina*, his eldest, worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is fair, yet he must confess that *Berinthia* is more beautiful to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that he will first match *Catalina* e're *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second: and so at this time, they on these terms depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his Son *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forrest hath plenty. But whiles *Antonio* his body persues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the beauty of his dear and fair *Berinthia*; who as paragon of beauty and nature, sits Empress, and Queen-Regent in the court of his contemplations and affections. He is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answer, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her Father's resolution, only modesty (that sweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power, endeavoured to keep *Antonio* from perceiving, or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prayes his dear friend *Sebastiano*, to perswade his Father to give him his Sister *Berinthia* to Wife: he performs the true part of a true friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain; for his Father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power so soon to leave the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed, as Love is the whet-stone of Wit, to give an edge to invention; so *Antonio*, to injoy the presence of his fair *Berinthia*, is inforced to make shew, that he neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*; and so converseth often with her, but still in general terms, whereat she builds many Castles of hope and content, in the Air of her thoughts. For, if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no less doth *Catalina*: strange effects of affection, where two Sisters deeply and dearly love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them, shall injoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, so *Berinthia* is both the sole object and cause of *Antonio*'s stay, whom he courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the desired happiness and felicity of her company: She gives him blushes for his sighs, and sometimes (although a man) the fervency of his affection was such, as he cannot refrain from returning her tears for her blushes; when, albeit love perswades him to stay longer in *Avero*, yet discretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbon*; and all the fruit of his journey that he shall carry thither with him, is this, that, for injoying fair *Berinthia* to his Wife, he conceives far more reason to hope, than to dispair. Next death, there is no second affliction so grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as separation and parting: this *Berinthia* feels, but will not acknowledg; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth because he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he secretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor Scarf, and plain pair of Gloves (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully fair) in token of his affection; and she, the morn of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, sends him a Handkerchief curiously wrought with hearts and flames, of silk and gold, in sign of her thankfulness. He promiseth *Berinthia* to write, and see her shortly; and *Catalina* entreats him to be no stranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* he gives many words, but few kisses; to *Berinthia*, many kisses, but more tears: His departure makes *Berinthia* sad, as grieving at his absence; and *Catalina* joyful as hoping of his return: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* shall be her husband; and *Berinthia*, now begins to look pale with sorrow, fearing she shall not be so happy as to be his wife. By this time Breakfast is served in, when *Sebastiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two Sisters, and carries them to the Parlor, where *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s coming. They all sit down, and although their fare be curious yet *Antonio*'s eyes feed upon more curious dainties; as the sparkling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermilion cheeks of *Berinthia*'s incomparable beauty, which is observed of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is so secret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection yet her discretion, will not permit her modesty either to observe or see it. Breakfast ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, first gives infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earnestly again prayes them not to reject his sute for their Daughter *Berinthia*.

Vilarezo and his wife pray *Antonio* to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many wayes

short of his deserts, and also requests him to embrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus, after many other complements, he takes his congee of *Vilarezo*, kisseth his Wife and two Daughters, first *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though last in years, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the only Queen of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a virtue of necessity, and to take a short farewel, instead of a more solemn, which either of them wished, and both desired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot express; and o *Antonio* and *Sebastiano* take Coach and away for *Lisbone*; *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his fair *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebastiano* grieves, that of his two Sisters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father consent to give him *Berinthia* for Wife: notwithstanding they confirm their familiarity and friendship with many interchangeable and reciprocal protestations, that sith they cannot be Brothers, they will live and dye dear and intimate Friends: but I fear the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbon*, *Antonio* feels strange alterations in his thoughts and passions: For now he is so intangled in the Fetters of *Berinthia*'s Beauty and Virtues, that he will see no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almost) speak of any Lady but of her self: and in these his amorous contemplations he both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but again, remembring the assurance of *Vilarezo* his refusal, and the incertainty of *Berinthia*'s affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blossoms, and his joyes assoon fade as flourish; he wisheth that *Avero* were *Lisbon*, and either himself in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or she in *Lisbon* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanity to wish the other: But he bethinks himself of a remedy for this his perplexity, and reputes himself obliged in the bonds, as well of respect, as love, to write to his fair *Berinthia*; and then again he fears that it will find a difficult passage and access to her, because of her Father's distaste, and Sister's jealousie. But the Sun of his affection doth soon dispel and dissipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent those who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himself of an invention, as worthy as commendable in a Lover; He writes *Berinthia* a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, sends it her by *Diego* his own Page, to *Avero*: whom purposely, and feignedly he causeth to arm himself with this pretext and colour, that he is in love with *Ansilva*, the Lady *Catalina*'s Waiting-Gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Master to come to *Avero* to seek her in marriage; where, after some fifteen daies after, he arrives, and very secretly delivers his Master's Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the wind of fear, and the waves of sorrow, that in all this time she heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed lest the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection; when now blushing for joy, as much as she before looked pale for sorrow, she takes the Ring and Letter, and kissing both, she secretly flyes to her Chamber, when bolting the door, she with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the seals, therein findes these lines:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldst rest as confident of my affection as I do of thy beauty, and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my pen Art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy virtues; so as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and this see, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, than either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy self, how far thou undervaluest, and un-requitest my Zeal, when I will dispair of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect me: Only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remains, either to crown my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusal. Be pleased therefore, fair* Berinthia, *to signifie me thy resolution that I may know my doom, and prepare my self, either to wed thee or my grave.*

ANTONIO

Berinthia, having again and again perused and o're-read this Letter, gives it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrote and sent it her; and so very secretly locks it up in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to confer privately with *Diego*, when he will resolve to return to his Master at *Lisbon* that she may return him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he fears. In the mean time *Diego* delivereth her Father *Vilarezo* his Master's Letter, in favour of his (pretended) suite to *Ansilva*, as also in thankfulness of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia*, his Daughters, or once mentioning his return to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip: But *Berinthia* cannot but smile to see *Antonio* his invention for the safe delivery of his Letters, nor yet refrain from

laughing

laughing in her self, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego*, courts *Anselva*; for he makes such demonstration of love to her, and she is so enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinks a short time will finish this match; but he and her Sister *Berinthia* knows the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three dayes is desirous to depart, and *Berinthia* extreamly glad of his resolution to stay no longer: so she betakes her self to her Chamber, and writes this Letter to her *Antonio*, in answer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAD I not been more courteous to thee, than I am fair to my self, thou hadst not tasted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my Father's frowns; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal intended and devoted to my poor merits, yet judg with thy self, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with observance, or him that gave me my being with disobedience. As I desire not to have thee die my Martyr, so my Father will not permit thee to live my Husband; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to effect and compass the last: not that I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away some of thy despair, to the end I may find thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancy. My Sister's jealousie of me, and my Father's distaste of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecy as circumspection.

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up, and sealed her letter, she finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden; where, in one of the Bowers, she delivers him this Letter, together with a rose of Opales, the which, in token of her love, she conjures him with safety and speed to deliver to his Master *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his dispatch of *Berinthia*, soon gives *Anselva* hers, promising to return some three weeks after; at which time he prayes her to expect him; when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his matter, he would be glad to see him in *Avero*, he leaps to horse, and so posts away for *Lisbon*.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy, *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and, to write the truth, I think the Letter scarce contained so many syllables as he often read it over and kissed it. He sees *Berinthia's* modesty resplend and shine in her affection, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although he be sure of her affection, yet he is not of her self; for he sees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promise; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleat, e're he be crowned with this happiness: besides, he fears that his absence and her Father's presence, may in tract of time, by degrees cool the fervency of *Berinthia's* affection; and yet then, he as soon checks his own timidity, in conceiving the least suspition of her constancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate friend, and her dear Brother, *Sebastiano*, with their affections, but then he condemns that opinion, and revokes it as erronious and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in sailing without the compass of *Berinthia* advice and commands; by the which, he holds it both safety and discretion to steer his course and actions. Again, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to re-see his dear and sweet Mistress, as he resolves to ride over again to *Avero*; but the obstinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealousie of *Catalina*, makes him end that journey e're he began it. In this perplexity, and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute what, or what not to do; but in fine, considering that delayes are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbon*, and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his own home at *Elvas* (where his Father dying some three years before, had left him sole heir to many rich Manors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be near to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the process and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arrival to *Elvas*, it being well-near a month since he sent his first, and till then his last Letter to *Berinthia*, he now again dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with a second Letter to her, by whom he sends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a Pair of Gold Bracelets, richly inameled. *Diego's* arrival is pleasing to *Anselva*, but extreamly joyful to *Berinthia*; only it nipt *Catalina's* hopes, because she could not understand by him any certain resolution or assurance of his Masters coming thither. *Diego* hath no sooner saluted his *Anselva*, but (as his more important business) he seeks means to speak with *Berinthia*, which she her self profereth him; he delivers her his Master Tokens and Letter, which she very joyfully receiveth, and so trips away to her Chamber, where opening the seals, she therein finds these words.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

IT is impossible for my pen to express the joyes my heart received at the reading of thy Letter: and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me. A thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them; and although they gave me hope for despair, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and doubt fear; not that thou lovest me; for that were to disparage my judgment, in seeking to prophane thy affection; but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, nor return me thine: wherein, if thou weigh the fervency of my love I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my fear; for till I am so happy, not only to hope, but to assure my self that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is already* Berinthia's, *I must needs fear, and therefore cannot truly rejoyce. I have left* Lisbon, *to reside at* Elvas; *therefore fair and dear Lady, I beseech thee destinate me, dispose my service, and command both. I long to injoy the felicity of thy presence; for I take heaven to witness, thy absence is my hell upon earth.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, she approves of *Antonio*'s fear, and attributes it to the fervency and sincerity of his affection; she esteems her self infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, who she hopes a little time will make her husband; to which end she will no longer feed him with delayes, but now resolves, by his Page *Diego*, at his return, to signifie him so much; and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already received his. But she knows not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Pass we from *Berinthia* to her Sister *Catalina*, whose affection is likewise such to *Antonio*, as by this time she hath perswaded and induced her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalf by *Diego*, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seek her for his Wife or no, or at least to invite him to *Avero*. And although his affection to her Sister *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet she not only suspects, but fears it. Glad she is of the opportunity of *Diego* his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Master; and yet that joy of hers is soon dissolved into grief, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her: her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her judgment in her self still suggesteth her despair, for she hath alwayes the image of this conceit in her imagination, that *Antonio* loves her Sister *Berinthia*, and not her self: her suspition makes her subtil, and so she deals with *Anselva* to draw the truth hereof from *Diego*, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or discretion, flatly denies it; But lo, here betides an accident, which bewrayes the whole Mystery and History of their affections. On a Sunday-morning, when *Berinthia* was descended to the Garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister *Catalina* rusheth into her chamber, to seek the History of *Cervantez*, which the day before she had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seeks in the pocket of her Gown, that she wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that *Antonio* had sent her; whereby she perceived, it was in vain to hope to injoy *Antonio*, sith she now apparently saw, that he was her Sister *Berinthia*'s, and she his. *Catalina* is hereat both sorrowful and glad; sorrowful, that she should lose *Antonio*, and glad, that she had found this Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her Sister, she will try her wits, to see whether she can frustrate *Berinthia*, and so obtain *Antonio* for her self. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* shews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly storms hereat, and with checks and frowns, curbs *Berinthia* of her Liberty, and and resolves in his first Letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his house, and her company, except he will leave *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: and suspecting that his Page *Diego*'s courting of *Anselva*, was but only a policy and colour, thereby to conveigh Letters betwixt his Daughter *Berinthia* and his Master, he once thought to him his congee, and prohibit him his house, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Anselva*, because she was to use her aid and assistance in a matter of great importance; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and consequently her malice to her Sister *Berinthia* is so violent, that as her Father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and cruel, as she vows to deprive her of her life. A hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnatural and damnable attempt of one Sister to another: but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark; and Religion, which is the preservative and antidote of our souls, she runs so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as she will advance, and disdains to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her Sister's blood. To which end she perswades

swades and bribes *Anselva* with a hundred Duckets to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, and promiseth her so much more when she hath effected it: whereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting-Gentlewoman consenteth, and in brief promiseth to perform it: But God hath otherwise decreed and ordained. To which end she sends into the City for some strong poyson by an unknown Messenger, which is instantly brought her in a small Gally-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at God's miraculous discovery, and prevention thereof: For, that very night, when *Anselva* had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* seeks out his Mistris *Anselva* and finds her solitarily alone in one of the closest over-shadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he salutes and entertains with many amorous discourses, and more kisses; in the midst whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and she grieved, till at last having bloodied all his own handkerchief, *Anselva* rusheth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which suddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyson, she with her handkerchief draws out the Galley-pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with square stones) it immediately burst in pieces, when *Diego*'s Spaniel licking up the poyson, instantly swell'd, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but far more *Anselva*; who blushing with shame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to say or do, at the strangeness or suddenness of this accident. *Diego* presseth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom she had it. Her answers are variable, and are so far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him astonishment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to discover it, with many millions of protestations professeth it shall die with him; he adds vows to his requests, oaths to his vows, and kisses to his oaths; so as Maids can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers; but especially fearing that he might peradventure suspect that this poyson was meant and intended for him; she at last vanquished with his importunacy, and this consideration, discovereth (as we have formerly understood) that *Catalina* had won her, therewith to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, because she suspected she was better beloved of his Master *Don Antonio* than her self. *Diego* is infinitely astonished at the strangeness of this news, and like a true and faithful Page to his Master, having drawn this worm from *Anselva*'s nose, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to seek a remedy to stop his blood, giving her may kisses, and promising her his speedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and so very speedily finds out *Berinthia*; to whom (with as much truth as curiosity) he from point to point reveals it: praying her to be careful not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina* or *Anselva*, and withal to write, for the next morning he will hye to *Elvas* to reveal it to his Master. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this strange and unexpected news: so having first thanked God for the discovery of this poyson, and her Sister's malice, she promised him a Letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite; and for a pledg and earnest thereof, draws off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No sooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phœbus* discovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* causeth his horse to be made ready and tells *Anselva*, that his Father had sent for him to meet him at *La Secco*, and that he will not fail to be back with her within three days. Being ready to depart,

He, under colour of giving order for his horse, leaves her, and steals into *Berinthia*'s Chamber; whom (poor Lady) fear would not permit to take any rest or sleep that night, the which she had partly worn out and imployed in writing her mind to her dear *Antonio*, and knowing her self not safe in *Avero* with her Father and Sister, she resolved to commit her honour, and her life into his protection; yea, she had no sooner finished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knocks softly at her Chamber-door. *Berinthia* in her Night-govvn and attire is ready for him: she admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Master, and prays him to use all possible diligence in his return; and so having received all her commands. he secretly descends the stairs; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and lastly kissing his Mistris *Anselva*, he leaps to horse, rides the first Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Post.

Leave vve *Diego* posting tovvards *Elvas*, and come vve to *Catalina*, vvhose malice finding no rest, nor her revenge remedy, she that very morn, as soon as *Anselva* came into her Chamber, demands whether she be prepared to perform her own promise, and her hopes? She answereth her Lady, that less than three days shall effect it, and give a period to all her Sister *Berinthia*'s. Whereat she is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath seen, and *Berinthia* knows to this effect; *Anselva* presuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his secrecy; and therefore less suspecting his journey to *Elvas*, remains still so graceless and impious in her bloody resolution, as she now not only presumes, but assures her self that *Berinthia* is near the ebbe of her days, and the setting of her life; and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil,

she

she hath now made ready and provided her self of a second poysoned potion, which she no ways doubts but shall send her to her last sleep. But this femal Monster, this bloody *she-Emperick* may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time, *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and finds out his Master, to whom he very hastily delivers *Berinthia*'s Letter, the which *Antonio* having kissed, breaks off the seals; and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, read these lines,

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Sister Catalina's *malice is so extream to me, sith my affection is such to thee, as she degenerates not only from Grace but Nature, and seeks to bereave me of my life. This Bearer, thy Page, whom, I pray, love for my sake, sith he, under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my Father's house, into whose arms and protection shall I throw my self, but only into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and confident, as I rest assured thou wilt shew thy self, thy self, in preserving my life with honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and sight, sith the first will lead me from despair, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, fear and love, with much impatiency, make me think hours years, and minutes months.*

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and curiously gathers all the Circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, fear, hope, sorrow, and joy, act their several parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia*'s life and safety a thousand times before his own, he with great expedition dispatcheth away *Diego* the same night to *Avero*, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Mistris *Berinthia*, with all possible speed and secret.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun, breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer; so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy Sister Catalina *to thy self for my sake; in such sort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, than detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second cause of the discovery thereof, and this fidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think how tedious time is to me, sith I blame, and envy this short Letter of mine, for taking up and usurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to see thee, and the felicity to assist thee. I return it thee Post by* Diego, *who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells me, I shall rather fly than run towards thee. Let the precise hour, I beseech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the Clock, when I will await thy self, and expect thy commands at the Postern of thy Father's Arbour; where, let the light of thy Candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistol shall be thine. I am throwing away my Pen, were it not to signifie thee, that my Sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine; as also that* Antonio *thinks himself the most unfortunate man of the world, till* Berinthia *be impaled in his arms, or he encloystered in hers.*

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is posting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with six Horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends, to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Ansilva* checks him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thanks him for his speedy return. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prays her to prepare her self against the prefixed hour. She reads her *Antonio*'s Letter with much joy and comfort, which her looks testifie, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: she will not be slack or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her wel-fare and content; & so with all possible secrecy packs up the chiefest of her Apparel & Jewels in a small trunk, or casket, & wisheth the hour to come that she were either in *Antonio*'s arms, or he in hers: & for *Diego*, he casteth so subtil a mist and vail before *Ansilva*'s eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But lo, a second treachery is provided to effect that which the first could not; and indeed, which went near to have performed it, had not God miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her Sister *Berinthia*, as if God had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would

not

not learn the way from Satan;or Grace instructed and directed her from the impiety of so foul a sin, as the murthering of her own and only Sister. For the very night that *Antonio* had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as she had betimes retired her self to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abiliments, in comes *Ansilva*, sent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruel) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a silver covered cup) telling her, that her Lady had drunk one half, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver against the hotness of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet she seems joyful thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, she wil drink it e're she go to bed; only she prays *Ansilva* first to fetch her Prayer-book, and gloves which in the morn she had left in her Sisters Chamber. So whiles she is wanting, she privately pours it into a silver bason in her Study, and washing the cup three or four several times, she fills some Almond milk therein; and *Ansilva* being returned, takes the said cup, and prays her to tell her Sister, that she drinks it to her health, and withal gives her the good night: and so likewise doth *Ansilva* to her. But what a good night thought she in her heart and conscience, when she knew *Berinthia* should never see day more? So away she trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands her if the business be dispatched, and her Sister gone to her rest? Who replys, she hath drunk her last, and is gone to her eternal rest. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick. For, although *Catalina* extreamly rejoyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them: as mark the sequel, and you shall see how.

About an hour after *Ansilva*'s departure, by *Berinthia*'s order and appointment, in wonderful secret sort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to await the hour of his Masters arrival, and to assist her in her escape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Sister *Catalina* had right now sent her by *Ansilva*: he is astonished at this news, as being assured it was poyson, and humbly prays her to make proof hereof on *Catalina*'s Parrot, which that afternoon she had brought with her into her Chamber: and so by her consent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a spoon forceth some down its throat: Who poor harmless bird, immediately swells and dies before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one instant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Sister *Catalina*'s malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: first praising God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the instrument thereof: and so they throw the remainder of the poyson out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and waiting the hour of her happiness, which is that of her *Antonio*'s arrival, and of her own departure, with as much desire as impatiency; *Diego* often looking on the hour glass, and *Berinthia* a thousand times on her Watch. So at last with a longing, longing-desire, the joyful hour of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives: he sees the happy light of her candle, and she hears the sweet musick of his Pistol, which reviveth and ravisheth these two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpressible joy and content; when all things being hush'd up in silence, and every person of the house soundly sleeping, *Diego* softly takes up the small trunk, and *Berinthia* as secretly follows him: and so they wonderful privately slip into the first Court, & from thence to the postern-door of the Garden, where *Antonio* with a thousand kisses receives her in his arms, having no other light but the lustre of her eyes to light them: for the Moon, that bright *Cynthia*, had conspired and consented to *Berinthia*'s escape, and therefore purposely withdrawn her brightness by hiding and inveloping her self in the darkness of an obscure cloud. *Antonio* locking this sweet prize, this his dear and sweet *Berinthia* in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends conduct her to the end of the street; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privately and silently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a silver key, away they speed for *Elvas* with all possible celerity; but I write with grief, that as these affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, so (I fear) they will end in as much sorrow and misery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*, and return we to *Avero* to bloody *Catalina*, and wretched *Ansilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia*'s Chamber, could not possible hear so much as the least step of her descent & departure; although their malice were so extream as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleep for joy that *Berinthia* was dispatched: so they prepare themselves against the morn, to hear some pitiful out-cries in the house for *Berinthia*'s death: but seeing it near ten of the Clock, and no rumour nor stir heard, they both (as they were accustomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eyes upon the lamentable object of this breathless Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloody hopes, they find the nest, I mean the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but escaped and flown away: Only *Catalina*, instead of her Sister, finds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are astonished at this news, and look fearfully and desperately each on other. *Ansilva* for her part protests and vows, that she

she saw *Berinthia* drink the poyson. But finding *Berinthia*'s small trunk wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knows for certain, that she was escaped, and her poysoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarum in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother of her Sister *Berinthia*'s flight, but speaks not a word of the poyson, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to see himself robbed of his daughter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister: but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that 'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by six horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his son *Sebastiano* storm at this affront and disgrace, they consult what to do herein: so first, they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know, yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The Messenger sent, returns, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retired from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keeps the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himself in person have undertaken this journey, but being sick of the Gout, he sends his son *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with six resolute Gentlemen, his neer allies, and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policy, or Perswasion, to bring back *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister, and *Antonio* his former, ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingness accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and finds his former intelligence true, he repairs to *Antonio*'s Castle, accompanied with his six Associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and only two more of them into the second; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* lays before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandal which he hath laid upon her, and consequently on all their family and blood, tells him that his Father and himself are resolved to have her again at what price soever; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his own honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* in her flight and escape: that he never was nor would be a just scandal either to her, her family, or blood, that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the author and cause thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman *Anfilva* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, sith he could not deliver her with her own safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seek either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange news, and wondreth at *Antonio*'s resolution: so do the two Gentlemen with him. He desires *Antonio* that he may see and speak with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio*'s Sisters) soon comes, and with chearful countenance advanceth towards her Brother: he salutes her, and she first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prays *Antonio*, that he may confer a part with his Sister. *Antonio* replys, that his Sister *Berinthia*'s pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly consents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shews her, her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her self, and grief to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to return: and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shameful. His Sister *Berinthia* deliver him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina*'s two several attempts to poyson her by her waiting Gentlewoman *Anfilva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vows and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checks her of folly and cruelty, shews her, that in seeking to wrong others, she only wrongs her self; that in inventing and casting a feigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, she makes her own conspicuous and true; that she hath no safety but in her return: whereunto with many reasons he seeks to perswade aud induce her.

His Sister *Berinthia* again answereth him, that there is no safety for her in *Avero*, and that she cannot expect greater than she finds in *Elvas*: she prays him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soul to witness, that her Sister *Catalina*'s crime is true, and not feigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister wilful and obstinate, begins to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, & her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to go into the City, to resolve on what he hath to do, for her good and his

own

own honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Castle with his Sister: but he refuseth it; saith he hath given the first breach to their friendship, and his own honour, which he shall repent, if not repair; and so departs. Being come into the City, he consults this business with the Gentlemen, his associates, and both himself and they are of opinion to send one post to acquaint his Father herewith, and so to crave his pleasure and resolution how he shall bear himself herein. It is ever an excellent point both of Wisdom and Discretion, for a Son to steer his actions by the compass of his Father's commands. His Cousen *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and instead of comfort, receives more afflictions: his care, curiosity, passion, and grief, severally examineth, first *Catalina* then *Ansilva*, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murtherers in a Forrest) he finds equally constant in their denial, being so devoid of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and asseverations: So, he returns *Villandras* to *Elvas* with this Letter to his Son *Sebastiano*

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise Antonio's *resolution, and grieve at thy Sister* Berinthia's *folly and disobedience. I have carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I find as innocent as constant in the true denial of their falsely objected crimes. I have consulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and consequently, thou by me, so they suggest me this advice, and I advise thee this resolution, Either by the Law of the Kingdom, or by that of thy Sword, with expedition to return me my Daughter, thy Sister* Berinthia; *and let not the Oratory either of* Antonio's *tongue, or her tears perswade thee to the contrary; for then as she is guilty of our dishonours, so we shall be accessary to hers. Let me understand thy proceeding herein, and according as occasion shall present, if my sickness and weakness will not leave me, I notwithstanding will leave* Avero *to see* Elvas. VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebastiano* is consulting how to free his Sister *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, speak we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilful in subtilty as malice) seeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poyson *Ansilva*; grounding her resolution on this maxim, both of policy and state, That dead folks do neither harm, nor tell tales. But behold here the Justice and Providence of God! she who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them her self: a punishment which the sin of this wretced Gentlewoman finds, because deserved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; *Catalina* finds fault with two or three red pimples that *Ansilva* hath in her face, which she will have taken away: She sends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Sermiata*, and profereth him one hundred Duckets to poyson her, which, like a limb of the devil he undertakes, and infusing poyson in some potions, he administreth it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so graceless and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formally seen) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two several times to poyson the fair and virtuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Avero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thousand times less impious, and more honourable: For having received his Father's order by *Villandras*, he now sends him into the Castle, to take *Antonio*'s and *Berinthia*'s last resolution: he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia*, then to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his message, and *Sebastiano*'s pleasure. *Berinthia* returns him this answer; Couzen *Villandras*, recommend me courteously to my Brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him my first answer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewise inform him from me, that *Berinthia*'s will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will be as careful as willing and ready to lose my life, in defence and preservation of hers. *Villandras* returns and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions, from which he alledgeth it is impossible for them to be disswaded or diverted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute winds, what to do in a business of this nature, either to recover his Sister by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudicial; by Arms he sees he must kill himself or his friend; to undertake the first, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugal* and *Spain*: he therefore prefers generosity before reason, and passion above judgment, and so resolves to fight with *Antonio*; to which end he makes choice of his Couzen *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morn sends him to the Castle with this Challenge.

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Must either return my Sister Berinthia *to* Avero, *or lose my life here at* Elvas, *for I had rather dye, than live to see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither do I first infringe or violate the bonds of our*

familiarity, rather thy self, sith thou art both the author and cause hereof: wherefore of two things resolve on one, either before to morrow morning at six of the clock render me my Sister Berinthia, *or else at that hour meet me on foot, with thy Second, in the square green meadow under thine own Castle, where the choice of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not deny the second request.*

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the World, especially from his sweet *Berinthia*, who (poor Lady) little imagines or suspects her Brother and Lover are rushing forth for her sake: He returns this answer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebastiano* his first request, nor will not deny him his second. So he chuseth a Couzen-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, termed *Don Belasco*, who willingly and freely engageth himself in this quarrel. So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendship as secrecy) meet in the City, and resolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morn appears, when our Combatants leap from their beds to the field; where, a little before six (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their offices in visiting the principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so traversing their ground, they, with judgment and generosity, fall to their business; at the first close, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arm, and *Sebastiano* in the left side, which glanced on a rib; at the second, *Sebastiano* wounds *Antonio* betwixt the breast and shoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence issueth forth abundance of blood: so they divide themselves and take breath: they again fall to it, and at this third close, *Sebastiano* repayes *Antonio* with a mournful and fatal interest; for he runs him thorow the body on the left side a little below the heart; whereof staggering, he falls, and so *Sebastiano* dispatcheth him, and nails him to the ground stark dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebastiano* with much modesty ascribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakness of his own arm. *Belasco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principal, but rather like a generous Gentleman, and a valiant Second, resolves to sell it dearly to *Villandras*. They are not long unsheathing of their Rapiers; for as soon as *Belasco* had covered up *Antonio* with his Cloak, they approach; at their first meeting, *Belasco* slightly hurts *Villandras* in the right shoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reins with a fatal wound, wherewith his sword fell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and presaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who, at the sight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and stoops to assist him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his soul departed to another world.

This tragical news is soon known and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit *Sebastiano* with as much ease as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof flyes to *Antonio*'s Castle, where his dead body and that of *Belasco* are speedily conveyed and brought, to the grief and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weep for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these tears are nothing to those of *Antonio*'s two Sisters; nor theirs any thing in comparison of these of our sweet *Berinthia*, who is no sooner advertised hereof, but she falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breast, and tears off her hair in such mournful and pittiful sort, that cruelty her self could not refrain from tears, to see the numberless infinity of hers: Counsel, advice, perswasion, cannot perswade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her sorrows; for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all excess. She will see the dead body of her dear *Antonio*; all those of the Castle are not capable to divert her eyes from this woful and pitiful object; at the sight whereof she falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathless body a thousand kisses: yea, she washeth his sweet Cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her salt tears; she cannot speak for sighing, nor utter a word for weeping; only wringing her hands, she at last breathed forth these mournful and passionate speeches: O my dear *Antonio*, my sweet and dear *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ransomed and prevented thine, O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leave we *Berinthia* to her passionate sorrows, and sorrowful passions, from which her Brother *Sebastiano* will soon awake her; who by this time as victor and conquerour, is come to the Castle-gate and demands her, where he sees himself refused, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves aid of the Criminal Judges, who send the *Provost* with an armed company of souldiers; so they force the Castle-Gate with a Pettard, where sorrowful *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyful and rejoycing Brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions, and advice, seeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, she cannot look on her brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yea, she wisheth her self

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metamorphosed from a Virgin to a Man, that she might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her dear Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Belasco* to their Graves takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowful Sister *Berinthia*; and so leaves *Elvas* and returns towards *Avero*; where his Father *Vilarezo*, and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frowns, who (the best she may) smothers her discontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vows of this nature and quality are better broken than kept; which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtless her end had proved more joyful, and not so fatal and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice; she secretly confesseth her fault to her Sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Anselva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and so reconciles her self to her; whereunto her Sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but she hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Anselva*'s death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. God's judgments are as just as secret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thousand means to punish us, when we think our selves safest and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Emperick *Sarmiata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smoak of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windows of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrows to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus:

A Sister of *Anselva*'s named *Isabella*, is to be married in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowful to be so merry, as desirous rather to go to her own Grave, than to any others Nuptials: so she stayes at home, only her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and justice of God, how it surprizeth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as she was in her way, the Sun is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and layes her near dead in her Coach; her Waiting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismal accident; so they they think it fit to return. *Catalina* is for a time speechless, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and sorrow hereat, she is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her Body above her Waste, is found coal-black: the best Physicians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-strucken with that Planet, and therefore adjudg their skill but vain: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happiness to perceive, and grace to feel, will no longer be seduced with the Devil's temptations. The Divines prepare her soul for Heaven, and now she will no longer dissemble with man or God; she will not charge her conscience with so foul a crime as Murther, the which she knows will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, she twice procured her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Anselva* to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, she hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Anselva*, which he performed; and whereof, she humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God, whom she beseecheth to be merciful to her soul: and so, though she lived prophanely and impiously, yet she died repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old Parents, grieve and storm at her death, but more extreamly at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Anselva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat; glad that she is freed of an enemy; sorrowful, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their Daughter *Catalina*'s crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby, this *Sarmiata* this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne Punishment for his bloody offence here on Earth. So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree, Order, and Prepare for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is Revelling and Feasting at *Isabella*'s Wedding, to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the Sweet-meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what soure sauce there is providing for him. We are never nearer Danger, than, when we think our selves furthest from it: and although his sinful security was such, as the Devil had made him forget his Murther of *Anselva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his storm, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the news of *Catalina*'s sudden Death (but not of her secret confession) is published in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-house which gives both astonishment and grief to all the World, but especially to *Sarmiata*, whose Heart and Conscience now rings him many thundring Peals of Fear, Terrour, and Despair: his Bloody Thoughts pursue him like so many Blood-Hounds, and because he hath forsaken God, therefore the Devil will not forsake him; he counselleth him to flye, and to provide for his safety: but what safety so unsecure, so dangerous, or miserable for a Christian, as to throw himself

into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poysoning of *Anselva*, very secretly steals away his Cloak, and so slips down to a Postern-door of the little Court, hoping to escape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of God's providence finds him out. The house is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he issueth forth, and so commit him close Prisoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the poysoning of *Anselva*, and the receit of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which she at her Death confessed. He adds sin to sin and denies with many impious Oaths, and fearful Imprecations; but they avail him nothing: his Judges censure him to the Rack, where, upon the first torment he confesseth it, but with so graceless an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth, than grievs hereat; where we may observe, how strongly the Devil sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next morn is performed right against *Vilarezo* his House, at the Gallows purposely erected; and, which is worse than all the rest, as this lewd Villain *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the same. O miserable example! O fearful end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We have seen the Theater of this History gored with great variety of blood, the mournful and lamentable spectacle whereof is capable to make any Christian heart relent into pitty, compassion, and tears. But this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrours, but rather our consolation, sith thereby we may observe that Murther comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death is not capable to deface and wash away *Berinthia*'s malice and revenge to her brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her dear and sweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo, now at last (though indeed too too soon) it comes on the Stage.

The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affections is still fresh in her youthful thoughts and contemplations; yea, his dead *Idea* is alwayes present and living in heart and breast: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her Brother; 'tis as true, she saith, that if he had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had been her Husband. Again, she considereth, that as *Antonio*'s life preserved hers from death, so her life hath been the cause of his: and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should she permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him? But her living Affection to her dead Friend is so violent, and withall so prejudicate and revengeful, as she neither can, nor will see her Brother, who killed him, but with malice and indignation. Instead of consulting with Nature and Grace, she only converseth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and withall so outragiously wilful in her resolution, that she shuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom she should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, against whom she should shut it. A misery equally ominous and fatal, where Reason is not the chief Mistress of our Passions, and Religion the Queen of our Reason. She sees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto she is upon entring, is both sinful and impious; and yet her Faith is so weak towards GOD, and the Devil is so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia*'s former Virtues should be disgraced with so foul a Vice! and Oh that a face so sweetly fair, should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloodily inhuman! for, what can she hope from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewise to ruin her self? nay, had she had any spark of Wit and Grace left her, she should consider, that for this foul offence her body shall receive punishment in this World, and her soul, without repentance, in that to come: but she cannot erect her eyes to Heaven; she is all set on revenge; so the Devil hath plotted the Murther of her Brother *Sebastiano*, and she, like a most wretched and inhuman Sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus, (the which I cannot remember without grief, nor pen without tears) She provides her self of a long and sharpnif, K the which, some ten daves after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, betwixt four and five of the Clock in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeves, and the better to cover and overveil her villany, she in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her Brother's Chamber, and finds him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, she would play on her Lute, and affirm, she came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia*, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the Window, draws out her Devillish Knif forth her sleeve, and as a She-Devil incarnate, cuts his Throat, to the end he might neither cry, nor speak; and so, that with a Female Hand, yet with a Masculine Courage, she (with as much Malice as Haste) gives him seven several wounds thorough the body, and as near the heart as she could; whereof he twice turning himself in his bed, never sprawled more; and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reaking in his own blood, she after this her most hellish fact, hies her self to her Chamber.

This

This cruel murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebastiano*'s Page, hears some extraordinary stirring and struggling in his Master's Chamber, and so leaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his Shoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the stairs; where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed. but he sees her entring her Chamber and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Masters Chamber, he finds the door open, and his Master most cruelly murthered in his Bed, of eight several wounds, at which bloody and lamentible spectacle, he makes many bitter and pitiful out-cryes, whereat all the House is in Allarum, and th folks and servants repair thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffata Gown, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody Knife close in it, and for the more secresie throws it into her Close-stool, and so waits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournful echo, and sorrowful news of their Son *Sebastiano*'s cruel Murther, had with an Ocean of tears wafted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with Tears, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathless Corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants look one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowful disaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatsoever; then *Philippo* the Page cryes out, that he fears it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that he saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the Stairs. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceless *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirms she likewise heard some stirring in her Brother's Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stair-head, where seeing *Philippo*, she being in her Night-Attire, Modesty made her retire to her Chamber. They all beleeve the Sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaim her innocency till they have searched her Chamber and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murther of their Son, which they do. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched; but as soon as they heard *Philippo*'s Speeches, and suspition of *Berinthia*, then considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her Brother *Sebastiano*'s killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequel and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Father's prayers, her Mother's requests, and her own tears, seize on her, and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, she hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of the fact, and to prepare her self to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or denyal, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment come we to her answer.

Avero rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murther. All bewails, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Father *Vilarezo*, and Mother *Alphanta* seem to drown themselves in their Tears, at these mournful accidents, strange crosses, and unheard-of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply fear, that their Daughter *Berinthia* was the Murtherer of her Brother *Sebastiano*: And as affection seems to divert them from this opinion, so reason endeavoureth to perswade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morning the Judges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinsfolks; they again examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; she is firm in her denial, and her Judges find circumstances, but no probability nor witness against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pitying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this bloody Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, e're she wore exposed to the Rack. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her Friends, repair to *Vilarezo* his House, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Chest, or Box unsearched: yea, their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeal and fidelity to Justice descends so low, as to visit her Close-stool, which, for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Justice of God! here they find *Berinthia*'s bloody Gown, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knif, wherewith she perpetrated this inhumane Murther on her only Brother. They praise and glorifie God for the discovery hereof, and so return to their Tribunal of Justice, bringing these bloody Evidences with them, which *Berinthia* might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her Judgment to the contrary. At the sight hereof, she without any Torment, confesseth the Murther, and with many Tears repents her self of it, adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her Brother: and therefore beseecheth her Judges to have compassion on her youth.

But

But the foulneſs of her fact, in thoſe grave and juſt perſonages, wipes off the fairneſs of her requeſt: So they conſult, and pronounce ſentence againſt her, That for expiation of this her cruel murther on the perſon of her Brother, ſhe the next morn ſhall be hanged in the publick Market-Place.

So, all praiſed God for the detection of this lamentable murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murtheress; and thoſe who before looked on her Youth and Beauty with pity, now behold her foul crime with hatred and deteſtation; and as they applauded the ſincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, ſo they far more deteſt and condemn this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother *Sebaſtiano*. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whoſe age, content, and patience, is not only battered, but razed down with the ſeveral aſſaults of affliction; ſo as they wiſh themſelves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, ſhould now prove inſtruments and ſubjects to ſhorten their dayes, and conſequently to draw their age to the miſeries of an untimely and ſorrowful Grave. But although they have taſted a world of grief and anxiety, firſt for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their only Son *Sebaſtiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their laſt Daughter and Child *Berinthia* ſhould paſs by the paſſage of a Halter, and end her dayes upon ſo ignominious and ſhameful a Stage as the Gallows, which would add a blemiſh to the luſtre of their blood and poſterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or waſh away; which to prevent, *Vilarezo*, and his Wife *Alphanta* uſe all their friends and mortal powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughter's Sentence into a leſs ſhameful, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concur'd and ſeated to ſee her now take her laſt farewel of the world; yet the importunacy and miſery of her Parents, her own deſcent, youth, and beauty, as alſo her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at laſt obtain compaſſion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and ſweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and leſs ſharp, bitter, and ſhameful, and definitively adjudg her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a ſlender Dyet, to end the remainder of her dayes. And this Sentence is ſpeedily put in execution; whereat her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and far the more, in reſpect they cannot be permitted to ſee or viſit her, or ſhe them; only the Phyſicians and Divines have admittance and acceſs to her, thoſe to provide earthly Phyſick for her body, and theſe ſpiritual for her ſoul. And in this lamentable eſtate ſhe is very penitent and repentant for all her ſins in general, and for this her vile Murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little impriſonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD, hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now defying the Devil, who had ſeduced and drawn her hereunto; ſhe makes alſo her peace with GOD, and aſſures her ſelf, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccuſtomed to be pent up in ſo ſtraight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning Feaver ſurprize her: and ſo ſhe ends her miſerable dayes.

Lo, theſe are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the juſt judgment of God) are inforced to taſte and ſwallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they leaſt dream or think thereof; by the ſight of which great Effuſion of blood, yea, by all theſe varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven; we ſhall then, as true Chriſtians, and ſons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this World, and conſequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of Immortal Felicity in that to come.

The Triumphs of God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY VIII.

Belluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta Poligny's *Miſtreſs, betrayeth* Belluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtol; when aſſiſted by her waiting-maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake: and* Laurieta *is taken, hanged, and burnt for the ſame.*

IT is an infallible *Maxim*, That if we open our hearts to Sin, we ſhut them to Godlineſs; for as ſoon as we follow Satan, God flies from us, becauſe we firſt fled from him; but that his mercy may ſhine in our ingratitude, he by his Servants, his holy Spirit, and himſelf, ſeeks all means to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneneſs, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obſtinate and obdurate in our tranſgreſſions, and ſo like Heathens fall from Vice to Vice; whereas we ſhould as Chriſtians, grow up from Virtue to Virtue; then it is not he, but our ſelves that make both ſhipwrack of our ſelves and ſouls; of our ſelves in this life, of our ſouls in that to come; than which no miſery can be ſo great, none ſo unfortunate and miſerable. It is true, the beſt of God's Children are ſubject to ſin; but to delight and perſevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure & chaſte thoughts, neither can we ſo conſerve or ſanctifie our bodies, but that concupiſcence may & will ſometimes aſſail us (or rather the devil in it); but to pollute them with fornication, and to transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, to the members of a Harlot; this, though corrupt Nature ſeem to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not only deny, but deteſt. But as one ſin is ſeldom without another, either at its heels or elbow, ſo too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adultery; as if one of theſe foul crimes were not enough to make us miſerable, but that inſtead of going, we will needs ride poſt to hell. A woful Precedent, and lamentable and mournful Example whereof, I here pro-

duce to the view of the world, in three unfortunate personages, in a lascivious Lady, and two leud and debaucht young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably cast themselves away upon the *Scylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of Murther; for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures far more bitter than their beginning was sweet: yea, and because at first they would not look on repentance, at last shame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, born on a miserable shame, and a shameful misery. May we all read it to God's glory, and consequently to the reformation of our lives, and the consolation and salvation of our own souls.

In the beautiful City of *Avignion* (seated in the Kingdom of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capital of the Dutchy of *Venissa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, termed *Madamyselle Laurieta*, whose Father and Mother being dead, was left alone to her self, their only Child and Heir; being richer in Beauty than Lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and lustre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For, she spake the *Latin* and *Italian* Tongues perfect, was very expert and excellent in singing, dancing, musick, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipse and drown many Virtues; so this fair *Laurieta* was more beautiful than chaste, and not half so modest as lascivious. It is as great happiness for Children to injoy their Parents, as a misery to want them: For *Laurieta*'s Father and Mother had been infinitely careful and curious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may say, a fortunate and glorious progression. But when God, the great Moderator, and soveraign Judg of the World, had in his eternal Decree and sacred Providence, taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour; exposed to the variety of the Fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, subject to the mercy of every mercileſs wind and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was, that she forgot her former modesty and chastity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and prostituting her body to the beastly pleasures of Lust and Fornication, wherein (it grievs me to relate) she took a great delight and felicity. But she shall pay dear for this bitter-sweet Vice of hers; yea, and though it seem to begin in content and pleasure, yet we shall assuredly see it end in shame, repentance, and misery: For, this sin of Whoredom betrays when it seems to delight us, and strangleth, when it maketh greatest shew to imbrace us: so sweet and pure Virtues are Modesty and Chastity; so foul and fatal Vices, are Concupiscence and Lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom she imparted the greatest part of her favours, was to one *Mounsieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, Noble, but otherwise more rich than wise; who coming to *Avignion*, no sooner saw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the sight of her singular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty, making that his best content, and this his sweetest felicity; that, his soveraign good; and this, his heaven upon earth: so as losing himself in the Labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the Sea of his Concupiscence and Sensuality, he spends not only his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foul fault, not only peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatal to too many Gallants as well of most parts of Christendom in general, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a disasterous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and wretched Gentlemen have suffered Shipwrack, not only of their reputations, healths, and estates, but many times of their lives.

In the mean time *Laurieta* (more Jealous of her fame, than careful to preserve her chastity) is advertised, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himself and his discretion so far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so, as vain and lascivious as she is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distasteful melody: For, she will seek to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, she not only checks him for it, but forbids, and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a just cause and opportunity for him to have converted his lust into chastity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is resolved, not onely to justifie his innocency, but thereby also to persevere in his sin: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophees of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours:

honours: yea, he seems so far from being guilty of this errour, as he taxeth and condemns others in being guilty or accessary thereunto. So, although his Mistress *Laurieta* remain still coy, strange, and haggard to him, yet he persevereth in his affection to her: who at last, adjudging of his innocency by his constancy, and of that by his many Letters and presents which he still sent her; as also observing, that she had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valuable witnesses of this report, she again exchangeth her frowns into smiles, and so receives and entertains him into her favour, only with this premonition and caution, That if ever after she heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, she would never look him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their dis-joynted affections, as well by oaths as protestations, are again confirmed and cemented; but such lustful contracts, and lascivious familiarities and sympathies, seldom or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this History; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Montpellier*, named *Mounsieur de Poligny*, having some occasion, comes to *Avignion*, who frequenting their publick Balls or Dancings, no sooner saw our fair and beautiful *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and salutes, and courts her: and from thenceforth deems her so fair, as he useth all means to become her servant, but not in the way of Honour and Marriage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtezan than his Wife. But he sees himself deceived in the irregular passion of his affection: for, *Laurieta* is averse, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his desires, so as his suit is vain, and she so deaf to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighs, letters, nor presents, are capable to purchase her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his Lust rather increase than diminish: so as after much pensiveness, he begins to beat his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may Crown his desires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when loe, an occasion presenteth it self unto him unexpected.

Madamoyselle la Palaisiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near *Pont Saint Esprit*, living in *Avignion*, and seeing *Poligny* at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, she so admires the sweetness of his favour, and the excellency of his personage, as she rejoyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modesty with-held her, she would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her self. *Poligny* receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love or rather his lust to *Laurieta*, hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaisiere*; so as here we may observe and remark a different commixture, and disparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta* and not she him: *la Palaisiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what these passions and occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s servant, and she the Mistress of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealousie, or both, resolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affections from her to her self. The occasion is proffered, and opportunity seems to favour and second her desires. Some three days after, the Jesuites (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Estates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to seduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cause their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledg in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Country assemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to see *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* to see *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day was sick, and *Belluile* stays with her to comfort her. So first comes *Poligny*, and seeing he could not see his *Laurieta*, sits down pensively: then comes *La Palaisiere*, and seeing *Poligny* a far off; prays her Brother, who conducted her, to place her near him. *Poligny* can do no less than salute her, and she triumphing in her good Fortune, takes the advantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugred terms, after many pauses, sighs, and blushes) gives him to understand, that she knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall that *Belluile* and no other was her servant and favourite. This speech of hers strikes *Poligny* to the quick, so as thereat he not only bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as also *Belluile* and *Laurieta*'s absence, so nettle him, and frame such a *Chymera* of extravagant passions in his heart & thoughts, as he could not have the patience to sit out the Comedy; but feigning himself sick, departs to his chamber; where a thousand jealousies, engendred of his affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembring *la Palaisiere*'s speeches, and being infinitely desirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and hers to him, he sees no means, nor person so fit to reveal the same, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta*'s Waiting-maid. This *Lucilla*, *Poligny* wins with Gold: in consideration whereof, she reveals him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefest Minion and Favourite; and yet, for some words, he the other day, in ignorance

or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, she was like to cashier and discard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistress; *Poligny* understanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleat a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention, resolves to work on him; and so contrives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politickly puts on a good face on all his discontents and passions, and although *Laurieta* would not see him, yet he fairly intrudes himself into *Belluile*'s company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for, they fence, dance, ride, vault, and hunt together: So as at last none are so great Consorts and Comerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every hour a year, before he had plaid his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a Collation, and beats him; and so taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontain* and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this plot, in the midst of their mirth speaks thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am sorry for your loss of this Collation, but if it please you to honour me with your company to *Orenge*, a City which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. *Belluile* verily readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontain* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise have their share, both of the Journey and Dinner. So the next morn they all take horse for *Orenge*; but first *Belluile* gives his Mistress *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his Journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illustrious Princes of *Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having given order for the Dinner, away they go, visit the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Mounsieur Vosberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheater yet standing, the Cathedral Church, the double Wall of the City, and the old *Roman* Arch not far off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their stomacks tax them of their long stay. So they return to their Inn, fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, wash them down with store of Claret; and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, sith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *La Fontain*, what *Orenge* is; but I think *Avignion* is not destitute of good-fellow-Wenches, who make *Venus* their queen, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Jews and Courtizans, for the greatness of it, it may compare with the best City of *Italy*; for, from the Lady to the Kitchin-maid, I dare say, they'l all prove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the Nuns. Not I faith, quoth he, nor my Mistress neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Mistress of that complexion, I would adventure a Glass of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a Phantastick *French* humour) affirmed he had a Mistress, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew he could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her self and me with her health, I proclaim, that *Madamoyselle Laurieta* is my Mistress, and my self her servant.

Of wise and Christian Gentlemen what prophane speeches, and debaucht table-talk are these they use here, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best vertues were to be discovered in the worst of vices? For, howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their souls: for, as they should praise God in the receipt of the one, so contrariwise they incense and displease his Sacred Majesty in giving him the other; yea, this is so far from Christianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheism and Hell: for, Whores and Healths, in the stead of Prayer and Thansgiving, are the prodigious and certain forerunners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soul.

Birds are taken by their feet, and Men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and fottishly abused himself in the disparaging of his Mistress *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand for which he purposely came to *Orenge*. So Dinner ended, they very pleasantly return for *Avignion*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For, now he presumes to know how to work himself into *Laurieta*'s favour, by unhorsing *Belluile*. It is a dishoneſt and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendship and familiarity to harbour and retain malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgments, many times bears down all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the only cement and sinews thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute, as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter.

POLIGNY

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, *that I presume to signifie thee, how lately in my presence at* Orenge, *his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not only the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to send thee this news, thereby to insinuate or draw thee to affect mee the more, or him the less: only sith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence; how much less thy self, to whom I owe not my service, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou hast all the reason in the world to pardon my presumption: and, to make my Letter real, What my pen affirms to* Laurieta, *my sword is ready to confirm to* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and excess of those three different passions, grief, choler, and astonishment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman, being more careful of her reputation to the world, than of her soul towards God, she knows not whether she have more cause and reason either to approve *Poligny*'s affection, or to condemn *Belluile*'s folly: it grieves her to the heart, to have bestowed her favours on so base and ingrateful a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vows she will make him repent it, and is so resolute, that this vanity and folly of his, shall cost him dear; yea, she is so impatient in these her fumes of grief and revenge, that she thought once with all expedition to have sent for *Belluile*, to make him as well see the fruits of his own ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her revenge and indignation: but she holds it requisite and fit, and her self in a manner bound first to thank *Poligny* for his courtesie, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which she speedily dispatcheth him by his Lackey, To this effect;

LAURIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimony of thy discretion and affection, than Belluile *of his envy and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resolve shortly to make him know what he deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I grieve not, so I must confess I cannot refrain from sorrowing, at this his undeserved slander; for as mine innocency defends me from the first, so my sex cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whiteness of my chastity and the foulness of his aspersion. I rest so confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather assure thy self, that sith* Belluile *was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himself. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courtesie of thine; the which I cannot requite, yet I will not only endeavour, but strive to deserve.*

LAURIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laurieta*'s Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how he hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and consequently himself into her favour: we will for a while leave him, to consider whether the end of his treachery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate as pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the mean time we will a little speak of *Laurieta*, to see what course and resolution she means to hold and observe with *Belluile*. It is not enough that she hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards *Belluile* is so implacable, as she with much haste and secresie sends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, he needs no other spurres but those of his Lust, and of her Beauty, to make him rather flye than post to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches delivered against his Mistress *Laurieta*, much less of *Poligny*'s treason conspired and acted against him, he thinks to kiss her, whom so often he hath formerly kissed; but his hopes and her disdain deceive him: for she peremptorily sleights him; when having fire in her looks, and thunder in her speeches, she chargeth him with this scandal delivered by him at *Orenge*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth she) the reward a Lady shall deserve and receive, by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and, is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Mistresses disgrace? are these the fruits of thy sighs and tears, or the effects of thy Requests, Oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devillish revenge, as she was provided of a Stilletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and perswasion, power-

fully diverted her to the contrary, by alleging to her the eminency of the danger, which the foulneſs and hainouſneſs of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this news, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was baſe and ingrateful to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies theſe ſpeeches, and this ſlander; and with much paſſion proteſterh his innocency. But this will not ſatisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his ſhame the more notorious in his guiltineſs, ſhe produceth him *Poligny*'s Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and ſeems to let fall the plumes, not only of his pride, but of his courage and juſtification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perſevereth in his denial: but all this is not capable to appeaſe or content *Laurieta*; and which is worſt of all, nothing can poſſibly do it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocency, by a Combate or Duel againſt *Poligny*. So *Belluile* ſees himſelf driven to a narrow and ſhrewd puſh: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knows not how to right her; *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himſelf, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore muſt reſolve to fight, or loſe her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and deſcription, he is rather a City-Swaggerer, than a Field-Soldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for ſhew, not for uſe; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; In a word, for a Tavern-quarrel, or a Stews-brawl, he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the Field with a naked Sword, that doth not only daunt, but terrifie him. The greateſt comfort and conſolation he finds in this his perplexity, is, that he knows he hath many fellows and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very Cowards as himſelf: of which numbers, he flattereth himſelf with this poor baſe hope, that it is not impoſſible for *Poligny* to be one. But what is this to give ſatisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may ſhew himſelf to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all theſe conſiderations notwithſtanding, he loves *Laurieta* ſo tenderly and dearly, as not daring ſee her, till he had met *Poligny*, he plucks up his ſpirits, and infuſing more metal and courage into his reſolutions than accuſtomed, reſolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himſelf of an excellent Rapier, whoſe temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confeſs was far better than that of his heart, he by his Lackey, ſome three days after, ſends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

THy malice and treachery to me is as odious as remarkable; for whiles I ſought to cheriſh thy friendſhip, it hath purpoſely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of diſcord betwixt the Lady thou worſt of, and my ſelf, upon the point of her honour; for whoſe defence and preſervation I owe not only my ſervice, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may ſeem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, ſith I have been the undeſerved object of thy malice, think it not ſtrange, that I juſtly repute and hold thee the cauſe of my envy; which can receive no other ſatisfaction or reconcilement, but that to morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the Iron Stump (the limits betwixt the King and the Pope) with thy ſingle Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choice, and give me the refuſal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to ſend thee to thine eternal reſt.

BELLUILE.

Poligny receives this Challenge, and admires to ſee *Belluile*'s reſolution, from which all former reports could never draw aſſurance. It is not fear that caſts his head into theſe doubts, or theſe doubts into his head, for he is too generous to be a Daſtard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* ſwallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in preſuming himſelf ſeated in the throne of *Lauri ta*'s favour, makes him as reſolute to receive this Challenge as willing and ready to perform it; only the remembrance that *Belluile* ſent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throws him into as much diſdain as choller: but he, reſembling himſelf, paſſeth over this diſreſpect without reſpect, and ſo bids the Lackey tell his Maſter, that he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The Night doth, or ſhould, bring counſell: *Belluile* wiſheth his Challenge unſent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall. *Poligny* is of contrary temper, and, glad in his acceptance thereof, deſires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-paſſing the Night, which *Belluile* paſſeth over with as much fear as *Poligny* with generoſity, the Curtains of the Night being with-drawn, and the Day appearing, e're five have ſtuckep, *Belluile* notwithſtanding is firſt on the Bridg, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncaſe

their

their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth *Poligny* the fight and choice of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refusal. So (courtesie for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their own Rapiers; when dividing themselves, they joyn with resolution and fury. At first coming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the first wound in his right shoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than *Poligny* rejoyced; at the second, he receives another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure himself, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* Body, or which is less, his Cloathes: whereupon, considering *Poligny's* generosity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintness and baseness of his courage, he throws away his Sword, prayes *Poligny* to desist; for he holds himself satisfyed. When *Poligny*, disdaining to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiving *Belluile's* shame, gives him the happiness and fruition of his life: and so they part. Lo, here the first fruits of their foolish and lascivious affections to *Laurieta*: but I fear the second will prove more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his Shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his Honour and Glory, they hush themselves up in silence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions house, to dress his wounds, hoping, that as they in their fight saw no body, so that none had seen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Castle-walls not only espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertised, she sends a confident Gentleman, a Couzen-Germane of hers, to find out *Belluile* and to know the truth and issue of his Combate, but indeed his Cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as he will not be seen, much less spoken withall: which *Laurieta* understanding, begins to conceive that the two souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon ghessing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the Foyl: she was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to be informed of the particulars and success of their Combate, which so much imported as well her Honour as her Content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curiosity: for as she was calling for pen and paper, he in person ascends the stairs to her Chamber; where, after a complemental and curteous Salute, he informs her (as we have formerly understood) that he hath given *Belluile* two wounds for her sake, and his life for his own. She demands if he himself were not hurt; he answers, No. At both which good news she infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulness permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the Roses of her Cheeks, as the Cherries of her Lips: and so from thenceforth he vows to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to be, though not his Mistress, yet at least his Friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written only in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pitty, as infamy and misery, as the sequel of this History will shew and demonstrate.

While thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluile's* foyl, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it possible but he must infinitely grieve for his loss of *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her self deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brook their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions: for whiles *La Palaisiere* is imbathing her self in her tears and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For, forgetting as well his God as Soul, his honour as himself, he intends to do it by the By, and not by the main, by execrable Treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the Devil is so strong with his Faith, because that is so weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the Doors of his Humanity and Charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so inraged, and his looks are so gastly and distracted, as if his Thoughts were conducting and incouraging his Hands to perperrate some bloody Stratagem and Design: which is observed and doubted by his chiefest Familiars and intimate Friends, as also by *La Palaisiere*, whose company he sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himself, sith we are subject both to hope and beleeve, that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as symphathizing and participating with them; first in their Flames of Love, then of Grief and Sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparks of his malice and revenge, under the Embers of silence and secrecy, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousie of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and sharp-sighted, as she over-heard some words that either in jest or in earnest fell from *Belluile's* Tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good but pretended a secret fatal Malice to him, which a little time might too too soon and unexpectedly discover: whereupon her Love to *Poligny* was so dear and honourable, although he were so firmly intangled in the Beauty of *Laurieta*, as he would not vouchsafe, rather disdained to love her self,

self, that she thought the discovery of *Belluile*'s malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny*'s good as she held her self bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveal and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter.

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

TO testifie thee now the constancy of my affection with Ink, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, Thou hast some cause to fear, and I to doubt, that Belluile *hath some dangerous project, or bloody design to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveal it thee out of care, so look to prevent it out of thy own discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast done him of his* Laurieta. *If thou sleight this my advice, as thou hast already my affection, yet as I remain witness of the purity of the last, so will these lines bear testimony to the world of the candour and sincerity of the first. Neither do I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerful and capable to shine thorow the Clouds of thy disdain; and that the obscurity of that, neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendency of this. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou please not to give mee the honour to be thy Mistress, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine kand-maid.*

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the seals of this Letter, laughs to see *La Palaisiere*'s affection, and to understand *Belluile*'s malice; and being besotted with *Laurieta*, he lost both his wit and judgment in the sight and contemplation of her Beauty; yea, he is grown so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kind of treason to conceal any secret from her: to which end, he shews her *La Palaisiere*'s Letter, which he makes his pastime, and she her May-game; yea, so vain is her folly, and so foolish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not only exceeds the *decorum* of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she again considereth how *Belluile* loves her self, and not she him; *La Palaisiere Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as she seems to burst with the violence and excess thereof: but this mirth of hers shall be shortly waited and attended on with misery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees himself doubly obliged to *La Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himself obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now, un known to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the least of my joyes, that Belluile *cannot bear me so much malice, as thou dost affection. 'Tis true, I have not deserved thy love; 'tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from Heaven, as a divine influence, this from Hell, as an infernal frenzy. I will not feed thee with hope, neither can he give me despair: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall fear him: he may have the will to do me hurt, I wish it were in my power to do thee good; neither can he be more malicious to perform me that, than I will be ambitious to confirm thee this: his malice I entertain with much contempt, thy kind advice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly express or define, whether he begin to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to me, and I beseech thee fear not but my words shall prove deeds to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute fair* la Palasiere, *as careless when I meet foolish* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts and the beastlinesse of his concupiscence and sensuality, not only surprizeth his reason, but captivates his judgment; so as *Laurieta*'s sight defacing *Belluile*'s memory, he thinks so much on her affection, as he respects not his malice: but this Vice and that Error shall cost him dear. For whiles he is feasting his eyes on the dainties and rarities of *Laurieta*'s beauty, *Belluile*'s heart hath agreed with the Devil to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot contain him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies so long with him, and he with Impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the Court of his hellish resolutions, that *Poligny* must die. The Devils assistance is never wanting in such infernal stratagems: for this is an infallible Maxim, as remarkable as ruinous, That he always makes us fertile, not barren to do evil, never to do good. At first, *Belluile* thinks

thinks on Poyson or Pistol to dispatch *Poligny*: but he finds the first, too difficult to attempt; the second, too publick to perform. Some times he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murther him in his Bed; then to shoot him out at a Window as he passeth the Street: but, to conclude, understanding that he often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinks it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he issueth forth her House. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, he retires himself from *Avignion*, and lives privately some six days in *Orenge*, giving it out, that he was gone to the City of *Aix*, in *Provence*; where, at that famous Court of Parliament, he had a Processe for a Title of Land, shortly to be adjudged; and so in a Dark Night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, by favour of Money, passeth the Gate of *Avignion*, and giving his Horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, he goes directly to her door, and there at the Corner of a little Street stands with his Rapier drawn under his Cloak, with a revenging and greedy desire of Blood to await *Poligny*'s coming forth. The Clock striking one, the Door is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth forth, without Candle, having purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Master's Rapier with him. He is no sooner in the Street, but *Belluile*, as a murtherous Villain, rusheth forth, and so like a Limb of the Devil, sheaths his Rapier in his Breast; when *Poligny* more hurt than amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by strugling to close with his assassinate; and so cryes out for assistance: but the Dead of the Night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when, withdrawing his Sword, he redoubleth his Cruelty, and so again runs him in at the small of the Belly, thorow the Reins, whereat he presently falls down dead at his Feet, having the power to Groan and Cry but not to utter a Word. Which *Belluile* espying and knowing him dispatcht, runs to his Horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next Street, and so rides to the same Gate he entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morn before day, he takes post for *Aix*, the better to conceal and cover-vail this damnable Murther of his. But this policy of his shall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatal reward and interest. For although he can blear the eyes of men, yet he neither can, nor shall, those of God, who in his due time, will out of his sacred justice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the Street and Neighbours have taken the allarum of this Tragical accident: so Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will seem now (though falsely) to play the Honest Woman; for she, to cover her shame, will not discover that her self, or any of her House are stirring: and so, although she understood this News, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet she keeps fast her Doors, and like an ungrateful Strumpet, will permit none of her Servants for a long time to descend. The Criminal Judg and President of the City is advertised of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is known to be *Monsieur Poligny*, and, being beloved, he is exceedingly bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and search is made of all sides, and the Lieutenant Criminal shews himself wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and Giver of time, is not as yet pleased to bring it to light; only *Laurieta* knew, and *La Palaisiere* suspected, and all those who were the councel of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewise both fear and suspect that only *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable Author thereof; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *La Palaisiere*, her thoughts are taken up and pre-occupated with two several Passions; for as she grievs at *Poligny*'s Death, so she rejoyceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his murther; rather, that if he had sailed by the Compass of her Advice, he had undoubtedly avoided the ship-wrack of his life, and prevented the Misfortune of his Death; what to think of *Belluile* she knows not, but if he were her Friend before, he hath now made and proclaimed himself her Enemy, by killing her dear and only Friend *Poligny*; and therefore is resolved, that as she could never perfectly brook his company, so now this bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and descend to speak of *Laurieta*, to see how she brooks the murther of her intimate Friend *Poligny*; for, sith she assuredly knows and beleeves that this cruel murther was performed by no other, but by her professed Enemy *Belluile*, or by some of his Bloody Agents; Love and Revenge conspire to act two different Scenes upon the Theater of her Heart; for in memory and deep affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled tears and mournful sighs infinitely deplore and bewail his disasterous end; so, as sorrow withering the Roses of her Cheeks, and Grief making her cast off her Glittering, to take on mournful attyre, she could not refrain from giving all *Avignion* notice how pleasing *Poligny*'s life was to her, by the excess of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his Death; or if her sighs

found any consolation, or her tears recess or truce, it was administred her by her revenge, which she conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloody fact. So as consulting with Choller not with Reason, with Nature not with Grace, with Satan not with God, she vows to be sharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his base & treacherous murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuosity, that resembling her sex and self, she inhumanely, and sacrilegiously darts forth an oath, which her heart sends to her soul, and her soul from Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, she will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for *Poligny*'s death in the blood of *Belluile*: which, sith she is so devoid of Reason, Religion, and Grace, I fear we shall shortly see her attempt and perform. But leaving her in *Avignion*, let us find out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman so prophane in his life, and debaucht in his actions and conversations, as instead of repenting, he triumphs at this his Murther: yea, he is become so impious and impudent, as he grieves not thereat, but only that he had no sooner dispatched his Rival *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or sword were guilty in sending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding-sheet, his thoughts like so many hounds pursuing his conscience, and his conscience his soul, he thinks himself not safe in *Aix*, where the sharp-sighted Presidents, & Counsellors of that illustrious Senate of Parliament might at last accuse & find him out for the author of this bloody murther; & therefore leaves both it and *Provence*, and so rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanied with none but his two Lackeys, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny*'s mournful Tragedy: neither doth he yet think himself safe there; but within a month after the murther, thinking directly and securely to flye from the eyes and hands of Justice, thereby to avoid the storm of his punishment, he again takes horse for that great City and Forrest, *Paris*, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horses, would not only secure his fear, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a secure sanctuary and safe harbour he might quietly ride at Anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment; for it may be, God, out of his inscrutable will and divine Providence, will, when he best pleaseth, return him from whence he came, and by some extraordinary accident make him there feel the foulness of his fact in the sharpness and suddenness of his punishment; which as a fierce gust and bitter storm, shall then surprize him, when he least suspects or dreams thereof. But in this interim of his residence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old sins of Concupiscence and Whoredom; and so, rather like a lascivious Courtier, than a civil moral Christian, he cannot see the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Priests for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his shall cost him dear, and he shall be so miserable to feel the punishment, sith he will not be so happy to seek the means to avoid it: for now six months having exhausted and dissipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit coming short of his hopes, it seems the air of *Paris* is displeasing to him, sith he cannot be agreeable to it, and therefore (necessity giving a law to the vanity of his desires) he begins to loath the Isle of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to see *Avignion*. And now it is, the devil, that subtil and fatal seducer, steps in, and at one time bewitching both his reason and judgment, presents him afresh with the freshness and delicacy of *Laurieta*'s beauty, which so revives the sparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the ashes of silence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance espy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he presently affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come far short of his *Laurieta*'s delicacy, perfection, and grace; so, as his purse tyranizing o're his ambition, and his concupiscence o're his judgment, he not so much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred she formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceive, much less to know that he murthered *Poligny*, he is constant and resolute to re-seek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to die in the pursuit thereof: but that will prove as impossible, as this apparent and feasible. So as absence adding fire to his lust, and excellency to her beauty, he is resolute to send one of his Lackeys to *Avignion*; partly to return with money, and so to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more especially in great secrecy to deliver a Letter to his fair and sweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him back her Answer, as if he were still at *Paris*, and not in his Journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his murther of *Poligny*, he calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon these lines.

BELLUILE to LAURIETA.

IF Poligny *had but the thousandth part as truly respected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadst not so soon cast me out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my unfortunacy occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendered through his*

own

own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for, although he died mine enemy, yet in despight of his malice and death, I will live his friend, and if thou lovedst him, as I think thou didst, I wish I might fight with his Murtherer for his own sake, and kill him for thine. I may say, thy affection and beauty deserveth his better, though dare not affirm, I am reserved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much less of both, and least of all of thy self; and yet I must confess, that if our births and qualities were known, I should go as near to be thy equal, as he infinitely came short of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best known to my self, sith thou disdainest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to die thy servant, though thou have sworn never to live my Mistress. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjustly and unfortunately lost it, Belluile *would quickly forsake* Paris *to see* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the World, to continue his homage and service to that of his only fair and sweet* Laurieta.

BELLUILE.

With this his Letter he sends a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and so dispattheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at *Avignion*, where very secretly he delivers *Laurieta* his Masters Token and Letter, and (treacherous Fury as she is) she kisseth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat she infinitely seems to rejoyce, and so questioneth with the Lackey about his Masters return; who being taught his lesson, told her, that that depended on her pleasure, sith hers was his; and withal prays her for an answer; for, that two days hence he was again to return to his Master for *Paris*: the which she promiseth. The Lackey gone, she cannot refrain from laughing, yea, she leaps for joy, to see how *Belluile* is again so besotted, to throw himself into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and destruction: for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that, hap what will, she vows she will not fail to kill *Belluile*, because he had slain her *Poligny*, and already she wisheth him in *Avignion* that she might see an end of this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the mean time she prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of silver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom she delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that she hoped shortly to see him in *Avignion*. The Lackey being provided of his Master's Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away speedily for *Lions*, where he finds his Master privately husht up in a friends house, expecting his return: he is glad of his own Gold, but more of *Laurieta*'s Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seals, finds these lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE.

AS I acknowledg I loved Poligny, *so I confess I never hated thee; and if his treacherous insinuation were too prevalent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a Woman, and not to my inconstancy, as being thy friend; for, if he died thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-maid; and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy self. How far he was my inferiour, I will not inquire, only it is both my content and honour, that thou please to vouchsafe to repute me thy equal. I am so far from disdaining, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little* Avignion *were thy great* Paris; *and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firm, let my* Belluile *make haste to see his* Laurieta, *who hath vowed to rejoyce a thousand times more at his return, than ever she grieved at* Poligny's *death.*

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter he is beyond himself, yea, beyond the Moon for joy, so as he wisheth nothing so much, as himself in her arms, or she in his. So he fits himself with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeys into new suits, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of *Poligny*'s Murther, he speeds away for *Avignion*; where the first night of his arrival there, he privately visiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and embracings; yea, she so treacherously and sweetly lulls him asleep with the *Syren* melody of her deceitful speeches, as she prays him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crown him with the fruits of his desire: so, for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, she prays and conjures him to discover her what he hath done for her sake; when he tying her by oath to secre-

cie, and she swearing it, he relates her that it was himself, that in affection to her had slain *Poligny*, as he issued forth of her lodging; when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hasteneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to prevent. She espies he hath still a Pistol with him, and desires to know why he bears it? who answereth her, it is to defend himself from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kisses, and he to his requests of a further and sweeter favour of her; which she for that time again denies him; adding withal, that if he will come to her after Dinner to morrow, she will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers; and she will not be her own, but his. So being surprised and ravished with the extasie of a thousand sweet approaching pleasures, he returns to his Chamber, and she to her malice: where whiles he gluts himself with his hope of delight, she doth no less with her desire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, she thinks nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his own Pistol, and so thinking she should need her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*'s assistance (of whom this our history hath formerly made mention) she acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to murther *Belluile* in her Chamber; and so with the lure of Gold, and many fair promises, draws her to consent hereunto, and injoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her Gown for the same purpose, if need should require; which *Lucilla* promiseth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleep for joy, so could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is so weighed down to malice and murther, as she wisheth the hour come for her to reduce her devillish contemplation into bloody action. But this hour shall come too soon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delays, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his Horse and two Lackeys, he says he will take the air of the fields that afternoon, but will first call in and see his Mistress *Laurieta*. So he alights at her door, and without the least fear of danger, or apprehension of death, very joyfully ascends *Laurieta*'s Chamber; who, dissembling wretch as she is, very kindly meets and receives him, and the better to smother and dissemble her murtherous intent, is not only prodigal in taking, but in giving him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise and courtesie: when considering that his Horse and two Lackeys were at door, she returns him this in his ear, that she is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing, only she prays him to send away his Lackeys, because their familiarity needed no witnesses. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carry away his Horse to the Gate that leads to *Marseilles*, and there to wait his coming, *Laurieta* steps to her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her: for now (quoth she) the hour is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Poligny*'s death: the which she had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returns to her; when redoubling his kisses, he little, or rather not at all fearing he was so near death, or death him, being ready to retire himself to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for him, he takes his Pistol, and lays it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which she espying, as the instrument she infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prays him to shew her how to shoot it off: so taking it from her, he told her, if she pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charged? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a single Bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one Bullet more, and if you can espy any Crow out of the Window, either on the house or Church-top, if it please you, I will play the man, and shoot at it for your sake: When poor *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, looks out at the Window, and espyes two Crows on the Crosse of the *Augustines* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates to *Laurieta*, and so at her request claps in a second Bullet more; for, (quoth she) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and so prays him to lean out at Window, to see how near she could feather them; which (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistol being bent she behind him dischargeth it directly in his own Reins; whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody Mistress, steps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or six wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* Tryumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches; O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in Heaven, this have I done in Earth for thy sake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than Cruelty her self, drag his breathless carkass, reeking in his blood, down the stairs, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow Grave, they there bury him in his Clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billets on him, as if that wooden monument had power to conceal their Murther, and his body from the eyes and suspition of all the world. Good God! What Devils incarnate, and infernal Furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman?

But

But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhuman murther on earth, yet Heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they least dream thereof, God's wrath and vengeance will surprize them, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having stayed at the City Gate with their Masters horse till night, they return and seek him at *Laurieta*'s House, where they left him; *Laurieta* informs them he stayed not an hour after them, and since she saw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his Lodging, and like dutiful and faithful Servants, betwixt hope and fear, await his return that Night, and all the next Day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccustomed absence, and so consult this important business to some Gentlemen, their Master's confident and intimate Friends; who together with them repair to *Laurieta*'s House, and again and again demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*: but they find her constant in her first answer; and yet, guided by the Finger and Providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and discover some distraction and extravagancy in her speeches: whereupon calling to their minds her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny*'s sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridg for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected murther of him, they suspect and fear, there is more in the Wind than as yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who, as wise Senators, having severally examined both her and her Maid *Lucilla*, and *Belluile*'s Lackeys, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*, which is instantly performed: whereat she is extreamly amazed and terrified; but howsoever, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her Justification and Innocency. So her Judges adjudg her to the Torments of the Rack, which (with a Masculine, yea, with a Hellish Fortitude) she indureth, without revealing the least shadow, either of Fear or Guiltness; but they detain her still Prisoner, And hope that GOD will make time discover the Murther of *Belluile*; For eight days being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this world, but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-maid *Lucilla* hath continual recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in Prison, where like impious and prophane wretches, they enterchangeably swear secresie each to other, sith on eithers discovery depends no less than both their deaths.

Whiles this news is generally divulged in *Avignion*, *Daulphine*, *Provence*, and *Languedock*, and no news at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*; *La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many Virtues as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after, visiteth *Laurieta* in Prison, although she partly believed and knew, that she never affected or loved her; when aiming to add consolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta* out of her ignorance or folly, returns *La Palaisiere* this unlooked for answer: That her self was as innocent of *Belluile*'s death, as she was of *Poligny*'s. Which words being overheard by some curious head of the Company, were instantly carried and reported to the Criminal Judges, who instantly cause *la Palaisiere* to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny*'s death, which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her self as innocent as innocency her self thereof. They deal further with her, to understand the passages of former businesses betwixt her self, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more than this History hath formerly related; and to verifie and confirm her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, she gives them the Keyes of a Trunk of hers, wherein she saith is her copy of a Letter she wrote to *Poligny*, and his answer again to her, which she prays them to send for, for her better clearing and discharge. The Judges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if *La Palaisiere*'s Vertues have cleared her; *Laurieta*'s Vices (which the Judges begin to smell out by *Poligny*'s Letter) do the more narrowly and straightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *la Palaisiere* neither had, nor could anyway accuse her, for either of these two Murthers; she sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely frollicks it in prison, and to speak truth, with far more joy, and less fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow these vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her Waiting-maid *Lucilla* is secretly fled: which her Judges understanding, they now more vehemently than ever heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Maid *Lucilla* the accessary of *Belluile*'s Murther; and so they set all the City and Country for her apprehension. And this news indeed makes *Laurieta* fear that she will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat she cannot refrain from biting of her lip, and hanging down her head: but see the miraculous and just judgment of

the Lord upon this wretched and bloody *Lucilla*! for she, for fear flying, as it is supposed, that night from *Avignion* to *Orenge*, to her Parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news, being reported to *Laurieta*, she again converts her fear into hope, and sorrows into joyes, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the Wisdom and Integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of *Laurieta*'s crime in that of her Waiting-Maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet so strong with her, and she with the devil, that she again indures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable constancy and resolution, and so couragiously and stoutly denying her crime, peremptorily maintaining her innocency and justification, her Judges, led by the consideration of the sharpness and bitterness of her torments, as also that they could find no direct proof or substantial evidence against her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-Maid, and not the Mistress, that had sent *Belluile* into another World; and so resolve, the Week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuse *Laurieta*, to release and acquit her: which *Laurieta* understanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in respect of those contentments and joyes her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building Castles and Triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her speedy inlargement; she, in her apparel and behaviour, flaunts it out far braver than before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quieta est*. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulness of her soul, and contamination of her conscience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judg of Judges, who hath seen, will in his good time and pleasure both detect and punish as well her Whoredom as her Murther, in her Death! And lo, here comes both the cause and the manner thereof, wherein God's providence and justice do miraculously resplend and shine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-Lord *Mounsieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livers in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delayes, but more of her disgrace, lets out that part of his House, which she held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras*, who for his health sake came to sojourn that Winter in *Avignion*; and dispairing of her inlargement, and to satisfie himself, begins to sell away her Household-stuff, yea, to the very Billets which she had in her Cellar, which he retains for himself; whereof when his servants came to clear the Cellar, they removing the last Billets, find the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereat wondring, they presently inform their Master, who viewing the same, as God would have it, he instantly apprehended and beleeved, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his servants to remove the least jot of earth, he as a discreet and honest Citizen, with all possible celerity trips away to the Criminal Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they dispeed themselves to the House and Cellar, where causing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miserable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely thrown in, and buried in his Cloathes, which causing to be taken off, thereby to search his body; they find him shot into the reins with two Pistol-Bullets, and his body stab'd and pierced with six several wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitiful and lamentable spectacle; and so resting confident, it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Maid *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruel Murther, they very privately and secretly cause *Belluil*'s dead body to be conveyed to the Prison, and there, when *Laurieta* least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough terms charge and crye out upon her for this murther; but this monster of nature, and she-devil of her sex, hath yet her heart obdurated with revenge, and her soul so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as she is nothing daunted or terrified with the sight hereof; but with many fearful imprecations and asseverations stands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice and choller, terms them Devils or Witches, that are her accusers. But her Judges who can no longer be deluded with her Vows, nor will no more give ear to her perfidious Oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruel murther, from the falsehood of her impious and impudent denyal thereof. Whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruel torment ready to be inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sins, and so merciful to her soul, as, the Devil flying from her, and she from his temptations, she raining down many rivolets and showers of tears from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of sighs from her heart, throwing her self down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven, with much bewailing and bitterness, she at last confesseth to her Judges, that she and her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla* were the Murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which she said, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, she hoped that God would pardon her soul in the life to come, though she knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges, in horror and execration of her inhuman and bloody Crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemn her, the

next

next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street, right against her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourt's* house; and likewise, sith *Lucilla* was both an accessary and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body should be taken up of the Grave, and likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignon*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to dissuade them all by her example from those foul and crying sins of Whoredom, Revenge, and Murther; and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and devout prayers in her soul's passage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withal, that as her Crime, so her Grief was redoubled because, as she had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* sake; so she was sure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny*, for hers.

And thus, Christian Reader, were the dissolute lives and mournful deaths of these two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*; and of this lascivious and bloody Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*. A Tragical History, worthy both of our observation and detestation; and indeed, these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredom, and Revenge, and the inseparable companions which infallably await and attend them; the very sight and consideration whereof are capable, not only to administer consolation to the righteous, but to strike terrour to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may beware by these their fatal and dangerous sins: for this is the only perfect and true way to repent and avoid their punishments.

GOD'S

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY IX.

Jacamo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully falls in love with his Daughter in Law* Perina, *his own Son* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife; whom to injoy, he cauſeth* Jerantha *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid Son* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in Travel of Child confeſſeth her two murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dyes.*

WE need not ſend our curioſity (or our curioſity us) to ſeek Tygers and Monſters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many: who are ſo cruel and inhumane, not only to imbrue, but to imbathe themſelves in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian Brethren. And as Religion prohibits us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murther our Friends, nay thoſe of our own blood, and who are the greateſt part of our ſelves? And although *Italy* hath lately afforded many Tragical Preſidents, and fearful examples of this nature (whereof I have given ſome to my former, and reſerved others to my future Books) yet, in my Conceit, it hath produced none more bloody and inhumane than this, whether we reſpect the Murthers or the Perſons. For here we ſhall ſee a wretched and execrable Old Man ſo beſotted in Luſt, and Flaming in Malice and Revenge, as, being both a Husband and Father, he by a Helliſh young Gentlewoman (his Strumpet) poyſoneth both his own Wife and his own Son: It was his Vanity which firſt inkindled the fire of his Luſt; it is then his Impiety which gives way to the Devil to blow the Coals thereto, and ſo to convert it into Murther. O that Sin ſhould ſo triumph o're Grace, and not Grace o're Sin! O that Age and Nature ſhould not teach us to be leſs

bloody

bloody, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by poyson, that drug of the devil, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from Hell, to be practised here on earth only by his Agents and Members, we shall likewise see him killed by his Daughter-in-Law, for formerly poysoning of her Husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloody Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been so inhuman, but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we dye well, we seldome live ill; if we live ill, we usually never dye well; for it is the end that crowns the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow Vertue, and flye from Vice, love Chastity and Charity, and hate Lust and Envy, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bodies, and defie Satan with a holy resolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Country, and *Nice* the City (seated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the strongest Bulwark against *France*, and the best Fortress and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this insuing Tragical History is laid, the which to refetch from the Head-spring, and Fountain of its original, it must carry our curiosity and understanding over those famous Mountains, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint John de Mauriene*, where of late and fresh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceased Wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son and a Daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*; and this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in years, for he was eighteen, and she but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by Nature perverse and cholerick, but she, mild, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was short, crook-back'd, and hard-favour'd: and *Perina*, resembling her Mother, tall, straight-wasted, and fair: so as it being a Principle and Maxim in Nature, that Parents (for the most part) love those Children best, who best resemble them; as the Mother *Eleanora* preferr'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*; so contrariwise their Father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her Husband *Arconeto* to survive her; so *Alexandro*'s joy prov'd his Sister *Perina*'s misery and affliction: for he was so happy to see himself tenderly cherished and affected, and she so unfortunate to perceive her self slighted and dis-respected of her Father; wherein, as I praise *Arconeto*'s intimate love to his Son, so I cannot but discommend, and withall, pity his immerited and unnatural neglect to his Daughter; wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphing in the one, judg judicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History looks another way, so for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the least of my intent or purpose to give instruction and direction, how Parents should bear themselves in their affections towards their Children: for loving one, and having another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others sorrow; and in giving that too much hope, we many times administer this too much cause of despair, or if the inclinations and affections of Parents be more narrowly tyed, and strictly linked to prefer and love one Child above the other, yet sith they are the equal issue of our loyns, and we the only Parents of their youth, we should be as well cautious in the distribution of our favours, as in the demonstration of our dis-respects towards them. But enough of this digression; and now again to our History.

As *Alexandro* grows up in years, so he doth in ambition and ostentation: for if he play the *Bravasho* abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, so authorized by his fathers hatred to his Sister, he at home becomes a pretty Tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is so stern and imperious towards her, as if she were rather his Slave than his Sister, or his laundress and his hand-maid than any part of himself, which notwithstanding it was both a daily grief to her heart, and a continual torment to her thoughts; yet *Perina*'s sweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behaviour, make her digest and brook all with wonderful constancy, and an admirable patience, for well she knows, that if she should complain to her Father, of her Brother's unkindness towards her, she should thereby reap no other remedy and redress but this, That the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would prove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-stock of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to ease her of a great part of her undeserved discontents and afflictions: for lo, her Brother *Alexandro*, debauching and surfeiting at a Banquet at *Susa*, returns home, surprised of a hot pestilent Fever,

which notwithſtanding the care of his Father, or the Art of his experteſt Phyſicians, he, in three dayes, is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the inſtinct of common ſenſe and reaſon, who would not ſurmiſe or think, but that *Arconeto*, having buried his Son *Alexandro*, ſhould now love his only Daughter and Child *Perina* far dearer and tenderer than before? But alas, nothing leſs; for he is not ſo kind, and therefore ſhe cannot be ſo happy; yea, which is worſe, although his words be her commands, and his pleaſure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but ſtill with diſdain and envy: yea, in a word, his diſtaſte is ſo extream and bitter againſt her, as he is never better pleaſed, than when ſhe is furtheſt from him, ſo as her abſence may delight and content him, but her preſence cannot. Which unnatural diſ-reſpect, and unjuſt cruelty of her Father towards her, doth ſo nip the joys of her youth, and the bloſſoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, ſhe becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and ſickly; which being obſerved and pitied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Father's only Child, and Heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her Mother's Siſter, and likewiſe her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the ſame City, works ſo with her Brother-in-Law *Arconeta*, that he is content to permit his Daughter *Perina* to reſide and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, ſo the Neece beyond meaſure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her abſence may, and will procure her Father's affection, which her preſence could not; and that having more liberty and leſs bondage, ſhe might again in a ſhort time recover her former health and content; or elſe that God, out of his divine providence, and pleaſure in Heaven, might call and allot her out ſome gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleaſures of Marriage, ſhe might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as ſhe had formerly lived in diſcontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the firſt, yet in the two laſt points, anſwereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelaſſi*, by deſcent noble, and of good revenews and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelaſſi* from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, aſſiſted and followed by many Gallant young Gentlemen of his Kinsfolks and Friends; and, in a Word, with a Train well befitting his rank and quality, where theſe Nuptials are ſolemnized with great variety of pomp and pleaſure; as Feaſting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in theſe amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a ſingular delight and felicity: But, as many times one Wedding occaſioneth and produceth another, ſo Fortune, or, to ſpeak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appointed her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groom her Son-in-Law *Spelaſſi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the nobleſt and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named *Signior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, to perform the ſame Ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and Son and Heir to *Seignior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a moſt beautiful and fair young Lady, ſo was our young *Caſtelnovo* a very proper Gallant Cavalier; and ſith the occaſion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kind of deſtinated and happy priviledg, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and preſence: ſo, as Lovers begin to court firſt in jeſt, then in earneſt, the hearts and breaſts of this young couple are in the end equally ſurprized with the flame of affection; yea, his perſonage and dancing, and her beauty and ſinging, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations; which either imagineth, and both perceive and underſtand, by the dumb Oratory and ſilent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which *Caſtelnovo* knowing her deſcent and quality anſwerable to his, he intends to ſeek her in Marriage. When, not any longer to ſuppreſs or conceal their affections, they after dinner, dancing in company of divers others in the Garden, he ſingleth out the Lady *Perina*, his new Miſtreſs apart in a Bower, cloſely over-veil'd with Vines, Sycamores, and Cyprus trees, and there 'twixt ſighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolixious relation of this their Garded interview and conference, although at firſt *Perina's* modeſty (the ſweeteſt ornament and vertue of a Lady) was ſuch, as ſhe not only kept her ſelf, but likewiſe her affection to her ſelf, yet her courteous and thankful anſwers, waited and ſeconded by many delicious bluſhes, and amorous ſighs, although not publickly, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Caſtelnovo*, that ſhe likewiſe loved him: ſo as during the term of fifteen dayes, which *Spelaſſi* and he remained in *Saint John de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her

her affection, and consent to be his Wife; drawn thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that *Castelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as also her equal in descent and means; and then, that she should live in *Nice* with a Husband who dearly loved her, and not longer in *Saint John de Mauriene*, with a Father who extreamly hated her: Neither can these our young Lovers bear their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominici* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit match for her Neece, rejoyceth thereat. *Castelnovo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her best assistance therein, towards her Brother *Arconeto*; which she promiseth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Castelnovo*, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suit for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to part with her to any Husband, that he may no more see her, nor be troubled with her presence; as thinking a far worse Match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shadow of the very first motion consents thereunto; which not only banisheth *Perina's* old Grief, but confirmeth *Castelnovo's* new joyes; yea they, like two sweet and vertuous Lovers, so extreamly rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home Post to *Nice*, to acquaint his own Father *Signior Jacomo de Castelnovo* therewith; and swiftly returning again to *Saint John de Mauriene*, with his consent and approbation; this marriage of *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, is almost as soon solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obscure, and with far less Pomp and Bravery, in respect of the perverseness and distaste, of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So, fifteen dayes being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnovo* their first departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint John de Mauriene*, to return and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that, to inrich this City with two such Beautiful and Gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to add Life and Form to this History, or rather to approach the more material and essential parts thereof, we must here leave to speak of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curiosity to *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, two principal and unfortunate Personators, who both have mournful parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice*; for this Marriage of theirs, is not begun with the tenth part of so many joyes, as we shall shortly see it waited and attended on, yea, dissolved and finished both with tears and blood.

Castelnovo having brought Home his fair and dear *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertained, of his old Father, *Seignior Jacomo de Castelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and so are all her Kinsfolks and Friends, who accompany her; yea, there wants no feasting nor revelling in *Nice*, to testifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their Son's good Fortune and Happiness. And for *Castelnovo* and *Perina* themselves, why they are so ravished in the content, and drowned in the joyes and delights of Marriage, as though they have two Bodies, yet but one Hearts Desire, and affection; yea, they are so extreamly in Love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon Earth, to that of each others Presence. But they shall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical Storms arising, to trouble the Serenity of this Marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with Grief and Shame, that I must be so immodest, and therefore unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Jacomo de Castelnovo*, aged of some threescore and eight years, hath so far forgotten his God and himself, his conscience and his soul, grace and nature and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious Beauty of our sweet Lady *Perina*, his own Son's Wife, he gives the Reins both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to Lust after her. O how my heart trembles to think how he who is white with the Snow of a venerable Age, should now lasciviously idolatrize to Beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his Grave, should lustfully desire to have the other in his Son's Bed! how he that he that hath his Veins dryed up and withered, and nothing living in him but desire, should yet of all the Beauties of the world, desire only to injoy that of his Son's Wife! how he, that hath scarce any time left him to be repentant and sorrowful for his old Sins, will now anew make himself guilty of these foul Sins of Adultery, and I may in a manner say of Incest! how he that hath not given the Flower of his Youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the Bran of his Age on his God! Alas miserable *Castelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beastly Letcher, thus to drown thy Thoughts in the Hell of Concupiscence and Adultery, when it were far fitter thou shouldst lift them up to Heaven, in the sacrifice of Prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to stop the current of his voluptuousness, and the progression of his sensuality: for without respect of his God, or regard of his soul, he is resolute in his desires, to make a Strumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Son's Wife his Whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his Villany.

Now the better and sooner to draw her to his lascivious Desires, he is wonderful courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her; whereof, both her Husband and self are infinitely joyful, but especially *Perina*, because she finds a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her own Father *Arconeto* is cruel. But poor innocent soul, and sweet and chaste Lady, little dost thou either dream, or think on his lascivious intent against thine Honour and Chastity. Old *Castelnovo* wallowing in the filthiness, and burning in the fire of his new Lust, and losing himself and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in Law *Perina's* Beauty, he thinks on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtain her to his lascivious Will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beastly purpose, whiles his Son, her Husband, is at home present with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnatural and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in waiting on the Duke *Charles Emanuel*, or the Prince *Amadee Victor* his Son and Heir, who with their Warlike Troops were resolute to expell the Duke of *Feria Vice-roy* of *Millain*, with his Spanish Regiments, out of *Verselle*, *Cassall*, and the other Towns of *Piedmont*: to which end his lustful affection to *Perina*, made him eloquent in perswading, and powerful in drawing her Husband to this Martial action, so full of Honour and Glory; adding, that his Honour, and the service of his Prince and Countrey, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drown himself in the Beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His Son *Castelnovo* not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the green Leavs of his Father's Sugred Speeches and Perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocate but his own Honour and Martial Disposition to imbark him in these Wars; and although the Beauty, Requests, and Tears of his young Lady were vehement solicitours to divert him, yet he is resolute to leave her for three or four months. And so making ready his Arms, Train, Horses and preparatives, he giving her many kisses, and she returning him a world of sighs and tears, leaves *Nice*, and so finds out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, Whether this departure of young *Castelnovo* to the Wars, made his Father more glad, or his Wife sorrowful: for, as she was all in tears, so was he in mirth and jollity, being so vain in Lust and so lustful in his Vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withall more youthful in his Apparel than accustomed; yea, his Lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of Chastity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better signs and fruits in one of threescore and eight years? But I will follow the stream of our History, though indeed the Relation of this old lascivious Letcher's Lust and Vanity to his Daughter in Law *Perina*, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averr, that although meer shame and unnaturalness do as yet with-hold this wretched Father's tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated Lust to his fair and chast Daughter in Law *Perina*, yet his Lust is so immodestly lascivious, as he cannot keep himself out of her company, nor, being in it, refrain from kissing her; but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her Thoughts, she nevertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreams of his lascivious intent, although indeed she thinks this courtesie of his somewhat exceeds the priviledge of a Father, and the Duty of a Daughter; but measuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, she, poor silly soul, thinks her self in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she was miserable. Only the absence of her dear Husband *Castelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at Wars; when, God knoweth, she desireth and wisheth he should be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her self to her Lord and Husband, her other self, we must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in Law *Fidelia*, which now we must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theater hereof; Who, observing her Husbands immodest and unwise Familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her Son's Wife, as also his alteration in Humours and Apparel, but chiefly in his accustomed Distractions and Sighs in his rest and repose; she more out of Vertuous Wisdom, than Foolish Jealousie, aims at his vain Lust towards this young Lady her Daughter in Law; whereat she both admires with Grief, and wonders with anxiety of Affliction and Sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the Winter of his Age, so sottish and beastly to Lust after his own Son's young Wife; to see that no respect of Heaven, no regard of Conscience, nor apprehension of Damnation and Hell, had the Grace or Power, either to kill these lascivious Thoughts in their Conception, or to strangle them in their Birth, to see that

he

he who was ready to go to his Bed of Death, should now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) be burning with desire, to go to that of Lust and Adultery; and to see him so devoid of Pity, as he must needs joyn Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly Sins alone, were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable, and his death wretched. And although she hath cause enough of sorrow in her self, yet when she thinks of her Husband's Age, and Daughter's Youth, of his lust and her chastity, and, which is more, of the most degenera e and unnatural part of a Father to seek to pollute and defile his own Son's Bed, and consequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this, makes her look on him, both with envy and pity: but her age having taught her to love Discretion, and to hate and disdain Jealousie, she bears this as patiently as she may, till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, she, both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in Law.

But as it is the nature of Sin so to betray and inveigle our Judgments, that we flatter our selves with a false conceit, none can perceive it in us; so this old Letcher, her Husband, thinking that he had danced in a Net, from the jealousie and suspition of all the World, in thus affecting his Son's Wife, he, like a lewd and wretched old Varlet, is so far from rellishing these his old Wive's Speeches and Exhortations, or from being reclaimed thereby, as he disdaineth both them, and her; and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he never looks on her with Affection, but Envy; which nevertheless she (as a Modest Wife, and Grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her Love, but of her Duty, by sweet Speeches, and soft means of Perswasion, to divert him from this Fond and Lascivious Humour of his. But observe the Vanity of his Lasciviousnes, and the Impiety of his Thoughts and Resolutions; for all her Prayers and Perswasions serve only rather to set, than rebate the Edge of his Lust, and rather bring Oyl to increase, than Water to quench the Flame of his Immodest and Irregular Affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtaining his Beastly Pleasures; he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, terms her no more his Wife, but his *Medea*; and, which is worse, he, out of the heat both of his Lust and Choler, vows he will soon remove her from this World to another.

And here the Devil, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernal Kingdom, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soul; so as being constant in his indignation and choler, and resolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to dispatch and murther her, who, for the term of forty two years had been his most loving Wife, and faithful Bed-fellow; but withall he will act it so privately, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his Daughter *Perina*, he will therefore conceal both from her and all the World the Murther of this his Wife *Fidelia*, except only to those graceless and execrable Agents he meant to imploy in this mournful and bloody business.

To which end, (with a hellish Ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the Circumstances of many Violent and Tragical Deaths, at last resolves to poyson her; and deems none so fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-Gentlewoman *Jerantha*; the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Duckets that he will give her, he is confident she will undertake and finish; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes; for what with the Honey of his flattering Speeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, she, like an infernal Fury, and a very Monster of her Sex, most ingratefully and inhumanly consents thereunto; so as putting poyson into white-broath, which some mornings she was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her Veins, and exhaling the radical Humour of her Life and Strength, within eight dayes carries this Aged and Vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murtherers shall pay dear for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia*'s Kinsfolks and Friends infinitely lament and bewail her Death; and indeed so doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her Descent and Vertues she is infinitely beloved and affected; but all these tears of theirs are nothing in comparison of those of her wicked and execrable Husband *Castelnovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly seems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an Hypocrite yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this unmasked; and both punished.

Whiles this mournful Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the Mediation of the *French* King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Wars, and conclude Peace betwixt *Spain* and *Savoy*.

So home returns the Duke of *Feria*, to *Millain*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sons, to *Turin*; the Marshal *De Desdiguieres*, and the Baron of *Termes*, into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young Wife, he is so unfortunate to mourn for the Death of his old Mother; but GOD knows, that neither of them know the least spark or shadow of her cruel and untimely Murther, and less, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody Father, albeit, to cast a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, he publickly mourns for his Wive's Death, and rejoyceth for his Son's Return; yet contrariwise he privately mourns for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to assume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether she grieved more at her Husband's absence, or rejoyce at his presence, sith her affections to him was so tender and fervent, as in her heart and soul she esteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but these joyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shine, which are suddenly washed either away with a showre, or eclipsed and banished by a tempest; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continual stay and residence with her, her Father-in-Law's Lust to her, fore-seeing and considering that it was impossible to think to obtain her at home, e're her Husband his Son, were again imployed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts, aim, care, and industry tend that way as if time had no power to make him repent the former Murther of his Wife, or Grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter-in-Law.

But he is as constant in his Lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; only he must find out some pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his design and resolution, because he well knows his Son *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in himself, as amorous of his beautiful young Lady *Perina*: but his Lust, which is the cause of his Resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the Author of his Lust, at one time suggests him these two several imployments for his Son; either to send him into *France* with the Prince *Major*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madama Christiene* the King's second Sister; or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to be disposed of in *Malta*, again to send him back thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the only musick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had, a month or two at most, recreated himself in the sweet company of his dear and sweet Wife *Perina*, he least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence again gives way, and consents to his desire of his departure: only the choice of these two different imployments is yet questionable and unresolved of betwixt the Father and his Son: For as the Son's curiosity desireth for to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seen; so his Father's Lust and Malice is to have him return honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knight-hood, and there to obtain a Pension during the term of his life.

The Son imbraceth the pleasures of the Journey of *France*, before the Profit and Honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the Father aiming at other ends, preferrs this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his Father's desire a kind of natural Command in his Will, and of filial Obedience in his Resolution, he at last resolves on *Malta*.

But as neither of these two enterprizes of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing but distasteful to his young and fair Lady *Perina*; so if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her Husband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then sith he may go into *France* by Land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by Sea; she at last, with an inforced willingness (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desires that the Object of his Journey, and the Period of his Voyage be *France*, not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, than at the unconstancy of the Winds, and the mercy of the Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her Husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy return, she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca*, in her Coach: they there, with many reciprocal kisses, sighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarking himself upon a *French* Galley bound from *Marseilles* to *Malta*, (which stopt there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the Wind and Sea, very sorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Son floating and wafting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beastly Father, who seeing his Wife gone to Heaven, and his Son to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious Desires, doth now assure himself, that either by fair or foul Means he will reap his Pleasure of his Beautiful Daughter-in-Law *Perina*.

To

To which end he gives her the sole government and superintendence of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to govern, and surer to command her: and so forgetting modesty, and his lust giving a Law to his conscience, fifteen dayes are scarce past, till finding her in her Chamber playing on her Lute, he after some pauses, coughs, and kisses, bewrays and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and desire.

But for mine own part, I highly disdain to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old Letcher *Castelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his Daughter-in-Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Reader's knowledg; of my modest pen, as of their chast ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beastlinesse and unexpectednesse thereof, first made *Perina* extreamly blush for shame and choler, and then immediately again look pale with grief and disdain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much less his hateful presence, she, in the defence and preservation of her chastity, which she preferred before her life, giving him a sharp answer, and a bitter denyal; and grieving to see a Father so graceless and impious, to seek to defile his own Son's bed in her dishonour, she throws away her Lute, and so very hastily and cholerickly abandoneth his presence, and her own Chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at last, sin and the devil raigning in him, makes him that he will not take this first repulse for his last answer and denial: but, resolute to persevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden, and room, frequents and haunts her as her Ghost, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perswasion; but this his impudency shall not prevail.

Now as his sinful motion infinitely grieved her, so his perseverance and importunacy therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appease this storm, to quench the fire of his Lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, she knows not. For alas, alas, she is so unhappy, as her own Father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at St. *John de Mauriene*, her sweet and dear Husband in *Malta*, and her Mother-in-Law, the Lady *Fidelia* in Heaven; so as she hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosome-friend to reveal these her sorrows and afflictions. Once she thought to steal away from *Nice*, so to pass the Mountains, and to fly back to *Saint John de Mauriene*: but again considering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainment she should there find of her own hard-hearted Father, who would rather deride than pity her afflictions: she altereth this her resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father-in-Law *Castelnovo*'s judgment, and reform the errours of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the Father as much as she loved the Son her Husband; he could not be more Prodigal of his lewd speeches and tentations to her, than she was of her sighs and tears to understand and repel them. A thousand times she wisheth her self in *Malta*, with the Knight her Husband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body so soon have flown or sailed thither as her thoughts, he had long since injoyed the happinesse of her presence, and she the felicity of his Father's absence. But, sith she is too miserable to be so fortunate, she hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitternesse of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her dispair, that her Letter may procure his speedy return from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resolving, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shameful, she secretly steals to her Chamber, and locking her door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him these few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weep and sigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them; yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I inform thee not, by this my Letter (the secret Ambassador of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy return to me; I would unlock thee this mystery, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and anothers shame commands my Pen to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighs, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear Castelnovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deems her self not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.*

PERINA.

Having

Having written this her Letter, she finds a confident and intimate friend of her Husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Castelnovo*: so, giving it him with store of Gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a pair of Gold Bracelets for a token to her Knight and Husband, he imbarks for *Genoua*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neapolitan* Galley, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Isle of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Christendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Message, who withdrawing himself to a Window, hath no sooner broken up the seals and read the Letter, but he is at first much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o're again and again, and finds it so obscure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: he loth as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of peferment in that Island, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* back for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerald from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in answer of hers.

In the interim of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his Adulterous desire, and will; yea, he is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not only exceed chastity, but civility, so as she (poor Lady) can find no truce, nor obtain any intermission from these his beastly solicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life; her pure chastity shines clearer in the midst of these his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being invironed and incompassed with many obscure clouds: but she thinks every hour a year, before she see her Knight *Castelnovo*, safely returned from *Malta*; when lo, *Sabia*, arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo*'s Ring and Letter, although not himself; when tearing off the Seals, she therein finds these words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

MY *Fair and Dear* Perina, *the knowledg of thy sighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'tis true, thy affection deserves my return; and the preservation of thine honour, not only to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to Heaven. So, if any one since my departure have faln in Love with thy beauty, thou must not find it strange, much less grieve thereat, sith the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea, the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, sith whatsoever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my return: whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment, must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray, let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I re-imbark from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having o're-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefs, very courteously confers with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; she for meer sorrow and affliction throws her self on her bed, from thence on the floor, to see her hopes deceived of her husbands return; and now she knows neither what to say or do in this her misery and perplexity; for she sees that her Father-in-Law's obstinacy, and consequently her sorrow grows from bad to worse, that he is so far from reclaiming, as he is resolute in his lascivious and beastly solicitations: So that seeing his fair speeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so adds threats to his requests, and frowns to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtain that, which fair means could not; yea, and sometimes he intermingleth and administreth her such heart-killing menaces as she hath now reason not only to doubt of his lust, but also to fear his revenge: which considering, she, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once again prove the

the kindness of her own unkind Father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flie unto *Saint John de Maurienne*: now to assist and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinks none so fit as *Sabia*; who for her Husband's affection, and her own vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so she preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale-fac'd *Cynthia* inveloped her self in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition pass the Mountains, and recover *Saint John de Maurienne*; where, though she be not truly welcome to her own Father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious Father-in-law *Castelnovo*: nevertheless, the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her Husband's absence in the passage of this business, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly; whereupon she is resolute, once again, to send back *Sabia* to *Malta*, to her Knight and Husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for Pen and Paper, she traceth thereon these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

SIth thou wilt not leave Malta, *to see* Nice *for my sake; I have left* Nice *to live, or rather to dye, in* Saint John de Maurienne *for thine: 'tis true, my affection hath desired thy return, which thou hast not granted me: 'tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine Honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee; if thine had been so faithful and fervent to my self, neither Sea nor Land had had power to separate us. If any Preferment be dearer to thee, than my Life, stay in* Malta: *or if my Life be dearer than it, then return to* Saint John de Maurienne, *where thou mayest find me; for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the Cause for the Pretext, in my importunity of thy return, I would have digested it with far more content, and less affliction: but sith neither my Affection or Honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life; sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy self from me: make therefore haste to see thy* Perina, *if ever thou think to see her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, That she may disclose thee a secret; which, but to thy self, she will conceal from all the world.*

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is again speeding towards *Malta*, with *Perina*'s second Letter to her Husband *Castelnovo*, we will a little speak of old *Castelnovo* the Father; who seeing his Daughter-in-law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extreamly perplexed and afflicted hereat. All the House and City is sought for her, and he himself breaks off the locks of her chamber-door, where he finds the Nest, but the Bird flown away; her Bed, but not her self: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to enjoy her; then, because she will bewray his lascivious suit and affection, to her Husband, his Son; which of all sides will procure him not only shame, but infamy: yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he sees his error and vanity in attempting to make shipwrack of her Honour and Chastity, which is the glory, and should be the *Paladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: and therefore, although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeem it, sith his attempt and enterprise was not only odious to God, but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustful folly proceeding from himself, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, first on *Perina* the Wife, then on *Castelnovo* her Husband, and his own Son; who, he is assured, will be all fire hereat: yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as he knows not what to say to him, or how to look him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty Conscience tells him will be shortly: neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear, deceive him; for by this time is *Sabia* again arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Castelnovo* his Wife's second Letter, the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he esteems himself no longer himself, because he is not with his dear Wife, who is the one half, yea the greatest part of himself. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea in his Father's house, should be so impudently lascivious, to seek to blemish his Honour, in that of his Lady's; he making her sighs and tears, his, with all expedition and haste

provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his fear, or both, conducing and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and return *Sabia*, as the Harbinger, to proclaim his coming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair Wife and dear Lady *Perina*.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THY sudden departure from Nice *to* Saint John de Mauriene, *doth equally afflict and amaze me: I burn with desire, to know as well the Author, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging my self of him. I have thought it fit to return* Seignior Sabia *again to thee, as soon as he arrived to me, being ready within two days to imbark as timely as himself; so that if Wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my self, as soon as he shall thee this my Letter; and judg whether I speak it from my heart and soul, sith the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, months; and hours, years; till my presence be made happy with thine. I come, fair* Perina, *sweet Wife, and dear Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my most religious prayers and desires here on earth, our meeting shall be shortly as sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowful.*

CASTELNOVO.

So, according to this his Letter, as first *Sabia* embarks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him; so he likewise arrives at *Genoua*, the day after he did at *Nice*; from whence posting over the Mountains, he arrives at *Saint John de Mauriene*; where, at his Father-in-law *Arconeto*'s House, he finds his dear and sweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and desire, expected his arrival; (as having the night before received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which advertised her thereof) so like true and faithful Turtle-Doves, esteeming each other's presence their most soveraign felicity, they fall to their billing and kisses, to inform themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight, *Castelnovo*, cannot be so curious or hasty to enquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice*, to *Saint John de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnatural lust and lasciviousness of his Father, (as we have formerly understood); the which, with many sighs and tears, she depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected news; and far the more, to think that his own Father should (in the Winter of his age) attempt or seek to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his fair and chast Lady *Perina*: he wondereth to see so little grace in so many years; and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spread arms he tenderly embraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape; being himself resolute to stay in *Saint John de Mauriene*, with her Father *Arconeto*, and not to return to *Nice* to his own Father *Castelnovo*. But he shall as soon infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his Father understanding of his Son's return from *Malta* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* hath not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and desire, attempted against her honour; as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly, and future shame, in knowing what a foul scandal both it and his Son's absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confess his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from *Saint John de Mauriene*, to *Nice*; when calling for pen and paper, he writes these few ensuing Lines, and sends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrival from Malta, *as sorrowful for thy absence from* Nice; *and sith to deny, is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further than my self to find the cause thereof, sith I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of thy chast Lady, hath drawn thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, That Grace hath vanquished Nature; and Religion, Lust, in me; so as I am at present not only sorrowful, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with horror; nor think of, but with detestation. My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to reconstruct it both with my self and her: and as I hope He will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive*

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it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore ſith thou art the ſole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not ſo unfortunate or miſerable, to be tax'd with the ſcandal of my ſhame, and thy abſence; but bring back thy Lady with thee: for here I profeſs before Heaven and Earth, That I will henceforth as much honour her for her Chaſtity, as heretofore I laſciviouſly ſought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father, prevails with the Son, and his fair and chaſt Lady; ſo as their ſecrecies and diſcretions, huſh up this buſineſs in ſilence; and within eight days they both return from *Saint John de Maurienne*, to *Nice*; where they are courteouſly welcomed, and reſpectively received and entertained of their Father, whoſe contrition for his former folly, is outwardly ſo great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: ſo as making good the promiſe of his Letter, he very patiently and ſorrowfully implores their pardon and remiſſion; which they inſtantly grant him, with as much willingneſs as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obſcured and vaniſhed, as if it had never been; and all things and parties ſo reconciled, as, to common ſenſe, nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas! alas! we ſhall very briefly ſee the contrary: For old *Caſtelnovo*, the Father, notwithſtanding all theſe Religious promiſes, and ſincere ſhews of repentance and tears, is ſo far from being the man he ſeems to be, as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay me, (I write it with grief!) he hath not with his Conſcience, nor his Conſcience with God: for, although he have a chaſt and religious tongue, yet he ſtill retaineth a laſcivious and adulterate heart: yea, he is ſo far from converſion and reformation, as the new ſight and review of the Lady *Perina*'s freſh and delicate beauty, doth revive thoſe ſparks, and refreſh thoſe flames of his luſt, which ſeemed to be raked up in the embers of her abſence. And what is this, but to be a Chriſtian in ſhew, and a Miſcreant in effect? To hide a foul ſoul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hypocriſie, a fatal and miſerable cloak for his villany? But though he diſſemble with God, yet we ſhall ſee, and he find, that God will not diſſemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he reſumes his old ſuit, and newly burns in love and luſtful deſire, to erect the Trophies of his laſcivious and inceſtuous pleaſures upon the ruins of his Daughter-in-law's chaſtity and honour; ſo he likewiſe ſees it impoſſible to think to perform, or hope to accompliſh it, as long as his Son, her Husband, lives; and therefore, loſing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiſcence and luſt; he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the laws and principles of Nature, ſwaps a bargain with the Devil to poyſon him. To which end, to ſhew himſelf the Monſter of men, and the bloodieſt Precedent of a moſt degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent Ages ever produced or afforded; he hath again recourſe to his Helliſh Agent *Jerantha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to ſend the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equal with her, as in nature, ſo in (the diſſolution thereof) death. A bloody deſign, and mournful project, which we ſhall preſently be inforced to ſee acted upon the Theater of this Hiſtory.

But *Jerantha* is at firſt ſo repentant for the death of the Mother, as ſhe will not conſent to that of the Son. And had ſhe continued in this Religious reſolution, ſhe had lived more fortunately, and not dyed ſo miſerably and ſhamefully, as we ſhall briefly ſee. For our old Letcher *Caſtelnovo*, her Maſter, ſeeing his Gold could not this ſecond time prevail with *Jerantha*; being equally enflamed as well with luſt to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Son *Caſtelnovo* her Husband, he is ſo implacable therein, as he promiſeth to marry her, if ſhe will attempt and perform it. So, although his firſt battery failed, yet his ſecond doth not: for the Devil hath made her ſo ambitious of greatneſs and honour, that of a ſimple Waiting-Gentlewoman, to become a great Lady, ſhe conſents thereunto: and, which is a thouſand pities to report, within leſs than ſix days performs it; when (God knows) the innocency of this harmleſs young Gentleman, his Son, never dreamt or ſuſpected it.

At the ſight of this his ſudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, yea to drown her ſelf in the Ocean and Deluge of her tears; tearing her hair, and ſtriving to deface the excellency of her beauty, with a kind of careleſs neglect, as if ſhe were reſolute not to ſurvive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonſtrations of ſorrow for the death of her Husband; no leſs doth his Father *Caſtelnovo* for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their paſſions) are diametrically different and oppoſite: for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the ſincerity of her affection; and his hypocritical and feigned, as derived from the profundity of his Malice and Revenge towards

him. And not to tranſgreſs from the *Decorum* and truth of our Hiſtory, old *Caſtelnovo* could not ſo artificially bear and over-vail his ſorrows for his Sons death, but (the premiſes conſidered) our young afflicted Widow and Lady, vehemently ſuſpecteth he hath a hand therein; and likewiſe partly believes, that *Jerantha* is likewiſe acceſſary and engaged therein, in reſpect ſhe looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Maſter, than before. And indeed, as her ſorrows encreaſe her jealouſie, ſo her jealouſie throws her into a paſſionate and violent reſolution of Revenge, both againſt him and her, if ſhe can be futurely aſſured that they had murthered and poyſoned the Knight her Husband.

Now to be aſſured hereof, ſhe thus reaſoneth with her ſelf; That if her Father-in-Law were the Murtherer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him, proceeded from his beaſtly luſt to her ſelf; and that he now diſpatched, he would again ſhortly revive and renew his old laſcivious ſuit to her: which if he did, ſhe vows to take a ſharp and cruel Revenge of him, which ſhe will limit with no leſs than his death. And indeed we ſhall not go far to ſee the event and truth anſwer her ſuſpition. For within a month or two after her Husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old luſtful and laſcivious Father doth again burſt and vomit forth his beaſtly ſolicitations againſt her Chaſtity and Honour: which obſerving, ſhe ſomewhat diſdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not ſo paſſionately nor cholerickly as before, only of purpoſe to make him the more eager in his purſuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that ſhe might perpetrate her malice, and act her revenge on him, and ſo make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his luſt and malice were the cauſe of the ſorrows of her life. But unfortunate and miſerable Lady, What a bloody and helliſh Enterpriſe doſt thou engage thy ſelf in? And why hath thy Affection ſo blinded thy Conſcience and Soul, to make thy ſelf the Author and Actor of ſo mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas! alas! ſweet *Perina*! I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O grief! O pity! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy Conſcience, thy Soul, thy God, thus to give thy ſelf over to the helliſh tentations of Satan? Thou, which heretofore fled'ſt from Adultery, wilt thou now follow Murther? or becauſe thy heart would not be acceſſary to that, ſhall thy Soul be now ſo irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father-in-law is reſolute in his Luſt towards her, ſo is ſhe likewiſe in her Revenge towards him; and far the more, in that ſhe perceives *Jerantha's* great belly ſufficiently proclaims that ſhe hath plaid the Strumpet: and which is worſe, ſhe fears, with her execrable and wretched Father-in-law: as now no longer able to ſtop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, ſhe is ſo graceleſs and bloody, as ſhe vows firſt to diſpatch the Lord and Maſter, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and Soul ſuggeſt her they had done firſt the Mother, then the Son: ſo impious are her thoughts, ſo inhuman and bloody her reſolutions.

Now in the interim of this time, the old Letcher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his Suit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former Vertues, and indeed from her ſelf; ſhe, after many requeſts and ſolicitations, very feignedly ſeems to yield and ſtrike ſail to his deſire; but indeed with a bloody intent to diſpatch him out of this world. So having concluded this ſinful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finiſhing and accompliſhing thereof; only they differ in the manner and circumſtances: the Father is deſirous to go to the Daughter-in-law's bed, the Daughter to the Father-in-law's; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, ſhall give end to this laſcivious and beaſtly buſineſs; his reaſon is, to avoid the Jealouſie and Rage of *Jerantha*, whom now, although ſhe be near her time of deliverance, he refuſeth to marry her: but the Lady *Perina's*, if that ſhe may polute and ſtain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but eſpecially, becauſe ſhe may have the fitter means to ſtab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not only the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and *Caſtelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and deſire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beaſtly pleaſures; nor ſhe, but on her cruel malice and revenge: ſhe ſoftly enters his Chamber, but not in her night, but her day-attire, having a *Piſa* Ponyard cloſe in her ſleeve; when having bolted his chamber-door, becauſe none ſhould divert her from this her bloody deſign; ſhe approaching his bed, and he lifting himſelf up purpoſely to welcome and kiſs her, ſhe ſeeing his breaſt open and naked, like an incenſed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering theſe words, *Thou wretched Whore-maſter and Murtherer of this life of mine own Honour, and the death of my dear Knight and Husband, thy Son.* And ſo ſtabbing him at the heart with many blows, ſhe kills him ſtark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to ſpeak a word; only he fetcht a ſcreek and a groan or two, as his ſoul took her laſt farewel of

his

his body. Which being over-heard by the servants of the house, they ascend his Chamber, and find our inhuman *Perina* issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal instrument of this cruel Murther, in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournful spectacle: so they seize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the City, the Criminal Judges that night cause her to be imprisoned for the fact, which she is resolved no way to deny, but to acknowledg, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Jerantha, at the very first understanding hereof, vehemently suspects that her two poysoning Murthers will now come to light: and so as great as her belly is, she, to provide for her safety, very secretly steals away to a dear friend's house of hers in the City, which now from all parts ratleth and resoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murther: yea, it likewise passeth the *Alpes*, and is speedily bruited and known in *Saint John de Mauriene*; where although her Father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt, and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhuman revenge, will not as yet permit her Conscience to inform and shew her the hainousness of her cruel and bloody Fact. But God will be more mercifuller to her and her soul.

Some two days after, she is arraigned for the same, where she freely confesseth it, having nothing to alledg for her excuse, but that she perfectly knew, that her Father-in-law *Castelnovo*, and his Strumpet *Jerantha*, had at least poysoned the Knight her Husband, if not likewise the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother: the which, although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of *Jerantha*'s sudden flight; yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her Murther of her Father-in-law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and so resend her to Prison to prepare her self to dye. But the advice of some, and the friendship and compassion of others, as pitying her youth and beauty, and commending her chastity and affection to her Knight and Husband; counsel and perswade her to appeal from the sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery*, (which is the Soveraign and Capital of *Savoy*) whither we shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

In which mean time, let us observe the wonderful Justice and Providence of God shewed likewise upon this execrable Waiting-Gentlewoman *Jerantha*, for so cruelly poysoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Castelnovo* her Son: who, although search were every where made for her; yet she having husht her self up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conscience, for the same continually torture and torment her; yet she is so impious and graceless, as she no way fears the danger of the Law, and much less the severe tempest of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithstanding in the midst of her security, will, according to her bloody deserts and crimes, suddenly surprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Castlenovo*'s Murther, and of the Lady *Perina*'s Imprisonment; or to speak more properly and truly, of God's sacred Decree, and divine Judgment, throws her into the sharp and bitter pains of travel for child; with whose heart-killing gripes and convulsions, she is so miserably tortured and tormented, as she her self, her Mid-wife, and all the Women near her, judg and think it impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the very Image and Anatomy of death, she begins to look from Sin to Repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soul with concealing of this single Adultery, much less of her double Murthers; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her self to the unparallel'd and mercilesse mercies of her pains and torments; hoping they will speedily send her from this World, to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods sight, as he will free her from these dangers of Child-birth; and because worthy, will reserve her for a shameful and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young Son, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious Parents, and the issue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence, and her own confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes, is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes thrown into the air. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhuman a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise she shewed many Testimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foul and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as she found not one Spectator, either to weep for her, or to lament or condole with her.

And now, to shut up this History, let us carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Jerantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her Hus-

band, as also her noble Parentage and tender years, they moderate the sentence of *Nice*, for murthering her Father-in-law *Castelnovo*; and so instead of hanging, adjudg her there to have her right hand cut off, and her self to perpetual imprisonment in *Nice*; where God's sacred Justice for this her bloody Murther; and the remembrance of her dead Husband, and living sorrows, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she lived not long in Prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing Consumption, and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her days, being exceedingly lamented of her Kinsfolks, and pitied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge, too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, she had lived as happy, as she dyed miserable; and have served for as great a grace and ornament to her Countrey, as *Jerantha* and old *Castelnovo* her Father-in-law, were a scandal and shame.

Thus we see how God's revenging-Justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation; that dying to sin, and living to righteousness, we may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and reign in that to come.

GOD'S

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini *ſeeks* Paulina *in marriage*; *but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelf: he prays her Brother* Brellati, *his dear Friend, to ſolicite her for him*; *which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgraceful ſpeeches, both againſt her Honour, and he Reputation: for which,* Brellati *challengeth the Field of him*; *where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the ſame:* Sturio *ſeeks to marry her, but his Father will not conſent thereunto, and ſo conveighs him away ſecretly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge; and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kills* Sturio *with a Petronel, in the Street, from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.*

ALbeit that Valour be requiſite in a Gentleman, (and one of his moſt eſſential Virtues, and proper Ornaments) yet ſith Charity is the true mark and character of a Chriſtian, we ſhould not raſhly reſolve to hazzard the loſs of our Lives for the preſervation of the meer title and vain point of our Honour; but rather religiouſly endeavour to ſave our ſouls in that of our own lives, as alſo thoſe of our Chriſtian brethren: for in Duels and Single-Combats, (which though the heat of youth and revenge ſeem to allow, yet Reaſon will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazzard our bodies, and not our ſouls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as juſt, as now the hazzarding of our ſouls and bodies, is odious and diſtaſtful to Heaven, ſith in ſeeking to deface Man, the creature, we aſſuredly attempt to ſtrike & ſtab at the Majeſty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or ſhadow of honour to kill our adverſary for the preſervation of the vain point of our honour; what an ignoble ingratitude, & damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewiſe treacherouſly to kill another, of whom he hath formerly

ly received his life; yea, as Grace fights against this former sort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugn and detest this second sort of Murther. A woful and mournful precedent whereof, I here present in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady first slew her brother in the field; and execrable revenge to her Lover, next drew him treacherously to murther him in the street; and consequently, to his own condign punishment, and shameful death for the same. May all such bloody Murtherers still meet with such ends; and may his miserable and infamous death, pre-monish all other Gentlemen to live and become more charitable and less bloody by his example.

The friendship and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and resident of the City of *Rome*, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of six whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen, to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which laid the foundation of this friendship: for as they were equal in years, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humours and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were ancient School-fellows, and near neighbours; for their Parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*: if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted only in this, *Bertolini*'s Parents were richer than *Brellati*'s; but *Brellati* was more nobly descended than *Bertolini*; which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progress of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time; so as they encreasing in years, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to surpass the friendship of *Orestes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*; whereof, all who knew them and their Parents, yea all that part and division of *Rome*, took deep and singular notice: but to shew that they were Men, and not Angels, and consequently subject to frailty, not inherent to perfection; that Earth was not Heaven, nor *Rome* the shadow thereof: have we but a little patience, we shall shortly see the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered, and laid level with the ground; yea, we shall see time change with time, friendship turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courtesie to cruelty, and in a word, life to death; as observe the sequel of this History, and it will briefly inform you how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellati* hath a fair and delicate Sister, named *Donna Paulina*, somewhat younger than himself; and yet not so young, but that the Clock of her age had strucken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at least capable, if not desirous of marriage: and although he be a Novice in the Art of Love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Scholar in the Principles and Rudiments thereof, as he sees her fair, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellency and delicacy of beauty, and therefore is resolute to love her, and only her: for gazing on the influence and splendor of her piercing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder; and then prying and contemplating on the Roseat and Lilly tincture of her cheeks, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection: but again, remarking the slenderness of her body, and the sweetness of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much luster to her exterior beauty, as this reflected ornament and decoration to those; he, as young as he was, vows himself her servant, and withal swore, That either she, or his grave, must be his Wife and Mistress.

Bertolini thus surprised and netled with the beauty of his dearly Sweet, and sweetly Fair *Paulina*, he is enforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Sister: so he many times purposely forsakes *Brellati*, to follow *Paulina*; and delights in nothing so much as in her presence, and (in that regard) in his absence: not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in general terms he must love *Brellati* for *Paulina*'s sake: and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident he should obtain her for his wife: so he in fair, amorous, and honourable terms, as well by his own solicitations, letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his Parents, seeks her in Marriage; yea, and when these could not suffice, he, to shew himself as true as fervent a Lover, he addes sighs, tears, prayers, and oaths. But all these Solicitors serve only to betray and deceive his hopes; for if *Bertolini* were extreamly desirous to marry *Paulina*, she is also resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldom or never make any true harmony in minds.

His

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourse to her only Brother, and his best and dearest Friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and fervency of his affection to his Sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his suit, and her denial; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, entreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf: whose smiles, he alledgeth, are his life; and frowns, his death. *Brellati* having his generosity and judgment blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his Wealth, as also of the affection he bore him, all other considerations laid apart, like a better Friend to him, than a Brother to his Sister *Paulina*, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the process of this his affection: and so with his truest Oratory, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deal effectually with her herein: but, as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us; so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come far too short of theirs: for *Paulina*, in absolute and down-right terms, prayes her Brother to inform and resolve *Bertolini*, That she hath otherways setled and engaged her affection: and therefore prayes him to seek another Mistress, sith she hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom she means to live and dye. Her Brother (for his Friend's sake) is extreamly sorrowful hereat, and prayes his Sister to name to him her Servant. She binds him by Oath to secresie. So he swearing, she informs him, it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble-man of the City. He tells her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich; and she replies, That *Bertolini* is more rich than noble, and therefore she will refuse him, and marry *Sturio*. He is obstinate in his requests, as she resolute in her denial. So having performed the part of a Friend for his Friend, and commending the Nobility and virtues of *Sturio*, as much as he pitied the weakness of his estate and wealth, he leaves his Sister to her affection and designs, and so with an unwilling willingness (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer: yet performs his promise to his Sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his Friend *Brellati*, with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and so consulting with his Passion, not with his Judgment; with Rage, and not with Reason; as immoderate anger seldom looks right, commonly squint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and slights him; yea, and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of Farwel. Which *Brellati* well observes; and in observing, remembers; and in remembring, grieves at, sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend; and in whose behalf, did occasion present, he was ready, not only to sacrifice his best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship: but the second is not far behind: For, in the next company he meets, which was some two days after, walking in Cardinal *Farnese* his Galleries, in presence of some four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance; he forgot himself so much, as some demanding for his Consort *Brellati*, he cholerickly replied, That he was a base and beggarly Gentleman, and therefore henceforth disdained his company; and that his Sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the air; yet they fell not to the ground: but some of the company then present, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my Pen to relate how passionately and tenderly he takes it; yea, his affliction and grief herein is far the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his desires and wishes) he is assured his Sister *Paulina* is likewise acquainted with the vanity and injustice of these speeches; the conceit and remembrance whereof, make her enraged and sorrowful eyes, pour forth many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Roses and Lillies of her beauty. But as she is too impatient to relish this scandalous affront and disparagement; so her Brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it; whereof burning to know the truths and resolving, if he found it true, sharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*; he passeth away the night in restless and distracted slumbers. And so the very next morn, taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Father's house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his Son *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*. His Father informs him, he is in the Garden very solitarily walking, and prays *Brellati* to go to him; who needing not many requests, entreth, and with his Hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, he prayes him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, because he hath something to reveal and impart him in secret, which needeth no witnesses: when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgraceful speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his Honour; as also that of his only dear Sister *Paulina*, in Cardinal *Farnese* his Palace, in presence of Seignior

Alessandro Fontani, Seignior *Rhanutio Pluvinio*, and Seignior *Antonio Voltomari*, (which words we have formerly understood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour; he, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, tells *Brellati*, that he confesseth these speeches his: adding withal, That what his Tongue hath affirmed, his Sword shall be ready to make good and justifie: whereon they cover. When *Bellati* demanding of him, if this were his last resolution; he told him, yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the Good-morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leaving *Bertolini* in his Father's Garden. His Sister *Paulina* having notice of her Brother's speaking with *Bertolini*, very curiously and carefully awaits his return; when rushing into his Chamber, she with tears and sighs demands of him the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether he were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her self and him. But her Brother, like a true noble *Roman*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his design and resolution; and so, in general terms, prays her not to afflict her self at these speeches, and that this difference will be very shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth she) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted purity of my reputation, I am sure that my true Lover, Seignior *Paulus Sturio*, will, though with the hazzard and loss of his own life, had he but the least notice thereof. He shall not need, Sister, quoth he; for a day or two will reconcile and finish this business: and so for that time he leaves his Sister *Paulina*, and shuts himself up in his Chamber; where, not long able to contain himself against the insolency and baseness of *Bertolini*, he calls for Pen and Paper, and more respecting his Honour than his Life, writes him this Challenge; the which, immediately after Dinner, he sends him by Seignior *Valerio*, a confident Gentleman, his Follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THY scandalous reports, like thy self, are so base, and I and my Sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement which thou hast unjustly offered us, will as justly retort and fall on thy self. And to the end thou mayst find, that my Sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastize thy tongue; as thou art a Roman, *and a Gentleman, meet me single, to morrow at five in the morn, without* Port Populi, *in the next field behind Cardinal* Borromeo's *Palace, and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusal, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write the truth, as I desire; so I can receive no other satisfaction, but this, whereunto thy Malice invites, and my Honour obligeth me.*

BRELLATI.

Valerio performs his part well and fairly; working and screwing himself into *Bertolini*'s presence, very secretly delivers him his Master's Challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the perusal thereof, though his Cause be unjust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, he shews much constancy, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore *Valerio* could be no second, he deeming his Master had concealed this secret business from him, contents himself to give him only this Answer: Tell your Master, Seignior *Brellati*, from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his desire and appointment. And so *Valerio* takes his leave, and departs; when finding out his Master, he reports him *Bertolini*'s Answer: whereat he is so far from being any way appal'd or daunted, as he infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the mean time, he is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers, and Ponyards, of equal Length, Hilts, and Temper. And thus with much impatient patience, (as Revenge is an enemy to Sleep) they not out-sleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day stealing and breaking into their windows, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgeons awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramids, in the place of *Port Populi*, by which of necessity they were to pass; when, tying up their Horses to the Hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their Doublets, commanding their Chirurgeons not to stir from their stations; when disdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds, thus:

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and *Bertolini* gives him the first wound in his left shoulder, whereat he is enflamed, and so returns *Bertolini* the interest of a most dangerous one on his

sight

right-side, but it touch'd neither his bowels, nor quayf. They try again: so *Brellati* again wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinnews and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despight his resolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlook'd-for disaster, doth much perplex and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so to clear his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedg, that they might be as equal in Weapons, as Courage. But *Bertolini* will basely requite this courtesie. They retire and take breath; and so traversing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun; they again joyn; at the first close of this second meeting, *Brellati* runs *Bertolini* into the right flank; when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to put himself upon his defensive-guard and posture, his foot slipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him close, and being eager in his pursuit, and blood-thirsty in his revenge, he forgetting *Brellati*'s former courtesie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nailed him to the ground; and so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and soul: when *Brellati*'s Chirurgeon shedding tears on his dead Master; and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgeon behind him; and so with all possible speed and celerity (the better to avoid the danger of the Law) posts o're the fields, and comes into Mount *Cavallo*-Gate, and husheth himself up privately in a friend's house of his, near his Fathers.

All *Rome* begins to eccho forth and resound this Murther; and far the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so dear and intimate friends, but, as good news comes always lame, and bad, rides post; so within one hour of *Brellati*'s Murther, the news thereof is brought first to his Father, then to his Sister *Paulina*; whereat he grieves, and she storms; he sorroweth, and she weeps and laments; and, in a word, the Father would, but cannot; and the Daughter can, but will not be comforted at this sad and mournful Tragedy. Neither must we forget, but remember Seignior *Paulus Sturio*; who loving *Paulina* a thousand times dearer than his own life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this news of *Brellati* his death, as being his dear friend, and, which is more, the only Brother of his dearest and only Mistris *Paulina*; so as Lovers and Friends being best known and discerned in calamities and afflictions, he repairs to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her sorrows; yea, to prove himself a constant friend, and a faithful lover to her, he proffereth her not only his service, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brother's death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio*, is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina*'s tears.

But again to *Bertolini*, who is so far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact, as like a prophane Miscreant, and debaucht and dissolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein: yea, his impudency is become so ignorant, and his ignorance so sottish, as he began to enter into a resolution again to court and seek *Paulina* for his Wife, without respecting or regarding either the publick danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina*'s private revenge: for sure her Brother's death had thrown her into such violent passions of grief, and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtless her revenge would have made him more miserable: but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soon to call him to an account, and punish him for this his bloody fact; but reserving him for a future shame and punishment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumor and alarm of a general search to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a *Capuchin*'s habit, passeth St. *John de Lateran*'s Gate, and there, having Post-horses laid for him, he, as swift as the wind, gallops away for *Naples*, and embarking himself for *Cicily*, passeth the *Pharre* of *Missina*, lands at that City, and so rides up to *Palermo*, where he thinks himself safe.

But, having not made his peace with God, where ever he flye, God will in due time find him out, when he least dreams thereof. But although the power and influence of time be so predominate, to deface the Actions and Accidents of time; yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her tears; nor will she administer any consolation to her sorrows for her Brother's death: and if ever, now it is, that *Sturio* resembling himself, begins to make her sorrows his: for, having deeply rooted and setled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally engraves her Beauty and Picture, in the very center of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private affection to her, publick; and so, having already won her heart from her self, he now endeavoureth to win her from her Friends,

and then to marry her. But old Seignior *Sturio* his Father, is no ſooner advertiſed of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini*'s flight, and of his Son's affection and intent to take *Paulina* to Wife; but diſdaining he ſhould match ſo low, and withall ſo poor, as alſo fearing that this might likewiſe engage his Son in ſome quarrel betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he reſolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, into ſome retired or obſcure place, from whence he ſhould not return, till his abſence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weeks are ſcarce paſt, but taking his Son with him in his Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of *Rome*, beyond St. *Paul*'s Church, he having given the Coach-man his leſſon, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they diſpoſe, or rather inforce the humour of his Son *Sturio* to patience, and deſpight himſelf, they carry him to *Naples*, where a Brigantine being purpoſely prepared, he ſhippeth over his Son for the Iſland of *Capri*, or *Caprea*, (where, long ſince, *Sejanus* his ambition cauſed *Tiberius* to ſojourn, whiles he played the petty King, and domineer'd as Emperor at *Rome* in his abſence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior *Alphonſus Driſſa*, Captain of that Iſland, with requeſt and charge, not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year, without his expreſs order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judg, how tenderly *Sturio* and his ſweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the news of this their ſudden and unexpected ſeparation: yea, their ſighs and tears are ſo infinite for this their diſaſter, as all the words of the world are not capable to expreſs them. As for *Paulina*, ſhe had ſo long and ſo bitterly wept for her brother's death, as it was a meer cruelty of ſorrow to enforce her to play any further part in ſorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other, (in imitation of the waves of the Sea, occaſioned by the breath and blaſt of *Boreas*) threaten her not only with preſent ſickneſs, but with approaching death. Again, ſhe underſtands of *Bertolini*'s ſafety and proſperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother *Brellati*; and, like a baſe Gentleman, continually erects his Trophees of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and theſe conſiderations (like reſerved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her, ſo as having loſt her Jewel and her Joy, her Brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, ſhe begins to be extream ſick, weak, and faint; yea, the Roſes of her cheeks, are transformed to Lillies; the relucent luſter of her eyes, to dimneſs and obſcurity; and, to uſe but a word, not only her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to ſtrike ſail to immoderate ſorrow and diſconſolation. Her Parents and Friends grieve hereat, and far the more, in reſpect they know not how to remedy it: and for her ſelf, if ſhe enjoy any comfort in this life, it is only in hope that ſhe ſhall ſhortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus, while ſorrow, vexation, and ſickneſs, make haſte to ſpin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extream and inſupportable in *Rome*, no leſs are thoſe of her Lover, *Sturio*, in *Caprea*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to ſee how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Miſtris *Paulina*'s preſence, the only content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thouſand times he wiſheth himſelf with her, and as often kiſſeth her remembrance and Idea; and then, as their affections, ſo their malice concurring and ſympathizing, he again wiſheth that he may be ſo happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the diſgrace of his Lady *Paulina*; and ſhe, for the death of her Brother *Brellati*; and in that affection, and this revenge, he with much affliction, and no comfort, paſſeth away many bitter days and torments in the miſery of this his enforced exile and baniſhment: and although his curioſity, and affection, or ſubtilty, could never crown him with the happineſs or felicity to free himſelf of his guards and captivity, and ſo to ſteal away from that Iſland in ſome Foiſt or Galley for the main; yet underſtanding that two days after, there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, he, to teſtifie his affection, conſtancy, and torments, to his dear and fair *Paulina*, takes occaſion to write her a Letter to *Rome*; the which, that it might come the ſafer to her own hands, he incloſeth in another to an intimate and dear friend of his. The tenor of his Letter was thus:

STURIO to PAULINA.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my abſence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet ſure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me, in this Iſland of Caprea, *feel the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpoſe to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy*

Brother;

Brother; it is now not only my resolution, but my practice, to mourn with my self for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrows have most need of consolation, then again that consolation finds most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, *methinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue; and thy Brother* Brellati *his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happiness to revenge either; and, which is worse, not be permitted to know where he is, that I may revenge them. But I wish I were only incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionaly thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof; which now I can find no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O how I have often envied* Leander's *happiness! And if Love could make any impossibilities possible, the* Mediterranean *Sea should long since have been my* Hellespont, *my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have wafted me from my* Abidos, *to thy* Sestos; *from my* Caprea, *to thy* Rome, *to thee sweet* Paulina, *my only fair and dear* Hero. *And although the constancy and fervency of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile; yet the* Argus-eyes *of my Father's malice, in that of my Guardians jealousie, cannot be inchanted or lulled asleep with the melody of so unfortunate a* Mercury, *as my self. But Time shall shortly act and finish, what impatience cannot: till when, dear and sweet* Paulina, *retain me in thy thoughts, as I do thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us as happy, as we are now miserable.*

STURIO.

Paulina, in the midst of her sorrows and sickness, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend, *Sturio*; and although she rejoyce to hear of his health and welfare in *Caprea*, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickness and weakness inform her, she shall shortly dye in *Rome*: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and discontents, she in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progress and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear *Sturio*, who wrote her this kind Letter, she will not be so unkind, but will kiss it for his sake that sent it her: and peradventure if she had been so happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himself, or that he had born and delivered himself to her instead of his Letter, he might then have given some comfort to her sorrows, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions; whereas now seeing him exiled and mewed up in *Caprea*, without any appearance of return, she sees she hath more reason to flie to her old despair, than to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired hour were at last come, wherein she might give her last farewel to this world: but again perusing and over-reading his Letter, she finds it full fraught with love and affection towards her, and therefore disdaining to prove ingrateful to any, especially to *Sturio*, who is so kind and courteous to her; calls for Pen and Paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Answer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I Cannot rightly define, whether the receit of thy Letter made me more glad, or the Contents, sorrowful: for as I infinitely rejoiced to understand thou wert living; so I extreamly grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releasement and return. Whether or no Caprea *be thy Purgatory, I know not; but sure I am,* Rome *is my Hell, sith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with me: and as I lamented with sighs, I could not dye with my Brother; so I grieve with tears, that I cannot live with thee. But why write I of living, when this mournful Tragedy, and thy disasterous Exile, hath made me more ready to dye, than live, or rather, not fit to live, but dye: For, despairing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, sith it only lived in thy presence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for* Bertolini's *folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish him not, God's just Revenge will; and wishing this as a Woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive him, and so (I pray) do thou for my sake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wishes have effected thy return to me, my tears had long since been thy* Hellespont *and* Mediterranean *Sea, and my sighs had fill'd the Sails of thy desires and resolutions, to have passed* Ostia, *floated up* Tiber, *and landed at* Rippa *to me. But alas, alas! here in remembring* Hero's *felicity and joy, I cannot forget my sorrows and afflictions: for as* Leander *lived in her arms, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to live or dye in my* Sturio's: *and if now, as a skilful* Mercury, *thou couldst inveagle the eyes both of thy Father's malice, and Guardians jelousie, yet that happiness would come too late, and out of season for mee; for before thou shalt have plotted thy flight and escape from* Caprea *to* Rome, *I shall have acted and finished mine from* Rome *to* Heaven. *I would send thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any*

longer to retain my Pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear Sturio, *let this be our last and best consolation, As these Joys are temporary and transitory, so those will be permanent and eternal.*

PAULINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio*, meets with a speedy passage from *Rome* to *Caprea*; who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the seals thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her sickness and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own misfortune, in her discontent and disaster; yea, he passionately and sorrowfully bewails his Father's cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas, unfortunate *Sturio*! the news of thy *Paulina's* sickness, is but the Prologue to the ensuing sorrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprize thee: for the news of her death, shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from thine eyes, this shall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears; neither shall he stay long to feel the miserable impetuosity of this mournful storm. For scarce twenty days are past; after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina* languishing with grief, despair, sorrow, and sickness, as a Female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewel of this World, in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her Parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, sith we all have our lives lent, not given us: and therefore as we receive, so must we repay them to our Creator and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyful in his Son's presence, as he hath formerly made himself sorrowful in occasioning his absence: whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter, to signifie his Son thereof, and consequently, to recall him. This news of *Paulina's* death, infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*: for she being the Queen of his affections, and the soveraign Goddess of his delights and desires, he resembleth himself, and so like a true Lover, as he is, acteth a wonderful mournful part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected death; he is no longer himself: nay, such was his living affection to *Paulina*, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as he will not be himself, because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himself. But as wounds cannot be cured ere searched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason; and revenge, beyond passion; he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause; and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini's* killing of her Brother *Brellati*; and this of his Father's unkind banishing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his sorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrosive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus:

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: so he will deceive those of his said Father, in carrying himself from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much less, Judgment, and least of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable, resolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living-affection to his dead Mistress, *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasions and opposition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very secretly embarks himself in her, and contemning the impetuosity of the Winds, and the mercileſs mercy of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*; where hushing himself up the first night privately in his Inn, and informing himself that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, sends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my dear Paulina, *in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me contemn mine own life, to seek thine: to which purpose I have left* Caprea *to find* Cicily, *and in it, thy self. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *fail not to meet me this Evening-'twixt five and six of the Clock, in the next Meadow, behind the* Carthusian's *Monastery; where my self, assisted only with a Chirurgeon, and the choice of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me to be the only Guests of this Bloody Banquet.*

STURIO.

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not so pleasing to him

him, as was that of *Brellati*: he sees himself and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himself thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, sith he knew in his soul and conscience, that *Paulina* was as chast as fair, and that he had wronged himself, in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that he perfectly understood, *Sturio* was valiant and generous; yea, and very expert and constant in unconstancy: so that he began not only to doubt, but feat, that as he had killed *Brellati*, so *Sturio* was reserved to kill him: but again, considering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed and set an edg on his Generosity, as with a kind of unwilling willingness, he accepts of *Sturio*'s Challenge; and so bade his Lackey tell his Master from him, That he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clock strikes five, and long before six, our two young Gentlemen come riding into the field; where giving their Horses to their Chirurgeons, with command not to stir till their duty and office call them, they both draw, and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not here end in death. At the first coming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini*'s thrust, and runs him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or less fatal, to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or scar, gives him a third wound betwixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when, willing to save his life, though with the loss of his Honour, he throws away his Rapier, and, with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth, that he is infinitely sorrowful and repentant for the scandal delivered against the Honour of his most fair and chast Lady, *Paulina*; for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*, whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain than anger; only at first, the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina*'s deaths, for the present, make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making Reason give a law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge; and considering that he was more than a man, sith a Christian; as also, that the luster of his Blood and Extraction, had distinguished him from the Vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble; he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his Reputation and Valour, in killing a disarmed man: and so his Honour out-braving his Valour and Revenge, he, as a truly noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himself satisfied, by having righted the Honour of his dead Mistress, *Paulina*, in *Bertolini*'s confession and contrition. So they sheathe up their swords, and, like loving friends, return together into the City, where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himself to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combat, or Duel, is not so secretly carried betwixt them and their Chirurgeons, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof; and, which is more, this news speedily sails from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides post to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive: but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speak diversly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio*'s fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistris, *Paulina*; and then his humanity and courtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: Others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not dispatching and killing him. Again, many extol *Bertolini*'s Valour in killing *Brellati*; but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardize, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and, which is worse, for disgracefully begging and receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds this scandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very distastful and dishonourable; insomuch as he cannot relish it, but with discontent; nor digest it, but with extream indignation and choler; which throws him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vows to make *Sturio* pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation.

Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy, and revenge; whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life; he, out of a wretched resolution (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not only forgets *Sturio* his singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and in remembrance, resolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital, and mournful interest of depriving him of his. O extream ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoid of reason, and the purity of his soul and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he

gives

gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea, permits it to forsake God, of purpose wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are so surprised and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as he thinks of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*, and so to send him in a bloody Winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to assassinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must pass five or six several Chambers, ere he can come at his; and to pistol him in the open street, though it be less difficult, yet he finds it most dangerous; sith he sees *Sturio* still went better followed and accompanied, than himself, as indeed being far more eminent of Birth, and more noble of Extraction, than himself. But he shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to pass; for if he fail thereof, the Devil is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea, his impiety is grown so strong with the Devil, and his Faith so weak with God, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at last resolves to shoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passeth the street; and upon the attempt and finishing of this his hellish stratagem, and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he strike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof, shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and graceless, as he would not strangle the first conceits thereof, in their births and conceptions.

But leave we here *Bertolini*, ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to speak of poor unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of this malice, much less of his ungrateful and bloody revenge intended against him, like a mournful and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living-beauty and Idea of his dead *Paulina*. And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrows, as discretion to conceal them; yet their impetuosity and fervency, gives such a predominating law to his resolutions, as he cannot refrain from often stealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda*'s Church, where she was buried, and there secretly be-dews her Tomb, and washes her Sepulcher with his tears: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friends, is to seek how to purge his pensiveness, and to wipe off his melancholly sorrows, and sorrowful melancholiness: to which end, they proffer him great variety of noble and beautiful Ladies in marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new Beauty, would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proves vain; for noble *Sturio* will be as constant in his sorrows for his sweet *Paulina*'s death, as he was in his affection to her whilst that she lived: and therefore, although that their power enforce him for to see divers; yet his will can never by any means be drawn or enforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himself to this definitive resolution, That sith he could not be *Paulina*'s Husband, he will never wed himself to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and consider how soon our poor and innocent *Sturio* shall be, by the bloody hand of *Bertolini*, laid in his unfornate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*! hadst thou been more vindictive, and less generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxim, That dead men can never offend or hurt, thou need'st not have relyed and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini*'s infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldst be so true a Friend to thine Enemy, and he prove so deadly an Enemy to thee his true Friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life; and *Bertolini*, in requital, will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude, will never go unpunished of God: for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: but I must be so unfortunate, to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that we are many times neareſt our ends, when we think our selves fartheſt from them! and (not to rush into the sacred and secret Closet of God's inscrutable Providence) I can find no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, ere death for us; and not protracting or procrastinating the hour thereof, but that whensoever it shall please God for to call us to him, or himself to us, that (like good and pious Christians) death may still find us always armed for to meet, never unprovided for to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to go to his Morning's-Mass at the English Colledg, he provides both himself, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather, the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himself; and so, watching the advantage of

his

his hour and time, on a Monday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their Trains to the Consistory, putting himself into an unknown house betwixt the said *English* Colledg, and the Palace of *Farnesi*, he having his cock bent, and seeing *Sturio* coming in the street, upon his prancing *Barbary*-horse, and Foot-cloth, like a graceless and bloody Villain (having neither the fear of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he shoots at the Majesty of God the Creator, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flie at him, and the Devil had made him so curious and expert a Marks-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk of his breast; with which mortal wounds, our innocent *Sturio* no longer able to sit his Horse, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but only to breathe forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman, *Sturio*, which I cannot relate, without sighs; nor remember, without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extreamly amaze and draw all the Spectators to lamentation and mourning; and his two Servants, who walked by his Horse-side, are so busie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget to re-search and enquire for his Murtherer: but the assistants and the standers by, hearing the report of the Piece, and not only seeing the smoak in the window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, and find the Petronel on the Table, but the Shooter fled away upon a swift *Spanish* Gennet, by the back-door; they of the house affirming, with tears in their eyes, That they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or prevent his escape.

This fatal and mournful news, dispersed and spread o're the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captains Guard are busie to find out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to be *Seignior Bertolini*; but being gallantly mounted, he speeds away thorow the streets amain; and is so far from despair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran* Gate; and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as he did his first, by flying into the Kingdom of *Naples*: but his hopes shall deceive him; for if he bought *Brellati*'s Murther at an easie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed, That he shall pay deer for this his second, of *Sturio*: and lo here the impetuous storm of God's just revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he least fears or thinks thereof. The manner thus:

As he was swiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publick place where the Pope (that Antichrist of *Rome*) burns the children of God for the profession of his glorious Gospel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-side of the Capitol, behold, two Bricklayers, building of a House, upon a Scaffold two stories high in the street, as *Bertolini* passed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick-layers fell down upon him and his horse, and so beat them to the ground: but as yet the news of *Sturio*'s Murther was not arrived thither; so as danger and fear making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, he again riseth up, and calls for his horse, which was speedily brought him; so leaping into the Saddle, he spurs away with as much celerity as his Gennet could possibly drive under him. But if he have escaped this first Judgment of God, he shall not the second: for having past the Capitol, and the *Amphitheater*, his Gennet, 'twixt that and the *Latteran*, fell under him; which putting his shoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beast could not rise with his Master, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved, than the harmless Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the search would instantly follow and surprise him, he leaving his Horse, betakes himself to his own heels; and so with much terror both of mind and conscience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himself: but at last considering, that the greatest dangers have need of the least distraction, and most discretion, he thinks to flie on his right hand to *Horto Farnesi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that Illustrious Family: but then again, fearing to meet with a wooden face, instead of finding an open door, he leaves that resolution, and (as fast as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero*'s Tower (so famous for that Emperor's infamy, in standing thereon when he delighted to see all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other stupendious Buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and husheth up himself, hoping if the day were past, to escape, and recover some secret Friend's house, by night.

But God is too just to let this his cruel fact pass unrevenged, and this bloody Murtherer unpunished; for he hath scarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captain's Guard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here *Bertolini* considering himself a *Roman* Gentleman, would fain have made some resistance with his Rapier: but seeing their numbers to encrease, and himself alone; as also, that it would farther

augment his crime, and exasperate his Judges against him; he at their first assummons deliv er-eth up his Rapier, and yields, and rendreth himself into their hands, who presently convey him to prison, where he shall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we shall see him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but, in the interim, all *Rome* is possessed and informed hereof.

So the second morning of *Bertolini* his imprisonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at first the Devil is so strong with him, as he once thought to have denied this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more merciful to his soul, he, upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonstrances, with many sighs and tears freely confesseth it, humbly beseeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his soul to perpetrate this cruel and impious Murther; and for the which, he extreamly and bitterly repented himself.

But the arrow of God's wrath and revenge, is now fully bent against *Bertolini*, as his bullets were against *Sturio*: so as his Sacred Majesty, causing his Judges to resemble themselves, they are deaf to his requests, and tell him, It is not his youth, or his ambition, but the Devil that hath seduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and so, for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adjudg his two hands to be cut off before the house where he shot at *Sturio*, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, at the foot of St. *Angelo*'s Bridg; his Head to be set upon a Pole over St. *John de Lateran*'s Gate, and his body to be thrown into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his Father made to Cardinal *Borghese*, (the Pope *Paulinus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to assist him in so base and ignoble a Murther.

And these were the lives and deaths of these three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*; and of that beautiful, chast, and sorrowful Lady, *Paulina*. And here to conclude and shut up this their mournful History, I have been informed, That the curious Wits of *Rome* made many exquisite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*; as also, that *Bertolini* made a Religious and most Christian Speech at his end, of which I must confess I was not so happy to recover the sight or copies of either; for if I had, I would not have failed to have inserted and placed them at the end of this their History, to have served as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Prose with other Verses, for the better delight and recreation of my *Reader*. But I must (justly) crave excuse herein: for my curiosity sought them, though my unfortunacy found them not. And because I wholly aim rather to profit than to please my Reader, let us forget the shadows, to remember the substance; and so look from the Map to the Moral of this History; that the foul example of *Bertolini*'s crime of Murther, and the justness of his punishment, may make us less bloody, and more compassionate and charitable to our Christian Brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively Character.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE

Againſt the

Crying and Execrable SIN OF MURTHER.

EXPRESSEED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents; Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

BOOK III.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Maxwel*, for *William Lee*, 1669.

BOOK III

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

And truly worthy of all Honour,

VVILLIAM

EARL OF

PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, Knight of the Thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of His most Honourable Privy Council.

Right Honourable,

I is not your Dignity, *but your* Virtues; *not your* Greatness, *but your* Goodness, *which first conjured my affection, then commanded my resolution to direct these (foreign)* Tragical Histories *to your* Honour's *Protection and Patronage: For whiles others (sailing with the corrupt Tide and Current of the Times) not only admire, but adore the exterior parts of men, their* Fortunes; *I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interior qualities and ornaments,* Piety, Fidelity, Generosity, (*three Daughters of* Heaven, *embling and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth,* Faith, Hope, Charity) *who transport and convey our* Memories *as far as the limits of* Time, *and a degree beyond it; and (on the wings of* Truth) *mount our* Fames *from* Earth *to* Heaven, *from* Envy *to* Glory, *and from* Mortality *to* Eternity. *Not but that I every way respect and honour that Blood which is* Noble; *but, that I yet more dearly honour, and deeply affect those* Virtues *which have a secret, and (as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to ennoble* Nobility; *both which transcendent* Privi-

 ledges,

ledges, *finding hand in hand cheerfully to march, and really to sympathize in your* Honour, (*sith upon the resplendent luster of your actions*, Envy *is not capable to insinuate a blemish nor* Detraction *of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement*) *was the sole prevailing-motive of this my* Zeal *and* Ambition. *And when I consider that the Morality, Ends, and Punishments of these foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books* (*of this nature*) *have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded, of our most* Excellent *and* Sacred King, (*as only aiming at God's glory, and our own reformation and preservation*); *I rather hope, than despair, that this* Third (*wherein the just Revenge of* God, *the Great and Supreme* King of Kings, *is no less apparent and conspicuous*) *will be accepted of your* Honour. *Again, it fights against Murther, which not only seeks to slay* Humanity *but therein to murther* Religion, *which is the* Life *and* Soul *thereof. It denounceth War against* Nature *and* Grace, *against the Divine Ordinances of* Heaven, *and the Coactive and Penal Laws of* Earth, *whereby they are established and maintained, as being the* Cœment *and* Sinews, *the* Veins *and* Arteries *of* Monarchies *and* Commonweals; *as also, against the Majesty of* God, *and the Crowns and Dignities of* Soveraign Kings *and* Princes, *his Royal* Deputies *and* Vice-gerents *here on Earth, sith thereby he loseth souls, and these subjects; yea, so general and prodigious a progression doth this scarlet Sin of premeditated and wilful Murther make in the universal World, and with so bloody a deluge and inundation, it not only washes, but* (*as it were*) *drowns the face of* Christian, *that we have now far truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaim, than did* Quintus Catulus, (*so many Centuries of years since*) O with whom, or where shall we live in safety, sith in Wars we kill those who are armed; and in Peace, who are unarmed? *Yea, your* Honour, *who* (*with a happy Constancy, and constant Happiness*) *is still a professed Champion for* Charity *against* Envy, *and a* Tutelary *Protector for* Virtue *against* Vice, (*whiles divers Great Ones of the World, make it not only their practice, but their glory, to perform the contrary*) *will, I hope, run over these mournful* Histories (*and the several accidents they relate*) *with your eye of pity, and spirit of compassion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not only admire the* Providence, *but applaud and magnifie the* Justice *of* God, *in so timely cutting off these Monsters of* Nature, *and bloody Butchers of* Mankind, *with these their condign punishments, and deserved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your* Honours, *and no less is he who collected and penned it: And that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this present Promise of my Pen real; Whiles many others* (*in a vertuous emulation*) *contend to deserve the* Honour *of your* Favour, *and strive to purchase the felicity of your* Commands, *none shall do it with more Integrity, and less Vanity than*

Your Honour's truly devoted

JOHN REYNOLDS.

Gods

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel.* La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange. De Salez *loves* La Hay; *and, becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuſeth her of this bloody fact, and himſelf for murthering his Father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt:* La Hay *confeſſeth this Murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive:* Michaelle *is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.*

ALthough our perverſe Nature, and rebellious Thoughts may for a while make us eſteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and ſo look from our ſelves to our ſouls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we ſhall then aſſuredly find, that hating our Chriſtian Brother, we hate Chriſt who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciouſly and preſumptuouſly attempt to crucifie Chriſt; by whom we muſt, without whom we cannot be ſaved. But if we will turn Atheiſts, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and ſay, there is a God, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody poſition of Murther practiſed, becauſe priviledged; elſe, not. Wherefore let us who are Chriſtians, reſend this Deviliſh Doctrine, and Doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it came, and to the Devil himſelf who firſt broached and invented it; ſith we cannot profeſs it, without making our ſelves Agents; nor perpetrate it, without becoming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove woful fore-runners of our miſery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: as the bloody Actors of this enſuing mournful Hiſtory will make good,

good, and instance to us in themselves, when the severe Judgments and Punishments of God befel them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of these their foul and infernal crimes.

Tholouse (as well for greatness as state, the third City and Court of Parliament of *France*) is the place wherein we shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated a *Tragical History*, which hath many mournful and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand, that therein lived a Councellor of that famous *Court* (being a rich Gentleman, well descended) termed *Monsieur de Argentier*, whose Wife, being deceased, left him Father only to one hopeful Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Monsieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martial Profession it was impossible for his old Father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an Ensign's place under *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, whom he served in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the Noble and generous *Venetians*, who then stood rather jealous than fearful of the power and greatness of *Spain*: but the *Chimera* of that War (after the term of three or four years) being vanished and blown away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty Estates, a new Peace contracted and concluded (although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returns *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gascogny*, and with him de *De Salez* for *Lanquedoc* and *Tholouse*, where he is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to see his Son profess these military courses (which only affords the smoak of Honour, and not the solidity of Profit) but rather that he exceedingly rejoyced him to see him return there-from; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will solely divert him, yet he is resolved and assured, that his commands both will and shall. To which end (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary, so) the old Councellor, having as much Judgment and Providence in his head, as his Son hath Vanity in his thoughts, and Rashness in his resolutions, doth both request and command to leave the War for Peace, Arms for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*: to which effect, he proffers him the choice of many rich and fair young Gentlewomen of the Countrey, to his Wife; but especially (and with far more earnestness than any other) to an exceeding rich Match in the City, which was a young Gentlewoman termed *La Frange*, being the only Child of *Monsieur de Clugny*, one of the most famous and richest Presidents of that Court, young of years, as being but sixteen or seventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body: for she was of a brown and sowr Complexion; and not only a Dwarf in stature, but also exceeding crook-back'd; and yet beyond measure very amorous and desirous of a Husband: only the Endowments of her mind most richly recompenced, and made satisfaction for the defects of her body: for she had an active and nimble wit, a sweet and sugred tongue, a rich memory, and a powerful and happy judgment; and was indeed an excellent Dancer and Singer, and withal a most perfect and exquisite Musician. But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous resolution, could not be so soon made flexible, to embrace the motion of a Wife, and so returns his denial instead of his consent: but his wise old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Son *De Salez* his prosperity and welfare, because he apparently saw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himself (his Son's exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that *Madamoiselle La Frange* had many noble Suitors, who sought her in Marriage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the President, *De Clugny*, and also that that Daughter of his, and this his Son, were of both parties their only children; He taking time at advantage, breaks with him about the Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight, than distaste: for if there were any disparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows that *Argentier*'s Blood and Wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any scruple in his thoughts which impugned or imposed it, it was only because *De Salez* was a Soldier, and not a Lawyer, and consequently delighted to use his Sword, before his Pen; and to wear and prefer a Scarlet Cloak, before a Black. But then again, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soon buried, as born; and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when he considered that he himself in his adolescency, was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that Experience had made him a *President* to himself, that Time was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born and well-bred spirits) the Precepts of a Father, and the sweet conversation and counsel of a Wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young Husband: whereupon the old Fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all

conditions

conditions, they likewise appoint a solemn meeting for their children; but the effect and issue of this their interview, will not correspond and answer their desires.

La Frange (as we have formerly said) being deformed and crook-back't, was no way agreeable, but displeasing to *De Salez*; but he being a tall and neat-timber'd Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, she instantly most tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I must request the curiosity of the *Reader* briefly to be informed and advertised, that as she beheld him with the eyes of love and desire, so did he her with those of contempt and disdain: she building Castles of content, in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that Heaven would make him her Husband; and he razing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth should never make her his Wife. Thus, though the Parents have already shut up the Contract, yet their Children shall never live to celebrate the Nuptials; for we shall see diversity of Tragical Accidents which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and impugn it. Parents think to be the Causes, but God will still be the Author of Marriages: for if his Sacred and Divine Majesty make them not first in Heaven, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on Earth.

And here, to make an orderly progression in this History, the *Reader* must likewise understand, that of all other of *La Frange*'s Suiters, none sought her with so much importunity and impatiency, as the Baron of *Vaumartin*, whose chiefest House and Lands, lay betwixt *Aigue-mortes* and *Narbone*, (a Noble-man of some thirty years old) who (like many others of his stamp and rank) had spent the greatest part of his Youth and Means, in *Paris*, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the *Parisian* Ladies and Dames: so that the vanity of his pleasures and expences, making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devasting and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake (an example and precedent for all other debauched Gallants to observe and beware of); he leaves *Paris* with curses, and his bitter-sweet sins with repentance; and so (to repair his errors, and to redeem his lost time and decayed Estate) he comes home to *Languedoc*; where hearing in *Tholouse* of the President *De Clugny*'s great Wealth, which he must solely leave to his only Child and Daughter, *La Frange*, who was now marriageable; he resolves to set all his other business and designs apart, and so to lay siege, and seek her of her Father, and Self, in Marriage. Now to take the better direction and observation of this History, we must likewise understand, that this Baron of *Vaumartin* was of a swart complexion, a Dwarf of stature, and every way as crook-back't as *La Frange*; which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursuit, hoping indeed (though with as much *vanity* as *ignorance*) that this their corporal resemblance, would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetick*, or rather his *Judgment*, will deceive him: for, it is conformity of Humours and Inclinations, and not of Faces and Bodies, which breeds and enflames a sympathy in affections. But he is resolute in his re-search, and so better loving the Father's *Wealth*, than the Daughter's *Beauty*; he well assisted and followed, (with a Train and Equipage worthy of his Birth, and her Merits) first seeks the Daughter of her Father, then her self of her self. As for the old President *De Clugny*, he hath heard of his debauched pranks and riots in *Paris*, and therefore vows, that his Wealth gotten with wisdom, and purchased with providence, study, and care, in his Age, shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and so with many verbal Complements, (resolving that he shall never triumph in the conquest of his Daughter) he in general terms puts him off.

As for *La Frange* her self, the sweetness of *De Salez* Complexion and Personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impossible for *Vaumartin* to find any admittance or entrance: for, she speaks of none but *De Salez*, thinks of none but *De Salez*, nor wisheth her self with any but with *De Salez*. Again, she wonders at *Vaumartin*'s simplicity, in seeking her for his Wife; for if she hate deformity in her self, how is it either likely or possible, that she can love it in her Husband? No, no; though *De Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* must and will love *De Salez*, and none but him: and therefore sith *De Salez* his sweet feature is a Pearl in her eye, needs must *Vaumartin* be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if Modesty will permit me to speak or write an immodest truth, her heart doth so burn and flame in love to *De Salez*, that both day and night she many times with sighs, sometimes with tears, wisheth her self either impaled in his arms, or he encloistered in hers.

Now, by this time, *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertisement of her dear affection devoted to none but to *De Salez*; as likewise, his slighting and disdaining her: whereupon, encouraged by this, and disheartned by that, he leaves no cost, care, or curiosity (either in Gifts, Dancing, Musick, or Banquets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his

desires and pleasures, with this, though deformed, yet rich Heir, *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vain suit in courting her, speak we a little of *De Salez*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*; we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himself and resolutions to be a professed Soldier; yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *Effœminacy*, a fatal and dangerous Vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Soldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many Estates and Kingdoms, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruin, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and Partizan rusty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies; which the old Councellor, his Father, observes with joy; hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will soon be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery; for that his Son is partly resolved to marry, 'tis true; but as true it is, that he is fully resolved never to love, much less to marry *La Frange*.

Now we must understand, that in *Tholouse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in England say, a *Silk-man*, termed *Monsieur de Soulange*; rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself: and yet, being an old Widower, to the end the sooner to get him a new Wife, he puts a good face on his Estate, and maintains Himself, Family, and House, with great pomp and expences, having no Son, but three fair Daughters, all marriageable: and yet (out of ambition, and in emulation of the Gentry) severally known and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Mesdamoyselles de Marsy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureness and excellency thereof, justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them, *La Hay*, was the *Phœnix* of all the Three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her, without desiring her: for her Body was so straight and slender, and the Roses of her Cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But, in one word, to give these three Sisters their true Characters, *De Marsy*, and *La Perverte*, were far more virtuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they: for as *Religion* and *Piety* was their chiefest delight and exercise, as more desirous to imbellish their souls, than their bodies; so wanton pleasure, and vain lasciviousness, was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body, than her soul; they being more virtuous than fair; she, more fair than virtuous; different inclinations and resolutions: these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a Precedent, yea a Pilot to have conducted her Fame as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the Harbour of Immortal Glory, and of glorious Immortality; but she vows she will prove a President to her self, and her Pleasure shall be a Pilot to her Will, although she miss the Temple of Honour, to find out that of Beastly Concupiscence; and the Harbour of Immortal Glory, to suffer shipwrack upon the Shelves of inglorious Infamy, and the Rock of Infamous Perdition.

To this *Monsieur de Saulange*'s House, the Beauties of his three Daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleasing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pass their time in courting and converling, in dancing, singing, and the like; whereunto the Youth of *France*, more than any other people of the World, are most licentiously addicted: and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries; so the Virtues of *De Marsy*, and *La Preverte*, were made more apparent by *La Hay*'s Vices; and her Lust and Whoredoms, were more palpably notorious in their Chastity. O that so sweet a Creature should be subject to so foul a sin! and that Beauty, the best gift (and, as I may say, the Gold) of Nature, should be thus villified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnal concupiscence, and obscene sensuality! For, ay me! I write it with as much grief to my self, as shame to her; She was too prodigal of her Favours: for she imparted them liberally unto some, for Love; but unto most, for Money; not caring to whom she prostituted her Body, so they filled her Purse; thereby to support her Pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her Bravery: and yet she was so subtil and cautious therein, that although she were a professed *Courtesan*, she would nevertheless publickly seem a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortifie her Fame, and to make the reputation of her Chastity pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whomsoever

soever she imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sin of Fornication be unseen of God, when the Windows, Walls, and Beams of her Chamber, yea, her very Bed whereon she hath acted her Whoredoms, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven?

Now, among the rest of those debauched Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affection to *La Hay*'s beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to enrol himself one; who, feasting and surfeiting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his own Father's house, to frequent her's; yea, his desires are so lustfully enflamed with her beauty, as with his best art and policy he lays close siege to her Chastity, and with many gifts, requests, and oaths, seeks to endear her to his desires and pleasure. But see the subtilty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for, knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only Child of his Father, and he one of the richest Councellors of *Tholouse*, she conceives a plot in her head, to go a fishing to make him her Husband, and so bears her self wonderful modest and coy, casting a cloak and veil of Chastity over her unchast desires and actions, as if she were now a Virgin, yea, a Saint to him, though heretofore she had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denial doth rather enflame, than quench the fire of his lust; so as making many assaults to raze down the defences of her refusal, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratory proves vain: for she outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of her's, makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholy; the true signs and symptoms of a foolish and fantastical Lover, as in effect we shall shortly see *De Salez* will prove himself. For the colder she is in affection to him, the hotter is he in lust with her; forgetting the wars, yea, his discretion, himself, and all, to crown his desires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook; and so hopes, that if the line of his folly, and her good fortune and wit hold, she will soon make him her Husband, and her self his Wife: for, having formerly met with many Knaves in others, she now begins to rest confident, either to find or to make a fool of him, thereby to serve as a veil to over-veil her Whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to find love in lust. He vows he will dye her servant; she swears, she will never live his Strumpet. He protesteth, that she shall share of his estate; she tells him plainly, that she had rather live a poor *Wife*, than dye a rich *Courtesan*. He replies, that he adores her beauty; she answers, that she knows no other, but that he only seeks to profane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both; she, by stealth, permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roses of her cheeks; and in the interim, like an hypocritical dissembling Quean, reads him many Lectures on the pureness of *Chastity*, and the foulness of *Lust*, on the blessedness of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*. Prophane and impious Giglet! whose speeches are perfumed with Vertue, and yet her actions stink, and are polluted and infected with Vice: dissembling *Syren*, who casts forth bitter-sweet inchanting tunes and charms, to please the sense, and yet purposely to poyson the soul: Pills of Wormwood, candy'd in Sugar; Honey to the palate, but gall to the stomack: a fatal Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and debauched young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered Shipwrack; a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endless miseries and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with tears, curses and repentance. A Plague sent us from Heaven in our age, for a just guerdon and recompence of the sins and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth, and bottomless Gulph of misery and calamity, is our rash and lustful young Gallant, cheerfully entring and steering his course, without either the Star of hope, or Compass of felicity and safety, bearing out top and top-gallant; yea, (as I may say) with all the sails of his folly bearing, and with the Flag, Ensign, and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Air of *La Hay*'s fatal and infectious beauty; which hath so closely surprised his Judgment, captivated his Thoughts, and eclipsed his Discretion, as in her absence and presence he extols as well her Vertues, as her Beauty, to the Skies; vowing that she is so fair a Nymph, and so pure a Virgin, as she deserves rather to be his Wife, than his Strumpet; or rather, not his Strumpet, but his Wife. And so two months being past since he first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtain her to his lascivious desires; and seeing (dissembling Quean as she is) that therein she bore her self infinitely chast and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remark any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and entangled

in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her ſweet feature and complexion, a thouſand times before *La Frange*'s deformed; and vows, that he had rather dye *La Hay*'s ſlave, than ever live to be *La Frange*'s Husband. But this folly of his, in the end, ſhall coſt him deer, and ſo lead him to another, far more unnatural, and, as I may juſtly ſay, damnable: But we muſt proceed orderly in this Hiſtory, and do therefore reſerve that part till anon.

By this time the ſly ſubtilty, and ſeeming-chaſt behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart; ſo as ſhe now hopes confidently and ſhortly to play her prize in ſurprizing him: for he is extreamly amorous, beſotted, and (as I may ſay) drunk with the love of her Self and Beauty: ſo, on a Sunday, as ſhe returned from *Veſpers*, he repairs to her Father's houſe to ſee her; whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purpoſely dighted her ſelf in a rich new Gown and Petticoat, and trimmed and adorned her ſelf in her gayeſt and moſt curious Attire, thereby with more eaſe and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her Beauty being both ſeconded and graced by her Apparel, ſhe ſo raviſhed his heart, and delighted his ſenſes, as he cannot refrain from kiſſing her: but this Honey of her lips, will, in the end, prove poyſon to his heart. And here again he lays cloſe ſiege to her Chaſtity; but ſtill ſhe gives him the repulſe and refuſal, as if ſhe were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her: and ſhe, That if he honour her, ſhe will ſtill affect him. In the way of Love, quoth he, I am wholly yours: and, quoth ſhe, in that of Honour I will not be mine own, but yours. I will, quoth he, in all affection both live and dye your ſervant: and, replies ſhe, in all Chaſtity I will live to dye your Handmaid. He affirms, He cannot be more hers in heart, than he is: nor I, quoth ſhe, leſs yours in luſt, than I am. It is, quoth he, my *Love* which makes me report ſo much: and, quoth ſhe, it is my *Fear* which makes me affirm no leſs. Why, quoth he, ſhould my *Love* procure your *Fear*? My *Fear*, quoth ſhe, is wholly engendred and derived from your *Luſt*, but not from your *Love*. I pray expreſs your ſelf, quoth he: ſhe replies, My Bluſhes may, but my Tongue dare not. Quoth he, Did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuſe him. Nay, quoth ſhe, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuſe *La Hay*, but accept of her. Why, quoth he, *De Salez* deſires none but *La Hay*: Nor, quoth ſhe, *La Hay* any in the World but *De Salez*. Whereupon *De Salez* being provoked with his own luſt, and animated and encouraged by her ſweet ſpeeches, he very joyfully (yet falſly) flattering himſelf with the conqueſt of her favour and conſent, ſhuts the door, and (like a moſt laſcivious and diſſolute Gentleman) takes her in his arms, and ſtrives to convey her to the Bed, reſolving there to enrich himſelf with more than kiſſes; yea, to reap the fruit of his beaſtly pleaſures, and obſcene and brutiſh deſires; but his hopes ſhall deceive him: For, although *La Hay* be a *Courteſan* in heart, yet ſhe will not be ſo in tongue, eſpecially now, where to get her ſelf a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in *Chaſtity*, as if ſhe were as vertuous as fair, and as chaſt as lovely. Wherefore exclaiming, and ſtorming at this his laſcivious attempt and enterpriſe, levelled at the deploration and ſhipwrack of her *Honour*, ſhe with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her ſelf forth his Arms, and with a world of hypocritical ſighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table; and, unſheathing it, vows that ſhe will be a ſecond *Lucretia*; and, that if ſhe cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet, that ſhe will aſſuredly murther her ſelf after; becauſe ſhe is fully reſolved, That her Chaſtity ſhall out-live her, not ſhe her Chaſtity. A religious and honourable reſolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaſt and ſanctified heart: but alas! nothing leſs; for ſhe ſpeaks it out of Subtilty, not out of Vertue; out of Policy, no way out of Piety. *De Salez* by this time having wholly loſt his judgment in the ſweet and roſeat Garden of her delicious Complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her Chaſtity, as formerly with her Beauty. When ſeeking to appeaſe her Choler, and to pacifie her Indignation, as alſo to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his deſires: he ſwears he is ſo far from intending her any diſhonour, as he is reſolved to do her all the honour of the world; yea, ſo far, as, if ſhe pleaſe, he is ready to accept her for his Wife; proteſting, that of all the Maidens of the world, he is deſirous to be Husband to none but her ſelf; and that the fault ſhall be hers, if he make not his words, deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleaſant melody of theſe his ſugred ſpeeches, doth thereat preſently bury her ſighs, and dry up her tears; when, throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a moſt reſpectful courteſie, and grateful reverence, ſhe with extended arms runs to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that ſhe loves no man in the

World

World but himself; and in consenting to be her Husband, she will till death yeeld not only to be his faithful Wife, in attending his pleasure; but his observant Handmaid, to receive and obey his Commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet, she knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor, and of a far inferior rank; she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure work, and to do nothing by halfs; so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *De Salez* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow; she intends to catch at Opportunitie's fore-lock; and so with a sweet and ingenuous insinuation, draws him to give her a Diamond-Ring in token of Marriage; and she, in exchange, returns him a small Gold Bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again, considering that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to consent to this Match, she can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not only feasting, but (as it were) surfeiting him with variety of kisses, she bethinks her self of a policy as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now out-brave him in affection; when taking Pen and Paper, she writes him a fair promise and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a Contract); and to make it the more powerful and authentical, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it to him; no way doubting, but rather assuring her self, that he would requite her with the like courtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answered her desires and wishes. For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his own eyes; I mean, by those of his Judgment, but only by these of his intemperate passion, and passionate affection; he is so far from descrying, much less from suspecting her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection; the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for Courtesie, he very rashly and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so far from wit or discretion, as to shew himself her Superior in affection, as well as in sex; he purposely cuts his finger, and so firms his name thereunto with his own blood, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof: only he prays her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto: the which she very courteously grants him. And so he triumphing in her Beauty, and she in his Wealth; he in her Youth, and she in his Simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their Matrimonial desires and wishes: for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear her self) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin; and that as the least of her affection and courtesie toward him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himself to *La Hay*, is not so secretly born, but as her former unchastity was a general argument of talk to the whole City of *Tholouse*; so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universal pratling and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentier*'s known Wealth, and *De Soulange*'s supposed poverty: and again, of *De Salez* supposed Chastity, and of *De La Hay*'s notoriously known Whoredoms. And as *Fame* is still so tatling a goddess, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Councellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished-for familiarity betwixt his Son, and that Strumpet *La Hay*; when considering the great opposition betwixt *De Clugney*'s Nobility and Wealth, and *De Soulange*'s mean Extraction and Poverty; as also, by a true and uncontrollable *Antithesis*, comparing the foul and enormous Vices of *La Hay*, with the sweet and resplendent virtues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdaining that Match, as desiring this for his Son) very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, lays before him the simplicity and sottishness of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedler's Brat before a rich Gentleman's only Daughter and Heir: shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last Match; there his unavoidable misery, here his assured happiness: in the first, his utter ruin and shipwrack; and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate Paternal affection, he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vows and swears, wholly to dis-inherit him, and from thenceforth never repute or esteem him his Son.

But *De Salez* his fooliſh vanity and vain affection in himſelf towards his new-contracted Love, *La Hay*, is ſo great; and conſequently his filial obedience to his Father, ſo ſmall, as notwithſtanding this his wholſome advice and counſel, he is ſtill reſolute and conſtant to prefer *La Hay* before *La Frange*; the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other; his own content, before his Father's, and *Soulanges* estate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: But this raſhneſs, indiſcretion, and ingratitude of his, will coſt him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his Son's familiarity with that fair yet leud Courteſan *La Hay*; no leſs hath *La Frange*, who, poor ſoul, is ſo deeply enamored of *De Salez*, as at the very firſt news and conceit, that another ſhould enjoy him, and not her ſelf, for very grief and ſorrow ſhe ſeems to drown her ſelf in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, ſhe mournful; he incenſed, ſhe afflicted; he enraged, and ſhe perplexed and tormented: his paſſions and anger proceed from ſuſpition, that he ſhall ſo ſoon find a Daughter-in-law in *La Hay*; her ſighs and tears, from fear, that ſhe ſhall ſo ſoon loſe her Love, though not her Lover, his Son *De Salez*. Again, the argument of his choler, is *La Hay*'s unchaſtity and poverty; and the cauſe of her diſconſolation, *De Salez* his wealth and vertues: likewiſe ſhe ſees, that *Argentier* hath no reaſon to hope, that his ſon will marry her ſelf, ſuch is her deformity; and again, that he hath all the reaſons of the world, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed *La Hay*, ſuch is her beauty. But ſith *De Salez* will bear no more reſpect to his Father, nor affection to *La Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentier*'s paſſions, and *La Frange*'s perplexities, to be appeaſed and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and Giver of Time; who out of his All-ſeeing Providence, and Sacred Pleaſure, only knows in Heaven how beſt to diſpoſe and manage the actions of earth; and ſo come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like ſo many interjecting and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this Hiſtory.

I have ſo long inſiſted on the affections of *De Salez* and *La Hay*, as (but to the judicious and temperate Reader) it would ſeem to appear, that the Baron of *Vaumartin* hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of queſtion, and this queſtion out of doubt, we ſhall ſee him return too too ſoon, to act a part not ſo religious and honourable, as bloody, upon the Theater of this Hiſtory: For by this time both his Creditors and his Debts are grown ſo clamorous, and his Reputation and Land ſo near forfeited, for want of diſ-ingaging, as, to ſecure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means, but to gain *La Frange* to his Wife: when, as it were provoked and precipitated on by the neceſſity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven, to flye to Hell; and conſequently, flye from God to Satan, to conſult, how either by the by, or the main, he may obtain her; yea, though with the peril and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs who ſeek therein to prevent his deſires and deſigns. In which Helliſh ratiocination, he, as devoid of Reaſon, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reaſoneth with himſelf: *De Clugny* hates me, for ſeeking to marry his Daughter; and that, time may remedy for me: but, which is worſt of all, ſhe loves *De Salez*, and ſeeks and deſires to marry him; and this I muſt remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and ſo reſolves to make him away; but is, as yet, irreſolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finiſh ſo execrable a buſineſs. But this is not only the voice of his malice, but the ſentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* muſt dye. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much leſs of a Baron, but leaſt of all, of a Chriſtian; in that, becauſe *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and ſhe loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him; or becauſe ſhe loves him, and not thy ſelf, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that ſhe may love thee. See, ſee, raſh and inconſiderate Noble-man, how treacherouſly the Devil hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and beſotted thy ſenſes, to kill one that loves thee; to kill, I ſay, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wiſdom, that covetouſneſs muſt redeem thy former prodigality; alas, alas! canſt thou yet be ſo cruel to think it either lawful or religious, that future Murther ſhould either occaſion or authorize it? But the Devil hath ſo far prevailed with his impious reſolutions, that again he reſolves *De Salez* muſt dye: and yet thou thinkeſt poyſon as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword: ſo, had thy laſt reſolution been anſwerable to thy firſt, aſſure thy ſelf thou hadſt made thy ſelf more happy, and not ſo miſerable: for, as poiſoning was the invention of the Devil, and is practiſed by none but his Agents; ſo this diſhonourable point of honour, to fight Duels, was never inſtituted by God, nor profeſſed by thoſe who really profeſs his Goſpel; yea, it is not only, truly to diſhonour God, in ſeeking falſly to preſerve our own Honour and Reputation, but we aſſuredly ſtab at the Majeſty of the Creator, in ſeeking to deface man his Creature; and to

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use but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace; so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but still in true Infamy and Misery.

But *Vaumartin*'s Faith being so strong with Satan, and so weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion, to give to his Envy; but rather, takes one from his Envy, to give to his Religion; and so very prophanely and rashly, by his Lackey, *La Rose*, sends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

IF thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayest find it in the Lady La Frange's *affection to thee, and hatred to my self: wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horse-back, without Seconds, 'twixt five and six in the morning, behind the* Jacobin's *Garden.* Love *and* Valour, *thou knowest, are never capable of much expostulation, as desirous rather to be tried in action, than seen in words. Could that sweet* Lady *(who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjure us either to live or dye Honourable Enemies.*

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of *Vaumartin*'s strange passion and resolution, in sending it him; especially, sith he knows that the motives and grounds of his malice, were so unjust and frivolous: so, how to answer him, as yet he knows not: for, as his generosity one way invites him to fight; so his discretion another way, perswades him from it. But considering the poor esteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection; thinking it folly to fight without cause, and to hazzard his life without reason, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wise, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey returns the Baron of *Vaumartin* this Answer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

I Have seen many Challenges, *but none of the nature of thine now sent me: for, to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjust, false, or both: for, bring but the eyes of thy judgment, and not of thy passion, to be Judg and Umpire betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and find, that I not only disclaim the Lady* La Frange's *affection, but her self; sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. I here shew thee my love, through this true prospective of my heart; and, which if it will not satisfie thy malice, then know, that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation, than that my* Sword *is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy* Pen *was to send me words: for either single, or with Seconds; either on foot, or horse-back, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish nor receive any but their own: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with* Reputation, *or dye with* Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusal from *De Salez*, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardize, than discretion, in him: and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and enflam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if *Contempt* and *Envy* sate wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very speedily again returns him his Lackey, with this rash Answer:

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

THY Answer gives me no satisfaction, sith I know, that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the Sun in his brightest and hottest Meridian: neither are the grounds or foundation of my* Challenge, *either unjust, or false, as thou in thy false Prospective endeavourest to make me see or believe: for, being ignorant who is thy Mistris, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the world thy Wife, but* La Frange; *so as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more subtil, or malicious; or to what end thou shouldst attempt the one or practise the other towards me, unless out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame. Wherefore, sith thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy self; and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in shew and ostentation: so my* Challenge *is still my resolution, and the*

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performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, *as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to dye with* Reputation *and* Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilful and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from Himself, his Blood, and Profession, if he did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore, calling for *Vaumartin*'s Lackey, he rounds him thus in the ear; *Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* Thus we see two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their Match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting; as if their glory consisted in their shame; and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives; nor Grace, their souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the Windows of Heaven, as soon as the Sun with his glistring beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgeon, are in the field at the assign'd Rendezvous, & first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*; when their Chirurgeons performing the duty and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and so, drawing their Swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of Lightning each towards other. At their first meeting, *De Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the first hurt in the right shoulder; and he, *De Salez* another in requital, in the right side of the neck; when, being both good *Cavaliers* (and well near as equal in years, as courages), they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution; when again *Vaumartin* runs *De Salez* through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only slightly cuts his Shirt upon his Ribs, giving him only a raze or scar; but as yet, both free from any danger of death; so they mutually content to breathe: but their ambitions and courage of both sides are so exasperated and enflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice: so they fall to it again; and in this close, *De Salez* his horse stumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin* (though a Dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and Policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick o're his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribs; but *De Salez* reining up his Horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means, *Vaumartin*'s Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage; and disdaining thus to be out-braved and beaten by a *Pigmy*, he lays home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body of a deep and mortal wound, a little above the Navel; whereat his Sword presently falls out of his hand, to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his Horse, stark dead, without having the grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pity, what misery is it, that a *Christian* should dye like a Beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed; and he who would have murthered a stranger, murthered himself by a stranger: a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournful end of this rash Noble-man. *De Salez* seeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless Corps to his sorrowful Chirurgeon, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed; and from thence provides for his safety.

All *Tholouse* rings and resounds of this disasterous and Tragical accident. *De Clugny* is glad that *De Salez* hath escaped death; yet sorrowful that *Vaumartin* is killed, in respect he fears he undertook this quarrel for his Daughter *La Frange*'s sake; who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortal, infinitely rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, flattering her self (though with this false hope) that he affected her far more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have fought with *Vaumartin* for her sake; nor have killed him, but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartin*'s death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearly than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his Father *Argentier*, the life of his Son likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartin*'s death; and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another; and far the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this Murther perpetrated by his Son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for Justice against others, for the like crime and offence: but all these joys of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*; leaping, as it were, for meer content and pleasure, that she should shortly see and enjoy him for her Husband, and that God

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hath both reserved and preserved him, to crown her with the sweetness of this desired felicity.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, so *Argentier* publickly, and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their chiefest power, friends, and authority, to procure his pardon, first from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous Members; Which at last, (by the means and favour of the *Duke* of *Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but, I fear me, will not be forgotten in Heaven: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, as well in the distribution, as execution of his judgments. Men as they are men may err, but as they are Christians they should not; but God (either to please or displease them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no sooner hath escaped this danger, but, forgetting his former follies, and his Father's advice and house, he again, in a manner, voluntary imprisoneth himself with his Mistris *La Hay*, in hers; whereat, as his Father storm's, so *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip; hoping that his good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly have united him to her self, and consequently sequestred him from *La Hay*; but nothing less, for he sings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his old Father's displeasure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat, his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to *La Frange*, but he shall never live to see it; for there are too many disastrous accidents preparing, to cross and prevent it.

Whiles these things happen in *Tholouse*, there betides an unexpected and unwished business, which must call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privy Councel of *France*, having received some informations and grievances against the body of the Court of Parliament of *Tholouse*, command them speedily to send up some Deputies, to answer such matters as shall be objected against them; whereupon, the gravity and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their Superiors, elect two Presidents and four Counsellors, to undertake that journey and business, among whom *De Clugny* is chosen for one of the Presidents, and *Argentier* for one of the Counsellors; as indeed their Integrity and profound Wildom and Experience had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny*, at his importunate request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with from that journey; by alleadging that his Age and Sickness made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evasions and excuses which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see *Paris*. But first, before his departure, he had a long and serious Conference with *De Clugny*, how to effect the so long desired match of his Son and Daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which sweet news infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Lady *La Frange*: and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *De Salez* to him, and with a perswasive and powerful speech, requested him in his absence to love *La Frange*, which he, in plain terms, protested and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *La Hay*, which likewise he would not grant; and to conclude, sith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his blessing, that he would never marry any wife whatsoever without his consent, the which indeed *De Salez* could not deny, but faithfully promised his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his Father to consent he should marry *La Hay*, as it was impossible for his Father ever to perswade him to marry *La Frange*: and so that night the Father takes leave of the Son, and he the next morning of his Father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy return: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers, his Son would only abandon *La Frange* to frequent *La Hay*; he being arrived to the City of *Tours*, thought himself bound in *Nature*, as well for his own content, as his Son's tranquillity and prosperity, again to signifie him his mind in some few lines of advice and counsel, and to send it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouse*, which was then, in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: His Letter spake thus;

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines: for thy Youth *cannot see that which my* Age *knows, How many miseries are subject to wait and attend on* Vice, *and how many blessings on* Vertue; *if* La Frange *be not fair, yet she is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of* Nature *are so richly recompensed with the Ornaments of* Fortune, *and the excellencies of* Grace; *why should thy affection prefer* La Hay *before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a* Saint *to*

marry a Strumpet; *then take* La Hay, *and forsake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forsake a* Strumpet, *to take a* Saint, *then marry* La Frange *and leave* La Hay; *for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, Shame and Repentance: for I know not whether* La Frange *will bring thee more happiness, or* La Hay *misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.*

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Father's Letter in *Tholouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his Mistris, by the scandalous name of a Strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yea, he vows, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intolerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and peril of his life. *La Hay* perceiveth this discontent and alteration of Mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, she neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but withal, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest Ambition, and not her least Care; which she now well knows it behoves her to do, sith she finds *De Salez* less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain she had hereunto used many smiles and fetches; lo, here falls out an unlook'd for accident, which betrays her the very Pith and Quintessence of the mystery: For on a time, when he lay slumbering on the table, she as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet-meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she finds his Father's (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew by the direction; and so flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when, stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; she, with tears and interjected sighs and groans, flies back to *De Salez*, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious Strumpet, as she was, there shews it him; takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extream wrong his Father had offered her, in seeking to eclipse the glory of her chastity, which she swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But *alas, alas*, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophaneness, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and tears be predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not see it: So being still as constant in his sottishness, as she in her hypocrisie; he gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugred words, seeks to appease and comfort her, whom he hath far more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted: for, remembring her self, still her wits are her own: and so remembring the conclusion of the Letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her; she tells him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as she can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Father's Letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez, seeing himself put to so strict an accident and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his Mistris; he at last (consulting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgment) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he sottishly reveals her his oath, given his Father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly understood it) adding withal, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancel his said late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her: For, sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two months shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical afflicted Gentlewoman is presently again come to her self, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her sighs evaporated and blown away.

But all this false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty: For this Letter of *Argentier* to his Son, and his promise and oath to his Father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredoms are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knows, may likewise be discovered to his Son, how closely soever she either act or conceal them. That *La Frange*'s descent, wealth and virtues, will in the end over-prise and weigh

weigh down her mean extraction, poverty, and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the Son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor bar to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *Lay Hay* will shine, *Lay Frange* must set: again, if she fall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the Sky is not capable of two Suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his Wife, and her self his Strumpet; when burning with false zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devil, that *La Frange* must first go to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a *Victim* to her malice and jealousie, and to send her out of this world, in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Hellish *Aphorisms*, infernal *Positions*, odious to Earth and execrable to Heaven!

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but flye to Hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredom, then of Murther? Wretched, yea, thrice wretched woman! how darest thou see Earth, or think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldest do this to her; She bear the Image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the Devil to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy Religion, thy Conscience, thy Soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther? If it be not that her virtues cry fie on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragical, an act so inhuman and execrable: But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernal and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastise thee.

The effects of malice and revenge in men are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldom and difficultly: for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolical business of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, she thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson; whether she consider the manner, or the matter: If the Devil himself had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administred and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, she now bethinks her self of some hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her; and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof, she is at last advertised, that there is an old *Italian Emperick* in *Mompellier*, termed St. *Bernardo Michaele*, who is his *Arts*-Master in that infernal profession; when wholly concealing this mystery and business from *De Salez*, she by a second means, (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three days arrives at *Tholouse*; where she thinks nowhere so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour is eight the next morn, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet; but she (the better to disguise her self, and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her self about in a great furred Cloak, and muffles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Taffata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his Book and she to her Beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the President *de Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michaele*, like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withall to perform it within ten days, she gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her Handkerchief, and so for that time they part.

Good God! what prophane Christians what monsters of Nature, and Devils incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordained for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveiled with the Cloak of

ſanctity. And what a damnable young ſtrumpet, and old villain are they, in ſo holy a place to treat and conclude ſo helliſh a buſineſs? but beware; for the ſword and arrow of Gods juſt revenge, and revenging juſtice, threatens yea with no leſs than utter confuſion and deſtruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and *Michaele* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Frange*'s deformity, and to loſe no time) trips away towards *Preſident de Clugny*'s houſe, taking that for a fit occaſion to aſſay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her *Emperick*: who fleeringly inſinuating, and skrewing himſelf into his knowledg and acquaintance, (in which profeſſion the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way ſhort, but rather exceed all other Nations of the World) he proffers him his beſt ſervice and skill, to redreſs and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding withall (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his ſpeeches) that he is ſo far from deſpairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and, in the phraſes and myſteries of his profeſſion, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plauſible reaſons to induce him to believe it. The good old *Preſident*, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly reſpect, having heard of *Michaele*'s Fame, begins to reliſh his reaſons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charletans* of *Italy*, are Couſin-germans to the *Alcumiſts* of *France*, who promiſe to make Gold of Droſs, and yet only bring forth Droſs for Gold: he holds it fit to take a conſultation of the learneſt Phyſicians, and expert Chirurgions of the City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly conſents; ſo they ſit, being ſix in number, *Michaele* delivers them his reaſons to redreſs the deformity of this young Ladie's body (the *Preſident* her Father being preſent) whoſe reaſons are heard, and controverted of all ſides betwixt them; the concluſion is, four are of opinion, that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of Phyſick and the principles of Chirurgery, and therefore impoſſible to be effected, the other two are of a contrary judgment, and hold it feaſable, and that many times God bleſſeth the art and labour of a man not only beyond expectation, but alſo beyond hope and reaſon: ſo *De Clugny* ſeeing that theſe two with *Michaele* were three againſt four; he, in reſpect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, reſolves to employ him, and gives him an hundred double Piſtolets in hand to attempt it; with promiſe of as much more, when he had performed it; whereof this miſcreant and helliſh *Emperick Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himſelf to his buſineſs, viſits the young Lady, who promiſeth him to redouble her Fathers ſum, if he make her body ſtraight: when, to reduce his impious contemplation into infernal action, he outwardly applieth Plaſters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly adminiſtreth her pills and potions, and (O grief to write it!) therein infuſeth deadly poyſon, which he knows at the end of ten days, will aſſuredly make a divorce between her body and ſoul, and ſo ſend that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this ſweet and innocent Lady (wiſhing good to her ſelf, and hurt to none in the world) firſt finds a giddineſs and ſwimming in her head, and within ſome ſix days after (in which time the poyſon had diſperſed it ſelf throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many ſharp gripes, and bitter throws and convulſions, whereat her Father grieves and ſhe weeps; only that graceleſs villain her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief ſhe ſuffered, the better and ſpeedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devilliſh heart, knews that the poyſon effectually operated and wrought with her as he deſired and expected, and that by theſe infallible ſigns and ſymptoms, his patient drew near the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs ſecretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the reſt of his money, for that *La Frange* could not poſſibly live two days to an end; whereat ſhe triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promiſeth it him: and indeed the helliſh art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devil his Doctor will; for juſt as the tenth day was expired, this harmleſs ſweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unſpeakable grief of the good old *Preſident* her Father; for that ſhe was the ſtaff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who diſconſolately and mournfully ſeemed to drown himſelf in tears hereat, curſing the hour that he firſt ſaw this accurſed *Emperick Michaele*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and ſweet Daughter *La Frange*. But this murderous *Michaele* having learnt of the Devil to fear no colours, means not to ſtep a foot from *Tholouſe*, and ſo ſends away for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promiſe, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook-backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternal reſt: when *La Hay* not able to retain her ſelf for exceſs of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kiſſes, which take (quoth ſhe) as a pledg of my continual good will towards thee; when again ſwearing ſecreſie, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Franges* death, ratleth and reſoundeth all over *Tholouſe*, her Kinſfolk grieve

at

at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewail it; only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been the only stop and hinderance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy hereat, as they seem to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the excess of *De Salez's* joy as is boundless, as that of *La Hay's* delight, so that he seems to flye to her Father's house; where she, with out-spread arms receives and entertains him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death; he affirming, and she believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it shall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time, he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning; and yet the old President her Father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veins. They cause *Michaele* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof, *La Hay* is extreamly tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secresie, and thereby to secure her own fear and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promiseth him to give him a rich Diamond, worth as much again; who (as before) being extreamly covetous, and the Devil (resembling himself) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurated, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his Father's consent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wisdom of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and still fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with that Strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. He in *Paris* buys a Captains place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, named *Monsieur de Brianson*, that his Son may marry his eldest Daughter *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, a very sweet and fair young Gentlewoman; and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it rests, that the young see and love; To which end, *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Tholouse* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Father's Letter, (as we have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearful and jealouse to lose her prey, with *Crocodile* tears in her eyes, and *Hyena*-aspects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that she feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*; but he vows and swears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her self; and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Tholouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to confer with him till the next morning; but such is *De Salez's* rashness and folly, as he hath no sooner supped in company of his Father, but he prays to speak with him. When the servants voyding the Chamber, he earnestly and humbly beseecheth him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleased that he may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the Maids of the world: His Father exceedingly incensed hereat, vows that he had rather see him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the world, he shall not marry *La Hay*: and so for that night, they betake themselves to their beds; the Father grieves with his Son's folly, the Son with his Father's averseness. The next morning *Argentier* calls for his Son. When the doors shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*, and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchased him, and so relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a Captains-place, in the Regiment of the Kings Guard; as also a very fair young Gentlewoman for his wife, termed *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, the eldest Daughter of *Monsieur de Brianson*, one of the richest Counsellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a discontented look, returns his Father this perverse and disobedient Reply:

That he will not accept of the Captains place, nor once see *De Plessis*, but that he is constantly resolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his Grave; whereat his Father is so extreamly incensed, as with much passion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him *La Hay*, swearing by his Saviour, that if he do, for his obstinacy and disobedience, he will disinherit him; as indeed he might, having himself purchased three parts of his lands and revenews, through his care and industry in his profession; and so in much discontent and choler leaves him, going to his Colleagues of *Tholouse*, who are already awaiting and attending his coming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers bitter resolution against him, and storms and fumes, not only beyond the bounds of Reason, Religion, and Humanity, but also beyond himself. For sith *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he should never marry her, his affection to her makes him resolve to dispatch his Father, yea, his head conceives such murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devillish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, disdaining to take counsel from God, and therefore taking it from the Devil his bloody Tutor and Abettor, he vows he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father, and he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monster of *Nature*, limb of the Devil, nay, a very Devil thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul stain of mankind! bloody Parricidious miscreant! can no respect either of thy natural and filial obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white hairs, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deter thee from this bloody, inhuman, and damnable design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses, where thy heart, thy soul, to act so execrable and infernal a Tragedy, on him without whom thou hadst not been! On thy Father, whom, by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thou oughtest both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhuman rage and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after Supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clark *De Buissie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to Dr. *Salepin*, a famous Physician, whose Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himself lying in *Grennelles* street, *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pitties to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return: His watchful and murtherous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the Key-hole and cranies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the Devil) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the air, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the sign of the Swan within St. *Honoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to St. *Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gondies* Gardens, Fountains, and House, wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobine* Fryer, *Jagues Clement*, murthered *Henry the third, King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Father's Lodging immediately after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact; and withall, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark *De Buisse* returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entring his Master's Chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat he makes many out-cryes, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments and grieves at this sorrowful accident and spectacle, vows to *De Buissie*, that he saw none whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son *Monsieur de Salez* departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, so they beleeve and resolve that some Ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly, to acquaint the Lieutenant Criminal therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clerk *De Buissie*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his *Physician* affirms, may be his striving and strugling with death. When the *Lieutenant*, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Dr. *Salepin*, of *De Buissie*'s being with him, as also from St. *Clow* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunks were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspition, and without farther inquiry or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funeral, with exterior shew of extream grief, and sorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all decency and decorum, answerable in all respects to his Father's rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devillish hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both shamefully and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely Grave, but his bloody and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight days after leaves *Paris*, and returns to

Thoulouse;

Tholouse; where already this sorrowful news is dispersed and divulged, being for his virtues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City; only graceless and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; she welcomes home her *De Salez* with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who, as glad of her presence, returns her them with a plentiful and prodigal interest; but his lustful love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himself so perverse and obstinate, as he hath scarce the patience, much less the respect and modesty to wear blacks for his Father six weeks, but casts them off, takes on gaudy and Scarlet Apparel, and very solemnly marries *La Hay*. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and means; but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himself the Laughter and May-game of all *Tholouse*.

But, Good God! what a prodigious and hellish match is this, sith man and wife, and both are murtherers? O execrable and miserable Wretches! O bloody and impious Miscreants! for sure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For alas, alas, what do those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend, but misery, ruine, and confusion of all sides? neither shall the curiosity of our enquiry carry us far, before we see it surprize and befall them.

For before they had been fully married three months, *De Salez* reaping his desires, and feasting himself with the pleasures of her youth, he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or seen: for, thinking his wife to have been a modest and chast *Diana*, he now sees she is a debauched *Lais*; yea, his misery is so great, as he needs no spectacle to see, that she daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every hour, despight of his care and jealousie, claps a Cuckow's Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he first administreth requests and perswasions, and then complains to her Father: But these are too weak reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as he is constrained to add threats to his requests, and in the end, blows to his threats. But as it is impossible for the *Leopard* to change his skin, and the *Æthiopian* his hew; so *De Salez* sees it labour lost to think to reclaim his wife from her beastly sin of Adultery, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can do) she takes such delight and habit, as by this time she is grown so extreamly impudent, as when her Husband is at home, she is abroad ranging; and he is no sooner abroad, but she is instantly at home, revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, she is grown to that height of obscenity, as she contemns and sleights her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, she will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the Gall; and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his Father's advice and counsel in forsaking her; and as often wisheth he had followed it. Now it is, that his unnatural murthering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his soul and guilty conscience; and now it is that he wisheth from his heart, that he had been blind when he first saw her, and fairly laid in his Grave, before he lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miseries instead of comfort; for now he utterly despairs, and sees no hope of his wive's reformation: Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and to that end takes counsel thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his Wife hath present notice and inckling thereof, whereupon seeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in Lands, Coyn, Plate, and other rich household-stuff, she vows not to quit her great Joynture, share and interest hereof thus. But before he had enrolled his Sute in the Spiritual-Court, or any way vented his own shame, and his wives infamy in publick, she, like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumpet as she was, vows to prevent him that would prevent her, and to send him to his death, that would seek to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousie and malice, that as she had formerly poysoned *La Frange* for her Husband's sake, so she would now murther him for her own.

But miserable and execrable wretch! Oh, to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise amount unto? But *Lust*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernal Furies, so possess and pre-occupate her senses, as she will not retire till she hath sent her Husband unto another world, in a bloody winding-sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her Husband's Chamber-door, steals in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approacheth his bed, when drawing forth a Razor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, she with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking only these words to her self, *Lo, here the reward of thy jealousie!* when throwing the Knif, and her outward Taffata Gown into the house of Office, she leaving him weltring in his

his blood, very secretly conveys her self thorow the Gallery to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and so hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloak this her second murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but her Hopes, and the Devil that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband striving and strugling for life against the pangs of death; fear and haste (contrary to her intent and mind) had so made his murtherous Wife's hand shake and tremble, as she did not so fully cut his Throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did very mournfully; and, which indeed was soon over-heard by a man and a maid-servant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their Master's voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitiful and lamentable out-cryes; stepping to his assistance, they hear him (with his best power) utter these fearful speeches; *That Strumpet my Wife hath kill'd me: O that She-Devil my wife hath murthered me.* Whereat they cry out at the Windows to the Neighbours for help, alledging that their Master is murthered. The Neighbours assemble, and hear him report so much; so they send away for his Confessor, and the Lieutenant Criminal; to both whom he again confesseth, *That it is the Strumpet his Wife, who hath murthered him.* And then raising himself up in his bed, (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was who at the seducing of the Devil, had stifled his Father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*; that he did it only to marry this whore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea, the very remembrance thereof, infinitely grieves his heart and soul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himself, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murther his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himself; so they all glorifie God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the Lieutenant Criminal, and the Counsellors his associates step to the Window, and consult to have him hanged, whiles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But *De Salez* saves them that labour; for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the House and City for this wretched Murtheress *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody Strumpet, they at last find in the *Dominican Frier's Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband *De Salez*, which the Devil as yet will not permit her to confess; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, she at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which several murthers, the *Criminal Judges* of the *Tournells* proceeded to sentence: So first, they adjudged the dead body of *De Salez* for so inhumanly murdering his Father *Argentier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Ashes, which was accordingly executed: Then they adjudg his Wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deal with her in Prison about the state of her soul, whom they find infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptation of the Devil; but they work effectually with her, and so at last, (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance; when willing her not to charge her soul with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully confesseth, how she it was, that for three hundred Crowns, had caused the *Emperick Michaele* to poyson *La Frange*, for the which she told them, she was now exceedingly repentant and sorrowful: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seal of Confession) advertising the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murthers are discovered and burst forth, one in the neck of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these double murthers, they condemn her, to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloody Varlet *Michaele*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miserable and murtherous Curtesan *La Hay*, though to the grief of her sorrowful Father and Sisters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouse*, is brought and fastned to the stake, where her hand being first struck off, she with many sighs and tears, delivereth these words: That her crimes were so foul and odious, as she was ashamed to look either God or Man in the face: That she was very sorrowful for causing *La Frange* to be poysoned, as also for murthering of her Husband *De Salez*, whose wealth she only affirmed she loved, but not himself, the which she wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forsaking of God; which made the Devil so strong with her, and she with the Devil; and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable

rable ruin and destruction; she with tears and prayers besought the Lord to be good unto her soul; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole Assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when, recommending her Soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soon consumed to ashes; whose lamentable, yet just end and punishment, caused a number of spectators to weep, as yet pitying her youth and beauty, as much as they detested the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devillish and murtherous Emperick, *Michaele*, although as soon as he heard of *La Hay's* imprisonment, he (to save himself) left *Tholouse*, and fled towards *Castres*, disguised in a Fryer's habit, with his Beard shaven: yet by the care of the *Court* of *Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tholouse*; where, for poysoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Rack confesseth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garrone*, the which the same day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the spectators: but as he lived an *Atheist*, so he desperately dyed a *Devil*, without any shew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomited forth this wretched speech: That because the *World* had so much to say to him, he would say nothing to the *World*, but bad the *Executioner* dispatch him.

Now by the sight of this mournful and bloody History, the *Christian Reader* may observe and see how Gods Revenge doth still triumph against *Murther*, and how he in his due time and providence doth assuredly still detect and punish it. It is a History which may serve to deter and fore-warn all young Gentlemen, not to frequent the companies of Whores and Strumpets; and all Sons not to transgress the will of their Parents, much less not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glass, wherein young Gentlewomen and Wives may to the life see what bitter fruits and sharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: it is a lively Example for all kind of *Empericks* and *Drugsters* whatsoever, to consider how severely God doth infallibly revenge and punish the Poysoning of his Saints and Children. In a word, it is a Lesson and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but especially of Christians, (who profess the Gospel of Christ, not only to detest these foul sins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in themselves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only Giver of all Goodness.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano; *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Beretano *firſt ſought to marry. He cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in Priſon; and by a Letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt* Baretano; *which Letter ſhe reveals to the Judg: ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo, *for theſe their bloody crimes.*

WIth what face can we preſume to tread on the face of the Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are ſo rebellious to conſpire, and our hearts and reſolutions ſo cruel, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmleſs and *Chriſtian* Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in ſeeming to pleaſe our ſenſes, poyſon our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyſon our ſouls, becauſe they ſo falſely pleaſe our ſenſes.) Reſolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finiſh with miſery; ſith in thinking to ſend them to their untimely graves, we aſſuredly ſend our ſelves to our own miſerable and infamous ends: whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory, we ſhall find many woful Precedents, and mournful Examples, in diverſe unfortunate and wretched perſons, who were born to happineſs, not to infamy; to proſperity, not to miſery; if they had had ſo much Grace to ſecure their Lives, as Vanity and Impiety to ruin them. It is a Hiſtory purpoſely produced and penned for our deteſtation, not for our imitation; ſith it is a point of (true and happy) wiſdom in all men, to beware by other mens harms. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy ſelf thereby, and ſo thou mayeſt boldly and ſafely reſt aſſured, that the ſight of their ſin and puniſhment, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitful

Fruitful and fair *Lombardy* is the Country; and the great, populous, and rich City of *Millan*, (the Capital of that Dutchy) the place where the Scene of this mournful and Tragical History is lain, where perpetrated: the which to re-fetch from its first spring and original, thereby the more truly to inform our curiosity, and instruct our knowledg. We must then understand, that long since the Duke of *Feria* succeeded the *Count de Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flourishing Dutchy, for King *Philip* the third of *Spain*, his Master. There was native and resident in that City, an ancient Noble-man, termed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spanish* Lady, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, termed *Don Maria de Castiana*: he exceeding rich and noble; and she as noble and fair: he by his Father's side allyed to Cardinal *Charles Borromeo*, (since Sainted by Pope *Paul* V.) she by her Mother, to the present Duke of *Albucurque*: he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth; she no less beloved and respected for her beauty and vertues: and although there are but few Marriages contracted between the *Millaneses* and *Spaniards*, and those very seldome prove successful and prosperous, in respect of the antipathy which for the most part is hereditary, betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the subjection of the *Millaneses*; yet it seemed that this of *Capello* and *Castiana*, was first instituted in Heaven, ere consummated on Earth: for so sweetly did their years, humours, and affections, conjoyn and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirm and say, they had but one heart, affection, and desire, which was mutually to please, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not blessed and crowned with the blessings of Children, (which indeed is not only the sweetest life of human content, but also the best and sweetest content of our human life) so they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their Nuptial Bed, with a beautiful and delicate young Daughter, termed *Dona Clara*, the only Child of their loyns, and Heir of their Lands and Vertues; being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyful pledg and seal of their intire and invaluable affections; who having over-past her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, she was so exquisitely adorned with beauty, and so excellently endued and enriched with vertues, as distinctly for either, or joyntly for both, she was, and was truly reputed, the *Paragon* of *Nature*, the *Pride* of *Beauty*, the *Wonder* of *Millan*, the *Glory* of her *Sex*, and the *Phœnix* of her *Time*. And because the purity and perfection of her Beauty deserves to be seen through this dim *Perspective*, and the dignity of her Vertues known of the *Reader* in this my impolished Relation. For the first, we was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding straight and slender; her Hair either of a deep Chesnut-colour, or rather of a light black; but to which most adhering and inclining, fancy might, but curiosity could difficultly distinguish: her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roseat and Lilly die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet, (and withal, rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two relucent Lamps and Stars of Love, they were so black and piercing, that they had a secret and imperious influence to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers, as if all were bound to love her; and she so modest, as if purposely framed to love none but her self. Neither did her Front, Lips, Neck, or Paps, any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of Nature: for, the first seemed to be the *Promontory* of the *Graces*. The second, the *Residence* of *Delight* and *Pleasure*. The third, the *Pyramids* of *State* and *Majesty*. And the fourth, the *Hills* and *Valley* of *Love*. But leave we the dainties of her body, now, to speak of the rarities and excellencies of her Mind; which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiosity and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to Vertue and Honour, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Wisdom*, *Temperance*, and *Modesty*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equaliz'd but by her self.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Father's wealth, made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beauty and vertues excel her self, no marvel if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers* and chiefest *Gallants*, both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and seek her in marriage: and indeed, although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regards to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or self, are so much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovani Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with these human priviledges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twenty five years old, a match in the eye and censure of the World,

yea, and in all outward appearance correſpondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had parallel'd hers, or if the candor and ſincerity of her affection had not juſtly tranſported her thoughts and heart from him, becauſe ſhe had formerly fixed and ſetled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other reſpects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his Superior, named *Seignior Alphonſus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the nobleſt Families of *Millan*, of ſome eighteen years old, whoſe Father was lately deceaſed, and had left him ſole heir to many rich Lands and Poſſeſſions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and engaged in many Debts and Mortgages, whereunto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which conſequently reflecting and falling on his Son, we ſhall ſee will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obſtacle to his content and preferment. But to obſerve ſome order and *decorum* in the conduction and relation of this Hiſtory, we muſt briefly be informed, That as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; ſo, of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for, as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a ſympathy in affections; ſo they, in their tender youth, often frequented one the other's company, ſometimes at the Dancing- and Muſick-Maſters, but many times at Weddings, Feaſts, and noble Aſſemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and ſtature. Again, the vicinity of their reſidence, added much to the combining and enflaming of their affections; for they were oppoſite in nothing but in their Manſion-houſes, from whoſe Galleries and Windows, many times publickly, but more often by ſtealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other with the invilible Launces of Love and Affection; which bred ſuch a habit, and that habit (ſo powerful) a ſecond nature, that it was now become impoſſible for them not to gaze each on other: ſo as if the innocency of their puerility made them delight in each other's ſight and company with deſire; ſo now their more ripe years inforce them to deſire it with delectation: for when as yet they were ſo young, as they knew not the inſtinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerful or ingenious *Tutrix* than her ſelf), yet they never met, but kiſſed; nor kiſſed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking ſuch ſhort farewels each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymenæus*, this *Venus*, and that *Adonis*, (for ſo her freſh beauty, and his flouriſhing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them) they felt ſome pleaſure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvel if they deſired to find that which they wanted: ſo as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing ſpoken of a Husband, infinitely wiſhed that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a Wife, he ardently longed, and fervently deſired, that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly ſay, whether he were more affectionate in his conſtancy to her, or ſhe conſtant and reſolute in her affection to him; ſo that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiſs, now time (running on her ſwift career) had taught them to deſire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only termed *Clara* his ſweet Maid, and ſhe him, her dear Friend; now Love had ſuggeſted and given them new deſires, and therefore new Epithets: for ſometimes, as well in earneſt as in jeſt, he could not refrain to term her his ſweet Wife; nor ſhe him, her dear Husband: and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more ſecret and retired deſires. And as fervent love and true diſcretion very ſeldom concur and meet; ſo although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiſs; yet they were ſo poor, or rather ſo blind in diſcretion, as they could not bear their affections in ſecretie and ſilence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and ſtorm at this unexpected news, it is firſt *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, betwixt whom there was a ſecret promiſe, and verbal contract, That he, and no other, ſhould marry their Daughter.

Thus we ſee, that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections; for either of them affect *Clara* as the Miſtris of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen-Regent of their deſires. But, as they ſympathize in their hopes, to purchaſe her to their Wife; ſo they differ in the means and progreſs of their reſolutions, how to obtain her. For, whiles *Baretano* ſues the Daughter before her Parents, ſo doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends theſe beginnings will produce, ye ſhall ſhortly ſee, and they themſelves very ſoon both feel and find.

Capello and *Caſtiana* (as we have formerly ſaid) with much affliction and grief underſtanding of their Daughter's affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and paſſion) relate it to *Albemare*, whoſe affection to *Clara* hath made him ſo ſubtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledg

knowledg thereof, when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he must iteher wed her,or his Grave; they consult on this important business, how they may dethro-pello *Baretano*, and inthronize *Albemare* in the chair and choice of *Clara*'s affection: as for *Caniz* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemare*'s great and free Estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano*'s, as they vow their resolutions shall sail by the Compass of his desires; and he in exchange, that his affections and desires shall still steer their course by that of their resolutions. So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; to which end her Father and Mother single their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms, demand of her what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*; and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate, to take so poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whose Estate is so weak and small, as it cannot well maintain himself, much less her. *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roses, very temperately and modestly returns them this discreet and respective answer:

That as she must needs affirm, she is confident of *Baretano*'s affection to her; so she must as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his Birth, Means, and Vertues, were such as every way deserved not only her equal, but her superior, she is enforced to reveal them, that she loves him so tenderly and dearly, as, if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy, but her felicity, to accept and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a Child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it savoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves: yet the sooner to divert her from her own desires and resolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her; and so by depraving the deserts, and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seek to extol and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a Foyl, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed, so exquisite and excellent a *Cavalier* they depaint him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, as well of the endowments of mind, as of those of *Fortune*, that they leave no insinuating *Oratory* unessayed, nor perswasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her arms and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*: but although she were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts, commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affections to *Baretano*, she confusedly intermixing and interrupting her words with many far-fetch'd broken sighs, again returns her Parents this reply:

If your Age will not, yet my Youth, or rather my heart informs me, That *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the priviledges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of Fortune: but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, Although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my self his Wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; and I humbly beseech you, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall and will remain mine.

Capello and *Castiana*, (like discreet Parents) seeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refute and refel them by force, sith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choler, many times to repentance: whereupon, minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filial obedience, and the miseries and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which importunity cannot; they as then leave her to her thoughts, and she them to their care, caring for nothing so much, nay, I may well say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon ascertained, not only what hath, but what doth pass betwixt them and their Daughter; and withal, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghost and shadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and suit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, sith it was no disparagement, but rather an equal honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so far from rejecting this advice and counsel, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vows (though with the peril of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well by his own affection, as their authority. *Clara* is neither abroad, nor at home,

but he meets her, gives away all time from himself, to give himself to her; so as it seems to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall be; yea, he adds such curiosity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as she cannot be either at Mass or *Vespers*, but he is either with her, or near her; and when in solemn pomp or zeal she visits the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new St. *Charles*, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch-stairs, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custom of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing *Barbary*-horse, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any complement of an accomplished Lover (besides the harmony of his own insinuation and solicitation) he greets her with rich Presents, and salutes her with all variety of Melodious Musick, and mellifluous Voices: but all this notwithstanding, although he every way use his best art and industry, and her Father and Mother their best skill to make her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and sweet *Baretano*, looks haggard and averse on *Albemare*, giving him such general answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth he hath far more reason to despair, than hope to obtain her. Whereupon, doubting of her affection, he hath again recourse to her Parents love, who to confirm and seal it him, seeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to add threats to their requests, and choler to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevail not with her, the second cannot; for she now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband, but *Baretano*: and yet she is so far from any determinate resolution to marry him, as she affirms, That their Will shall be her Law, and their Pleasure, her Resolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seeks out fair and sweet *Clara* publickly, no less doth *Baretano* privately; and although with less vanity and ostentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacy and success, as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soul *Clara* is only his, as both in soul and heart he is hers: so he entertains her many times with his Letters; and yet not to shew himself a Novice in discretion, nor a Coward in affection, he making her content, his commands; as she did his desires, her felicity; he, in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happiness and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections; yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappel might invest and crown them with the religious honour and holy dignity of Marriage. For having jested of love heretofore, now like true Lovers they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest: and as of their two hearts they have already made one; so now they mean and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two. And this is their sole desire; and this, and only this, is their chief delight, and most pleasing desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seen of many; so this their familiarity and frequent meeting, is again reported to her Father and Mother, whereat they murmur with grief, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to substract, but to add to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano*, and his fair *Clara*, that he should publickly motion them for her in Marriage; which he in wonderful fair terms, and orderly *decorum* (as well by his Friends, as himself) performeth. When, contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his suit such poor and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their Daughter, but their House: an answer so uncivil, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their Daughter. And here I must confess, that I can difficultly define whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires croft by the frowns of their Parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearly, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progress of this their chast and fervent affection: and although their commands seem to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so enforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despight her Parents malice and jealousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their Daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her, often-times walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the close Galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear so closely, but her Father and Mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trusty servants, whom

whom they had purposely appointed as Centinels to espy and discover their meetings. Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soon to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately send away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena*, by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; and, besides her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her, but only *Albemare*, hoping that in a small time, his presence and importunate solicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*; who, poor soul, seeing her self exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano*'s sight and company, wherein under Heaven she chiefly and only delighted; she hereat doth, as it were, drown her self in the Ocean of her tears, storming as well at the cruelty of her Parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no less doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their affliction is equal; now mourning as much at each other's absence, as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their presence. But, although the jealousie of *Capello* and *Castiana* were very careful to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemare*'s, safely to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despight of the one's vigilancy, and the other's jealousie, though *Baretano* cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*: yet Love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to send her by subtil means and secret messengers. And the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein; he, among many others, makes use of a *Fryer* and a *Hermit*, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady; which (as fit Agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal and religion) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two, than in any other of their Letters: therefore I thought my self in a manner bound here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and grace to their History, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the *Reader*. That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena*, by the *Fryer*, spake thus:

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOW justly may I term my self unfortunate, sith I am enforced to be miserable, before I know what belongs to happiness? For, if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at least, my Purgatory, if not my Hell. Fair Clara, *judg of thy* Baretano *by thy self, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terror to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my Rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents seem to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruel to mine; That I must live alone in* Millan *without thee, and he alone in* Modena *with thee; which makes, that I know not whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pity mine own sorrows and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carried'st away my heart with thee, so thou wilt vouchsafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy self, nor send me that, I may be sought in* Millan, *but found no where but in Heaven. Were I priviledged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command, I would speedily rather flye than post to thee: for fair and dear* Clara, *as thou art my sole joy, and soveraign felicity; so, whiles I breathe this air of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command, my compass; and thy pleasure, my resolution.*

BARETANO.

Her Answer returned by the *Fryer*, to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect:

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judg, how equally we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each other's presence. Thou termest my absence either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell: and my afflictions and torments, for thine, are so great, and withall so infinite, as I have all the equity and reason of the world, to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldom; for whiles Albemare *vows himself to be my Captive, I disdain to be his, and both vow and triumph*

to

to be only Baretano's. I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to Modena; but sure I am, I left mine with thee in Millan. If my Parents seem now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from despair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruel or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather, that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If Clara be thy sole joy, and soveraign felicity, no less is Baretano hers: and albeit I could wish either thou here with my self in Modena, or I there with thee in Millan; yet such is my Aunt Emelia's care, and Albemare's jealousie over me, that were thou in this City, thou couldst difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me: wherefore refrain a whiles, and let thy Journey hither to me, be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended: and think, that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee, suggest. In which interim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our Hearts, I mean our Letters: and this resolve, my dear Baretano, that during our absence, whiles thou dost feast on my Idea, I will not fail to surfeit on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letter, sent *Clara* to *Modena*, by the *Pilgrim*, was couched and penned in these terms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAD not thy requests (in thy last Letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan, to have seen Modena, and in it thy self, my sweet and dear Lady: but I speak it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excess, not want of affection, which infuseth this provident care, and careful providence, to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyful, as thy departure sorrowful; and consequently, that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter. And yet believe me, dear Clara, that my affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self, that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easie, but, which is more, impossible things possible: for, for thy sake, what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence, what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to Modena, nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to Millan, Sorrow will then prevent my Joy; and Despair, my Hope: for, if thou hasten not thy arrival, and our interview, sickness will be my death. Were thou as kind, as fair; or as affectionate, as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my Affection this homage, or thy Beauty this sacrifice.

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her Answer hereunto, returned to *Millan* to *Baretano*, by the foresaid *Pilgrim*, was traced in these words:

CLARA to BARETANO.

THE last command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my suitor Albemare, have now reduced me to so strict a sequestration (or rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen, hath the freedom and power to signifie thee so much. But as calms ensue tempests, and sun-shine, showers; so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope, but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreams subject to revolution and change. Wherefore, my dear Baretano, consider and think with thy self, that my stay from Millan, and thy prohibition from Modena, hath his two-fold excuse that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; sith a little time may effect that with my Parents, which I fear importunity will never: neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine: sith to give thee but one word for all, Thy self, and only thy self, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan; and again as often, that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so far from preventing thy joy, as, though at the price of my death, I am ready to sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine, as also for the banishing of thy despair. Write me not then of thy sickness, lest thou as soon hear of my death: and I know not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my self, which is all that either I can give, or thou desire: cherish thy self for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.

CLARA.

By

By these loving Letters of these our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remark, what a firm league, and strict and constant friendship, there was contracted and setled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whiles *Baretano* entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words: wherein he useth his best Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his desires; and withal, to listen and espy out, if there pass any passages of Letters, or other correspondency betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her discretion to her self resolve, to conceal and obscure from *Albemare*; yet lo, here falls out a sinister and unexpected accident, which will discover and bewray it; yea, and of all sides, and to all parties produce grief, sorrow, choler and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus.

Clara had reason, in her former Letter sent by the Pilgrim, to term this her sequestration in *Modena* a captivity, since the bounds of her Aunt *Emelia*'s two small Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her self, as it were, immured; for farther she was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but still accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minuts or occasions, as well to see her, as to be seen of her. Now to give some truce (though not peace) to her discontents, and thereby somewhat to calm the impetuosity of those tempests, which love had stirred up in her heart and thoughts for the absence of her *Baretano*, she, never better accompanied than when alone, sometime past away the irksomness of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park close shut, followed only by her Waiting-gentlewoman *Adriana*; for in respect of her Aunts unkindness, and *Albemare*'s jealousie, she would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the nearest end of the Park, not far distant from the second Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rows of *Syeamore*-trees, and at the farther end thereof a close o're-shadowed Bower; yea, so closely veiled, that the rayes of the Sun could neither peep in, to scorch the pureness of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing lustre and resplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, *Clara* (about three of the clock after dinner) repairs, having in her hand to delude the time the old amorous History of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illustrated, and newly reprinted in *Millain*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, she took a singular delight to read; but that which gave sweeter musick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart and mind, were her *Baretano*'s two Letters (which we have formerly seen) and which as then she had purposely brought with her to survey and peruse; yea, she reads them ore again and again; and, to write the truth, more often than there are words, or I think syllables therein contained; but when she descends to his name, she cannot refrain from kissing it; yea, and such is her tender love to *Baretano*, as she bedews it with her tears; a thousand times she wished her self with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for separating their bodies, sith she not only hoped, but assured her self, that God had conjoyned and united their hearts. But whiles she in the middest of these passionate extasies seems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the perusal of these Letters of *Baretano*, and then again to be plunged into the hell of sorrow, at the consideration and remembrance of his absence, she hears a voice, which she thinks is not far off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom she saw somewhat near her, gathering of Straw-berries and wild Lillies, she within a flight-shoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover* (but not her *Love*) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, speaking to the Eccho, she guessed by his course (wherein she was not deceived) that he had an intent to salute and speak with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her, to be cumbred with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himself, she hastily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at least as she thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her Book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other side of the Park, purposely to eschew and avoid him, as indeed she did.

Albemare grieves to see *Clara*'s coyness and cruelty toward him; although she were deported forth the Park from him, yet his affection is so fervent to her, as he will needs ascend the Bower, esteeming it not only a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts, sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath been; when thinking to mount the stairs of the Bower, he unexpectedly at the foot therof, finds the two Letters, whereof we have formerly spoke, which it seems slipt forth of *Clara*'s Hankercher, as she was putting it into her Pocket; *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreams of love and joy, kisseth them again and again for her sake; when sitting down in the Bower, he betakes himself to read and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and

draw something from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her; But when he had read the first, he was so extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second: and yet at length hastily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the Circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith she was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himself; But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper seat of his judgment and discretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his eyes, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; who prays him not to despair, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly marry her Neece *Clara*; only she prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he saith, he will take advice of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up these two afore-said Letters in her Trunk, she finds her Handkercher, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for sorrow, grief and anger, she speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her self sick, she withdraws her self to her Chamber, and there presently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well say, that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest; For grief and love so violently act their several parts in their hearts and thoughts, as sigh they do, but sleep they cannot. Yea, their passions and sorrows are as different as their desires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these Letters; so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; Yea again, which is more, as their sorrows are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly tearm them consolations: For as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano's* Letters, doth yet rejoyce that she still retains the Writer and Author thereof engraven and charactered in her heart; so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rival, and who by all probability is like to bear his Mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him; but as *Clara's* comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemare's* from hellish malice and devillish indignation; yea, although the night doth, or should bring counsel, yet as *Clara* passeth it over only with sighs, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there try his fortune, either to kill him or to be killed of him, in a Duel; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts, and Queen of his desires) *Clara*, demanding her, if she please to command him any service for *Millan*; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knows what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, she returns him this Answer: That having neither reason nor desire to command him, she onely prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civillity, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet *Baretano*, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint *Remy*, a small Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*, he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse; and seeing the Host of the house in his Chamber, enquires of him, if there were any Gentleman in the house riding to *Millan*, who as soon returns him this unlook'd-for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Seignior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two hours hence. *Albemare* no sooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding of him again, what manner of Gentleman he was, he told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face; and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden: when

Albemare

Albemare looking forth sees indeed that it was his very rival *Baretano*; when enquiring farther of the Host what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but sometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breathe his horse, he was attended by two or three: and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rival) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seek and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the High-way disguised, and there to venture his own life, and to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witnesses of this his ignoble and treacherous business; and therefore purposely sends away his man to *Millain* before him, and so slipping into the Town, provides himself of a Mask or Vizard, then takes his horse, and rather like a Thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (some three miles from St. *Remy*) attending *Baretano*'s coming, who poor harmless young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes, than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewise takes his Horse, and draws homeward toward *Millain*; when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runs *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almost as soon as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his Mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busie in *Lombardy*, but especially in the Dutchy of *Millain*, he told him that all the Coyn he had, which was some ten double Pistols in Gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so dear and tender towards him, as either the loss or preservation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler against him, when rushing toward him, he delivers him these words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I seek; and then straining himself to run *Baretano* thorow, lo the string of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently sees it is his Rival *Albemare*; whereat, such is his tender affection to his sweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned Craven, and would not fight for his own sake, is now chearfully resolved, not only to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers; and so returning the Villain to *Albemare*'s Throat, he instantly draws, and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be resolute in fighting, no less valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara*'s sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, infuseth such life to his valour, and such generosity and animosity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his Heart of a better; and *Albemare* seeing he must buy his victory dearer than he expected, and disdaining to be out-braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himself manfully and valiantly, in such sort, that within less than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three; when the Count of *Martingue* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millain*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coachman, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweat, and dust, having his *Chirurgion* still in his train with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth their wounds to be dresst and bound up; when by their Apparel seeing them to be *Millaineses*, he is desirous to know their quarrel, and proffers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrel; and yet he is so noble and generous, as he will not so leave them, but seeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their Horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millain*, where after they had severally rendred him many thanks for his Courtesie and Honour, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millain*, they conceal their fightings, and so keep their Chambers, till they have secured their wounds: when *Albemare* visits *Capello*, and his Lady *Castiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as also her averseness towards him, and withall shews her *Baretano*'s two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that she is so wholly his, as he himself is sure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the first, seem to hang their heads at this news, and the perusal of the Letters; but at last, bid him not despair, but be couragious, for he, and only he shall be their Son-in-

law. But *Albemare* considering, that for the term of at least six Months, he, *Camelion*-like, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises; and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him: his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himself, because he was resolute in his constancy and affection to *Clara*; no Reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody design, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, he, not as a Gentleman, but rather, degenerating from the virtue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself, either by Pistol or Poyson how he may treacherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as Malice and Revenge may perchance slumber, but difficultly sleep) the Devil, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day, descending the stairs of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) pass by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but so poorly apparelled, as, weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, he (in favour of money) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murther and make away *Baretano*; to which end, to play the *Practick* part, as well as the *Theorick*, and so to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action; he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prays them to repair to him in the *Cloisters* of *Borromo*'s Palace, for that he hath a business to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Master's pleasure; who netled with this word *Profit*, they repair to the *Rendevouz*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he sworn them to secresie, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten days hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Viceroy*'s Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatcht him; and for his own part, some four or five days hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the business.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* proffered them Gold, which they so much wanted and desired, like two limbs of the Devils, and as a couple of hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promise, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledg and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine, and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof. *Albemare* having setled this his bloody and mournful business with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again solicited by *Capello* and *Castiana*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly consenteth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her self to affect and marry him; he within four days departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefest and most confident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknown to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece, and his Mistris *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parent's Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacherously attempted'st to kill my dear* Baretano, *whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* When with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionately flings from him; whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both storms and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himself on his Bed, saith thus to himself, Unkind and cruel *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano*'s wounds, as she rejoyceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as she a thousand times wishes that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembring, that he would not fight for his own sake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations, she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not

from

from her *Baretano*; But alas, alas! she shall hear too too soon of him, though indeed never more from him; for these execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, some four days after *Albemare*'s departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villains, cruelly assault and murther this harmless and innocent young Gentleman *Baretano*, in the streets of *Millain* by night, with no less than seven several wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and so give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by some *Spaniards* of the *Vice-roy*'s Guard; when the same night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and so provide for their safety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruel murther, will in the end cost them dearer than either they imagine or dream of.

Whiles *Millain* ratleth with the news of *Baretano*'s bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, so *Capello* and his wife *Castiana*, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now assuring themselves, that *Albemare* shall shortly be their Son-in-Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all possible speed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Master, who entertains this news with infinite joy and delectation, and presently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat she rejoyceth, and he triumphs; but they both resolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, because they know she will even dissolve and melt into tears thereat. But four days after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertize their Daughter *Clara*, their sister *Emelia* and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman a servant of theirs, whom they purposely send to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millain* But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judg, with what extream excess of grief and immoderate sorrow our poor *Clara* understands this heart-piercing news of her *Baretano*'s mournful and sorrowful death; for she is no sooner advertised thereof, but she throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a swound; so as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Father's Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her, but being come again to her senses and self, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamored of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; she wringing her hands, then crossing her arms; and lastly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt sighing and speaking, breaths forth these mournfull, passionate, and affectionate speeches.

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and dear *Baretano*! and shall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? When the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her self, and her God, she secretly unsheaths her Knif, and then, and there would have stabbed her self to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stept to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, she prays *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his; vowing that although she were a woman, yet if she knew his murtherers, she would flie to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhuman and cruel death; when her sorrows are so infinite, and her grief so unsupportable, as she cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her self from the Garden to her Chamber, where her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entered the *Nunnery* of her own name St. *Clara*, and in that retired and obscure life, there ended her days in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thence-forth, either to see her Parents, or *Millain*; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, she brooking her sorrows as patiently as she may, (with much solicitation) after ten days, permits her self to be conveyed home to *Millain*, where, although she were cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet she likewise went neer to have there mewed her self up a spiritual Sister in the Nunnery of *Annunciation*: but that again she was prevented; whereat grieving, she takes on mourning attire, and vows to wear it a whole year for his sake; when to make her self (as she was) both a true *Lover*, and a true *Mourner* to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, she often-times steals into St. *Euphemia*'s Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living so pensively, and disconsolately, that although she live in the world, yet it seems she neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as time is a sovereign remedy for all diseases and sorrows; so about some ten months after, the incessant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continual tender respect and observant courtesie of *Albemare* towards her, make her

ſomewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleaſing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a conſideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almoſt as ſoon as it begins to live. For why (quoth ſhe) ſhould ſhe affect or love him, who at St. *Remy* gave her *Baretano* three ſeveral wounds? But then love again ſteps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him loſe far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his was only occaſioned through his affection to her, and only for her ſake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts ſuch ſatisfaction, as weighed down and vanquiſhed, as well by the Power and Prayers of her Parents, as alſo by the endleſs ſighs, letters and preſents of *Albemare*. The year is no ſooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unſpeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millain* (with great Pomp and Bravery) are very ſolemnly married. But this marriage of theirs ſhall not prove ſo proſperous as they expect and hope; for *God* in his all-ſeeing *Providence*, hath decreed to diſturb the tranquillity and ſerenity thereof, and to make them feel the ſharp and bitter ſhowers of affliction and miſery, which briefly doth thus ſurprize and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly been married together a year and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, albeit ſhe affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the ſweetneſs of her youth, and the freſhneſs of her beauty, his luſtful eyes and thoughts carry his laſcivious ſelf abroad among Curtezans, when they ſhould be fixed on her, and reſident at home with his chaſt and fair Lady; ſo as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude, her unſpeakable affliction and vexation; ſhe with infinite ſighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thouſand times wiſhes ſhe had been ſo happy and bleſſed to have died *Baretano*'s Martyr, and not ſo unfortunate and accurſed to live to ſee her ſelf *Albemare*'s Wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, ſhe ſhould then prefix bounds to her calamities and ſorrows; but ſeeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into deſpair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward diſcontents ſo apparently bewray themſelves in her outward ſorrowful complexion and countenance, that the Roſes of her cheeks are metamorphoſed into Lillies, and her heart ſo wholly taken up with anguiſh, and ſurprized with ſorrow, as ſhe wiſheth that her bed were her grave, and her ſelf in Heaven with God; becauſe ſhe could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband: but beyond her expectation, God is providing to redreſs her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very ſtrange and unlooked-for Accident.

The *Providence* and *Juſtice* of God doth now again refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the *Stage* and *Theatre* of this Hiſtory; for having ſpent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are ſo great, and his neceſſity ſo urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conſcience nor ſcruple now to play the thief, and ſo by night breaks into a Jeweller's ſhop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a ſmall Trunk or Casket, wherein were ſome uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emralds*, with ſome *Venice* cryſtal pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamata* lying over his ſhop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing into the ſtreets, makes ſome of the Neighbours, and alſo the watch approach and aſſemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm he is preſently hem'd in, apprehended and impriſoned, and the Casket took from him, and again reſtored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he ſhall die for this robbery, as a juſt puniſhment and judgment of God, now ſent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to eſcape death, but by the means of *Albemare*; he ſends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the priſon to him; whom, he bids to tell his Maſter *Albemare* from him, that being ſure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his ſoul any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the Ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himſelf and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Maſter, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conſcience and courage, to ſee himſelf reduced to this miſery, that no leſs than his life muſt now ſtand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro*'s tongue. But knowing it impoſſible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own ſafety, by ſtopping of *Pedro*'s mouth; he reſolves to heave *Oſſa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to poyſon him in Priſon, whom he had formerly cauſed to murther *Baretano* in the ſtreet, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or ſin, but rather a juſt reward and recompence for his former bloody ſervice; ſo to feed *Pedro* with falſe hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to ſilence, and to lull his malice

aſleep

asleep, he speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare*, is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joys in their untimely blossoms, and to disturb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he had dined, he is tryed and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet, purposely to be erected before *Fiamata*'s house, where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence, not only makes his joy strike sail to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacock's Plumes to humility and fear; but his only trust and comfort; yea, his last hopes and refuge, is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning, he is enforced to play his bloody Prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio* to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or Bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his Pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Vice-roys* sign to it, which he shall have to morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the Bottles, was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carryed no distastful, but a pleasing relish, to the palate. *Valerio* like an execrable villain, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, punctually performs this fearful and mournful business; and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, first with his good news, and then with his poysoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and commiting him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his Pardon. When this miserable and beastly profane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his Soul; of Heaven, or Hell, betakes himself to his bed, where the poyson spreading ore his vital parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, sending his soul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold, in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhuman Murtherer (and Thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example-sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poysoned and made away himself. And now doth *Albemare* again rejoyce and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murthering of *Baretino*, or his poysoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any farther storms or tempests; but his hopes and joys will deceive him; for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not so leave him, but ere long when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiosity shall not go far to see it; for as to a guilty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millain*, but behold he is afresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatoons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to rely on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millain*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and prays him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatoons; as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteen days expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extreamly incensed and enraged to see himself thus slighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extream poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparel, and so to uncloath his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millain* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; I make no doubt but this my second will: for being a Souldier, I give thee to understand, that I hold it far more generous to hang than starve; sith as a halter is only the beginning

of

of my friends sorrows; so it will likewise be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou didst hire Pedro *and my self for two hundred Duckatoons to give Seignior* Baretano *his death, which at thy request we performed: Think then how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time left thee to survive me: Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

LEONARDO.

Now although *Leonardo* meant not as he writ, yet this his messenger coming to *Millain*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, knows not (and yet is resolute) what to do, either to stay his coming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; but waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Master's coming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so disloyal and unkind a one to his chast and fair wife, as he was out all night with his *Courtisans*, which good and virtuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his coming uncertain, and himself inforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Master's study, that it might be apparent to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invite the *Christian Reader* to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a Man-fool of some fourty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millain*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmless fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the Cup-board; Now, as Children and Fools may in some sort be termed Cousin-*German* to Apes; so, as soon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight ond content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and virtuous *Clara* coming from St. *Ambrose* Church, where she had been to hear *Vesper's*, and seeing a fair Letter fast sealed in the Fool's hand; she enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, she could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, God had sent it him*; which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her Soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter: whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; she seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting down in a Chair and breaking up the seals thereof, she begins to read it; but when she draws towards the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare*, who had caused her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murthered; then not able to contain her self for sorrow, she throws her self on the floor and weeps, and sighs so mournfully, as the most obdurate and flintiest heart could not chuse but relent into pity to see her; For sometimes she look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth; now wringing her hands, and then crossing her arms; in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her: when after a deep and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many volleys of far-fecht sighs into the air, commanding *Adriana* forth, and the door being shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow she alone utters these mournful speeches to her self.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murthered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody Grave? And *Clara, Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungratefull to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, not seek to revenge this his disastrous and cruel end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entring into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul, at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of Revenge? for consider with thy self, yea, forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him;

and

and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection, yet ye two are but one fleſh: and therefore conſider, that Malice is a bad Advocate, and revenge a worſe Judg. But here again remembring what a foul and odious crime Murther was in the ſight of the Lord, that the diſcovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtleſs inſpired from Heaven, to affirm that God ſent the Letter; ſhe knows that her bonds of Conſcience to her Saviour, muſt exceed and give a Law to thoſe of her duty towards her Husband: and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, ſhe immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano*'s Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with ſighs and tears ſhews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had moſt curiouſly and exactly hunted to diſcover the Murtherers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* firſt reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeal and Chriſtian fortitude towards God, in ſhewing her how much the diſcovery of this Murther tended to His glory; and ſo preſently ſends away for the *Preſident Criminal*; who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, ſhews him the Letter, and prays him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modeſty and equity he doth, and then returns with her to her houſe; and there likewiſe examineth the Fool where he had the Letter; who out of his incivility and ſimplicity, takes the *Preſident* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him, *Here God ſent the Letter, and here I found it*: when *Valerio* being preſent, and imagining by his Lady's heavy and ſorrowful countenance, that this Letter had (perhaps) brought her into ſome affliction and danger; he looking on the direction of the Letter, as alſo on the ſeal, reveals both to the *Preſident*, and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purpoſely on the Cupboard for his Maſter againſt his coming. The *Preſident* being fully ſatisfied herein, admires at God's Providence, revealed in the ſimplicity of this poor harmleſs Fool, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light (when knowing that God doth many times raiſe up the fooliſh and weak, to confound the wiſe and mighty things of the world) he preſently grants out a Commiſſion to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the moſt famous Beauties and reputed Curteſans of *Millan*: He, both aſtoniſhed and amazed by the juſt Judgments of God, is drawn from his beaſtly pleaſures and adulteries, to priſon; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murthered *Baretano*, he ſtoutly denies it. But *Leonardo*'s Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conſcience ringing him many thundring Peals of terror, he there at large confeſſeth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the ſame afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which adminiſtreth matter of talk and admiration thorowout all *Millan*, when Serjeants are likewiſe ſent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not ſo much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and miſery.

And now *Albemare* advertiſed of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo*'s was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance juſtly befell him for his ſins) he curſed the cruelty of his Wife, the ſimplicity of the Fool, but moſt bitterly exclaims againſt the remiſneſs and careleſneſs of his ſervant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cauſe of his death: yea, he is ſo far tranſported with choler againſt him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will aſſuredly cry quittance with him ere he dye.

Now the charity of his Judges, ſend him Divines that night in Priſon, to prepare and clear his Conſcience, and to confirm and fortifie his Soul againſt the morn, in his laſt conflict with the world, and her flight and tranſmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiouſly admoniſhing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he ſhould now do well to reveal it. He likewiſe there and then confeſſeth, how he had cauſed his man *Valerio* to poiſon *Pedro* with Wine in Priſon, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloody and execrable Wretch (according to his helliſh deſert) is likewiſe apprehended and impriſoned.

And now God's Mercy and Juſtice brings this unfortunate (becauſe irreligious) Gentleman, *Albemare*, to receive condign puniſhment for thoſe his two horrible Murthers which he had cauſed to be committed on the perſons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; who aſcending the Ladder in preſence of a world of Spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewel of the world, (the ſight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only ſorrowful, but repentant) he briefly delivered theſe few words:

He confeſſeth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the ſtreet, and ſeduced

ced his servant *Valerio* to poyson *Pedro* in prison; whereof, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himself, and besought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewise besought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in respect he knew he was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise forgave his Fool, as being assured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him, that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, he with many tears forgave his Wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by farr too vertuous for so dissolute and vile a Husband as himself. He blamed himself for neglecting to love her; and cursed his Queans and Curtesans, as being the chief cause of all his miseries: when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges seeing that he had added Murther to Murther, they held it Justice to add Punishment to his Punishment; and so he is no sooner cut down, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther, whiles *Albemare* is acting the last *Scene* and *Catastrophe* of his *Tragedy*, his wretched Hireling, *Leonardo*, and his execrable servant, *Valerio*, are likewise attainted, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their several Murthers of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and so the very same afternoon they are brought to their Executions, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession, having made him know better how to sin than repent; he, out of a soldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; begging pardon for his sins in general, of God and the world, and then bidding the Hang-man do his Office, takes his last adieu of the world.

When immediately *Valerio* ascends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and sorrow in his looks, as near as could be observed and gathered, spake these words:

That being poor both in Friends and Means, the only hope and preferment under his Master, made him at his request to poison *Pedro* in prison: That many times since, he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soul repents himself of it, and beseeches the Lord to forgive it him; that he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano*'s; yea, or of the knowledg thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first capital crime, so sith he must now dye, he rejoyced it was his last; and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their Masters, or the Devil: and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soul, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved) ends of these bloody Murtherers; and thus did God's Justice and Revenge, triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raining down confusion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devil (falsly) made them believe they sate secure, yea, when they least dream'd thereof on Earth. Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restrain and deterr us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall we live fortunate, and dye happy; whereas they dyed miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this History, and therein, as I think, to give some satisfaction to the curiosity of the *Reader*, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the fair and vertuous *Clara*: Why, her sorrows were so infinite, and her quality and nature so sorrowful, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the incessant vanities, crosses, and afflictions thereof, she (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her Parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her self from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the *Annuntiation* (so famous in *Millan*) where, for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a pensive and solitary life.

God's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vaſſelay *poiſoneth her Waiting-maid,* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her Husband,* De Merſon, *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, ſhe cauſeth his man,* La Villete, *to murther him a in Wood, and then marries him in requital. The ſaid* La Villete, *a year after, riding thorow the ſame Wood, his Horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him; when he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter,* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his Wife,* La Vaſſelay, *to be the cauſe thereof: ſo for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

HOW falſly, nay, how impiouſly do we term our ſelves *Chriſtians*, when under that glorious and ſanctified Title, we ſeek to prophane and deface the glory of Chriſt, in cruelly murthering our Brethren his Members? Effects, not of *zeal*, but of *rage*; not of *piety*, but of *madneſs*; invented by the Devil, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents: lamentable effects! yea, I ſay, bloody and infernal crimes, which ſtill ruin thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them. For, let us but look from Earth to Heaven, from Satan to God, from Nature to Grace, and from our Hearts to our Souls; and we ſhall aſſuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether Charity be a ſweeter Vertue, and Malice a fouler Vice; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatal, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent teſtimony of God's ſaving-grace towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſin, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of God, for one ſtranger to kill another; O then, how much more execrable and diabolical muſt it be for a Gentlewoman to poiſon her Waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtol his Maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame Gentlewoman his wife: for murthers, no leſs ingrateful and cruel, doth this ſubſequent Hiſtory and relate; wherein we ſhall ſee, that God in the triumphs of his re-

venging *Justice*, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharp and severe, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to God's glory, and our own consolation, which we shall assuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes in others, and detest them in our selves.

In the fair and pleasant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Main* in *France*) in the very latter years that the Marshal of *Boyes-Dauphin* was Governor thereof, under the present King *Lewis* XIII, his Master, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, aged threescore and three years, termed *La Vasselay*, being well descended, and left very rich, as well in Lands as Movables, by her late deceased Husband, *Monsieur Froysset*, who was slain in the behalf of the *Queen-Mother*, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, assaulted and taken by the King her Son Now although this old Widow, *La Vasselay*, (in respect of her Age) was far more fit to seek God in the Church, than a new Husband in her Bed; yet she is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six Months since she hath buried her second Husband; (for the *Reader* must understand, she had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty years before, and is now again resolved to take a third) and albeit she knew, that the civility of the Widows in *France*, was such, that they seldom marry, but almost never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy, thinks it not only lawful, but fit, to break this too austere custom; and therefore she peremptorily resolves to live a Wife, and not to dye a Widow. But this resolution of hers, were she either in the Summer or the Autumn of her years, had been as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it savoured of undecency and inconstancy, sith she was in the Winter thereof: for Age, despight of her Youth, and youthful desires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new-dyed the colour of the hair from black to white: yea, she was so far from retaining any signs or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not justly shew any ruins or demolitions thereof; and yet (forsooth) she will marry again. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Vertues and Personage, invite many old Widowers, and some rich *Gentlemen* and *Councellors* of the famous *Presidial Court* of that City, to seek her in marriage; and indeed, both for Lands and Money, none her inferiors, but at least her equals, and some her betters: but in vain; for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either she is too young for them, or they too old for her; and therefore she will have none of them: yea, her lust seems so youthfully to give a Law to her age, and she a lye to her years, as she casts off her Mourning-attire, decks her self up in gay apparel, powders her hair, paints her face, with a resolution (forsooth) to have no old *Dotard*, but a young *Gallant*, to her Husband; as if therein she wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designs, met with unexpected misery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and Widow, *La Vasselay*, made her self the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*, home comes a young Gentleman of this Countrey of *Main*, termed *Monsieur De Merson*, from his travel in *Italy*, whose Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monsieur De Manfrelle*, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom *De Merson* was second son, who in a year's absence in *Italy*, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity (which is the true essence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to serve his Prince and Countrey, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Linage); he had made such poor and unprofitable use of his travels, as forgetting the obtaining of the Language, and all generous exercises, perfections, and qualities, (so requisite and graceful in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing else, but to pass his time with Curtisans and Strumpets, especially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*; where, for their sakes, and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greatest part of his Residence; where he so prodigally spent and exceeded his Father's exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not loaden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwise ignorant in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himself, and false luster on his *Endowments* and *Proficiency*, he superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some *Italian Phrases* and *Complements*, which he thought would not only pass currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himself, as them. When immediately upon his arrival, that he might the better see and make himself seen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparel, both in *L' Aval*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*: yea, there is scarce any great Feast or Marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposely invites himself thereat, thereby to make himself the more conspicuous and apparent to the eyes of the World, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favor

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he not only endeavours to imitate, but strives to engraft himself: but his old Father *Manfrelle*, judiciously observing the vain behaviour, and deportment, carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, because he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and discreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and, which is worse, debauch'd; sith he well knew, that either of these two vices was enough, sufficient, and powerful, not only to ruin his Reputation, but his Fortunes.

Again, to add more sorrows to his grief, and more discontent to his sorrows: for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almost every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of first and second, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his estate, or at least his pleasure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merson* aside, and very sharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities, vows that he will neither sell nor mortgage his Lands, to discharge his fooliſh debts; and therefore he bids him look to satisfie them, for that he is fully resolved not to see, much less to speak with any of his Creditors, how great or small soever the summes be he ows them. This cooling-Card of *Manfrelle*'s, makes his Son *De Merson* not only bite his lips for sorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation; yea, his folly doth so eclipse and over-veil his judgment herein, as instead of making good use hereof, he takes a contrary resolution, and so resolves to embrace and follow the worst: for, whereas he should have made his pride and prodigality strike sail, and now rather seek to re-integrate himself into his Father's favours, than any way futurely to incense or exasperate him against him; he only taking counsel of his Youth, Passions, and Choler, (which as false and treacherous guides, most commonly lead us to misery and repentance) again precipitates and ingulphs himself afresh in new debts, both with his *Usurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*; and, no longer able to digest his Father's checks and frowns, he very inconsiderately and rashly packs up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to *Mans*, and there resolves to pass his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will discharge his debts in his absence; but more especially, to become acquainted with the Beauties of that City, thereby to obtain some rich young Heir, or old Widow, for his Wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintain his excessive prodigality and voluptuousness: and indeed, although the two former of these his hopes deceive him, yet he shall shortly find and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his Apparel and Equipage, the freeness of his expences, his comely talk, personage, black beard, and sanguine complexion, makes him as soon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen; and far the more, because they know his Father, *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Main*; and although he is not his Heir, yet in regard he is his second Son, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those he frequented; so that the very fame and name of *Monsieur De Merson*, began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and because he was a great *Balladine* or *Dancer*, there was no solemn Assembly, either publick or private, but still *De Merson* made one; and there was not a reputed Beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as he soon wrought and insinuated himself into her acquaintance and familiarity; the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a small time, the wiser sort of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the City, found his wit and experience to come infinitely short of his brave Apparel; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them (who esteem all men by their luster, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparel, and the comelineſs of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind: they hold him in so high a repute and esteem, as they think him to be the most absolute Gallant, not only of *Mans*, but of all the Countrey of *Main*: so easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of those who only build their judgments in their conceit, and not their conceits in their judgment.

And of this rank and number was our old Widow, *La Vasselay*; who having many times heard of *De Merson*'s fame and comely personage, and seen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two several Nuptial-Feasts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers; she is so far in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart she wisheth she had given half her Estate and Dowry, conditionally that she were his Wife, and he her Husband: yea, she is so ravished with the comelineſs of his feature, and the sweetneſs of his complexion and countenance, as all the World is not half so dear to her as *De Merson*; nor any man whatsoever, by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soul, as himself. And although she be in the frozen *Zone* of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her desires so youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modesty (that the best vertue of our

ſoul, and this the chieſeſt ornament of our body) ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth, that either *De Merſon* were impaled in her arms, or ſhe incloiſtered in his.

But doting (yea, I may weil near truly ſay) dying old Gentlewoman! is this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Climacterical* year of threeſcore and three, art thou yet ſo fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs ſeek to marry one of five and twenty? Fooliſh *La Vaſſelay*! if it be not now time, yea, high time for thee to ſacrifice thy deſires to continency, when will it be, if ever it be? Didſt thou reſolve to wed a Husband near of thine own age, and ſo to end the remainder of thy days with him in chaſt and holy Wedlock; that reſolution of thine were as excuſable, as this, in deſiring ſo young a one, is worthy, not only of blame, but of reprehenſion, and, I may ſay, of pity. Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, what a prepoſterous attempt and enterpriſe is this of thine, that when thou ſhouldſt finiſh thy days in devotion, and prayer, thou then delighteſt to begin them in concupiſcence and luſt. O *La Vaſſelay*, mock at thoſe rebellions and treacherous pleaſures of the fleſh, which ſeem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any ſpark of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age; why, if thy chaſt thoughts cannot, yet let modeſty, or at leaſt piety, extinguiſh them. God hath already given thee two Husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy ſelf to God? Hitherto the chaſtity of thy youth hath made thee happy; and wilt thou now permit, that the luſt of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure, miſerable? and that the purity and candor of that, be diſtained and polluted by the foulneſs and obſcenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconſiderate Gentlewoman! of a grave Matron, become not a youthful Giglet; or if thou wilt not ſuffer the eyes of thy body, at leaſt permit thoſe of thy ſoul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy ſnow-white hair, who can inform and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven, than Earth, ſith thoſe pleaſures are eternal, and theſe tranſitory; for God, than a Husband, ſith he only can make thee bleſſed; whereas (in reward of thy laſcivious luſt) this peradventure may be reſerved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewoman's thoughts and deſires, do ſo violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young and (as ſhe immodeſtly terms him) fair *De Merſon*, as the only conſideration of her delight and pleaſure, weighs down all other reſpects; ſo that neither reaſon nor modeſty, advice nor perſwaſion, can prevail with her reſolution to divert her affection from him, but love him ſhe doth, and (which is repugnant as well to the inſtinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modeſty, and rules of Civility) ſeek him for her Husband ſhe will; yea, ſhe is already become ſo ſottiſh in her affection, and ſo laſciviouſly fervent in her deſires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her ſoul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity; and this adores him as the only content and glory of her life: ſhe will not ſee the greatneſs of her own eſtate and wealth, nor conſider the ſmalneſs of his means and hopes, in that he is not an Heir, but a ſecond Brother: ſhe will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what thoſe may be, what theſe are; ſhe will not think what a prepoſterous diſparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of diſcontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: ſhe will not conſider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that ſhe thereby impoveriſheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of thoſe of her two former Husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more juſtly and properly belongs: and to conclude and ſhut up this point, ſhe will not imagine or dream to how many laughters and ſcandals of the world ſhe expoſeth her ſelf, who will not only call her diſcretion, but her modeſty in queſtion, for matching with ſo young a Gentleman as *De Merſon*, to whom for age ſhe may not only well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwiſe, this fooliſh old Gentlewoman having ſent her wits a wool-gathering on his ſweet and comely perſonage; his youth, and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other reſpects and conſiderations before them: yea, they ſo ſubmerge her reaſon, and quite drown her diſcretion, as ſhe hath no eyes unſhut to ſee the one, nor ears unſtopped to hear the other; ſo that if ſhe deſire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is obſerved) that ſhe live to ſee *De Merſon* her Husband, and her ſelf his Wife; which to effect and accompliſh, ſhe knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Monſieur De Pruneau*, an ancient Councellor of the *Preſidial Court* of that City, who was the only Councellor both to her laſt Husband, and her ſelf; and of whoſe diſcretion, integrity, and fidelity, ſhe had all the reaſons of the world to reſt confident and aſſured.

Now although the Wiſdom and Experience of *De Pruneau* ſuggeſted him, with what an extream inequality there was betwixt *De Merſon*'s youth, and *La Vaſſelay's* age, which he could not

not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harvest: and therefore, how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on such prepostrous marriages, whereof he had formerly seen divers lamentable examples and woful experiences, as well of men, as women, who had suffered shipwrack upon that *Scylla*, and this *Charibdis*; he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her self, produceth some of the former alledged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the stream of her ill-grounded affection, from *De Merson*, and (in general terms) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose years (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to *De Merseron* was so firmly and immovably setled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief, but her torment, to be any way crossed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language; and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promiseth her his utmost power, and best endeavours, speedily to effect and compass her desires; when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembring she had forgotten something, calls him again, and prays him, that if *De Merson* be inquisitive to know her direct age, that he substract away at least ten years thereof; so that whereas she is sixty three, to affirm that she is very little above fifty: whereunto she her self blushing, *De Pruneau* not able likewise to refrain from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindful thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniency) finds out *De Merson*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyselle La Vasselay*, for her affection to him; lays before him the Nobility of her Descent and Blood, the greatness of her Estate and Means, as also the excellency of her vertues; that fifty years is the most of her age; and that she is not by far so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the world; yea, and desires no man in the world for her Husband, but himself; and, that when he pleaseth, she desires the honour of his company to her house; with many other intimations and insinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of *La Vasselay's* rich Estate and Dowry, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well; and although he distaste, yet he will dissemble the second: he thanks *De Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first; and if her wealth and vertues correspond with his relation, to deserve the second: alledging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet sith he is no Heir, but a second Brother, yet it is rather likely, than impossible, for it to be a Match betwixt them; and in the mean time, to requite part of her affection, he promiseth to sup with her, the night following, at her house, where he only desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this business, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good: and so for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received this pleasing and discreet answer from *De Merson*, he returns with the relation and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*; vows, that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes far short of his interior vertues and discretion: and, that by all which he either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is, in his conceit, the most accomplished Gentleman, not only of *Mans*, but of *France*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her self, to entertain him the next night. Which answer of *De Merson's*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seems to be already ravished with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, she leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerab'e to his welcome; whereof, whiles she is not only careful, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speak a word or two how *De Merson* entertains and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughs in his sleeve to see her youthful affections so flourishing in this *Autumn*, nay, in this *Winter* of her Age, as to desire and seek so young a Gentleman as himself for her Husband: but he understands she is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves, that this vertue is capable to over-value and ransom that defect and error of hers. He sees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himself cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruin his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth; as also, that there is no Hell comparable to that of a discontented bed; and then again, his debauch'd and lustful thoughts suggest him this remedy, That *Mans* hath Beauties enough for him to recreate himself, and to pass his time with; although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may

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have younger Laſſes and Ladies in his arms, both when and where he pleaſeth. He conſider-eth, that rich Widows are not ſo ſoon found, as ſought; nor ſo ſoon obtained, as found; and that if he refuſe *La Vaſſelay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the days of his life; and although his Will may, his Power ſhall not be able to repair or redreſs this error of his all his life after. He is not ignorant, that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth, are ſubject to be as ſoon loſt as won in a humour; and therefore then loſt, be-cauſe not then won. Again, that the elder ſhe is, the ſooner ſhe will dye, and he then is at li-berty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaſeth; and that her Wealth would then prove a true prop and ſweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finiſh this conſultation of his, ſhe is without children to moleſt and trouble him, and therefore to be deſired; ſhe is vertuous, diſcreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deſerves to be accepted and not refuſed.

Upon the grounds of which reaſons and conſiderations, he makes good his promiſe to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to viſit and ſup with *La Vaſſelay*; who having pur-poſely deckt her ſelf up in her youthful and gayeſt Apparel, receives him with all demon-ſtrations of affection and joy. At his firſt arrival, he affords her two or three kiſſes; whereat ſhe infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth, and, in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deſerts, but his expectation; and believe me, it was worth his obſervation to ſee how ſuperficially his youth looked on her age; and how artificially and luſtfully her age gazed on his youth. Now by this time Supper is ſerved in, wherein her affection was again diſcovered to him in the curioſity and bounty thereof: Where *De Pruneau*, to give life to their mirth, tells them both, That he hopes this their firſt meeting and interview wil produce effects anſwerable to both their contents and deſires; whereat *De Merſon* cannot refrain from bluſh-ing, nor *La Vaſſelay* from ſmiling: they are all very pleaſant and jocond at Table; and ſhe, to give the better edg and reliſh to his affection, ſtrives to ſeem far younger than indeed ſhe is, and than he knows her to be: yea, ſhe doth ſo cunningly intermix and diſperſe youthful ſpeeches amidſt her aged gravity, as if ſhe were not old, or at leaſt newly made young. Now whiles ſhe feaſted her eyes on his freſh countenance, and fair complexion; he ſends his abroad to look on her Plate, rich Hangings, and Houſhold-ſtuff, wherewith he ſaw her Houſe was richly and plentifully furniſhed. Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no ſoon-er fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Merſon* kindly and familiarly ta-king his new-old Miſtris in his Arms, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her, beyond her ſelf, both merry and joyful. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what ſpeeches and complements here paſt betwixt them; becauſe in this, and my future Hiſtories, I will follow the ſame method of brevity which I have propoſed and obſerved in my former. Let then his inquiſitive curioſity underſtand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this firſt time; and *De Merſon*, although he were a debauched Gentleman, yet he is not ſo ſimple to omit, but rather ſo well adviſed to pry into the true depth and naked truth of her Eſtate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in mar-rying one Widow, have match'd themſelves to two Thieves; and credulouſly thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very beggar. Whereupon he takes three days reſpite to reſolve; and ſo with ſome kiſſes, and many thanks for her affection, and kind entertain-ment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her; whoſe fair carriage, and diſ-creet reſolution in temporizing, *La Vaſſelay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Merſon* having ſpent the firſt and ſecond day in ſurveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leaſes of her Lands and Houſes, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her Eſtate to anſwer his expectation, and her report; and that ſhe is really worth in Land, 6000 Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at leaſt 1800 more: he the third day publickly contracts himſelf to her; and having adverti-ſed his Father therof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within eight days after privatly marries her; which adminiſtreth cauſe of ſpeech and wonder in and about *Mans*; ſome bla-ming her of indiſcretion and levity, to match ſo young a Gentleman; others taxing him of folly to marry ſo old a Widow; ſome extolling and applauding his judgment, in enriching himſelf with ſo great an Eſtate, which would not only deface his debts, ſecure his youth and age from the ſtorms of want, and the tempeſts of neceſſity, but alſo in the one & the other maintain him richly, proſperouſly, and gallantly. And others again believing and preſaging, that this their great inequality and diſparity of years, would either of the one ſide, or other, or both, produce many diſcontents and afflictions, inſtead of hoped-for joys and proſperities. Thus every one ſpeaks differently of this prepoſterous Match, according as their paſſions and fancies dictate them;

them; but which of all these opinions and judgments speaks truest, we shall not go far to understand and know.

We have seen the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*, *May* to *December*, and young *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*: in which Contract and Nuptials, either of them are so vain, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their souls, or of Heaven. Yea, God is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of Marriages, are only two, *God's glory*, and the *propagation of Children*; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? Ay me! if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodness? or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when only her aim and end therein is lust, and his wealth? If a building can subsist and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot; for what more rotten than the beastly pleasures of her lustful, and yet decayed age; and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly fear, and my heart truly presage and apprehend, that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heels to attend and follow these their Nuptials; As mark we the sequel, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merson hath not been married two whole months to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himself that ever he matched her; for he now sees, though before he would not, that it is impossible for his youth to fadg and sympathize with her age, he sees that he hath a decrepit, sickly and decayed body, and that she is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as also of an Issue in her left arm, which is not only displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her Ruff and head-attire, and dighted her self in her night habiliments, then he vows he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred Cap and Wast-coat; and takes her withered face for a *Vizard* or a *Comet*, which yeelds no delight but terror to his eyes, swearing that he serves only for a Bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it self is far colder than a *Marble-statue*; Yea, he is so far out of love with her, because, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her sight is a Plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But debauched and dissolute Gentleman, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediately from Hell and Satan, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by Heaven, much less inspired in thy heart by God; Consider, consider with thy self, that if *La Vasselay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Pruneau* or her self informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knowest she could not be less than sixty three, and more she is not. In which regard marriage (the holy institution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldst reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldst not hate her. Hath she imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is she pestred with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not only to love, but to honour her; and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not only dishonour, but despise and contemn her; and that thou only madest that vow purposely to break it? O *De Merson*, if thou art not capable of counsel, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldst respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence Age; so it is impiety to disdain and malign it; and if in any man towards a meer stranger, how much more in a Husband to his own wife? And because it is easier to espy our Wive's imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vasselay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is because she loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have seen *De Merson*'s distaste of his wife *La Vasselay*: Let us now see how she likes, or rather why she soon dislikes him; for he bears himself so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her, as her desires of his youth come far short both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wandreth six from her; is still abroad, and seldome or never at home with her; yea, he is of such a gadding humour, and ranging disposition, and his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her self; and the vanity of his pleasures do so far surprize and captivate him, that he is already become so vicious, as he makes day his night, and night his day; living rather like a voluptuous *Epicure*, than a temperate or civil *Christian*; Neither, quoth she, is it jealousie but truth which makes her pry so narrowly into such lewd and lascivious actions, wherein

the farther she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation; which makes her wish, that she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he, or her self, in Heaven, when they so unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How now, fond and foolish old Gentlewoman! are thy joys so soon converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy crosses and afflictions, sith thy lustful and lascivious desires were not only the author, but the procurer of them: for, hadst thou been more modest, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently seen, and providently fore-seen, that *De Merson*'s youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth: so that hadst thou been then but half so stayed and wise, as now thou art sorrowful, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But, rash and inconsiderate woman! how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousie, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice? and doth now thy frozen age think it a vertue to admit and embrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind: for, what is jealousie, but the rage of our thoughts and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happiness, the traytor to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poyson of our hearts, and the very bane and canker of our souls? Jealousie! why, it is the daughter of Frenzy, and the mother of Madness: it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not, yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expel, being admitted. But, *La Vasselay*, expel it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to dye miserable. Wert thou as young, as aged, thy jealousie might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now, not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who wink at the youthful escapes of their Husbands; so thy jealousie makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merson* given and addicted to other women? Why, pardon him, because he is a young man: and as he is thy Husband, and thou his Wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envy.

Thus we see upon what fatal and ominous terms these late married couple now stand: *De Merson*'s youth scorning and spurning at his Wife *La Vasselay*'s age, and wholly addicting himself to others; and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vasselay*'s jealousie, as her foolish curiosity hath already the general cause; we must know, that she hath a very proper young Gentlewoman who attends her, of some eighteen years of age, termed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatness, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair; she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, she fears her Husband is more familiar, than either modesty or chastity can permit: and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this her credulity and jealousie; and God knows, they are poor and weak ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her own withered face serves only but as a foil to make *Gratiana*'s fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kiss her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and trivial reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousie on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny! And yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merson* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her defloration, but could never obtain her consent thereunto; for she was as chast as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oaths: for she told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poor Gentleman's daughter, yet she thanked God, that her Parents had so vertuously train'd her up in the School of *Honour*, that she would rather dye, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the World. Which chast answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her; and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his Wife, her Mistris;

yet

yet notwithstanding, as it is the nature of Jealousie, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore she is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* other than with her self; which she vows she cannot digest, and will no longer tolerate. To which end (with a most malicious and strange kind of treachery) she makes fair weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfastly in her face, she tells her, that she hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Feaver; whereunto, although chaste and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly contents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vasselay* (like a base Mistris, and a treacherous step-dame) sends for an *Apothecary*, named *Rennee*, gives him a watch-word in his ear, to draw at least sixteen ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that she was strongly entred into a burning Fever; but he being as honest as she was treacherous and cruel, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a *Doctor*; whereupon he opens her right-arm vein; and as he had near drawn so much from this poor harmless young *Gentlewoman*, she faints twice in a Chair betwixt their arms, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly retetch her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag still notwithstanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed she thought it not enough, or sufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and flame of her jealousie; of which this is the first effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman; but we shall not go far to see a second.

Gratiana is so far from dreaming of her Mistris jealousie toward her Master and her self; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as she thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Merson* dining at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many days before) and seeing *Gratiana* look so white and pale demands of her, if she be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ails her *Gentlewoman* to look so ill, which she seems to put off with a feigned excuse; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousie) she retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as she cannot, she will not any longer suffer or endure this affection of her Husband to *Granatia*; nor that *Granatia*'s youth shall wrong *La Vasselay*'s age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant looks on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousie (which cannot be pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a Waiting-maid to offend and wrong her Mistris in this kind; when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her: Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves, which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Main*, she under pretence of some other business, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, she with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her Husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage; affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana*, both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious, both unexpected and undeserved alarm of her *Mistris*, seeing her honour, and (as she thinks and fears) her life called in question, she after a world of sighs and tears, terms her accusers Devils and Witches, vows by her part in Heaven, and upon the peril of her own soul, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither in deed or thought she was ever dishonest or unchast with any man of the world, much less with her Master. But this will not satisfie incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or tears of *Granatia* of power to pass currant with her jealousie; but reputing them false and counterfeit, she calls in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, whom she had purposely layd there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed-post, which with much repining and pity, they are at last enforced to do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, she not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great birchen rod, doth not only raze but scarifie her arms, back, and shoulders; when harmless soul, she (though in vain) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cryes aloud to Heaven and Earth for succour. But this old Hag as ful of malice as jealousie, hath no compassion of her cryes, or pity of her sighs; yea, neither the sight of her tears or blood (which trickling down her cheeks and shoulders, doth both bedew and ingrain her smock) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tired and wearied both her arms, she in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scoffing words; *Minion, this, this is the way,*

yea, the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust: When calling in her two Maids, she commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to help on her clothes; when triumphing in her cruelty, she furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refrain from tears, to see how severely and cruelly their Mistris had handled this her poor Gentlewoman.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to dissemble them; and so providing her self secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogent le Rotrou*, where he was superintendent of the Prince of *Conde*'s House and Castle in that Town, and where the Princess Dowager, his Mother, built up the greatest part of her sorrowful Residence, while he was detained Prisoner in the Castle of *Boys de Vincennes*, near *Paris*. *La Vasselay* grieves at this her sudden and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband *De Merson*, and her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived; for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat: yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his Wive's cruel whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her Jealousie; he justly incensed and enraged, flyes to this his sottish and cruel Wife, tells her, That Jealousie comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted; and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, than whom there lives not a chaster Maid in the World. That although she were poor, yet that she was as well descended as her self. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and seek means to pacifie and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her. Which cooling-card of his to his Wife, makes her look on her former erroneous Cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousie must now stoop and strike sail to her Husband's choler; and that to enjoy his company, she must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she, contrary to her desire and will, (which still retains the fumes and flames of jealousie, as that doth of revenge) is enforced *to make a vertue of necessity*, and so to bear up with the time, feigning her self repentant and sorrowful for that she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: she, to reclaim her, buyes her so much wrought black Taffaty for a Gown, and so much crimson Damask for a Petticoat; and, with a Bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arm, she sends it to *Nogent* to her, by *La Vilette*, a Gentleman of her Husbands, & accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

HAving vindicated Truth *from* Error, *and metamorphosed* Jealousie *into* Judgment, *I find that I have wronged thy* Gratiana, *whereat I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my Husband's vows and oaths have fully cleared her* Honour *and* Chastity, *which my fooliſh incredulity and fear raſhly attempted both to eclipſe and diſparage: in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy ſelf to forget that wrong, I earneſtly deſire her ſpeedy return by this Bearer, and ye both ſhall ſee, that I never formerly hated her ſo much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now ſent her ſome ſmall tokens of my affection, and ere long ſhe ſhall find greater effects and teſtimonies thereof: for knowing her to be as chaſt as fair, in this*, De Bremay, *I requeſt thee to reſt confident, That as ſhe is now thy Daughter by* Nature, *ſo ſhe ſhall be henceforth mine by* Adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her Mistris, *La Vaſſelay*; his choler, and her grief and sorrow, is soon defaced and blown away: so he well satified, and she content and pleased, he sends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans*, by *La Villette*, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistris, *La Vaſſelay*, in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THY Letter hath given me ſo much content and ſatisfaction, as thy undeſerved cruelty to my daughter, Gratiana, *did grief and indignation. And had ſhe been guilty of that crime whereof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my ſight: for, as her* Vertues *are her beſt wealth, and her* Honour *her chiefeſt revenew; ſo, if ſhe had failed in theſe, or faltred in this, I ſhould then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her. But her* Tears *and* Oaths *have cleared her innocency; and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy profeſſed kindneſs, ſhe forgetting, and I forgiving things paſt, I now return her thee by thy ſervant* La Villette; *hoping, that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted* Daughter, *yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and obſervant Hand-maid.*

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's

Gratiana's hopes, and her Father's credulity of *La Vaſſelay's* future affection towards her, as alſo her gifts and promiſes, ſo far prevail with them, as ſhe is now returned to her from *Nogent* to *Mans*: But I fear, ſhe had done far better to have ſtill remained with her Father; for ſhe might conſider, and he know, what little ſafety, and apparent danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incenſed Jealouſie. *La Vaſſelay* (in all outward ſhew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her Husband; who indeed likes ſo wel of her return, as he likes his Wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to human conceit and ſenſe, all three parties are reconciled and ſatisfied, as if *La Vaſſelay's* jealouſie had never heretofore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one, nor ſhe felt the other. But we ſhall not go far to ſee this calm o'retaken with a tempeſt; and this Sun-ſhine ſurpriz'd with a diſmal and diſaſterous ſhower.

For three Months were not fully expired, ſince *Gratiana's* return to *Mans*, but *La Vaſſelay's* old jealouſie of her, and her Husband *De Merſon*, which ſeemed to be ſurppreſſed and extinguiſhed, doth now flaſh and flame forth a new, with more violence and impetuoſity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much leſs ſpeak to her, but preſently this old jealous Beldam, in her heart and thoughts, proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat ſhe indiſcreetly ſuffers her ſelf to be ſo far tranſported with indignation and envy, as ſhe vows ſhe will no longer tolerate or digeſt it. And now it is that, like a Fury of Hell, ſhe firſt aſſumes damnable and execrable reſolutions, not only againſt the Innocency, but againſt the Life of innocent and harmleſs *Gratiana*; who, poor ſoul, is the nearer her danger, in reſpect ſhe holds her ſelf fartheſt from it: yea, this jealous old Hagg, this Fury, nay, this She-devil, *La Vaſſelay*, hath not only conſulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that ſhe will ſpeedily ſend *Gratiana* into another world, becauſe her youth ſhall no longer abuſe and wrong her age in this: When forgetting her ſelf, her ſoul, and her God, thereby purpoſely to pleaſe her Senſes, her Jealouſie, and her Tutor the Devil, ſhe vows, that no reſpect of Reaſon or Religion, no conſideration of Heaven or Hell, ſhall be capable to divert her from diſpatching her: yea, and as if ſhe not only rejoyced, but gloried in this her pernicious and bloody deſign, ſhe thinks every hour a year, before ſhe hath performed it: To which end, providing her ſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and watching and catching at the very firſt opportunity; as ſoon as ever *Gratiana* found her ſelf not well, ſhe, under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her ſome white Broth, wherein infuſing and intermixing the aforeſaid poyſon, ſhe (graceleſly and cruelly) gives it her; the which within ſix days, fainting and languiſhing, makes a perpetual divorce and ſeparation betwixt her ſoul and her body, leaving this to deſcend to Earth, and that to aſcend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this helliſh and execrable *La Vaſſelay*, for ſo inhumanly and cruelly murthering this her harmleſs and innocent Waiting-Gentlewoman, *Gratiana*.

De Merſon underſtanding of *Gratiana's* death, almoſt as ſoon as of her ſickneſs, he very ſorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for, conſidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts ſuggeſt him, and his heart and ſoul prompts him, that his Wife, *La Vaſſelay*, had undoubtedly occaſioned her death, and ſo metamorphoſed her Jealouſie into Murther: yea, and notwithſtanding the fair and ſorrowful ſhew which ſhe puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premiſes conſidered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this diſaſter, and abhorring the Author of this ſo monſtrous and bloody a fact, the very ſight of this his old wretched Wife, is odious; and the remembrance of this her cruel crime, deteſtable and execrable unto him. Again, when he conſidereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chaſtity, and that ſhe was ſent to her untimely grave for his ſake, this doth not only re-double his ſorrows, but infinitely augment and encreaſe his afflictions; ſo that beginning to fear his Wife's envy, as much as he hated her jealouſie, in that it was not only poſſible, but likely, that it might alſo futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmleſs and innocent *Gratiana*, he aſſumes a reſolution to leave and forſake her, the which ſhe ſhall ſhortly ſee him put in execution: when the better to curb and vex her, he ſecretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leaſes, and Conveyances, as alſo all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richeſt Houſhold-ſtuff, and ſo giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance; very ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt expected or dreamt thereof) takes horſe and rides home to his Father's, where he reſolves to make the greateſt part of his reſidence; and all the tears and prayers of his Wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vaſſelay ſeeing the unkindneſs of her Husband, *De Merſon*, in making her a Widow almoſt as ſoon as a Wife; as alſo his ingratitude, in depriving her of the uſe and fruition of her own Eſtate and Means; and leaving her ſo poor an allowance as could ſcarce

warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to dye for meer grief and sorrow thereof; but how to remedy it, she knows not: and now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as *De Merson*; now she doth not only accuse, but condemn her own jealousie, which drews her to this foul fact of murthering her harmless and (as she now believes, her) innnocent Waiting-maid, *Gratiana*; for which, this ungrateful departure, and hard usage of her Husband, is but the least, and, as she terms it, but the fore-runner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained & reserved for her: yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soul, to see her self made the mocking-stock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Main*, who rather excuse her Husband's youth, than any way pity or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turn their backs and faces to her in her affliction and poverty; and if she have any hope yet left, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaim her Hasband to her by Letters; when taking pen and paper, she, within a month of his departure, sends him these few lines.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

SInce at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie *to thy self, and repented my* Cruelty *to my Maid* Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingrateful, and as I may truly say, heart-killing departure? for, having made a most exact scrutiny in my thoughts and soul, either of them inform me, and both assure me, that the freeness and fervency of my affection towards thee, deserved not so cruel, but a far more courteous requital. If my Age be any way displeasing to thy Youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions either of my self or actions; why, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: yea, return my sweet and dear Husband; and what errors or faults soever thou sayest I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson having received this his Wive's Letter, it works such poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiserate her estate and sorrows: yea, he so slights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence: but at last, he (some eight days after) returns her this Answer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie? *and if the scrutiny of thy thoughts and soul be as true as thou pretendest, yet I fear, that this Jealousie of thine is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to me, that I give a cruel requital to thy affection; but, pray God thou have not given a more sharp and inhuman one to* Gratiana's *service and* Chastity. *Neither is it thy* Age, *but thy* Imperfections *and* Vices, *which are both displeasing and odious to my youth: for, I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou want'st Means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy self, which hath given me any impressions of thy actions; and if those were false, they would prove thy true happiness, as now they do thy misery; which my affection doth pity, though cannot redress it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return: and sith thy faults and errors are best known to thy self, let thy repentance redeem them towards God; for neither thy kisses nor tears can or shall to me.*

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merson*, to his Wife *La Vasselay*, is so far from comforting, as it doth extreamly afflict her: and although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaim him, yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtain that of him, which her first could not: when six months time being now slipt away since his departure, she feigning her self sick, writes unto him again to this effect:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

THY absence hath so deprived my joyes, and engendered my sorrows, that sickness threatens my life to be near her period. So among a world of discontentments, let me yet bear this one content

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to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire and long to see: and if I cannot be so happy as to live, at the least make me so fortunate, as to dye in thine arms; which I know not whether it be a greater charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny me this request of mine: for, my dear De Merson, *if thou wilt not be pleased to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember, that I am thy Wife: and withall, that as I desire thy return; so, that I have not deserved thy departure. But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with tears than ink, shall bear witness betwixt thy self and me, of my kindness, of thy cruelty, and how my life sought my affection, though my death could neither find nor obtain it.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is so insensible of her Lines, Requests, and Tears, as if another had sent him news of her death, as she her self did of her sickness, it had been far more pleasing, and better welcome to him: but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth save her labour to write him any more Letters, and himself to receive and peruse them, he returns her this sharp and bitter answer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Error, not my Absence, which hath exchanged thy Joys into Sorrows; and if thy life draw near her period, they cannot be far from theirs. My sight is a poor content for thee to bear to thy Grave, sith, as a Christian, *thou shouldst delight to see none but thy* Saviour, *nor be ambitious to live in any arms but His: and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy* Husband, *I grant; and that thou art my* Wife, *I do not deny: but yet I fear thy heart knows, though thy Pen affirm the contrary, that I have far more reason for my departure, than thou to desire my return. And, if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writest thy Letter, be Tears, pray God thou didst not bedew* Gratiana's *Winding-sheet and Coffin, with her Tears and Blood: for, hadst thou not been cruel, yea, inhuman to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, Live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee dye miserable.*

DE MERSON.

The receit and perusal of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment *La Vasselay*: for the remembrance of *De Merson* his suspition and apprehension that she had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth, as it were pierce her heart, as well with fear, as sorrow: For, as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now she knows doth her life; and that sith he will not love her, he may chance so malign and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to secure her self, and to warrant the safety of her life, she soon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie, into envy towards him: yea, her enraged and incensed thoughts, ingender and imprint such bloody designs of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, she impiously concludes a Match with the Devil, to dispatch and murther him, and from which bloody and damnable design, no regard of God or her soul, nor respect of Heaven or Hell, can or shall divert her; when, over-passing a small parcel of time, wherein she ruminated and pondered how she should send him from this life to another: at last her malicious curiosity makes her thoughts fall on *La Villette*, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and Instrument to finish, this bloody business, which so much imported her content and safety, grounding her reasons upon the greatness of his heart and mind, and the weakness of his purse and means; as if poverty were a sufficient cause and privilege to commit so treacherous and bloody a fact: when knowing him to be then in *Mans*, receiving up his Master's Rents, she sends for him; to whom (the door bolted) she tells him she is to request his secresie in a business which infinitely tends to his good. He promiseth it her; but she will have him swear thereunto; which he doth: when with sighs and tears making a bitter invective and recapitulation of her Husband, his Master's undeserved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there makes a proposition to him, to murther him for her; and that she will give him a thousand Crowns to effect it. *La Villette* seeing the greatness of the danger in that of the crime, seems not only discontented, but amazed hereat: for, although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so deer a rate, and base and damnable a price, as that of his Master's blood; when seeing she could not prevail, she again puts him in mind of his Oath to secresie; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withal, like a good servant, seeks to dissuade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candor

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of this his *Religious* and *Christian Resolution*, not to imbrue or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master; it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propension and resolution to *Virtue*, breeds not only Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof, produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; to prevent and eschew it, is always a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas time should rather decrease than increase, and rather root out than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her Husband *De Merson*, doth not die, but live, will not fade but flourish; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Husband is so inveterate and implacable, as she again sends for him to her house, where (in great secresie and intended affection) she tells him, that if he will murther his Master, she within six months will marry him in requital; and not only live his faithful wife, but dye his obedient and constant Hand-Maid. Now, although her first proffer of a thousand Crowns, could not procure it of *La Villette*; these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses, and the consideration of so many thousands, which her Estate not only promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable Villain) swears to her to effect it: Which wretched verbal Contract, they interchangeably seal with Oaths and Kisses, which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their salvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation. Neither will his Malice (or the Devil the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or defer it: for, having resolved to murther him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invited to a general Hunting, by the Baron of Saint *Susanna* (Son and Heir to *Monsieur de Varennes*) at his said Town of *Susanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Father's House at *Manfrelle*, he in the midst of a great Wood, near unto the small Village of Saint *George*'s, riding behind his Master, dischargeth his Pistol, loaden with a brace of Bullets, thorow his reins, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his Horse to the ground. When this hellish servant, *La Villette*, seeing his Master devoid of breath, and grovelling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a sinful Devil, in committing this cruel murther, now resolves to assume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite, in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both assaulted, and his Master slain, by Thieves; he, to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Pistol again with another brace of Bullets, and shoots thorow his own Hat, gives himself a cut o're his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier; takes his own Pistol, and his Master's Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoyning; takes likewise his Master's Purse and VVatch out of his Pocket, and hides it secretly: and then the more cunningly and knavishly to blear and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocrisie pass the currenter, he having purposely provided himself of two small Cords, with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty sleight) slips therein his arms behind his back, and then setting himself against a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and cryes out upon the Thieves and Murtherers of his Master *De Merson*: when three Gentlemen of *Britain*, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his assistance, whom they find out by his cryes; to whom he relates, That five Thieves had assaulted his Master and himself; that he fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistol, then robbed, and himself shot thorow, and wounded, and bound, as they saw. VVhen these three *British* Gentlemen, grieving at this mournful accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound; and so having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the VVood to find out these Thieves and Murtherers, but in vain: so *La Villette* having thanked these Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living self, he with a wonderful exterior shew of sorrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathless Master to *Manfrelle*; where his mournful Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation, and tears.

In the mean time, this murtherous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vasselay*, who although she inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to see her self freed from so unkind and ungrateful a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the VVorld (thereby the better to delude and deceive the VVorld) she contrariwise takes on blacks, seeming to be exceeding mournful, pensive, and sorrowful thereat: but God will shortly discover the falshood of these her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the Mask of this her dissembling and treacherous hypocrisie: for, as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countreys, grieve at this lamentable Murther of *De Merson*: so

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they as much admire and wonder to see this old Widow *La Vasselay*, so shortly married and espoused to his Gentleman *La Villette*, whose Nuptials are celebrated and consummated far within the term of six months after. For the curious Wits of these Cities and Countreys, considering what a prepostrous course and resolution this was for her to marry her Husband's man, and withall so soon: as also, that there was none other present but himself, when his Master *De Merson* was murthered, it is umbragious, and leaves a fear and sting of suspition in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known; and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleasure of God, who best, yea, who only knows in Heaven, how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign punishment; and for want of other Evidence and Witnesses, they themselves shall be Witnesse against themselves. And although *La Vasselay's* poysoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villette's* pistoling of his Master *De Merson*, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody Murthers, occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes, and horrible offences. The manner is thus:

These two execrable wretches, *La Villette*, and *La Vasselay*, have not liv'd married above some seven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Monsieur De Manfrelle*, his Predecessor's Father, for the detention of some lands and writings, he takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Manfrelle*, to him, to confer of the differences; and by the way falls into the company of some Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*: when riding together for the space of almost a whole days journey, the secret providence, and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villette's* horse, who bore him quietly and safely before, on a sudden first goes backwards, in despight of his spur or switch; and then standing an end on his two hind-legs, falls quite back with him, and almost breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to speak, his breath failing him, and he seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the spirit of God doth so operate with his sinful soul, as he there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay*, had caused him to murther his Master *De Merson*, whom he shot to death with his Pistol; that she first seduced him with a thousand Crowns to perform it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody business; whereof now from his very heart and soul he repented himself, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

And here, before the *Reader's* curiosity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both request and conjure him to stand amazed and wonder with me at his Sacred Providence, and inscrutable wisdom and judgment, which most miraculously concurrs and shines in this accident, and especially in three essential and most apparent circumstances thereof For, it was on the very same Horse, the same day twelve-month, and in the very same wood and place, where this execrable wretch, *Villette*, formerly murthered his Master *De Merson*. Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed and remarked by all the Children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like Crimes of Murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, (as much in charity to *La Villette's* life, as in execration of that confessed Murther of his Master *De Merson*) convey him to an Inn in St. *Georges*, when expecting every minute that he would die in their hands, they send away post to advertise the *Presidial Court* of *Mans* hereof, (within whose *Jurisdiction* St. *Georges* was) who speedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reserved him from that natural, to a more infamous death; and made him live till he came thither: where again he confesseth this his foul murther of his Master *De Merson*, and likewise accuseth *La Vasselay* to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and understood. Whereupon he is no sooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewise imprisoned; who with many asseverations and tears, denies and retorts this foul Crime from her self, to him. But her Judges are too wise to believe the weakness and invalidity of this her foolish justification. So whiles they are consulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all these accidents, but especially of *La Vasselay's* imprisonment, he (still apprehending and fearing that she undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes post from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuseth her thereof to the *Criminal Judges* of the *Presidial Court*; who upon this her double accusation, adjudged her to the Rack; when at the very first torment thereof, she (at last preferring the life of her soul before that of her body) confesseth her self to be the actor

of her firſt crime of Murther, and the Author of the ſecond; when, and whereupon the Judges (reſembling themſelves) in deteſtation, and for expiation of theſe her foul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and her to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution, (near the *Halls* in *Mans*) is accordingly executed in the preſence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of theſe their bloody crimes, as they rejoice and glorifie God for this their not ſo ſevere as deſerved puniſhments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Chriſtian) ſaid little elſe but that which he had formerly ſpoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he ſaid, that he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vaſſelay*, would have ſheltred and preſerv'd him from this infamous death, for murthering her Husband, and his Maſter *De Merſon*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vaſſelay*, ſhe was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Merſon*; yea, and although ſhe ſeemed to blame her jealouſie towards her, yet her age was ſo wretchedly inſtructed in impiety, as ſhe could not find in her heart either to make an Apology, or any way to ſeem repentant for her inhuman cruelty towards him: for, as ſhe demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poyſoning his Daughter; ſo ſhe ſpake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for cauſing his Son to be piſtoll'd: only, in particular terms, ſhe requeſted God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and, in general ones, the World to forget the offences and crimes of her age: and ſo conjuring all old Widows and Wives to beware by her mournful and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body; and her ſoul mounted and fled to Heaven, to crave remiſſion and pardon of God, who was the only Creator of the one, and Redeemer of the other.

And ſuch were the deplorable, yet deſerved ends of this bloody and wretched couple, *La Vaſſelay*, and *La Villette*, for ſo cruelly murthering harmleſs *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merſon*: and thus did God's All-ſeeing and Sacred Juſtice, juſtly triumph over theſe their crying and execrable Crimes. O that their example may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable Hiſtory, may teach us not only how to meditate thereon, but alſo how to amend thereby.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cœleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon, *with their two Lacquies*, Lorenzo, *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their Father*, *Captain* Benevente; *which they perform.* Monteleon *and his Lacquy* Anſelmo, *are drowned.* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf.* Lorenzo *is hanged for a Robbery, and on the Gallows confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente. Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head, cut off.* Cœleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

Our beſt parts being our Virtues; and our chief and ſoveraign Virtue, the purity and ſanctity of our ſelves; how can we neglect thoſe, or not regard this; except we reſolve to ſee our ſelves miſerable in this life, and our ſouls wretched in that to come? And as *Charity* is the cement of our other *virtues*, ſo *Envy* (her oppoſite) is the ſubverſion of this our *Charity*; from whence flows *rage*, *revenge*, and many times *murther* (her frequent, and, almoſt, her inſeparable companions): but of all degrees of *malice* and *envy*, can there be any ſo inhuman and diabolical, as for two graceleſs Daughters to plot the death of their own Father, and to ſeduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory we ſhall ſee a moſt barbarous and bloody precedent, as alſo their condign puniſhments inflicted on them for the ſame. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the ſight of theſe their fearful crimes and puniſhments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty, with charity; on their rage, with reaſon; on their errors, with compaſſion; on their deſparation, with pity; and on their inhumanity, with piety: that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler, quench both the fire of our luſt, and the flames of our revenge: ſo ſhall our faith be fortified, our paſſions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both bleſſed and ſanctified: to which end I have written and divulged it. So *Chriſtian Reader*, if thou make this thy end in peruſing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby, and therefore fail not to give God the glory.

Many years ſince the Duke of *Oſſuna* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Vice-roy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour,

although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady, *Sophia Elianora*, Neece to the Duke of *Piombino*, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*; they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, names indeed which they will no way deserve, but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Vice-roy*; where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise (beyond all other *Italians*) natural and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave *Cavalier*: but for *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, the clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty, his providence, we had not seen the *Theater* of this their *History* so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente*, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generosity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Otranto*, that his House was an *Academy*, where all the *Gallants* both of *City* and *Country*, resorted to back great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*, could not be long either unseen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, of so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of *Beauty*, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as *Beauty* being the Gold and Diamonds of *Nature*, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in *Virtue*, as in *Beauty*, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserably: for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Cavaliers*, as well at home, as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him. They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extreamly sorrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their *Beauties* rather fade, than flourish: Where *Virtue* graceth not *Beauty*, as well as *Beauty*, *Virtues*, it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captain, their Father, was too severe, and withall, too unkind, I may say, cruel, to hinder them from *Marriage*, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than embraced, & infringed than kept of him; sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for *Parents* to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where *Nature* is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural; as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: but *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina* will make trial of one invention and conclusion more, before they will give way to their distaste, or strike sail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEspairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to solicite him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold before

before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade us either to imploy our affection on any other but thy self with these our desires, which Modesty *would have suppressed but that* Truth *contradicted and oppressed it; for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers* Cavaliers *our Superiors, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwise we fear, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a* Father: *and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.*

FIDELIA, COELESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter; he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to *Otranto* deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleon* for *Cœlestina*; and that within fifteen days they are to come to *Otranto* to see them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina*; for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Suters, and now they wish they were well rid of these; and so sacrificing to their own contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and souls, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to see themselves Wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives *Carpi* and *Monteleon* courteously, and entertains them nobly according to their Rank and Merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others. Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surprized and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents to force the affections of their Children in their Marriages, sith it is a business, which not only lives but dies with them; but withall, their own wills must neither be their Law, nor their Guide: for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, there such marriages are still ushered in with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practised the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to aver with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now fear we shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History: They are pressed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Suters, to finish and confirm these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina* with a true semblance of distaste & yet a false shew of courtesie, give the denial to their Father in particular terms, and to them in general. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindness. They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are fair, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruel; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so mannage his Daughters affections, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations: but they shall come too short of their hopes, for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are busie in advancing the process of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Cœlestina* attempt a contrary enterprize, for they with teares and prayers, request their Brother *Alcasero*, importunately to solicite their Father in their behalf, that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which, like a noble and dear Brother, he performs with much zeal and perswasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his Daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn so many sighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers: forseeing their Father cruelly re-

solved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into *devilliſh machination*, and *helliſh conſpiracy* againſt him: for as he plots their diſcontents, ſo do they his deſtruction. *Fidelia* and *Cœleſtina* ſee they blood, and cauſe one, and therefore ſo they pretend ſhall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and deſigns each to other; but the fact is ſo foul and unnatural, as for a while they cannot: but they need no other Oratory than their own ſullen and diſcontented looks; for either of them may read a whole lecture of grief and choler in each other's eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatience of *Carpi* and *Montelion*. *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, firſt breaks it to her Siſter *Cœleſtina*, in this manner. That ſhe had rather die, then be compelled to marry one whom ſhe cannot affect; that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor ſhe for him; and that ſith her Father is reſolute in this match (although ſhe be his Daughter) ſhe had rather ſee him laid in his Grave, than her ſelf in *Carpi*'s bed. There needs not many reaſons to perſwade that which we deſire: For *Cœleſtina* tells her Siſter plainly, that ſhe (in all points) joyns and concurs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the ſooner their Father is diſpatcht, the better; becauſe ſhe knows they ſhall never receive any content on Earth till he be in Heaven; and ſo they conclude he ſhall die.

But alas, what helliſh and devilliſh Daughters are theſe, to ſeek the death of their Father, of whom they have received their lives? Who ever read of a *Paricide* more inhumanly cruel, or impiouſly bloody? ſo if ever *murther* went unrevenged, this will not; for we ſhall ſee the *Authors* and *Actors* thereof moſt ſeverely puniſhed for the ſame. Men and Women may be ſecret in their ſins, but God will be juſt in his Decrees, and ſacred in his Judgments. What a religious reſolution had it been in them, to have retired, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too profane, to have ſo much pity; and too outragious to hearken to this religious reaſon, yea, they are too impious to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengeful and bloody-minded, to give ear either to *Reaſon*, *Duty*, or *Religion*. So now, like two incenſed and implacable Furies, they conſult how, and in what manner they may free themſelves of their Father: *Fidelia* propoſeth divers degrees and ſeveral ſorts of *murthers*, but *Cœleſtina* likes none of them; in ſome ſhe finds too much danger, in others too little aſſurance; and therefore as young as ſhe is, ſhe invents a plot as ſtrange as ſubtil, and as malicious and diabolical as ſtrange; ſhe informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a ſecurer courſe, than to ingage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murther him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, ſaying, it will be impoſſible for them to be drawn to perform it, ſith they both know and ſee, that the Captain their Father loves them ſo well, as will or nill, they muſt be their Husbands. But *Cœleſtina*'s revengeful plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly ſpun; for ſhe hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfiniſhed, but is ſo confident in her devilliſh induſtry, as ſhe affirms ſhe will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Cœleſtina* anſwereth, That they both muſt make a feigned and flattering ſhew, to change their diſtaſt, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Montelion*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge *marriage*, they ſhall both agree to inform them, that it is impoſſible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives; ſith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair ſhew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing leſs; for that he hath given them expreſs charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and ſole cauſe, that hath ſo long with-held them from making ſooner demonſtration of their affections toward them; and this (quoth ſhe) will occaſion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and ſo not only be rid of our Father, but likewiſe of *Carpi* and *Montelion*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our ſafeguard and ſecurity, we will powerfully conjure and ſwear them to ſecrecy.

There is no *Web* finer than that of the *Spider*, nor *treachery* ſubtiller than that of a *Woman*, eſpecially if ſhe contemn *Charity* for *Revenge*, her *Soul* for her *Body*, *God* for *Satan*, and conſequently *Heaven* for *Hell*; how elſe could this young Lady lodg ſo revengeful a Heart in ſo ſweet a Body, or ſhroud ſuch bloody Conceits and Inventions under ſo fair and ſo beautiful Complexion?

But the *Panther*, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times ſee that the fouleſt Snake, lurks under the greeneſt and beautiful leſt leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive ear to this her Siſter's bloody *Stratagem* and *Deſign*; ſhe finds it ſure, and the probabilites thereof apparent and eaſie, and therefore approves of it. So theſe two beautiful, yet bloody Siſter's vow, without delay, to ſet it on foot, and in practiſe. It is the Nature of *Revenge* to look forwards, ſeldom backwards; but did we meaſure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would ſavour of far more Religion, and of far leſs impiety, and we ſhould then rejoyce in that which we muſt now repent, but cannot remedy. They

take

take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerful than those of *Reason*; they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure *beauty* and sweet *oratory* of these two discontented and treacherous *Ladies*, without considering what poison lurks under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a gross and main error in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Father's gravity; on their verbal, than his real affection; and so they engage themselves to the Daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a base vice in *Gentlemen* of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them so courteously; and it is strange that both their humours were so strangely vicious, as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther. But what cannot *Vice* perform, or *Ladies* procure of their *Lovers?* at least, if they love *Beauty* better than *Virtue*, and *Pleasure* than *Piety*.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his vinyard, and now and then to *Alpiata* a neighbor-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenant's wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age; perseverance in vice, never makes a good end: a single sin is distastful; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateful and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lacquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, as soon as they know the *Captain* to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood, where of necessity he must pass. The event answereth their bloody expectations and desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many *Fiends* and *Devils*, they all four rush out of the thicket, & (without any other form) with their swords and Pistols (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their hellish *malice* and *envy*: neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched; for they take these two murthered bodies (who are afresh reeking and weltring in their blood), and carry them to a neighbour-hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortal eye should ever have seen them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. *Carpi* resolves to take post for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himself among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that *City*; and *Monteleon* resolves to hie towards *Brundusium*, with intent, that if these murthers were revealed, and himself detected and accused, he would there imbark himself either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Lacquy posting for *Naples*, and let us see what accident will speedily befall *Monteleon*. It is impossible for murther to go long unpunished; *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* shall, ere they ride far, see this position verified in themselves; He is provided of two fair *Gennets*, one for himself, the other for his Lacquy, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundusium*; but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his own horse fell down dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is inforced to make a virtue of necessity, so he rides his Lacquy's horse, and he follows him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from fear; he rides narrow lanes and by-ways, but at last near the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot: Here *Monteleon* is constrained to take up his Lacquy *Anselmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to cast off his Lacquy; and so they are both drowned, and have neither the grace nor power to breathe, or speak a word more.

Gods Judgments are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their souls. But as it is a vertue to think and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thirsted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All *Elements* are the servants of *God*, but these two of *fire* and *water*, are the most terrible, the most impetuous. This is a testimony of our weakness, and of *Gods* Power.

By this time Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourn and lament for his absence, and his two accursed Daughters, they seem to be all in tears thereat: But we shall shortly see this their hypocrisie and dissimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the *Country* to purchase news of their *Father*, and speedily by post advertise their Brother *Alcasero* thereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition; his two Sisters and himself wonderfully mourn and lament for the absence of their Father, and now seeing five days past, and no news of him, they begin to suspect and fear,

that

that he is made away and murthered; and becauſe *Fiamento* was alone with him, they ſuſpect him of the fact, which they are the ſooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they ſhall ſoon ſee the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull ſervant to their Father his Maſter, during his life, ſo he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcaſero* his Son uſe all poſſible zeal and induſtry to find out his Father, yet ſith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and ſight of him. For as ſome neighbouring *Gentlemen* (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near *Alpiata*, they purſue him on horſeback ſome five or ſix hours, and at laſt being tired, he runs for refuge and ſhelter thorow the buſhies and briars, into the ſame old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were thrown. The *Gentlemen*-hunters deſcend from their horſes, and with their Swords drawn, enter purpoſely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when caſting aſide their eyes, they ſee two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whoſe legs, hands and faces, the *Crows* had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournful and unlooked-for ſpectacle; when approaching to diſcern them, they by their cloaths find and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his *Gentleman Fiamento*. They are aſtoniſhed and amazed hereat; and ſo one of them rides back poſt to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcaſero* his Son hereof; who melting into tears, returns with him neer *Alpiata*, where, to his unſpeakable grief, he ſees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he cauſed to be ſearched, and finds that his Father (with a Piſtol-bullet) was ſhot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one ſhot thorow the head. *Alcaſero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this ſorrowful news: they know well that *Fiamento* did not ſet upon the Captain his Father; and that neither of them had Piſtols: and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealouſie and ſuſpition, becauſe they find rich Rings on his Maſter's fingers, and ſtore of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the diſcovery of this bloody and damnable murther to *Time*, and to *God* the Author and Giver of *Time*, *Alcaſero* cauſeth the dead bodies, firſt of his Father, then of *Fiamento*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purpoſely cauſed to be brought thither; and ſo accompanied with all the *Gentlemen*, returns with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole *City* lament and bewail this Tragical Diſaſter: and becauſe theſe dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being ſo long above ground, *Alcaſero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the neceſſity and ſtrictneſs of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcaſero*'s curioſity and care to ſeek out the murtherers of his Father; and for his *Siſters* they are ſo irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock *God*, and delude the *world* with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much leſs from their ſouls. The morrow after their Father's burial, they are all three informed, *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anſelmo* are drown'd, as they paſt the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two Siſters rejoyce and triumph, eſpecially *Cæleſtina*, who now ſees her ſelf freed, not only of the *Captain* her *Father* whom ſhe hated, but alſo of the Knight *Monteleon* her Suter, whom ſhe could not love: She is ſo impious and graceleſs, as ſhe doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at theſe accidents; yea, ſhe ſo ſlightly and trivially paſſeth over the remembrance of her *Father's* untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no ſin, or that *God* had ordained no puniſhment for it; ſhe wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for ſhew than ſorrow; for her *Father* was no ſooner laid in his Grave, but ſhe builds many Caſtles of pleaſure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long ſhe will have a *Gallant* of her own chuſing to her Husband; but ſhe may come ſhort of her hopes, and perchance find a halter for her neck, before a wedding-Ring for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcaſero* his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he finds it ſtrange that the *Baron* of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his ſute and affection to his Siſter *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but alſo begins to ſuſpect, and to caſt many doubts and jealouſies thereon, and what the iſſue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we ſhall ſhortly ſee. But a month or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no ſuſpition or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readineſs for him to be aſſured and contracted to his Lady and Miſtreſs *Fidelia*; he takes a new Lacquy, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, ſends him ſecretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are ſome reaſons that ſtay me for not coming to Otranto, *to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy ſelf: when thy ſorrows are overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy preſence, as thy abſence makes me miſerable. I have*

given

given thee so true, and so real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldest offer me palpable injustice; and to thy self extream injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou futurely expect than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life, if thy constancy answer mine? Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our desires. I pray signifie me how thy Brother stands affected to our affections; thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.

CARPI

The Lacquy comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecy) he delivers his Master's Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiseth the other; but she is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether she shall open this Letter or no. Her conscience hath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but she forsakes the helm that might have steered her to the Port of happiness and safety, and so fills the sails of her resolutions with the wind of despair, which threaten no less than to split the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company, which before she loved, and to love solitariness, which before she hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that whersoever she is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet she fears all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely follows her to drag her to Prison; she is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat, nor pass any River, Brook, or Well, for fear of drowning. This despair of hers, causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the *preservative* and *antidote* of the soul: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted, and her looks sullen, fearful and gastly (the proper signs and symptoms of despair) *Carpi's* Lacquy having stayed two days in *Otranto* for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiseth him; and now in sad and melancholy humour she breaks off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Father's death: whereat she enters into a strange and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown his Letter into the fire, and her self after. Now she is resolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vows she will answer him with silence. But the Devil is as subtil as malicious, and so she calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dregs of discontent, and the gall of despair, writes and returns him this answer.

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my disposition, for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy self to leave Naples, *to come and condole with me in* Otranto: *for the best comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much less to fear mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my Grave, or thy self shall be my Husband. How my Brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his* Sister, *not his* Secretary: *but in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for thine. Live then as happy, as I fear I shall die miserable.*

FIDELIA.

What a fearful Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: But her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore she dispatcheth away the Lacquy with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) she cannot be alone, for the *Devil* is still with her; he appears to her in a shape of an *Angel of Light*, and profers her Mountains of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honor*, if she will fall down and adore him. To rebel against God is a sin: But to persevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principal and *sovereign virtue* in *Christians*; and if we vanquish the *Devil*, it is good for us; that he assaulted us sith those Victories (as well spiritual as temporal) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsel, and the stream of this advice, she had never been so weak with God, nor so unfaithful to her self, as to

deſtroy her ſelf: but forſaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the trueſt felicity, what can ſhe hope for but deſpair, or expect but deſtruction? Her Brother *Alcaſero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their beſt zeal, and poſſible power) endeavour to perſwade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray; ſhe hearkneth to both theſe counſels, but neither can, or will not, follow either; her ſleeps are but broken ſlumbers, but diſtracted dreams; and ever and anon it ſeems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth ſpeak to her, and follow her. In a word, ſhe is weary both of the world, and of her life; yea, deſpair, or rather the *Devil* hath reduced her to this extream miſery, and miſerable extremity, that ſhe is ready to kiſs that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death; ſhe never ſees a Knif in the hands of another, but ſhe wiſheth it in her own heart: her Conſcience doth ſo terribly accuſe her, and her thoughts give in ſuch bloody evidence againſt her conſcience and her ſelf, for occaſioning her Father's murther, that ſhe reſolves ſhe muſt dye, and therefore diſdains to live. And now comes her ſiſter *Cœleſtina* to her, to perſwade and confer with her, but ſhe will prove but a miſerable comforter. *Fidelia* ſees her with hatred and deteſtation, and when ſhe begins to ſpeak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her ſpeeches thus; *Ah Siſter, would we had ſlept when we plotted our Father's death, for in ſeeking his ruine, we ſhall aſſuredly find out our own: Provide you for your ſafety, for I am paſt hope of mine; and ſo get you out of my ſight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her ſpeech favored more of *Heaven*, than the end thereof doth of *Hell*: for ſure, if we paſs hope, we come too ſhort of ſalvation; and if we forſake that, this infallibly will forſake us.

This poor, or rather this miſerable *Gentlewoman*, having always her murthered Father before her eyes (which inceſſantly haunts her as a *Ghoſt*, and yet ſhe enforced to follow it as her ſhadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the inſtigation of the *Devil*, in what manner, or at what rate ſoever, to diſpatch her ſelf, being ſo wretchedly inſtructed in faith and piety; and ſhe adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joys. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thouſand pities and tears, I both pity and grieve to ſee thee believe ſo infernal an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleaſures, and tortures for delights; or if thou wilt have me ſhew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or ſugred inſinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee deſtroy thy body in earth, that (as a *Triumph* and *Trophee* to the inlargement of his obſcure *Kingdom*) he may drag thy body and ſoul to hell-fire. But *Fidelia* is as conſtant in her ſin, as impious in her reſolution; and ſo (all delays ſet apart) ſhe ſeeks the means to deſtroy her ſelf: ſhe procures poiſon and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof anſwers not her deſires. I know not whether ſhe be more impatient to live than willing to dye. We never want invention, ſeldom means to do evil; a little pen-knif of hers, ſhall in her conceit perform that which poyſon could not; ſhe ſeeks it, and now remembers, it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her beſt Gown: ſhe flies to her Ward-robe, and ſo to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only ſhe finds her *Naples*-ſilk girdle inſtead thereof. The *Devils* inſtruments are never far to ſeek; ſhe thinks it as good to ſtrangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournful and deplorable *Tragedy*, ſhe returns ſwiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and ſo (which I grieve and tremble to relate) faſtens it to the teaſter of her Bed, and there hangs her ſelf; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very inſtant, and for the ſpace of an hour, it thundred and lightned ſo cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the chamber where ſhe hung, but the whole houſe ſhaked thereat. The thunder being paſt, and the skies clear, Dinner is ſerved on the Table, and *Alcaſero* and *Cœleſtina* ready to ſit; they call for their Siſter *Fidelia*, but ſhe is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is withoutſide, and the door bolted within, and yet ſhe anſwers not. They both flie from the Table to her Chamber, and call, and knock, but no anſwer. *Alcaſero* commands his men to break open the door, which they do, and there ſees his Siſter *Fidelia* hanging to the Bed-ſtead ſtark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitiful ſpectacle, and with all ſpeed take her down; but ſhe is breathleſs, though not cold; and they ſee all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as ſnow, now to be coal-black, and to ſtink infinitely. Theſe are the woful effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Deſpair and Murther*. O, may Chriſtians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia*'s mournful and miſerable example, and withal remember, that murther will ſtill be revenged and puniſhed, eſpecially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents; a ſin odious both to God and man, ſith it not only oppoſeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No ſooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcaſero* buried this his natural, yet unnatural

ſiſter

sister *Fidelia*, but as his other sister *Cælestina* weeps for her death, so she again rejoyceth that her sister hath no way revealed the great business, which so much concerns her, I mean the murther of the Captain her Father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not seem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this *History*, fly we from *Otranto* to *Naples* and leave we the fatal and woful Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speak a little of the *Baron* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *History*.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquy, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despair to her self, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience inform him, that it is yet too soon to leave *Naples* to see *Otranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

WEre thy request not my Law, I would see Fidelia *to comfort her, and comfort my self to see her: But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrows, my refusal, and thy despair, what remedy (or* Antidote*) can I more aptly administer, than Patience to the first, and Prayer to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy self, and yet I am so far from despairing, as I hope* Time *will give thee consolation and me content. Endeavour to love thy self, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers steps; his affection to thee, shall be mine to himself. Let thy second Letter give me half so much joy, as thy first did grief, and I shall then triumph at my good fortune as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine own.*

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquy *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must go into another world, if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente's* house; whereas he is walking in the second Court, *Alcasero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two fatal disasters were befallen his house, as the loss of his Father and Sister, he by chance espies this Lacquy *Fiesco*; at whose sight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flasheth up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himself, as step or degree to the discovery of his *Father's murther*, whereon his thoughts were always fixed, and could never be withdrawn, he sends a *Gentleman* of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whose Lacquy it was, and what was his business. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close and will reveal nothing. He intreats him to enter and taste the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Cellar, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withal, that some fifteen days since he saw him here before. *Alcasero* commands this Lacquy to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himself; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a virtue in a servant to conceal his Master's secrets. *Alcasero* is angry at his silence and fidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himself of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he prays him to dine with his servants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcasero* takes him apart, and tels him, that some fifteen days past he saw him here: *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcasero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech; he thinks this boy can reveal something which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprize him with a silver hook; he proffers him twenty Duckets, and lays it down before him, to discover himself and his business.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in *Noblemen* to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgment to conceal them. The sight of this Gold doth not only dazle *Fiesco's* eyes, but eclipse his fidelity: so he holds it no sin towards God, nor treachery towards his Master to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Lacquy, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his sister. *Alcasero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: *Fiesco* delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and so making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and find as much as he desireth to know. He now confirms his former suspicion of

Carpi and believes that he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Father's *Tragedy*. But he knows it wisdom to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of *Carpi*'s: he finds it full of suspition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out e're he be satisfied; for although *Carpi* be squint-ey'd, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia*'s Closet, Trunk and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi*'s to her, and the Copy of one of hers to him; and the perusal of these two Letters are so far from diminishing his suspition, as it doth augment and encrease it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Sister *Fidelia* have jointly had a great hand in his *Fathers* murther. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagin that his other Sister *Celestina* hath played any part in this *Tragedy*: but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morn he cals for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewel; *Tell the Baron of* Carpi *thy Master, that my Sister* Fidelia *is in another World, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at* Naples, *and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter*. *Fiesco* departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquies far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquys long stay; in which mean time *Alcasero* comes to *Naples*, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his *Father*, his sword shall. He goes to the *Criminal Judges*, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the *Baron* of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captain *Benevente* his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth his two Letters to his Sister *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*; so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now he hath leisure to think on the baseness and foulness of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to sorrow, or addicting himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewn himself at lest humble, if not sorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sins, but *God* will find them out, and display them in their naked colors. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to his Judges, to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult and consider the three Letters; they find conjectural sentences enough to accuse, but no solid proof to condemn him, they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of *Justice* in the balance of *Equity*; and then ordain, that *Carpi* shall be rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderful constancy, and still denies all. Had his cause been more religious and humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had been as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open *Senate*) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murther, wherat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmurs.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcasero* remains still constant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his Father, and therefore vows and resolves to fight with him: He lets pass some six weeks time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that he had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearful; he dares not run the hazard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*; which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, he out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

ALthough the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, *not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the thoughts of my disaster, I would not seek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazzard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but*

impossible,

impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clock after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusal mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the *Baron* of *Carpi* is triumphing to see how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and so freed himself from the fears and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* finds him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation and combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience, whether he should accept or refuse it. His *Honour* bids him do the first, but his Conscience wils him to perform the second; *It were better to be born a Clown than a Coward.* Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himself guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he hath an unjust cause in hand, but he prefers his *Honour* before his *Life*; when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himself to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I presume you know this business; for I take you to be Alcasero's *Second. He hath* (replied *Plantinus*) *done me the honour to make choice of me, instead of a more worthy. Well* (quoth the Baron of *Carpi*) *tell thy Master from me, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it; only I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prays him, *That he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast.* But *Carpi* gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution; *That he will hazard himself, but not his friend.* So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his master, and discontent to himself; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of these two *Gentlemens* courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with passion and vehemency; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Carpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcasero* pale and gastly, not for fear of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows; and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, *Justice* is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence, nor *God* that of his Justice, onely it is reserved for another time, and for a more shameful manner: so *Carpi* hath the best of the day, for he is onely hurt in his right hand, and scarr'd over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of *God* had ordained, that that hand which committed the Murther, and that mouth which denied it, should be purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero*, he had five several wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortal, and the rather, for that he fell therewith speechless to the ground; so leaving him grovelling and weltring in his blood, he departs, resting very confident that he was at his very last glasp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his Chirurgion (being more humane and charitable than his Master) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance: He leans him against a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his Cloak, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw near him, and prays the *Lady* that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Don Alcasero*, who was there extreamly and dangerously wounded; and this did *Carpi* his *Chirurgeon* perform, in the absence of *Alcasero's* own *Chirurgeon*, who out of some distast or forgetfulness, came not at the hour and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Marguerita Esperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter, commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her self is pleased to stay in the fields till her servants return it her. It was a *courtesie*, and a *charity* worthy of so honourable a *Lady* as her self: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this *History*. All *Naples*, yea, the whole *Kingdom* rings of this combat; the Baron of *Carpi* and *Alcasero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the same, the last for his affection and zeal to his dead father; the first, for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But *God* will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but rather will have him live to see *Carpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and shameful manner.

As soon as *Alcasero's* wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered, he leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Otranto*, where his Sister *Celestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the *Baron* of *Carpi*, as she now rejoyces at his liberty; especially, sith she is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the *death* and *murther* of her *Father*, which indeed makes her far more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with *Seignior Alanso Ludovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state and pomp: and no less doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Marguerita Esperia* shewed him when he was so dangerously wounded,

in requital thereof, doth now marry the fair *Beatina*, her only Daughter, with whom he lives in the higheſt content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either deſire or wiſh.

But this Sun-ſhine of *Carpi*'s proſperity, and *Cæleſtina*'s happineſs and glory ſhall not laſt long; for there is a ſtorm breaking forth, which threatneth no leſs than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot *God* will both detect and puniſh Murthers; yea, by ſuch ſecret means and inſtruments, as we leaſt ſuſpect or imagin. They are infallible *Maxims*, *That We are never leſs ſecured than when we think our ſelves ſecure; nor nearer danger than when we eſteem our ſelves fartheſt from it.* And if any be ſo incredulous, or as I may ſay, ſo irreligious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they ſhall inſtantly ſee it verified and made good in the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Cæleſtina*, who thinking themſelves now ſafe and free from all adverſe fortunes and fatal accidents whatſoever, and enjoying all thoſe contents and pleaſures which their hearts could either deſire or wiſh to enjoy, or which the world could proſtitute or preſent them, they in a moment ſhall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their days on a baſe Scaffold, with much ſhame, infamy and miſery. The manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth ſquare out the rule of his Juſtice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but he to none for his decrees and reſolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. *Curioſity* in matters of *Faith* and *Religion*, proves not only *folly* but *impiety*; for as we are men, we muſt look up to *God*, but as we are *Chriſtians*, we muſt not look beyond him. He oftentimes makes great offenders accuſe themſelves for want of others to accuſe them; and when he pleaſeth, he will puniſh one ſin by another, the which we ſhall now ſee verified in *Lorenzo*, the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Lacquy; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, aſſiſted this his Maſter to murther Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento* near *Alpiata*; who ever ſince being countenanced and authorized by his Maſters favour, in reſpect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murtherous hand was deeply and jointly imbrued with him; he from that time becomes ſo debauch'd and diſſolute in his ſervice, as he ſpends all that poſſibly he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewiſe extreamly in debt, not only with all his friends, but alſo with all thoſe whom he knows will truſt him: ſo as his wants being extreamly urgent, and inforced to ſee himſelf reduced to a miſerable indigence and poverty, he being one day ſent by the *Baron* his Maſter to the *Senate*-houſe with a Letter to his Counſellor, he there in the throng and croud of the people cuts a purſe from a *Gentlewoman's* ſide, wherein was ſome five and twenty Duckatoons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and impriſoned for the fact, and the next morn his Proceſs was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is dealt withal by a couple of *Friers* in priſon, who prepare his ſoul for *Heaven*: He ſees the foulneſs of his former life, and repents it. The *Baron* of *Carpi* his Maſter, no ſooner underſtands this news, but he ſhakes and trembles, fearing leſt this his Lacquy ſhould reveal the Murther of the Captain and his man: whereupon he reſolveth to flie; but conſidering again, that if his Lacquy accuſe him not, his very flight will proclaim and make him guilty, he ſtays, and as he thinks, reſolves of a better courſe. He goes to the priſon, and deals with his Lacquy to be ſecret in the buſineſs he wots of, proteſting and promiſing him, that in conſideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tells him, that he needs not fear; for as he hath lived, ſo he will die his faithful ſervant: But we ſhall ſee him have more grace, than to keep ſo graceleſs a promiſe. *Carpi* flattering himſelf with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquy, reſolves to ſtay in the *City*: but he ſhall ſhortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fieſco*, which me thinks ſhould have made him more cautious and wiſe, and not ſo ſimple to intruſt and repoſe his life on the incertain mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but God's Revenge draws neer him, and conſequently he near his end; for he neither can nor ſhall avoid the Judgment of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the Gallows will not charge his ſoul with this foul and execrable ſin of murther; but Grace now operating with his ſoul, as much as formerly *Satan* did with his heart, he confeſſeth that he and the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Maſter, together with the Knight *Monteleon*, and his Lacquy *Anſelmo*, murthered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true; and ſo uſing ſome Chriſtian-like ſpeeches of repentance and ſorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no ſooner turned over, but the *Criminal Judges* advertiſed of his ſpeeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron* of *Carpi* his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his ſtudy, and ſo apprehended and committed priſoner; where fear makes him look pale, ſo as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage ſtrike ſail. He is again put to the Rack,

and

and now the second time he reveals his foul and bloody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzo*'s accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his Complices in that murther, besides *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo*; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many Religious Exhortations perswade him to it: So *Grace* prevails with *Nature*, and *Righteousness* with *Impiety* and sin in him; that he is now no longer himself, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather dis-respect *Cœlestina*, than displease God: whereupon he affirms, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murther their Faither, and his man *Fiamento*; and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business: and thus making himself ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This *Tragedy* is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away Post to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Cœlestina* (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there) a Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her fact, so fouly disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a *Noblemans* house, at the solemnity of his Daughter's marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned and accused to be the Author and plotter of the Captain her Father's death; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction or misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and his Lacquy *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of tears freely confesseth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhuman *Parricide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air; for a milder death, and a less punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her own Father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent back that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when she ascended the Scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowful and repentant, and with many showrs of tears requested her brother *Alcasero*, and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her Fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and tears so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as she recommending her soul into the hands of her *Redeemer*, whom she had so hainously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his Sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soul; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were thrown into the air; to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhuman and bloody a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of the earth, or to breathe this air of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shameful and wretched a death: and yet she was far happier than her sister *Fidelia*; for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young *Gentlewoman* lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let us think on that with *detestation*, and on this with *charity*. And here we see how severely the murther of Captain *Benevente* was by *Gods* just revenge punished, not only in his two Daughters who plotted it, but also in the two *Noblemen* and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly find them. The only way therefore for *Christians* to avoid the one, and contemn the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to *God* for his Grace, continually to affect *prayer*, and incessantly to practise *piety* in our thoughts, and *godliness* in our resolutions and actions: the which if we be careful and conscionable to perform, *God* will then shroud us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to fear either *Hell* or *Satan*.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, *like a bloody villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body, and being diſcraſed of his wits in Priſon, he there confeſſeth his foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.*

IF we did not wilfully make our ſelves miſerable, *God* is ſo indulgent and merciful to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and preſumptuous hands we violate the Laws of *Nature* and *Grace*, of *Earth* and *Heaven*, in murthering through *Envy* thoſe, whom through *Duty* and *Affection* we are bound to obey, honour, cheriſh and preſerve; then it is no marvel, becauſe we firſt forſook *God*, that he afterwards abandoneth us to our ſelves, and ſins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Miſery, Infamy and Perdition: and that we may ſee human cruelty to be juſtly met with, and puniſhed by *Gods* upright and divine Juſtice; Lo here in this enſuing *Hiſtory* we ſhall ſee a wretched Son kill his harmleſs and dear Mother. A very fearful and lamentable *Paricide*, a moſt cruel and execrable fact, for the which we ſhall ſee him rewarded with condign puniſhment, and with a ſharp and infamous death, although not half ſo deplorable as deſerved. It is a bitter and bloody *Hiſtory*, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the moſt barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compaſſion but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but Tears, at leaſt if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for *Piety*; the which if we have, doubtleſs the end of our reading will not only bleſs, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon

Upon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva* (because it pays its full tribute, and makes its chiefest *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it invironeth at least one thitd part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little days journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of *Bern*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and Country of *Swisserland*, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest *Burger* or *Burgomaster* (for of *Gentry* those parts and people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Halsenorse*, who by his wife *Christina Snuytsaren*, had one onely child, a son, named *Maurice Halsenorse*, now of some fourteen years old; whose Father although he were by profession a Soldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those *Auxiliary bands* of that Country, which are in pay to the *French King*, yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himself, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Son's youth, sith he now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a soul, or a soul without knowledg and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So he brings him up to their own *Grammar-School* in *Morges*, where in some three or four years his affection and care to study, makes him so good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not only skilful, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his *School-Master*, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, he was of so mild and so modest a carriage, and the blossoms of his youth were so sweetly watered with the *Heavenly* dew of *Virtue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for *Learning* and *Goodness* he was, and was justly reputed, not only the *Mirrour*, but the *Phœnix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not only happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverseness and multiplicity of our sins are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much less assured and permanent felicity: so the Sunshine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal dysaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournful, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For *God* in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Halsenorse* the Father his strength arrived at his full *Meridian* and height, and his days to their full number and period: He, as he sate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A *Document* which may teach us not to relie upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may still find us armed and ready to encounter it, A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, so to look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our souls be not only ready; but willing to forsake this stinking tabernacle and prison of of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into Heaven, that *heavenly Jerusalem*, and *Cœlestial City*, where they may enjoy the blessed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greatest blessings of all joys, and the most sovereign joy of all *blessings*, then to see our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Christ Jesus* his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joys and blessings of our souls are comprized and included.

The death of *Halsenorse* the Father, is not only the *Argument*, but the cause of his widow *Christina*'s grief, of his Son *Maurice* his sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farther, and say, That this his death is a fatal Herauld, and mournful Harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many dysastrous calamities and woful miseries, the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprize and befall them.

This sorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of worldly indigence; and wherewithal to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husband's familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful disease and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reproved than reformed, so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are grounded on profit, not on honour; on avarice, not on virtue, on their own

gold, not on the want of their Chriſtian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and again to our *Hiſtory*.

Now, if *Chriſtiana* (for only by that name I will henceforth entitle her) have any comfort or conſolation left her, to ſweeten the bitterneſs of her Husbands death, it is only to ſee him ſurvive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whoſe virtues and years, her hopes likewiſe begin again to bud forth and flouriſh; when remembring what an earneſt care and deſire her Husband had to ſee him a Scholar, as ſhe inherits his goods, ſo ſhe will aſſume and inherit that reſolution of his: and although ſhe love her Son's ſight, and affect his preſence tenderly and dearly, yet ſhe can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her reſolutions, till ſhe ſend him from *Morges*, to the Univerſity of *Loſanna*, ſome three Leagues diſtant from thence, there to perfect his ſtudies and learning, the ſeeds whereof already ſo hopefully bloſſomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepeſt affection and care having hearkned out one *Deodatus Vareſius*, a Batchelor of *Divinity* of that *Univerſity*, whom fame (though indeed moſt falſly) had informed her to be an expert *Scholar*, and an excellent *Chriſtian*, ſhe agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honeſt exhibition, and furniſhing him with Books, a Gown, and all other neceſſaries, ſhe ſends him away to *Loſanna*, charging him at his departure, to be careful of his learning, carriage and actions; and above all, to make piety and godlineſs in his life and converſation, the *Regent* of all his ſtudies; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Loſanna*, finds out his Tutor *Vareſius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteouſly and kindly: but alas, the hopes of *Chriſtiana* the Mother, are extreamly deceived in the virtues of *Vareſius*; becauſe his *Vices* will inſtantly deceive both the merits and expectations of her *Son*, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby ſhortly make him as vicious in *Loſanna*, as formerly he was virtuous in *Morges*: for I write with grief and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to ſay, whether he were more learned or debauched, a more perfect Scholar, or profane *Chriſtian*; for although the dignity of his Bachelorſhip of *Theology*, did hide many of his diſſolute pranks, and obſcene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and induſtry, could not ſo cloſely overvail and obſcure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beaſtly inclination to drunkenneſs, began now to become obvious and apparent to the *Eyes* and *Heads* of his *Colledg*, yea to the whole *Univerſity*: A moſt pernicious and ſwiniſh *vice*; indeed too too much incident and ſubject to theſe people the *Swiſſers*; but if it had been immured and confined within theſe Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not only a happineſs, but a bleſſing to the other *Weſtern* parts of the *Chriſtian* world, where it ſpreads its infection like an uncontrolable and incurable *Gangren*, yea, like a moſt contagious and fatal peſtilence: ſo as in *Varſieus* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profeſſion and converſation, his *Theory* and his *Practice*, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-ſprings and fountains be corrupted with this *vice* of drunkenneſs, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of *Commonweals* be infected and poiſoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and reſidence in the *Claſſes* of *Univerſities*, from which Nurſeries and Gardens of the Muſes, both the *Church* and *State* fetch their chiefeſt *Ornaments* and *Members*; how can we expect to ſee it rooted out from the more illiterate *Commons*, whoſe groſs ignorance makes them far more capable to learn *Vice* than *Virtue*; or rather *Vice*, and not *Virtue*; ſith there is no ſhorter nor truer Art to learn is, than of their *Arts Maſters*, becauſe the example and preſident of ill doing in our *Teachers*, and *Superiors*, doth not only plant, but ingraff and root it; not onely priviledge, but as it were, authorize it in us, ſtill with a fatal impetuoſity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and iſſue: for if remedies be not found in learned *Phyſicians*, it is then in vain to ſeek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the *Præceptor* himſelf be not ſanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his *Diſciple* will not. This (yea this) is a moſt mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themſelves to death, to ſee their children ſuffer ſhipwrack; yea, this beaſtly and brutiſh ſin of Drunkenneſs, is ſtill the *Devil's Uſher* and *Pander* to all other ſins; and therefore how cautious and careful ought the Heads of *Schools* and *Univerſities* be, to expell and root it out from themſelves, and to hate and deteſt it in others, ſith in the remiſs winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as ſafety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we ſhall not go far to ſee it made good and verified in this enſuing mournful *Hiſtory*; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewiſe command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it,

Difficultly hath *Maurice* been three months in *Loſanna* with *Vareſius*, but his virtues are eclipſed and drowned in vice; yea, he not only thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himſelf culpa-

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ble and guilty of this his *Tutors vice* of *Drunkenness*, wherein within less than three moneths he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a Scholar in his beastly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not only his delight, but his glory. He who was before so temperate in his drink and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in *Losanna*, as contrarywise, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young Scholar, he drinks (or to write truer, devours it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his books; his Carousing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenness the only Art he professeth; which filthy and infectious disease, spreading from the *Preceptor* to the *Pupil*, from old *Varesius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surprized the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwrack of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Varesius*, who will not be ashamed to pity this beastly *Vice* in himself, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholar *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reform it in himself, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but instead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this swinish sin, which inevitably draws after it these threefold diseases and miseries; the poison of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not far different from the three former, The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the consumer of our estates and friends: and within the compass of one whole year, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkenness of our debauched young Scholar *Maurice* subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of sin (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Losanna*, the deeper root his beastly vice of drunkenness took in him, and he the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his Mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and intemperancy: yea, his extream superfluity in this kind, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his years pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sin of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he only triumphed to become a slave to this his slavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintain, he not only feeds, but surfets his Mother with variety of subtil and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers summs of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of necessity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakness and sickness, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them, whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, she at last, making her judgment consult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become less virtuous, and more debauched than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for money, were only tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence she reposed in his virtuous carriage, and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified from such Students and Burgers of *Losanna*, whom she had set as Sentinels, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lynceus* eyes over his actions and deportments, she at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Varesius*, many complaints and exclamations to her son, and inexpressible grief and sorrow to her self, commands him home from *Losanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterness and secrecy, she taxes and rates him for his drunkenness and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one year more than either his Father or her self could collect or gather up in many.

But see the leud subtilty, and wretched deceitfulness of this dissolute son towards this his dear and tender mother: for then and there, seasoning his speeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety; he modestly seems not only to tax her credulity, conceived against the candour and integrity of his actions, but also with a kind of tacit choler, to malign and traduce those who unjustly and falsly had cast so foul an aspersion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his apology and justification pass current with his Mother, his discretion now describes so fair a Law to his Vanity, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgment, he seems to be the very picture and statue of *Virtue*, although God and his foul soul and conscience well knows, that he is the true, essential and real *Image* of *Vice*: and the better to cloak and overveil this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his Mother's house and sight, he casts them off by day, and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himself into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is seen at his prayers, and spends the great-

eſt part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords ſuch ſweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as ſhe repents her ſelf of her unkindneſs towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenneſs, prodigality and diſſoluteneſs, but alſo accuſeth his accuſers, whom ſhe now as much condemns for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her ſon, as ſhe highly (as ſhe thinks juſtly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But ſith *Hypocriſie* is worſe than *Profaneneſs*, as making us rather *Devils* than *Saints*; or indeed not *Saints*, but *Devils*; and that no ſacrifice is ſo odious, nor object ſo hateful to God, as he who denies and diſſembleth it in his looks, and yet profeſſeth and practiſeth it in his heart and ſoul; ſo we ſhall ſee to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his miſery, that thinking to deceive *God*, he ſhall in the end deceive himſelf; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his falſe *Virtue*, his true *Vice* will at laſt betray him, and make him as miſerable, as he flattereth himſelf it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mother's conceit and mind, and ſo the more ſecretly to overveil his exceſſive affection and addiction to *Drunkenneſs*; he under the pretence of ſome neceſſary and profitable occaſions gets leave of her, ſometimes to ride over to *Bern*, *Soleure*, *Friburge*, *Apenſal*, and other capital Towns of the *Cantons*, where he falls afreſh to his cups, and there continually both day and night ſwills his brains, and ſtuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again when he returns to *Morges*, he makes ſuch fair weather with his mother, and caſts ſo temperate a cloak and colour on his ſpeeches and actions, as if it were impoſſible for him to drink more than would ſuffice nature, or to deſire more than would meerly quench his thirſt. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himſelf into his Mother's good opinion and favour, as alſo ſome ſtore of money out of her purſe and coffers, he with a feigned ſhew of humility and diſcretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his ſtudies and learning, returns again to *Loſanna*, where he is no ſooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carrouſing Companions, who like ſo many peſtilent *Vipers* and contagious *Moths* and *Caterpillars*, are viciouſly, and therefore fatally reſolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purſe, but alſo the heart of his happineſs, and as I may juſtly term it, to devour the very ſoul of his felicity; and with theſe tippling Brats of *Bacchus*, doth our leud and debauched Scholar *Maurice*, continually drink drunk; not only forgetting his learning but himſelf, and which is worſe, his *God*; having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; ſo beaſtly is he inclined, ſo ſwiniſhly and viciouſly is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognoſticate, preſage, or promiſe to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, miſery and ruin of all ſides.

As the ſhorteſt errors are beſt, ſo thoſe *Vices* which have longeſt perſeverance and predominance in us, prove ſtill the moſt pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to cruſh a Serpent in the egg, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then cruſh us; a plant may be removed with eaſe, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from ſin to repentance, is as great a happineſs, as it is a miſery to fall from repentance to ſin; and indeed to uſe but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater miſery befall us, than to think our ſelves happy, when (through our ſins) we are miſerable.

Here in *Loſanna*, *Maurice* eſteems this his beaſtly ſin of *drunkenneſs* to be a *Virtue*, not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all ſhots and reckonings in Taverns, he ſottiſhly and fooliſhly thinks it the ſhorteſt and trueſt way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the leaſt ſpark of *Grace*, or ſhadow of conſideration, his ſtomack (like the Devils ſponge) and his inſatiable throat (like a bottomleſs gulf) ſo devours his wine, and his wine his mony, as that which ſhould be the *Argument* of his glory, he makes the cauſe of his ſhame; and his money which ſhould fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a juſt revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoyceth to look on us, becauſe we firſt diſdained either to look on, or regard it; ſo he having ſpent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in waſting the moneys his Mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the froſty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redreſs. The *Fellows* and *Students* of his *Colledg* look on him and his *drunkenneſs*, ſome with the eyes of pity, others with thoſe of joy, according as their friendſhip or malice, their *Charity* or *Envy* either conduct their paſſions, or tranſport and ſteer their reſolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Vareſius*, how can he poſſibly ſeek to reclaim this his *Pupil* from *Vice* to *Virtue*, when he is ſo wretchedly diſſolute, as by the publick vote and voice of the *Univerſity*, he himſelf is already wholly and ſole relapſed from *Virtue* to *Vice*?

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In which respect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither Vertue nor Tutor, money nor credit, discretion nor friend to secure him from the shelves of Indigence, or the rocks of poverty and misery whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing; he like a true deboished scholar, or indeed as a master of Art in the art of deboishedness, first sells his Books, then his Gown and clothes, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, only tending and conducing to direful misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his cups and drunkenness, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than again to cast himself on the affection and courtesie of his mother, whom he re-visits with several Letters, which are only so many humble insinuating Petitions, again to draw and wrest moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother jointly with them, conspire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, because (by an uncontroullable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Losanna*, as by all those of *Losanna*, who came to *Morges*, she is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sons deboished and dissolute life, of his neglect of learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenness; of the sale of his clothes, bed, and books; of the irreparable loss, both of his time, moneys, and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and scums of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbuncles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropsie and he contended who should first sieze each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournful unwillingness) enforced, not only to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and symptoms of her son's utter ruine and subversion, she peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his letters with many sharp complants, and bitter exclumations against his foul sin of drunkenness, which threatens no less than the ruin both of his reputation, friends, learning, fortune, and life, if not of his soul.

Maurice seeing himself wholly abandoned of his mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this discourtesie of hers, so near at heart, and withal is so extreamly impatient to see himself forsaken of her, whom he knows the laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish, as forgetting himself to be her son, and she his mother; yea, forgetting himself to be a man, and which is more, a *Christian*; his wants and vices so far transport him beyond the bounds of Reason and Religion, of nature, and grace, as he impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vows to his heart and soul, or to say truer, to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody coffin, if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her son in this. So alas here it is, that he first gives way to the devil to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and sugg.e.ls bloody designes, against the safety and life of his dear and innocent mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical business to an end; yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchless thirst of his matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Losanna*, casting away his books which would seem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the *Furies*, not the *Muses*; and as afflictions seldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the neck of another; so to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkenness makes him so notoriously apparent to the heads of the *University* in general, and of his own Colledge in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his Apology or Justification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to see himself reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdains the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Losanna*, (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevail more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenneſs hath ſo deformed his face and body, as at the firſt ſight ſhe difficultly knew him to be her Son; and although he take pains to conceal that beaſtly vice of his, and ſo to plaiſter and varniſh it over with a feigned ſhew of repentance and reformation; yet ſhe ſees to her affliction, and obſerves to her miſery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as ſoon as ſhe once turns her back from him, he falls cloſe to them, and ſo tipleth and carouſeth from morning to night. Three days are ſcarce paſt, before he makes two requeſts to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wiſdom might ſhine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wiſdom, ſhe chearfully grants him the firſt, but peremptorily denies him the ſecond, becauſe ſhe well knows it would be ſo much caſt away on him, ſith he would inſtantly caſt it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not ſo much content him, as the refuſal of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do ſo implacably take up and ſeize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his ſoul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable ſon, ſwaps a bargain with the Devil, to deſtroy and make away his Mother. Helliſh reſolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only ſtrangle thoſe who embrace, but confound thoſe who follow them. His impiety made him formerly aſſume this bloody fact, and now his neceſſity and want of money (in that he cannot as it were, drown himſelf in the exceſs of drunkenneſs) enforceth him to a reſolution to finiſh it. His faith is ſo weak towards God, and ſo ſtrong with the Devil, as he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety, to ſee as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody buſineſs: He conſults hereon with his delight, not with his reaſon; with his will, not with his conſcience; with his heart, not with his ſoul. He ſees he hath no money, and knows, or at leaſt believes, that his Mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if ſhe were once dead, it were impoſſible that his life ſhould want any. So theſe two wretched Counſellors, Covetouſneſs, and Drunkenneſs, (or rather Covetouſneſs to maintain his Drunkenneſs) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournful murther of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true miſery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promiſe him falſe content and happineſs. His youth hath no regard to her age, and leſs to her life, neither will he vouchſafe to remember, that he firſt received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and ſtreams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and deſcended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Loſanna* ſhould; if his years cannot inſtruct him, yet his books might; and if Nature prevailed not with his heart, yet methinks Grace ſhould with his conſcience, to preſent him the foulneſs of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in reſolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of theſe earthly conſiderations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet methinks looking from prophanneſs to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time preſent to the future; from the corruption of his body, to the immortality of his ſoul; from ſin to righteouſneſs, from revenge to religion, and conſequently from Satan to God, he ſhould hate this bloody deſign and project of his as much as now he loves it, and ſeek the preſervation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and purſues her untimely end with impiety and deteſtation. But his Vices will ſtill triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miſerable, ever to ſee himſelf ſo happy.

Miſerable *Maurice* therefore (as the ſhame of his time, the diſgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monſter of Nature) having helliſhly reſolved on the matter, now with a deviliſh fortitude and helliſh aſſurance paſſeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who ſeeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who uſeth his beaſt Oratory to perſwade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his ſubtilty, ſo ſhould we be both wiſe and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we ſhall then betray him: he is impatient of delays; yea, his malice is ſo bloody, and his revenge ſo cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath ſent her from Earth to Heaven He propoſeth unto himſelf divers ways to murther her; and the devil, who is never abſent, but preſent in ſuch helliſh occaſions, makes him as well induſtrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finiſhing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as ſhe is in bed: Then to poyſon her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire ſome to kill her as ſhe is walking in her Vineyards; or elſe to cauſe two Water-men to drown her, as ſhe is taking the Ayr in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly ſhe is accuſtomed to do; but yet ſtill he is irreſolute, either which, or which not to reſolve on, till at laſt, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded theſe ſeveral

bloody

bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deep Well in the outer-yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fittest for his purpose to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he strike hands, and set up their rest and period.

While thus this gracious mother *Christina* endeavours with her best care and prayers to divert her graceless son *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sin of drunkenness, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, sets his inventions and brains on the tenter-hooks, to espy out the occasion and time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming desire to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his Mother's people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devil infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and affected business, of murthering and dispatching his Mother: he taking on him the part of a mad man, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and grief distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the Neighbour's children fallen into the Well, which he espied from his Chamber Window: whereunto (harmless good woman) she adding belief to his false and perfidious speeches; and (being beyond her self) afflicted and amazed with this sudden and sorrowful news, she throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her sighs interrupting her words, and her tears her sighs) she (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to see this mournful spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a Fury, than a man, and rather resembling a meer Devil than a son, fasteneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and so without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoycing in his heart, that he had sent her to death, because he sees it now not in the power of the whole world to save her life, he (the better to overveil this his impious villany) ascends her Chamber, breaks open her cupboards, trunks, and chests, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparel in the floor, thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, and from thence rides to his Mother's people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the Ayr, and is now come to pass the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry with them; to which end he sends for Wine from the skirts of the Town; and so they carouse and frolick it till towards night, and then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Mistris wanting, and no creature in the house, whereat they much admire. So they seek and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, and he and the men-servants another way, seek her where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose, for they can neither see nor hear of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed chamber, they find her cupboards, chests and trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparel strewed here and there upon the floor; whereat amazed, they cry out at the window, that thieves had been there and robbed their mistris her chests and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend and admire at the sight thereof: neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meer loss of the goods, but they fear the absence of his Mother, and their Mistris *Christina*, and are already become jealous of her safety, and fearful that the thieves have offered her some violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her son goes and acquaints the Bayliff of *Morges*, and the rest of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all sides inquire for her, and make a secret search in the town, to find out the thieves; and in the mean time leave not a room nor place of the house unsought for her, but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchase no news of her, much less of the thieves. They remain in the house all night, and they all with sorrowful and watchful eyes expect to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day strikes, but as yet she is not seen or heard of: So they again, in presence of the Bayliff search all places and corners, both in the House, Gardens, Orchards, and Yards; but still to no effect, when behold the sacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drown'd in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were present; for as they are in the midst of their doubts and fears, yea, in the very depth of

their

their reſearch, lo, one of the ſervant maids named *Heſter*, having that inſtant morning taken a nap of an hours ſleep in a chair, ſtarts ſuddenly out of her ſleep and reſt, trips to them, and ſays, ſhe then and there dreamed, that her miſtris *Chriſtina* was caſt into the Well and drowned; the which ſhe affirmed with many words, and more ſighs, out-cries, and tears; which piercing into the ears and thoughts of the Bayliff and ſervants, and into the very heart and conſcience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he ſtraineth the higheſt key of his art and policy, to keep his cheeks from bluſhing for ſhame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgment from the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of his guiltineſs herein, he with many ſhivers of hypocritical tears, prays the Bayliff, that upon *Heſter's* dream and report, the Well may be ſearched; adding withal, that it was more probable than impoſſible, that thoſe thieves who robbed his Mother's houſe, might likewiſe be ſo devilliſhly malicious to murther her, and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliff ſeriouſly conſidering, as firſt the maids dream, then the ſons requeſt and tears, he inſtantly in the preſence of all thoſe of the houſe, as alſo of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purpoſely aſſembled, cauſed the Well to be ſearched and ſounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they inſtantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Miſtreſs *Chriſtina*; the ſcull of whoſe head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully daſhed out with her fall. All are amazed, her ſervants grieve, and her helliſh ſon *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the reſt at this mournful ſpectacle. The Bayliff carefully and punctually again examines *Heſter*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the perſons who had thus thrown her Miſtreſs into the Well; ſhe anſwered negatively, according to the truth, that ſhe had already delivered as much as ſhe knew of that mournful buſineſs. When *Maurice*, to ſhew his forwardneſs and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his Mother's murtherers, he pretends that he ſuſpects *Heſter* to be acceſſary, and to have a hand herein. But the Bayliff and Common-council of *Morges*, having neither paſſion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgment, finding no reaſon or ground of probability to accuſe her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther queſtioning her, and ſo (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well. They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathleſs Mother, which he doth with the greateſt pomp and decency, requiſite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the leaſt duſt or ſmoak of ſuſpition, which might any way fall upon the luſter of his innocency, he at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) ſheds many rivoletts of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable ſin of murthering his Mother? for although it blear the eyes, and inveagle the judgments of the Bayliff and his Aſſociates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*; yet God the great and Sovereign Judg of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no: for albeit he be merciful, yet his Divine Majeſty is too juſt to let crimes of this helliſh nature go either undetected or unpuniſhed.

We have ſeen this execrable ſon ſo bloody hearted and handed, as with a devilliſh rage, and inhumane infernal fury, to drown his own dear and tender mother; and with as much cruelty and ingratitude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of her life) threw him from her Womb into the World; and the providence and juſtice of God will not lead the curioſity of the Reader far, before we ſee this miſerable miſcreant overtaken with the impetuous ſtorm of God's revenge, and the fiery guſts and tempeſts of his juſt indignation for the ſame, notwithſtanding that his ſubtil malice, and malicious ſubtilty, have ſo cunningly contrived, and ſo ſecretly acted and compacted it with the Devil, that no earthly perſon, or ſublunary eye can any way accuſe, much leſs convict him thereof; as mark the ſequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As ſoon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work ſuch poor and weak effects of repentance and ſorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwiſe rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her deceaſe being now become Lord and maſter of all, he like a graceleſs villain, falls again to his old carouſing companions, and vein of drunkenneſs, wherein he takes ſuch ſingular delight and glory, as he makes it not only his paſtime and exerciſe by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and ways to ſcourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, ſo we ſhall ſhortly ſee for our inſtruction, and obſerve for our reformation, that this ungodly and beaſtly vice of drunkenneſs of his, which is his moſt ſecret, boſom and darling ſin, will in the end prove a ravenous Vulture to devour, and a faral Serpent to eat out the bowels, firſt of his wealth and proſperity, and then of his life; for it not only takes up his time, but his ſtudy; inſomuch, as I may truly

truly aver to my grief, as affirm to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity: which swinish excess and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three moneths make him sell away all his lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and houshold stuff: so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly God's justice and revenge pursuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extream poor and miserable; so as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he least dreams thereof, he is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his Mothers funeral, to both whom he is indebted the sum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and estate now satisfie. When, abandoned of all his friends, his means spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty conscience, he is clapt into a stinking vault or dungeon, where (in horror and detestation of his bloody crime) the glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun, disdains to send his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drown himself in the best and most curious wines, now he must content himself only with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extream, and that extremity of his so miserable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and sustain life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Goaler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the air, which is granted him, when at night descending the stairs, again to be pent up in his obscure dungeon, his foot slips, and he receives a fearful fall, wherwith the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgeon to look to it, it putrifies and rots, so as for the preserving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arm which threw his Mother into the Well. A singular act of God's revenging justice, and just revenge shewn herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our souls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sin towards God, and of God's due and true revenge and requital thereof in his just judgment and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murthering his mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the prologue to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediately ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the Catastrophe of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgment. The Devil caused him most inhumanely to drown his mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despair for Comfort, and Madness for Sobriety, the which he would fly and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and laws of Nature; and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feel many degrees of punishments, and this is not only the law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madness is the most to be pitied; and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man go far beyond reason, and therefore to come too far short of himself: it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soul, which God sent purposely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanely drowning his Mother. for although his Divine Majesty hath infinite more ways to punish murther, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice*, as strange as the complotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purposly sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had so taken down his stomack, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kind of sorrowful and pensive silence; yet as soon as his brains and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious lunacy, and outragious phrensie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speeches were so many fearful outcries and howlings, and his words so many uncouth and unheard of ravings; so that whosoever heard or saw him, he might justly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction

and phrenſie of his ſo miſerable, ſo impetuous, as he ſpake non-ſenſe perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his foul conſcience and polluted ſoul rung him ſo many Panick fears and terrours of deſpair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himſelf, becauſe he could be no more afraid of himſelf; ſo as the dungeon which could impriſon his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much leſs to immure his fears, and in this miſerable plight and perplexity, he remained for the ſpace of ten days and nights, without any intermiſſion or hope of remedy, which infinitely diſturbed his fellow-priſoners, but chiefly his Goaler, whoſe ears had never been accuſtomed to hear ſuch diſcordant tunes, much leſs to be taken up with ſuch diſtaſteful and fearful melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately ſolicites them, that they will remove this diſtracted priſoner *Maurice* to ſome more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembering what *Maurice* had been, and now conſidering and ſeeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be ſo charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now ſo religiouſly compaſſionate, as they pity his madneſs; ſo they command him from a dungeon to a chamber, from his pallet of ſtraw to a feather-bed, from his bread and water, to wholſome meats and broths, but all this will not ſuffice; and to ſhew themſelves not onely good men, but good Chriſtians, they to reſtore him to his wits and ſenſes make yet a further progreſſion in charity. They cauſe him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerful to perſwade him to pray often, and to practiſe other Chriſtian duties and offices; but his cries are ſo outragious, and his ravings ſo extravagant, as he is as uncapable to reliſh their reaſons, as they are to underſtand his rage: When the very immediate finger and providence of God, make them yet ſo ſenſible of his unparallel'd miſery, as they are reſolved to remove him from his priſon to an hoſpital, thereby to take the benefit of the air in the gardens, walks, and fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-ſtabliſh his ſenſes in their proper ſeats of underſtanding, and ſtations of judgment: when here, (oh here) I conjure thee, Chriſtian Reader, to ſtand amazed and wonder with me, at the ſacred and ſecret juſtice of the Lord, expreſſed and demonſtrated in this accident: For as his under Goaler (by the Magiſtrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him from the priſon to an hoſpital, his bloody crime (like ſo many Blood-hounds) purſuing his guilty conſcience and ſoul: his thoughts ſo enformed his knowledg, and his knowledg ſo to confirm his belief, that the drowning of his mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his priſon to the place of Execution, to ſuffer death for the ſame. Which apprehenſion and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in deſpight of his madneſs, he wanting an Accuſer, lo here he himſelf both accuſeth and condemneth himſelf for the ſame. For the very image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrenſie and madneſs, he in the midſt of thoſe fits, and the height of that agony and anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confeſs it, before he ſuffers you to hang me; I ſpeak it on truth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confeſs is true.* Which words no ſooner eſcaped his tongue, but he inſtantly returns again to his out-cries of phrenſie and madneſs. His Goalers and the reſt are amazed at theſe fearful ſpeeches, and bloody confeſſion of his; which notwithſtanding that they attribute to madneſs, yet they lead him to the hoſpital, he ſtill raving and crying as he paſſeth the ſtreets. But oh! Let us here farther admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculouſly made apparent and manifeſted in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiouſly cried in priſon, and licentiouſly raved in the ſtreet, is no ſooner entered into the Hoſpital, but the pleaſure of God hath ſo ordained it, as his madneſs fully falls from him, and he abſolutely recovereth again his wits and ſenſes, in ſuch firm and ſetled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magiſtrates, firſt of his confeſſion of drowning his mother, and then of his ſudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and ſenſes, aſſoon as he ſet foot within the Hoſpital: Whereupon they as much aſtoniſhed at the one, as wondering at the other, do inſtantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuſe him, for that inhumane and bloody fact of his, whereof his own evidence and confeſſion hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at leaſt, he will not be the ſame man: he denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and aſſeverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath confeſſed, ſays, that they either heard a dream, or ſaw a viſion, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to loſe all the blood of his body, to find out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But

But the Magistrates are deaf to his apology, and in considering the violence of his madness by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his mother, they conceive that God's providence and justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhumane murther; and therefore contemning his requests and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cause him to be fetched from the Hospital to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehension and accusation, yet the Devil is so strong with him, as he cannot find in his heart to relent, much less to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but considering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witness against himself, except himself, he vows to be so impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his conscience and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now Righteousness shall triumph over Sin, Grace over Nature, his Soul over his Body, Heaven over Hell, and God over Satan: for at the very first sight of the Rack, the sight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extreamly; when his soul being illuminated by the resplendent Sunbeams of God's mercy, and the foggy mists of Hell and Satan expelled and banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confesseth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt, but God will forgive his soul for this his foul murther, yet the Magistrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, religion in their hearts and speeches, and justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearful crime, and inhumane paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their justice in condemning him to die, so he cannot abstain from grieving at the strictness of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as soon as we forsake the Devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Losanna* rings of this mournful and tragical news, and in detestation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take his last farewel of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soul in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble, and withal so sorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping; and the very sight of their tears proves the argument of his, as his remembrance of murthering his mother, was the cause.

He tells them he grieves at his very soul, for the foulness of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms, that drunkenness was not onely the root, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his debosht life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighs and tears he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly vice. He declares, that his mother was too vertuous so soon to go out of the world, and himself too vicious (and withal too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the sins of his life had deserved this his shameful death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be merciful to his soul, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himself, and sealing them with many tears and far-fetched sighs, he lastly bids the world farewel; then inviting the Executioner to do his office, he is turned over.

And such was the vicious life, and deserved death of this execrable son, and bloody villain *Maurice*: wherein I must confess, that although his end were shameful and sharp; yet it was by far too too mild for the foulness of his crime, in so cruelly murthering his dear mother *Christina*, whom the Laws both of Nature and Grace commanded him to preserve and cherish. Yea, let all sons and daughters, of all ages and ranks whatsoever, look on this bloody and disasterous example of his with fear, and fear to commit the like by the sight

of his puniſhment. It is a Hiſtory, worthy both of our meditation and deteſtation, whether we caſt our eyes on his drunkenneſs, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his murther. Thoſe who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but thoſe who will neither fear nor love him, very ſeldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the reſt of our ſins, if we once conſent and give way to add that ſcarlet, and crying one of murther; that blood which we untimely ſend to earth, will in God's due time draw down vengeance on our heads from Heaven; Charity is the mark of a Chriſtian; and the ſhedding of innocent blood, either that of an Infidel, an Atheiſt, or a Devil. O therefore let us affect and ſtrive to hate it in others, and ſo we ſhall the better know how to deteſt and abhor it in our ſelves: which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our conſolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and ſo we ſhall be directed.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

The Crying and Execrable Sin of

MURTHER;

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents; Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

Book Fourth.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *William Lee*, 1670.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARLE OF

PEMBROKE and *MONTGOMERY*

Lord Chamberlain to the KING, one of His Majestie's most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

HAving formerly dedicated the Third Book of these my Tragical Histories (of God's Revenge against Murther) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother, William Earle of Pembroke (who now lives with God) I therefore held my self bound (by the double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewise to present this Fourth Book to your Protection and Patronage, because as England, so Europe perfectly knows that you are as true an Heir to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodness, as to his Greatness, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himself) do still survive and live in you, with equal lustre and glory, as having made either a happy Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and resolutions: and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeal to his Honour that then drew me to that ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, having no other end or object in this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine having the honour to be countenanced by so great a Personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Mecœnas, may therefore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they contain and relate) will relish with your Lordship's palate or judgment, I know not; Only because you are a noble Son of God's Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I therefore rather hope than presume, that your Honour will at least be pleased to see, if not delight to know, and consider, how the Triumphs of God's Revenge and Punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sin of premeditated Murther, and with the bloody and inhumane

Perpetra-

Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many mercileſs Butchers, and prodigious Monſters of mankind) do juſtly make themſelves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deſervedly) honoured your Lordſhip with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Soveraigns, as firſt of our royal King James, *the Father, and now of our preſent moſt Renowned King* Charles *his Son: and yet this external honour and favour of theirs is no way ſo glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning Vices of the World) you ſerve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your ſoul. And to repreſent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, this Heavenly Piety of yours I believe is the prime reaſon, and true Eſſential cauſe of all this your Earthly honour, and ſublunary Greatneſs, and that this is it likewiſe which doth ſo rejoyce your heart, and inrich and repleniſh your Houſe with ſo numerous and noble an Iſſue, of hopeful and flouriſhing Children, who (as ſo many Olive-branches of Virtue, and Syens and Plants of Honour) doth both environ your Bed, and ſurround your Table, and who promiſe no leſs, than futurely to magnifie the blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illuſtrious Name and Family of the* Herberts *to all Poſterity.*

Go on reſolutely and conſtantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unſtained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph over your death, and your Vertues contend to out-ſhine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his beſt favour and mercy) may make you as bleſſed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and Noble Pillar here on Earth; which none ſhall pray for with more true zeal, or deſire or wiſh with more real and unfeigned affection, than

Your Honours devoted and
moſt humble Servant

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his Son* Don Juan *to marry* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her. She makes her Father in* Law Idiaques *to poyſon his own old wife* Honoria; *and likewiſe makes her own brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina: Don Juan *afterwards kills* De Perez *in a Duel*: Marſillia *hath her brains daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterward condemned to be burnt*: Idiaques *is beheaded, his body likewiſe conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the air.*

LET Malice be never ſo ſecretly contrived, and the ſhedding of Innocent blood never ſo wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conſcience is to us a thouſand witneſſes, ſo God is to us a thouſand Conſciences, firſt to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deſerved puniſhments for the ſame, when they leaſt dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, ſo they ſhall find no peace or tranquillity here on earth, either with God or his creatures, becauſe if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowles of the air, yea, the ſtones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they ſhall hang between both, becauſe, by theſe their foul and deplorable facts, they have made themſelves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pitiful precedent whereof we ſhall behold in this enſuing Hiſtorie, where ſome wretched miſcreants and graceleſs creatures making themſelves guilty of thoſe bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Juſtice of God) received exemplary, and condign puniſhments for the ſame. May we read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the inſtruction of our ſouls.

In the City of *Santarem*, which (by tract of time, and corruption of ſpeech) ſome term Saint *Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richeſt and beſt people of *Portugal*; there

dwelt a Gentleman of some fifty five years old, nobly descended and of a great estate and means, named *Don Sebastian Idiaques*, whose wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed *Dona Honoria*: and well she deserved that honourable name; for all sorts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugal* and *Spain*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty years, with much honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and marriage, they had two Sons and four daughters; but God in his pleasure and Providence (for some reserved reasons best known to his All Divine Majesty) took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, so as now they have left them but one Son, named *Don Juan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of some twenty five years old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthful education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was first a Page, and then a chief Gentleman retaining to him: whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Sisters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and consolation, and the prop and stay of his age, as also of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief, and a mournful one, in sorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Juan*, this Son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugal*.

As for *Idiaques* the Father, though in all the course and progress of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many moral and generous vertues: yet as one discordant string marrs the harmony of the best-tuned instrument, and the concent of the sweetest melody and musick; and as one foul Vice is naturally subject, and fatally incident to eclipse and drown many rich and fair vertues; so (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs) he debosht himself so much, and so-sottishly sacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupisence, and his exorbitant desires to soul-destroying adultery, that he very often made himself a false and inconstant Husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtisans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his later years he should thus lasciviously forget himself, both towards her, and towards God. She useth all perswasions, prayers and tears, to dissuade and divert him from it: but seeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worse than better thereat, her discretion makes her brook it with as much patience as she can; and therefore she seems not to see, or know that whereof (to her grief and discontent) she cannot be ignorant. But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Son *Don Juan*, misery of all sides.

Some six leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderful fair young Gentlewoman, being a Widdow, aged but of twenty two years, *Dona Marsillia* well descended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small means, yet she bears out her port bravely, and maintains her self highly and gallantly; and indeed she is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts; Now the base Ambassadors, and Emmissaries of *Idiaques* his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common-weals) give him notice of her, and of her singular beauty, as well foreseeing and knowing that it would be sweet and pleasing news unto him. He visits and courts her; but as young as she is, she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and in vertuous and modest tearms checks his age for this his lascivious sute and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as she is disdainful to him; for his heart is so ensnared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beauty, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursutes and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, she as a subtil and cunning young Gentlewoman, tells him plainly and privately, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her mind and affection, which if he will cause to be performed, she then vows she will for ever be at his disposing and command. *Idiaques* thinking that she will crave some money of him, or some yearly pension or annuity he constantly promiseth to grant and perform her request; so she, taking time at advantage) and first swearing him to secrecie, then (with many smiles and blushes) she tells him, that if ever he think to enjoy her love and her self, he must use the means to marry his Son *Don Juan* to her, which being effected, she with much pretended shew of piety and affection, religiously swears to him, that she will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall be to her as so many commands, and (but only for himself) if his Son *Don Juan* be her Husband, she with many imprecations and asseverations swears, that she will sacrifice her best blood and life, rather than distain his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandal or dishonour whatsoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange Proposition, the which he findes so knotty

knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature his judgment by his Lust and Concupiscence, and his soul by his affections, he knows not what to say or do herein; so he answereth her with more love than wisdom, and for that time leaves her in general terms. He goes home, walks pensively in his garden, and there consults *Pro* and *Con* on this business; fain he would preserve his Son's honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the sweet Roses and Lilies of *Marsillia*'s youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bear down all other reasons and considerations before it: He visits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gain from her, are a few extorted kisses, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections, as at last like a graceless Father, he faithfully promiseth her to use his best Art and Power to procure his son to marry her. To which end he takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest terms he can devise, paints out *Marsillia*'s praises and vertues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withal, that although she be not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her perfections so excellent, as that she every way merriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Juan* (by what fatal Fortune, I know not) relisheth this motion of his Father, to seek the Lady *Marsillia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the sooner, in regard he (in divers Companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Sky; so he takes time of his Father to consider hereof, and rides over sometimes with him to Saint *Estiene* to visit her; He finds her wonderful fair and beautiful, and wonderful coy; of a very sweet and Majestical carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit baits to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgment of a more solid understanding than that of *Don Juan*. She acts her part as wisely as he doth amorously and passionately; For the more she makes shew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as she is with the great Estate of Lands and Demains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the Father privately, & the Son publickly are seeking to make *Marsillia* his wife, the old Lady *Honoria* the mother, by many strong reasons seeks to divert him from her. She hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marsillia*'s house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chastity, her jealousie and judgment at last finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant or honesty allow of. Upon which foundation she in her discontented looks & silence, bewrays unto her son *Don Juan*, her constant and resolute averseness from him to marry her, the which she peremptorily and religiously forbids him upon her blessing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive; the which she prays him to read in her looks and silence, to remember it when he sees her not, and to take it as the truest advice, & securest counsel of a deer Mother to her only Son. *Don Juan* ruminates on these speeches and advice of his mother, as if there were some deep abstruse mystery or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein; the which because he hath equal reason as well to fear that this match of his with *Marsillia* may prove fatal, as to hope and believe that it may prove fortunate, he makes a stand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with advisement, and not with temerity and precipitation, and so forbears for a moneth or two to visit her: But the more the Son flies off in his affection from *Marsillia*, the more doth she do the like from his father in requital, whereat he grieves with discontent, and she seems to bite her lip with sorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his son to tell him from whence this his sudden strangeness and unkindness towards *Marsillia* proceedeth; the which he answers with a modest excuse, as savouring more of discretion than disobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mother's counsel and advise to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding he vehemently suspecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealousie *Marsillia* is enraged to see her self deprived of *Don Juan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wishes she had already made her Husband; and howsoever *Idiaques* his Father seeks to conceal and palliate this business towards her, yet she believes it is his fault, and not his Sons. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows she conjureth him to tell her from whence his Son's unkindness to her proceeds: He tells her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat she is exceedingly enraged; When seeing this old Letcher so open and plain with her, she soothing him up with many kisses, tells him, that this old Beldam his wife must first be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his Son here on earth, when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous suggestions and bloody temptations of the Devil) she proffers him to visit her, and to poyson her, which he opposeth

and contradicteth; and contrary to all reaſon and ſenſe, and repugnant to all Humanity and Chriſtianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his wife) he undertakes and promiſeth her ſpeedily to perform it himſelf, yea the Devil is now ſo ſtrong with him, and he with the Devil, that becauſe he loves *Marſillia*, therefore he muſt hate his own dear wife, and vertuous Lady *Honoria*; and becauſe he hates her, therefore he muſt poyſon her; a lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be near and deer unto him, as being his own fleſh and blood, yea the other half of himſelf. He cannot content himſelf to ſeek to abuſe and betray his Son, but he muſt alſo murther the Mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, he will ſend this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin; ſo without thinking of Heaven orHell, or of God, or his ſoul, he procures ſtrong poiſon, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, adminiſtreth it to her in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three dayes after ſhe dies, to the extream grief and ſorrow of her Son *Don Juan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death; but the manner thereof he knows not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocriſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now aſſoon as *Marſillia* is advertiſed of the Lady *Honoria's* death, ſhe not able to contain her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within leſs than two moneths after her burial, *Idiaques* and *Marſillia* work ſo politickly with *Don Juan*, as he marries *Marſillia*, although his mothers advice to him in the garden, do ſtill run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his luſtful Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fathers houſe at *Santarem*, where (I write with horror and ſhame) he moſt beaſtly and inhumanely very often commits Adultery and Inceſt with her, and they act it ſo cloſe that for the firſt year or two, his Son *Don Juan*, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now *Marſillia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her ſo audacious and impudent, as ſhe commands not only his houſe, but himſelf, and domineers moſt proudly and imperiouſly over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid *Mathurina* obſerves and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies luſtful, and unlawful familiarity with her Father in Law *Idiaques*; the which her Miſtriſs underſtanding, ſhe extreamly beats her for the ſame; and twice whips her ſtark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by her hair, although this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to deſiſt and give over.

God hath many ways and means to ſet forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes and puniſhing of offenders, yea he is now pleaſed to make uſe of this young maidens diſcontent and choler againſt her incenſed Lady and Miſtriſs, for we ſhall ſee her pay dear for this cruelty and tyrannie of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, ſhe takes thoſe blows and ſevere uſage of her Lady in ſo ill part, and lodgeth it ſo deeply in her heart and memory, as ſhe vows her revenge ſhall requite part of that her cruelty and tyrannie towards her; Whereupon (with more haſte than diſcretion, and with more malice than fidelity) ſhe in her hot blood, goes to *Don Juan*, her young Maſter, tels him of this foul buſineſs betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the diſgrace and ſhame of nature; and makes him ſee and know his own diſhonour, in their brutiſh and beaſtly Adultery and Inceſt. *Don Juan* extreamly grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and aſtoniſhed at the report of this unnatural crime, as well of his young Wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to ſee himſelf thus infinitely abuſed by her beauty, and betrayed by his luſt; and if it be a beaſtly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodneſs from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, ſo hath his wretched Father exceeded and broken thoſe rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is ſo netled with the report and inflamed with the conſideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and ſoul deteſteth his inhumanity; ſo as the knowledg hereof doth ſo juſtly incenſe him againſt her, and exaſperate himſelf againſt him, that reſolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemiſhed and ruined it, and therein their own, he ſcorns to be an eye-Witneſs, much leſs an acceſſary of this his ſhame and their infamy: So he here enters into a diſcreet and generous conſultation with himſelf, how to bear himſelf in this ſtrange and diſhonourable accident? When perceiving and finding

that

that both his wife and Father, had by this their beastly adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company; he here for ever disdaining henceforth to see her, or speak with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmly and vertuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbon*, where providing himself of moneys and other necessaries, he takes post for *Spain*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where we will for a while leave him, to speak of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Idiaques seeing the sudden departure of his Son, and *Marsillia* of her Husband, *Don Juan*; and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves and she extreamly storms thereat, because they know that this foul scandal will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, because he hath neither signified him where he is gone, nor when he will return, the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a woman, so *Marsillia* assuring her self that it was her Maid *Mathurina*, who (to the prejudice and scandal of her honour) had unlocked this mystery to her Husband *Don Juan*, she enters into so furious a rage, and so outragious a fury against her, as she provides her self of Rods, and intends the next morn e're she be stirring out of her bed, to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. But this sharp and severe resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incensed Lady and Mistriss, she the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Town of Saint *Saviours* to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt her Lady and her self, and betwixt her Husband, her self, and her Father-in-Law; and that now disdaining any more to serve her, as her body, so her tongue is at liberty; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistriss, and her Father-in-Law's shameful familiarity and adultery together. But this indiscretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her far dearer than she thinks of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistress *Marsillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, she (to salve up her reputation, and to provide for the same) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint *Don Alonso de Perez*, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his aid and assistance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her self there was so strict a league and Sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine own sorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity; only the presumption hereof is great and pregnant, for if there had not been some extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her sake and service, he would never have so freely exposed himself to such imminent fears and dangers, as we shall immediately see him do; and although (of honour and disposition) he were brave and generous, yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand, that to this Brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marsillia* speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husband, *Don Juans* discontented departure from her. She protesteth most seriously and deeply to him of her and her Father-in-Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and scandal; Tells him, that *Mathurina* is the only author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewd tongue of hers be eternally stopped and silenced, she shall never enjoy any true content to her heart or peace to her thoughts and mind, either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yield such confidence to her speeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency: when to please and satisfie her, he bids her be of good chear and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that *Mathurina's* scandalous tongue shall not long Eclipse her fame, or any further blemish the lustre of her reputation: When this base and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promise to his execrable Sister, he secretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night waiting near her Fathers door, when *Mathurina* would chance to issue forth, he in a dark night esping her (without any more ceremony or further expostulation) runs her thorow the body two several times, whereof poor harmless innocent soul she falls down dead to his feet without once speaking or crying. So *De*

Perez seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and poasts away to *Santarem*, being neither seen nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain most deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word or deed, in all her life; and albeit that her Father *Signior Pedro de Castello* makes curious enquiry and research for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in safety. But God will in due time find him out to his shame and confusion; yea, and then when his security and courage little dreams thereof.

As soon as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his Sister *Marsillia* of his dispatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extreamly thankful to him for the same: and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure; and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous soul and conscience doth inwardly confess and acknowledg, though the perfidiousness and hypocrisie of her false tongue do publickly deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, she hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody Brother against him that, (out of his vanity and folly) he prophanely vows unto God, and seriously protests and swears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency) he would ride to him and fight with him, except he would resolve to give him and her, some valuable reparation and honourable satisfaction to the contrary, which he seals and confirms to her with many amorous smiles, and lascivious kisses. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our selves farthest from it: So God being as secret in his decrees, as sacred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see *De Perez* to verefie and confirm it in himself; for as in the heat of this his sottish affection to his sister, he is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was; lo the news of his residence in *Madrid*, when he least thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own, whom he purposely sends to *Santarem* with these two ensuing Letters, The one sent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marsillia*. That to his Father spake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES,

WAS there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my Wife, and was your faith so weak with God; or you so strong with the Devil, that you must therefore make her your Strumpet, because she was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have been more natural to me; more honourable to the world, more respectful to your self, and more religious to God, and not to have made your self guilty of these foul crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want tearms, not tears to express it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your own infamy eternal, the consideration whereof gives me so much grief, and the remembrance sorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and she of my company, I have therefore left Portugal *for* Spain, *and forsaken* Santarem *to live and die here in* Madrid. *And when hereafter God shall be so merciful to your soul, to let you see that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your Grave than for my Bed, and for your winding-sheet, than for my Wife; you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural: the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majesty will make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.*

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

WHat Devil possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soul with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those damnable sins of Adultery and Incest with my natural Father: And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in grace deterr

ter-thee from it, yet (methinks) the remembrance that he was my Father should in Nature have made thee both to abhor and detest it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filial obedience to him, made me expect more goodness from thy youth, and grace from his age, yet God is a just Judg, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnatural crimes and foul ingratitude towards me, which hath cast so great a blemish and scandal on mine honour, and dashed my joyes with so many untimely afflictions, and immerited sorrows, that I have abandoned Portugal *and* Santarem *for thy sake, and betaken my self to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spain *for mine; where I will strive to make my self as contented as discontent can make me, and so leave this thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayest be happy, but without whom thou wilt assuredly be miserable. And think to what just calamities and miseries thine inordinate lusts and lascivious desires and delights have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee, Sith henceforth I will no more esteem thee my Wife, or my self thy Husband, and that God will assuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.*

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his Son, and *Marsillia* this of her Husband *Don Juan*, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame, and stung in conscience with sorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at other, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memorie of *Mathurina*, who was the first author of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their fames to him, they resolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to justifie their innocency hereof to him, and so to pursue and solicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own servant) their two several Letters in answer of his: whereof that of *Idiaques* his Father carried this message.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

THou dost wrong thy self and the truth, God and thy conscience, and thy wife and me, in so basely taxing us of those foul sinns of Incest and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou falsly and maliciously deemest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devil (in the slanderous tongue of Mathurina) *hath made thee to believe so. For Nature hath taught me more Grace and goodness, nor so little impiety; for that I know they are sins more odious to God, and detestable to the world, than either thy sorrows can express, or thy anger depaint me. Neither have I made thy shame infinite, or canst thou make my infamy visible, much less eternal, although herein thou shew me thy indignation; together with thy disobedience, by leaving* Portugal *for* Spain, *and* Santarem *for* Madrid, *whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my self to make thy discretion Judge betwixt us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy self, and the truth right herein; and offered a scandal likewise to thy wives honour, who made thy company her chiefest joy, as now she doth thy absence her sharpest miserie and affliction. How then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou forsakest her bed with malice, and my house with disdain? My innocency in thy accusation hath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with Tears and Prayers thou wilt resolve to ask God, thy Wife, and me forgiveness for this thy foul crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my house to welcom thee, and therein thou shalt make thy self as truly happy, as thou falsly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make me miserable.*

IDIAQUES.

The Answer of his wife *Marsillia* to him was couched in these tearms.

MARSILLIA to DON JUAN.

IT is neither Lust nor the Devil which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse me of these thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, when, to my astonishment and grief, I see thou likewise condemnest thy old Father to be guilty thereof with me? And if this be any way affection to me, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judg, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falshood; His age expected and deserved

more

more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodness from thee, than to have believed those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, *which are now dead with her and are as false as thy rashness and her revenge makes thee believe them true, for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any way blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes but rather thy self; and thy too too unkind and hasty departure from* Santarem *to* Madrid; *which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and soul will testifie both with mee and for mee, that my affection and constancy is both as spotless, firm, and true to thee, as thy jealousie is false towards my self, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy real ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruel to live from me, and consequently not to esteem me thy wife, yet as it is my zeal and duty to beg and pray thee to return to me, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to hold and love thee for my Husband; and so preserving my heart for thee, as I do my soul for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to fear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.*

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idiaques* to his Son, and of *Marsilia* to her Husband *Don Juan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little piety they seek to over-veil and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to them and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunal is environned with more glorious Suns than we see glistering Stars in the Firmament, He will one day unmask this their hypocrisie, and bring their foul sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marsilia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her Brother *De Perez*, and he reciprocally so to her; so with a world of false sighs and tears she shews him her Letter, and her Father's-in-Law *Idiaques*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Juan* to *Madrid*; and with many female oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocencies herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned sorrows and false tears had so far trenched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, he was then so vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried these two Letters himself into *Spain*, and there to have fought with *Don Juan* for the reparation of his Sister's honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity again to be vanquished and swayed by judgment, first that these Letters of theirs should see *Spain*, and then to attend his Brother-in-Law *Don Juan* his answer to them, and as he shall therein find him either perverse or flexible to his wive's desires, and his Fathers expectations, he will then accordingly bear himself and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himself and his Sister *Marsilia* do joyfully determin and conclude. So *Don Juans* own servant returns these two aforesaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Master, who breaking up the Seals, and perusing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his Fathers impiety, in so strongly denying these their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little astonished, and withal afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives letter which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*: for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murthered, and sent her to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet. But alass, if it be so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot tell. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their letters, and so to have answered them with perpetual oblivion, and a disdainful silence. But then again considering with himself that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of his return he betakes himself to his Study; where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this Letter in answer of hers, and again sends it her into *Portugal* by his own servant, which assureth themof his resolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

THe receit of thy second Letter hath not diminished, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers shame, and thy infamy. in your f ui sins of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against me, and which is worse against God, so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake his house, and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, *as grief and disconsolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjust) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencey at so low a rate, and value it at*

so

so base an esteem, as I disdain it for thy sake, and thy self for thine own. I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear, thou rejoycest at thy Maid Mathurina's *death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees,) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.*

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and she see these their lustful and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his belief, and his stay in *Spain* fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they bear it, yet knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike scandal and infamy; He is so devoid of grace, and she of goodness, that to prevent it, he wisheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and she her old Father-in-Law in Grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But these vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not so wise to think of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling brute beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marsillia* again repairs to her Brother *De Perez*, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shews him both these two last Letters of her Husband to his Father and her self, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her Husbands affection and company, or else that she were freed from him and he out of this life and this world, that so her scandal and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his Grave, and buried with him in eternal oblivion and silence. *Don Perez* (in heart and mind) is so much his Sister's, as he is no more himself, when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayes her to refer this charge and business to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night, and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one *Seignior Gasper Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his Brother *Don Juan*, and the cause thereof, They undertake this journey of *Spain*, and so arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prayes *Perez* to make him his second in that Duel; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tells him he will hazard himself, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to *Don Juan*, he seals it up, and requesteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the same night to return him his answer. *Lopez* accordingly finds out *Don Juan* in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and discreet tearms; who wondring it came from his Brother-in-Law *De Perez*, but far more to understand that he was now in *Madrid*, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Sister had sent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and consequently his return to her to *Santarem*, he hastily breaks up the seals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

I Have seen thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; and Portugal *hath read it in thy suddain and cholerick departure from her into* Spain: *Wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left* Santarem *to find thee out here in* Madrid, *purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the farthest West end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy comming; and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach* Don Juan *what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongful blemish upon the lustre of his Wife, and my Sister, the Lady* Marsillia's *honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues far more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.*

DE PEREZ.

Don Juan having received and perused this Challenge of his Brother-in-Law *De Perez*, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgment, he knowing himself innocent, his

cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly disdaining to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generosity, he with a cheerful countenance returns *Lopez* to his Brother *de Perez* with this accepting answer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

MY hatred to Marsilla, *and departure from her, was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to me, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in denying it; notwithstanding, sith she is thy Sister, and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy self, in making her quarrel thine, and by forsaking* Santarem, *to fight with me here in* Madrid. *And because thou shalt see and find that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am so far from learning any point of valour of* De Perez, *as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false aspersion or blemish on the lustre of her reputation, but she on her self; and consequently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee: For, God lending me life, I will to morrow break fast with thee at thine own time and place appointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.*

DON JUAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus embarqued themselves in the strong resolution of this weak quarrel and rash Duel, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as divine religion and Christian piety and charity disallow and execrate; Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought, either of God or their Souls, or of Heaven or Hell, they pass over the night, if not in watchfulness, yet in broken and distracted slumbers, yea the morn no sooner peeped from Heaven through their windows to their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the Prado, where *De Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come first on horse-back, immediately after them *Don Juan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed *Don Richardo de Valdona*: So these two Duellists disdaining to be tainted with the least piece of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silk stockings and pumps, with their rapiers drawn, they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other. But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to inform my Reader with a circumstance that now past between them, wherein doubtless, the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and custom both of *Spain* and *Portugal*, all Rapiers should be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of *Don Juan*, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, inform him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Juan* grieves far more than *De Perez* can possibly either rejoyce or wonder, for he is so far from any way blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (resembling himself) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will neither secure *De Perez* fear, nor confirm his content then, as a Noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himself to fight with the shorter, whereat *De Perez* rests satisfied, and well he may, sith this action and his receit thereof, doth as much testifie *Don Juans* glory, as his own dishonour and shame; and now they again approach each other to fight.

At their first comming up, *Don Juan* runs a firm thrust to *De Perez* breast, but he (bearing it up with his Rapier) runs *Don Juan* in the cheek towards his right ear, which draws much blood from him, and he in exchange runs *De Perez* thorow his shirt-sleeve without hurting him: At their second meeting they again close without hurting each other, and so part fair without offering any other violence: At their third assault *De Perez* runs *Don Juan* thorow the brawn of his left arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right side, from whence issued much blood; and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgments of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as also of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equal in valour, and almost in fortune. So although these spectators do of both sides earnestly entreat them to desist

sist and give over, yet they cannot, they will not, be so easily or so soon reconciled each to other; So after a little pausing and breathing, they (with courage and resolution) fall to it afresh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Juan* a deep wound in his left shoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their several wounds hath engrained their white shirts with great effusion of their scarlet blood, yet they are so brave, so generous, or rather so inhumane and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and resolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth close will prove more fatal, for now after they had judiciously traversed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the disadvantage of the Sun; whiles *De Perez* directs a full thrust to *Don Juans* breast, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requital thereof, runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when closing nimbly with him, and pursuing the point of his good fortunes he whips up his heels, and so nails him to the ground, when he had not the strength to begg his life of *Don Juan*, and God knows he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his last wound being desperately mortal, he presently dyed thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much less to beg mercy of him for his sinful soul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, so he died miserably and wretchedly. And although I confess it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from so brave a Noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Juan*, yet it is a most singular providence and remarkable punishment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own lascivious Sister's Husband, and which is yet more, by his own sword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purposely ordained, that the self same-Sword should give him his death, wherewith so lately and so cruelly he had bereaved that harmless innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life: although in regard of this his fowl and lamentable murther, he (with less honour and more infamy) every way deserved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unsearchable as sacred.

Don Juan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, he out of his noble courtesie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to transport the dead body of his Brother-in Law *De Perez* into the City; and taking his horse in exchange, he by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duel is not so secretly carried, but within three hours after, all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugal*, it gives cause of general talk, and argument of universal envie and admiration in all Spaniards, especially in the nobler sort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Juan* had caused this his Brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he please to return any Letter of this his friends death and of his own victory to *Santarem*, to *Don Idiaques* his Father, or the Lady *Marsillia* his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Juan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courtesie, but tells him, that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous return to *Portugal*; so *Don Juan* remains in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returns for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son *Don Juan*, and the death and burial of *De Perez*; adding withall, that he was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledg of this mournful news *Idiaques* cannot refrain from much sorrow, nor *Marsillia* from bursting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for seeing her dear and only Brother thus slain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by losing him she knows she hath lost her right arm; and he being dead she knows not to whom to have recourse, either for counsel, or assistance, or consolation. And yet as much as he sorrows and she grieves at this disasterous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or down to their own sinful hearts, consciences, and souls for the same, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable moral thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to see, nor no deserved torments or misery reserved to punish it. But they and we shall immediatly see the contrary.

To the great grief of our hearts, and compunction of our souls, we have in this History seen wretched *Idiaques* (by the instigation of the Devil) to poyson his Wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewise his Daughter-in-Law *Marsillia* to have caused her Brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthered her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of GOD *Don Juan* to have slain the said *De Perez* in the field: and our curiosity and expectation shall not go far, before we shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God condignly to

surprise wretched *Idiaques*, and graceless *Marsillia* for the same; for his divine Justice contending with his Sacted Mercy it hath at last prevailed against these their foul and bloody crimes, so now when they are in the middest, yea, in the height and jollity of all these their foul delights and security, like an unlooked-for storm and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but Death hath infinite to take us from it: and what is this but a true argument and reason of Gods glory and our misery; of his power, and of our frailty and weakness? And therefore because we are as repleat of sin as he is of sanctity, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him; It will be an act of moral wisdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examin his sacred Providence; and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all sins, especially of this crying and scarlet sin of Murther, is as just as secret, and as inscrutable as just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and begin his Judgement on miserable *Marsillia*, and then to finish it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majesty is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Mafikia*'s pleasure (or to say more truely, the providence and pleasure of God) that she rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to visit a sick Gentlewoman her Cousin-German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Andrea* on horse-back, and her foot-boy *Piscator* to attend her: and as she comes within a small half-League of that Town, having sent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot-boy *Piscator* being a very little distance behind her, there suddenly starts up a Hare between (or close to) her horse legs, which so amazed her horse, (which was as hot and prowd as the Gentlewoman his Mistress whom he bore) as comming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, he strikes her in the fore-head, and so dasheth out her brains; God so ordaining that she had not the power to speak a word, much less the grace or happiness to repent her of her horrible sins, Adultery, Incest and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearful end which God gave to this graceless young Lady, the which I cannot as yet pass over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumstance therein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her, was the very same which she formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to *Saint Saviours*, when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting Maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how just, and wonderful are thy decrees! Dear Lord, how immense and sacred is thy Justice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the entrance into a further progression of this History: For as her foot-boy *Piscator*, extreamly wept, and bitterly cryed, at the sight of this mournful and Tragical death of his Lady and Mistress, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were sorrowful spectators thereof, where two Corigadors (or Officers of Justice) of the City of *Coimbra*, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her sorrowful Foot-boy what she was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently laid in their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they return again to *Coimbra*. From whence they send her Man *Andrea*, in all possible post haste to *Santarem*, to acquaint his Master and her Father-in-Law *Don Idiaques* with the lamentable death of his Daughter-in-Law *Marsillia*, and to pray him to repair speedily thither to them to take order for her burial, *Andrea* is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two Corigadors consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparrel and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City, were devolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause her Rings, Chains, and Braclets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewise to be carefully searcht for Gold and Jewels; so as murther cannot be long concealed or undetected. We may therefore here behold the wonderful Providence, and singular justice of God, for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut-work handkerchief, the last letter which her Husband *Don Juan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*; at the sight of this letter one of these Corigadors is desirous to have it read publikely: but the other (being more human and respective to the concealing of Ladies secrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at last God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusal of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report somthing which might

might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a *medium* betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a private Chamber, they there secretly o're-read this letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Idiaques* with this his Daughter-in-Law *Marsillia*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Juan* his absence from her in *Spain*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Juan* to her in this his letter; *I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoycest at thy handmaid* Mathurina's *death*; *and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe, that God will in the end punish it to your confusion*: Then (led by the Spirit of God) they both concurr in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marsillia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and dysasterous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soon as he should arrive thither to *Coimbra*; they hushing up this Letter and business in their own bosoms, do then hold it fit to send for *Marsillia*'s foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which he speedily doth. They carefully enquire of him, if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, he answered them yes, and that she was lately murthered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whose Daughter she was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwells in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello*: which being as much they sought for; putting their servants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away Post to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors, as Christian Magistrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marsillia* lay; at whose mournful sight, as soon as his passionate grief and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of tears, when he least dreams or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poysonning of his own Lady *Honoria*; there horrour and terrour, grief, and despair, and anguish, do act their several parts upon the Theatre of his soul.

The next morn *Castello* (*Mathurina*'s Father) likewise arrives at *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Juan* to his wife, which he sent her from *Spain*, wherein they tell him the murther of his Daughter *Mathurina* seems probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his Daughter-in-Law *Marsillia*, when they farther acquainting him with her tragical death, as also with his imprisonment, *Castello* (with a world of tears and cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his Daughters lamentable murther, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunal of Justice, they send for *Idiaques*, legally and juridically there to appear before them; where this sorrowful Father (with much passion, and more tears) doth strongly accuse him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his Daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth: He alledgeth many oily words and sugred and silken phrases, to justifie and Apologize his innocency: Which these Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be far more ayrie than solid, and far more plausible than real or true; so they (still remembring his Son *Don Juans* Letter to his Wife *Marsillia*) do (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitely more the murther of his own Lady *Honoria*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution far beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancy stands firmly to the denial of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himself from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyful, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblown: But these vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him; for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and sorrows of his mournful Father for this lamentable murther of his Daughter, have now made him both industrious in this solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors: to whom again he becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will

give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accuſation, and that all that time he may ſtill remaine Priſoner without Bail or Surety; which they finding reaſonable, and conſonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Caſtello* having God for his Counſellor, and whom in a ſmall time *Idiaques* ſhall find for his judge, calling to mind ſome words of his deceaſed Daughter touching the ſuſpicion of poyſoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Juan*, he doth no more accuſe him for murthering of his Daughter *Mathurina*; but ſome two daies after, he frames and preſents a new Inditement and accuſation to his Judges againſt him, for poyſoning his old wife the Lady *Honoria*. Which theſe Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almoſt confidently believe, that there is ſome great crime, and foul fact in this buſineſs againſt *Idiaques*. Which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the ſolicitation and induſtry of this honeſt poor Gentleman *Caſtello*. So they admit again of his ſecond Inditement againſt him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunal of Juſtice.

Idiaques underſtanding hereof, his guilty conſcience now denounceth ſuch thundering peals of fear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling ſoul, as they will give no peace either to himſelf or to them, and the Devil, who had ever heretofore promiſed him his beſt aid and aſſiſtance, now flies from him, and leaves him to ſtand or fall to himſelf: And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and ſhame is almoſt reſolved and ready to proclaim himſelf guilty of this his laſt and worſt accuſation, the poiſoning of his own Wife the Lady *Honoria*: But again the hope of life is yet ſo ſweet to him, as the fear of death is diſpleaſing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched reſolution, and a miſerable confidence) he again artificially endeavoureth to blear the eyes of theſe his Judges, with his chiefeſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Oratory; who having given him his full carreir to ſpeak in his own defence and juſtification, when they perfectly knew he yet ſpake not one valuable word or reaſon, either to defend or juſtifie himſelf; Then one of theſe clear-ſighted Corigadors (in the behalf of both them) returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuſe him, ſo they have not the means or power to excuſe him, for being (at leaſt) acceſſary to both, or either of theſe murthers, of his Lady *Honoria*, or *Mathurina*; that the ſudden death of the firſt, and the violent and untimely one of the laſt, the voluntary abſence of his Son *Don Juan* in *Spain*, with his killing of *Perez* there, and now the fearful and lamentable end of his Daughter-in-Law, *Marſillia* (whoſe body is yet unburied and her blood ſcarce cold) left a dangerous reflection, and a pernicious ſuſpicion on his life and actions, at leaſt of Adultery and Inceſt, if not of Murther (whereof his Son *Don Juans* Letter which he writ to his Wife *Marſillia*, which they have there to ſhew, is a moſt ſtrong and pregnant witneſs) and that the leaſt of theſe crimes are capable to ruine a greater perſonage than himſelf. That he could caſt no miſt of deluſion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and labored to caſt a veil before theirs. That the ſhedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which deſpight of ſorcery and of hell, would (in Gods due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if he were guilty of his accuſation, he had no better plea then confeſſion, nor ſafer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true mark of a true Servant of God, and though we fall to Nature and Sin as being men, yet we ſhould riſe again to grace and righteouſneſs as being Chriſtians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and conſequently their puniſhments, both in Earth, and in Hell; and that he was not a Chriſtian, but an Infidel, who would attempt to ſave his life with the loſs of his ſoul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this notwithſtanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conſcience, was yet ſo ſtrong with Satan, and therefore ſo weak with God, that he left no excuſe, policy or evaſion uninvented to blear the eyes of theſe Corigadors, and ſo to make his innocency to paſs currant with them. But his eloquence and aſſeverations cannot prevail with the ſolidity of their Judgments, for God will not ſuffer them to be led away with words, nor ſeduced or deluded with ſhadows: But from the circumference of circumſtances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and ſoul thereof, God. So they again adjudg him to the rack for his ſecond accuſation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his firſt. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he ſeemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expoſe him to his torments, they in honour to his Age and quality, but far more to Truth and Juſtice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to ſend him two Divines to his Priſon to work upon his Conſcience and Soul,

which

which they do: And God in the depth of his goodnes, and the richnes of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added such efficacy to their perswasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the rack, he with tears in his eyes, then there confessed unto them, That he was innocent of *Mathurina's* murther, but guilty of poysoning his own wife the Lady *Honoria*, for the which he said he most heartily and sorrowfully repented himself. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his fowl, bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him; That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of Common execution in that Town, when *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that he could never be devested of his sins before he were first depriv'd of his sinful life, doth yet still flatter himself with some further hope of life, and so he appeals from the judgment and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof; as also because he committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the priviledges of their Court and Town, do obstinately oppose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Towns and Courts in *Portugal* are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordain that *Idiaques* should be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Town, they in honor to Justice, in wisdom to themselves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do seriously and religiously charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter in Law *Marsillia* were not likewise accessary with him in poysoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid soul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if he do not. When with sighes and tears, he confesseth it to them, and that it was he himself who administred that poyson to his wife, but that his Daghter-in-Law *Marsillia* bought it for him. So these Judges (upon the validity of this free and solemn confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejoyce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their judges the body of so execrable a female Monster. By this time we must allow, and imagine that old Letcher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of *Santarem*, and I think either with a ridiculous hope, or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devil preserve and save him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerful, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pardon. But still he hopes, because still the Devil deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame, and appointed and destined for his confusion; They cannot brook the sight, much less the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and devills incarnate of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these fowl sinns, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himself a principal of this number, and a monster of Art in these sins) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find less of both of them after his death. For the criminal Judges of this Court who reverence and honour Justice, because Justice doth daily and reciprocally perform the like to them, do confirm the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morning he shall lose his head, but in detestation and execration of these fowl and bloody crimes, they add this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes thrown in the Air, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugal*. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his prison, where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his soul in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven, whom they find (or at least they make) very humble, mournful, and repentant. According to which sentence he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which

which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himſelf, was before his own houſe, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the Scaffold is no ſooner erected, but there flock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be ſpectators of this laſt Scene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friers) in a ſute of black Taffeta, a Gown of black wrought tufft-Taffeta, and a great white ſet Ruff, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his aſcent on the Scaffold, his Grave aſpect and preſence engendered as much ſorrow and pity, as his beaſtly crimes did deteſtation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a ſhort time kneeled down and prayed) he made a ſhort ſpeech to this effect.

That although the poyſoning of his own Wife, and his adultery with his Sons wife, were crimes ſo odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deſerved no favour of his Judges for his body, he humbly repented, and begged ſome of God for his ſoul; and for the more effectual obtaining thereof, he zealouſly prayed all thoſe who were preſent to joyn their prayers to his. He confeſſed that it was *Marſillia*'s beauty, which firſt (at the inſtigation of the Devil) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poyſoning of his own wife *Honoria*, whereof from his heart and ſoul, he now affirmed he implored remiſſion of God, of the Law, of his Son *Don Juan*, and of all the world; and prayed them all to be more godly and leſs ſinful, by his example: and ſo kneeling down and praying a little while to himſelf, he roſe up, and putting off his Gown, Ruff, and Doublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchief, bad him do his office, which he preſently performed, and with one blow of the Sword, made a perpetual double divorce betwixt his head and his ſhoulders, his body and his ſoul: when preſently, according to his ſentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and conſumed to fire, and his aſhes thrown into the Air.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marſillia*, of whom the ſpectators (according to their ſeveral humours and affections) ſpake diverſly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his vertuous wife *Honoria*. Again, ſome pitied, and others execrated *Marſillia*'s youth, beauty, and luſt; but both ſexes, and all degrees of people (as ſo many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Juſtice of God, in ſo miraculouſly and condignly cutting off theſe monſters of nature, and bloody butchers of man-kind.

And if the curioſity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Juan*; The reports of him are different: for at firſt I heard that his diſcontent and grief was ſo great, yea, ſo extream for the death of his Parents and Wife, that he cloiſtered himſelf up a *Capuchin* Fryar in their Monaſtery at *Madrid*: So contrariwiſe I have ſince credibly been enformed, that he ſhortly after theſe diſaſters left *Spain*, and ſtill lives in *Santarem* in *Portugal* in great honour, welfare, and proſperity; But which of theſe his reſolutions are moſt inclining and adherent to the truth, it paſſeth beyond my knowledg, and therefore ſhall come too ſhort of my affirmation.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his Brother* Vimory's *Wife* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebank*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife*; Harcourt *kills his Brother* Vimory, *and then marries his widow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged.* Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his Brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a Wheel for the ſame.*

MAN being the workmanſhip, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious ſin, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore, for one (out of the heat of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyſon, or murther another, ſith Nature doth ſtrongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore, were not our hearts and underſtandings either wholly deprived of common ſenſe, or our ſouls of the gracious aſſiſtance and favour of God, we would not thus ſo furiouſly and prophanely make our ſelves guilty of theſe infernal ſins, but rather (with our beſt endeavours) would ſeek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our moſt pious reſolutions) to hate and deteſt them as the Devil himſelf, who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But ſome ſuch Monſters of Nature, and Diſciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will ſhew us. The which may all good Chriſtians read to Gods glory, and remember to the inſtruction of their Souls.

There is a Pariſh termed Saint *Simplician*, a mile from the City of *Sens*, in the Dutchy of

Burgundy (which is honoured with the Title and See of an Archbiſhop) where (within theſe few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth than rich in his Eſtate and Demains) termed *Monſieur de Vimory*, who left only two ſons behind him the eldeſt named *Monſieur de Harcourt*, and the ſecond *Monſieur de Hautemont*, who were two very Proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Arms, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requiſite, both to ſhew and approve themſelves to be the Sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall but not wel-favoured, but of a mild and ſingular good diſpoſition; *Hautevmont* was of a middle ſtature, neatly timbred, of a ſweet and amiable countenance, but by nature haſty and head-ſtrong; *Harcourt* had a light Auburn beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval-cut; *Haut mont* had a coal-black beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in form of an invalled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two years of age, very chaſte and honeſt; *Hau emont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldeſt Son) their Father gave his chiefeſt Mannor-houſe, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Revenew and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his ſecond Son) he gave his ſecond Manor-houſe, worth four hundred Crowns yearly, and fifteen hundred Crowns in his purſe, by his Teſtament: Eſtates which though it came ſhort of their blood, yet it exceeded that of moſt of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at leaſt the double, if not the treble of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happineſs, nor the care to be accompanied with any Siſter or other Brothers, they interchangeably ſwear a ſtrict League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honours they ſwear ſhall never receive end, but with the end of their lives. They many times conſult together for the conduction and improving of their Eſtates, which they promiſe to manage with more frugality then luſtre, and with more ſolid diſcretion than vain oſtentation or ſuperfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their reſidence in the Country. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of ſervants, horſes, and hounds, which their Father kept. They likewiſe vow each to other to be wonderful chary and careful in their marriages, as well fore-ſeeing and knowing it to be the greateſt part of their earthly felicicity or miſery. So here we may ſee and obſerve many fair promiſes, rich deſigns and reſolutions, and many ſweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between theſe two brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be ſucceſsful and proſperous unto them; or if otherwiſe, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the ſtream and current of this Hiſtory, I muſt firſt declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the Farher, and by the cuſtom of *France*, we muſt now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the ſecond Brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldeſt, and that from *Harcourt* the eldeſt, to give him that of *Vimory* their Father, for (by the right and vertue of the premiſed Reaſons) theſe are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to obſerve and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and paſt away ſince their Father paſt from Earth to Heaven, but the eldeſt Brother *Monſieur de Vimory* being extreamly ambitious and covetuous of wealth, and underſtanding that a rich Counſellor of the Court of Parliament of *Dijon*, named *Monſieur de Baſigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow (of ſome forty years of age) named *Madamoyſelle Maſſerina*, he earneſtly ſeeks her in marriage. She is of ſhort ſtature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if fame towards her be a true and not a tatling goddeſs, ſhe hath, and ſtill is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votareſs who often ſacrificeth to *Cupids* laſcivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averſe and bitter againſt this match for his Brother. They have many ſerious Conſultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in compariſon of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curſes of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he ſaw that nothing would prevail to diſſwade his Brother from her, he rounds him in his ear, that it was ſpoken and bruted in *Dijon*, that ſhe was not ſo chaſte as rich, nor ſo continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all inraged hereat and chargeth *Harcourt* his Brother to name the Reporters of this foul ſcandal vomited forth (quoth he) againſt the vertues and honour of chaſte *Maſſerina*; *Harcourt* replies, that he ſpeaks it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledg, much leſs upon belief; ſo *Vimory* being wilfully deaf to his Brother's advice and requeſts, (and preferring *Maſſerina*'s wealth

to

to her honesty) he marries her. But she is so wise for her self, as first (both by promise and contract) she ties him to this condition; that he shall receive all her Rents, which are some twelve hundred Crowns *per Annum*, she to put her ready money to Use into whose hands she pleaseth, and he also to have the one half of the interest money, but the Principal still remain in her own right, propriety and possession, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her own disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at the great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Cousen German) at the City of *Troyes* in *Campagne*, he there at the balls (or publick dancing) espies a most sweet and beautiful young Gentlewoman, whom he, presently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires what she is, and finds her to be named *Malemoyselle La Precoverte*, Daughter to an Aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monsieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the Daughter, seeks the Father, finds the first willing, and the second desirous: but at last he plainly and honestly informs *Harcourt*, that his Daughters chiefest wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that he hath not much Land, and less money; that he hath two great suits of Law, for store of Lands, depending in the Parliament of *Dijon*, which promise him store of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the present) he tells him, he is content to make good and confirm, both by bond and contract. *Harcourt* loves his fair young Mistress *La Precoverte* so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her on those tearms, but he will first acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informs his brother *Harcourt* that he knowes *Monsieur de Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poor Gentleman, that most of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law-sutes are as uncertain, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, and that those who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in stead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face in stead of prosperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply setled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholesom counsel of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, he in a small time turns a great Prodigal, abandoneth himself to all filthy vices, and beastly course of life, and as a most debauched and graceless Husband (within one year) he for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, than whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundy* had a more beautiful or vertuous young Gentlewoman; she was of stature tall and slender, of a bright flaxen hair, a gracious eye, a modest countenance, a pure Lilly-rosea complexion, of a mild nature, and sweet disposition, respectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and Religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practise, delight and glory to consume a great part both of her time and of her self in prayer and in the service of God.

And although she were formerly sought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet she could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himself. Never Wife was more careful or more desirous to please a Husband than she, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to see him to be a provident, kind, and loving Husband to her, so now it is her matchless grief and calamity to see his good nature perverted, his Resolutions transported, and his affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no sweet advice, nor courteous Requests and Perswasions unattempted to reclaim him from these his foul vices of Drunkenness, Swearing, Dicing, evil Company, and Whoredom; for of no less sins in quality, nor fewer in number, she (with extream grief and sorrow) sees him to be guilty. But all this will not prevail, no not her infinite tears and sighs which many times she spends and sheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and sometimes on her knees, but still (with a wretched violence and sinful impetuosity) he goes on in his vicious courses, and ungodly life and conversation; neither caring for his health, or his estate and means, but wilfully neglects the first, and prodigally wastes and consumes the second, whereat she wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requesteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her Father to perswade and divert him from these his ungodly courses and enormous vices, which threatens no less than the utter ruin, and inevitable shipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewise cannot prevail, although his brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and sojourn) every hour and time he sees him, do strongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities he sells away his Lands peece meal, whereat his brother *Vimory* stormeth very much against him, and his vertuous sweet Wife most pitifully, weepeth and lamenteth. But as a base Gentleman, and a most unkind and ungrateful

Husband, he laughs at her tears, ſmileth at her ſighs, and contemneth and ſcorneth both them and her ſelf. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her Father loſing both of his Law ſuits at *Dijon*, where they (by the votes and ſentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged againſt him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and eſtate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat ſo ſlights and neglects his Wife, as he terms her beggars-brat, threatneth to ſend her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and ſetting all at random, cares not what becomes either of himſelf or her, who poor ſweet Gentlewoman is ſo extreamly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all theſe calamities and miſeries (eſpecially with the vices and diſcourteſies of her Husband) as in her heart ſhe daily wiſheth, and in her ſoul hourly prayeth unto God, that ſhe were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting, and a thouſand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to ſee her Husband, and her woful chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redreſs theſe her miſeries ſhe knows not.

For now do her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in ſo much (as in leſs than three years) he is become the ſhame of himſelf, the contempt of his enemies, the pity of his Friends and Kinsfolks, and the extream grief of his ſweet and dear Wife, ſo that he hath well near ſpent all, and almoſt left nothing to maintain himſelf, much leſs to maintain her, whoſe griefs are ſo great, and ſorrows ſo infinite, as her Roſeat Cheeks look now thin and pale, her ſweet eyes are become obſcure and dim, yea, and in ſo pitiful and lamentable a manner, that ſhe falls exceedingly ſick, and her diſcontent and diſconſolation is almoſt ſo remedileſs, as ſhe would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband, whom ſhe thought would have proved the argument of her Joy and Proſperity, is now become the cauſe of endleſs grief, and the object of her matchleſs calamity and miſery. Thus leaving her ſorrows, ſighs and tears, to be diminiſhed through time, or diſſipated and defaced by God. The order of our Hiſtory invites and conjures me now again to ſpeak of this her baſe and debauched Husband, who hath many beaſtly and bloody parts to act herein.

Whoſe lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, becauſe heretofore he diſdained to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth waſted, his lands either ſold or morgaged, himſelf forſaken of his Brother and Friends, his reputation loſt, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extream clamorous and ſcandalous to him: He knows not which way to look, or how or where to turn himſelf, to find out ſome invention and means to repair the decays and ruines of theſe his miſerable fortunes, and ſo to bear up and ſcrew himſelf again into the eyes and repute of the world. When his neceſſity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conſcience and Soul, he knowing his Brothers wife *Maſſerina* to be rich and wanton, he will become ſo unfaithful to his own wife, ſo ingrateful and treacherous to his own Brother, and ſo diſhonourable and ignoble to himſelf, as to attempt to gain her affection from him, and to draw her to his own lewd and laſcivious deſires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, becauſe he flatters himſelf with this true, yet fooliſh belief, that as he was ſeven years the younger, ſo he was twice ſeven times a properer man than his Brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Brother and her Husband *Vimory* were rid to *Dijon*, he finding her in a wonderful pleaſant humour, and exceedingly diſpoſed to be merry, when (God knows) his own ſweet and ſorrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent cuſtom) diſconſolately at her prayers and book in her own chamber, and her door ſhut to her, then, then, I ſay, he taking his ſaid Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina* to a window in a private Parlour, he there (for himſelf, or the Devil for him) breaks his mind to her, and is ſo far from ſhame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and laſcivious ſuit to her: Neither doth he fail of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous deſires, for he finds this his Siſter in Law ſo diſhoneſtly prepared, and ſo luſtfully reſolved and diſpoſed to grant him his deſires, that ſealing her affection to him with many ſmiles, as he did his to her with more kiſſes, ſhe is ſo impudent, ſo graceleſs, as at this his very firſt motion, ſhe vows to him ſhe hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore moſt cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her ſelf, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kiſſes, and amorous dalliances, as alſo with many ſecret proteſtations, and ſolemn oaths: But becauſe Satan is, therefore God will not be preſent at this their vitious contract, and laſcivious combination.

This *Harcourt* and his Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their hearts or conſciences, to their Souls or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in poſſeſſing his Wifes body, and makes it both his delight and practice to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her ſhame, and of his own infamy. And now his pockets and purſe are

again

again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kisses for her gold, and she returns him gold for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himself again into new and rich apparel, but yet is so base, unkind, and ingrateful to his own sweet and vertuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparel, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more miseries to her misery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (because she is equally an eye-sore both to himself and to her) he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old Sister, or rather now with his new love *Masserina*. So (without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and vertues, or without considering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himself) he sends her home to her Father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poor little Nagg, and a ragged foot boy, only with so much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparel, nor any thing else which was beseeming or fit for her, although through the black and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beams of her excellent perfections and vertues in her self, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter read her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and vertues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and sorrowful banishment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkind, or unkindly cruel to her, yet knowing and considering him to be her Husband, she therefore holds it her duty and conscience, still to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either so soon or so suddenly to separate her self from him. When her eyes see, her judgment knows, her heart doubts, and her soul fears, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his sins her vertues and presence, to seek to rectifie and reform them. But although she descended so low from her self to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter sighs and tears to cast her self on her knees, to beg and request him, that (as by the laws of marriage and nature, and of conscience and grace) she was obliged and bound, so that she might enjoy the content and happiness to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamly desirous, as she then affirmed (and again and again repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and bear her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet he (as an ignoble gentleman, and a base and vicious Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and vertuous Wife *La Precoverte*, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious Sister-in-Law *Masserina*, he (I say) is so hard-hearted, ingrateful and treacherous towards her (as without any respect to her tears, or regard to her prayers) he will no way permit her to live with him in St. *Simplician* or *Sens*, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchsafe to be pleased to go and live with her at *Troyes* at her Fathers: But here we may observe his malice in his disdain, and his disdain in his malice towards this dear and sweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knows, and the world sees, he is no way worthy) for he will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable and loving requests, but indeed (rather as a Devil than a man, and a Tyrant than a Husband) he with thundering looks and speeches, commands her away his sight and presence, without once giving her so much as one poor kiss, as he was bound in affection, or (which is yet less) a poor farewell at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conscience and Christianity. So this sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breast with her sighes, and drowning her cheeks with her tears) only with her poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty-hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimories* house at Saint *Simplician*, and so in this slender manner, and base equipage enforced softly, discontentedly, and sorrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea, and such was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruel Husband, that this sudden departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother *Vimory*, and his Wife *Masserina* were at another Mannor house of his some eight leagues off, to the end that they might not see, or take leave of her, nor she of them. So allowing our sweet and sorrowful *La Precoverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforesaid Father, I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the piety of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth our disloyal and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleasure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his lascivious Sister-in-Law and Strumpet *Masserina*, yea they are now grown so impudent, so careless, so graceless, in these their obscene dalliances, that if *Vimory* the Husband and Master do not, yet his servants cannot chuse but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledg thereof; Only he observes a late alteration in his Brother's fortunes, that he is become far braver in his Apparel than accustomed, and hath more store of Crowns

in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and spend at his pleasure. Only from whence this his golden Mine should proceed he knows not; except having heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or mystery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixir* of the Philosophers-Stone; but his curiosity in this *Quary* proceeds no further, much less the Judgment, but least of all his Suspition or Jealousie.

But the graceless Vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet fly a pitch and degree higher in the air of ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimory*. For a little gold cannot redeem his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that lustful Dame his Sister *Masserina* appease his unchast appetite, or satisfie his insatiable lust, and lascivious desires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to set nature and honour at stake, and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any respect or regard to either, he contrives and assumes this vitious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actual possession of her body, he should then likewise do so of her gold, yea of all her whole estate, and so fly away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishoneſt familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother *Vimory* her Husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much superficial affection, and artificial flattery and insinuation, he no sooner breaks this motion to her, but her lustful heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious desires likewise aiming and intending that way, she freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end she very secretly draws in all her monies and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels, most carefully and privately packs it up, and so they fly away together; In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his Servants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his Wife, or she her Husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precoverte* extreamly perplexed and afflicted at the strangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandestine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his Wife) he were once resolved to send and make after them for their stay and apprehension; yet at last, to avoid the universal scandal of the world (which thereby in stead of stopping one tongue, would assuredly let loose many) he leaves the success of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which *Harcourt* and *Masserina* fly unto, is the strong City of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France* or *Savoy*, but of God and it self) where they take two Chambers, and live together, having no Servant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Noel*, who for many years before had been, and still was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and assurance (because they observe it to be a City exceeding, politiquely, vertuously, and religiously governed) they find out this excuse for their stay, that he is heir to some lands (which by the death of an Uncle of his) is devolved and fallen to him, in the estate and dutchy of *Millan* (betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*:) whither he goes to sell it away, in regard (as he falsly alledgeth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom he resolves to leave there, and presently upon his return to marry) and himself are Protestants, and for a month or six weeks, this false gloss, and true imposture passeth currant with those of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and suffer to enjoy the Laws and Priviledges of Hospitality in their City (and the sooner and with far less suspition and doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are directly Roman Catholicks. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks, and the rest of the Magistrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more nearly into their actions; Then they thinking to mock God and their souls, and so to make Religion only to be a cloak to over-veil their villany, he then and there resolves to marry her before he go to *Millan*, which indeed affords sweet musick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this lascivious dame *Masserina*, the which she esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth, excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sickness and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Protestant Religion was feigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authentical Certificate from that Protestant Church or Churches in *Poictou*, where they averr they formerly dwelt, that they were both of them Protestants by Religion, and that their Marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the Rules of their Religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the Laws of

their

their City, to do otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever: Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, he now comes too short in his Arithmetick, and having none to shew them in that nature, he sweats under the saddle, and so slacks his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of Marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossoms; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must be long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident, which will speedily transport them thence.

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noel* (*Harcourts* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to see his Master guilty of this foul and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina* his Brother's Wife, and entertaining and using her at his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a vexation to his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is assured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished. He calling to his remembrance the sweet vertues and chastity of his Mistris *La Precoverte*, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of *Masserina*, he out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad Servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistris *La Precoverte* very secret intelligence, of his Masters lascivious residing and living here in *Geneva* with *Masserina*, whereof he sends her word, he is a very sorrowful and unwilling eye-witness, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her self. Our vertuous sweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Sister *Masserina*, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious soul towards God, makes her send many tears to Earth, sighs to Heaven. Once she thought to acquaint her Brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his just choler might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, she again assoon forsakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be silent herein towards him. And yet consulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and assistance how to bear her self in this action and accident she religiously implores) she at last deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeal and endeavours, to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beastly course of life. And in regard her poverty, weakness, and sickness will not (according to her desires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in person to *Geneva*, she therefore commits and imposeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as also to his lewd Sister, or rather his lascivious Strumpet *Masserina*, to see if her Letters (by the permission and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and souls to reform and draw them home, the which she purposely and expresly sends by a confident Messenger, and with the greatest secresie she possibly can devise.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

YOur flights and Adultery with that graceless Strumpet Masserina, *is so displeasing to God, as I cannot but wondr that his divine Justice will permit* Geneva, *or any other place of the World, to contain you without punishing you for it; yea, when in this foul crime of yours, I consider her by my self, and you by your Brother* Vimory, *I find that his grief proves my shame, and my shame his grief, and that you and her are the true causes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and soul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deserved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd course of life, which in the end will assuredly produce thy misery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do speedily redeem it. And in regard that you are my* Husband, *and that I both hope and believe it to be the first fault in this kind and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pity than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curses. So if you will abandon your deboshed Sister, and come home and live with me who am thy chaste and sorrowful wife, my arms and heart shall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is past, and prepare my self to welcome you home, with a thousand smiles and kisses, if you will resolve and remember hereafter to love me as much, as formerly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and hated me.*

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her

Her Letter to *Masserina* bewrayed these Passions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Sister, but lewd Strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine own Husband, but that thou must likewise bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother: as if a single sin and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, to satisfie thy inordinate desires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneness and obscenity to thy self, should make thee guilty of so foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a foul and base Adultery as comes very near to the worst kind of Incest; whereof thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conscience and Soul assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkest thy self happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my grief thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as just, as powerful) will require my wrongs in thy Person, and when thou least dreamest thereof, his Divine punishments will sharply scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy self at the feet of his sacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unfeigned repentance for the same, by restoring my Husband to me, and thy self to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom so highly and hainously thou hast therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayest then re-establish thy fortunes, and redeem thy reputation, or else for ever assuredly ruine both them and thy self. So if I see thee to imbrace this chaste, and to follow this vertuous and religious course, I will again assume the name of a Sister, and leave that of a Strumpet, towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget these thy (almost unpardonable) wrongs and disgraces which thou offerest me, and for ever bury them in perpetual silence, and eternal oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Messenger arriving at *Geneva*, he first finds out *Noel*, and then secretly delivers these two letters to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the seals and peruse them; Whereat their hearts were galled, and their Consciences so netled and stung, as they cannot refrain from blushing for meer shame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their own guiltiness doth for the time present, somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondreth at his Wife's boldness in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismayed and daunted, to see that her Husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his Wife's peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive and fearful of her Husbands silence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts, which inconstantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsecal peace, or tranquillity; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimories* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating and ruminating on her Sister *La Precoverte*'s choler, reputes it to extream grief, sorrow and indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concurr and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must over-veil it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimory's* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva*, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When fear giving life to their despair, and despair adding wings to their fear, they call for pen and paper, and each return *La Precoverte* their several answers by her own messenger who had strict charge and command from her, to see them, but not to dare once to speak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honestly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulness to honest *Noel*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompensed, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspitious that it was their man *Noel*, which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his Wife was in these termes:

HARCOURT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DO not rashly and unjustly torment thy self with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as now thou believest and feares't the contrary. I have vowed to

accompany

accompany my Sister-in-Law Masserina *to our Lady of* Loretto, *which is the best Saint of the best Country of the world,* Italy, *(whither we are now setting forwards from this town of* Geneva; *) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Oraison for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imagineſt they are of iniquity and prophaneness. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall be so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledg, that that pretended crime of mine is less than an errour, and this errour less than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquisitive why, or from whence our Journey was first derived. I pray let these general tearms content thy fear, and satisfie thy Jealousie, that it was her devotion and Conscience to God, not my desire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condign penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveness of thee, or my soul of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealousie deems me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertain, and thy resolution to welcome me home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not so shortly as thou expectest or I desire, yet as soon as Reputation and Good speed shall permit.*

HARCOURT.

Masserina's Letter to her Sister-in-Law carried these Lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and absence hath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abused thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any lascivious lust in my self which drew me to this devotion to see Loretto, *and him (through his goodness) to the resolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foul sin of Adultery, and my soul detests that odious one of Incest, whereof I am far more innocent than thou thinkest me guilty. I am sorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am so far from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with passion, and this to my mind with compassion, although I confess I have small reason to place it so neer me, in regard thy Jealousie is the sole author, and my fidelity and chastity no way the cause thereof; wherefore I am so far from fearing, as I love Gods Justice, because as in other sins, I have offended his Divine Majesty, so I am sure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and do most freely refer my fortunes and reputation to his sacred pleasure, but not to thy secret discontents and ill-grounded choler from which (by the plea of a just proviso) I have all the reasons of the world to appeal, as also for that foul scandal and infamous Epithet of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much less to name, but least of all for one Sister-in-Law (without cause or reason) to give to another: But thou art* La Precoverte, *therefore I forget this ingrateful crime of thine, and I am* Masserina, *therefore I freely and absolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou hast done me wrong, I will silence it in eternal obscurity and oblivion.*

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our observation, or rather of our detestation, to see how impiously these prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and also to *La Precoverte*, whom they have so haincously offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own hearts and Consciences are nevertheless as apparent as the Sun in his brightest Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and presumptuously abandoned themselves to Satan, to contrive such irreligious excuses, and to frame such ungodly Apologies for these their foul crimes and offences, and so to make hypocrisie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloke to cover it from the light and sight of the world: And is it not a resolution worthy of a haltar in the world, and of Hell-fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect strength, and full of life and health, (especially *Masserina*'s Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their shame, not to their glory, they understand by *La Precoverte's* Letters to them. To the Magistrates of *Genova*, they are firm protestants, and as they pretended, so they then (as they constantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To *La Precoverte* in their Letters they are found Roman Catholicks, and in the sublimity and singularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of *Loretto*, in devotion. O wretched Christians, or indeed rather O miserable wretches, thus with your hypocrisie to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own selves and Souls. For can there be a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the Devil from hell than to make Religion (which of it self is a precious and soveraign Antidote) to become a fatal

drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poyson, not to preserve our souls, and so only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to please our carnal desires, and concupiscences? Of all sorts of men (after the Atheist and the Murtherer) the Hypocrite is the veriest Devil upon earth, and he is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing less. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane, not Religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his own honour, and of our salvation, will not only have our souls, but our hearts to serve him, and not only our hearts, but also our tongues to glorifie him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart; and not an angle or corner of our soul, but our whole soul: For in matters of his Divine Worship and Service, (which consists in that of our faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rival or Competitor; nor be served, in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandements, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and blessed Apostles.

But again to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*: Whose lascivious hearts and lewd Consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they truss up baggage, and so with much secrecy leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous City of *Lyons* (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Town of *France*, and there they think to shrowd themselves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts: and they make choice to live in this frontier City, because it is near to *Savoy*, where if any danger should chance to betide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves there, and so lay hold on the Law and priviledg of Nations, which is inviolable through out all the world. At their arrival at *Lyons* they take their Chambers and residence neer the Arsenal, though for the two first nights they lie in Fanders street. They have not been in *Lyons* fifteen dayes, but there befel them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholouse* named *Monsieur de Blaise*, having some five dayes before treacherously killed his eldest Brother *Monsieur de Barry* in the high way as they travelled together, upon a quarrel which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandestinely stollen away his said elder Brother *De Barry's* wife from him, and conveyed and transported her away with him: There was a privy search then made in *Lyons*, when that same night *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspition apprehended for them, and laid in sure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified their innocency, by many who knew *De Blaise*, and so were cleared, but yet it gave them both a hot Camisado and fearful Alarum, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their own) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so famously infamous, nor consequently this their History so prodigiously deplorable.

Harcourt and *Masserina* whiles they stay here in *Lyons*, (as guilt is still accompanyed with fear) do seldome go forth of their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different Apparel; and for her part she goes still close masked, and muffled up in her Taffata coyffe. Yea, both of them make it their practice to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and streets seldom as if their foul crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of Gods Saints, and consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother *Vimory's* silence and revenge, and she highly envieth and disdaineth her Sister in Law *La Precoverte's* jealousie, and still that disgraceful word of Strumpet (which she upbraided her with and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes and sincks deeply in her heart and remembrance; in such sort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice and takes up her mind with choler and fierce indignation, as she vowes her self not thus to let it pass in silence, or to vanish and dye away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Sister *La Precoverte* promised and spake. And here it is that the Devil first begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soul, and to make her wholly to forsake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be Wife to her Brother in Law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom she affects a thousand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own life) she is therefore so great a beam to her eye, so sharp a thorn to her heart, and so bitter a corrosive to her content, as she not only assumes bad thoughts, but bad blood against her: For vowing

vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, she forgetting her Conscience and Soul, Heaven and God, is speedily resolved to cause her to be poysoned, her enraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till she have dispatcht and sent her to *Heaven*. To which end she insinuates her self into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them severally and secretly to effect this hellish business, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crowns of the sum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the Devil hath made her so crafty and subtle, as she still retains from them, the name *Masserina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; there are good and bad men of all Countries, Faculties and Professions; these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as she is profane and bloody; so the one denies her request with disdain and choler, and the other with charity and compassion, alledging her many pious considerations and reasons to disswade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (says he) no less than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soul in that to come: So she being hereat a little galled and stung in Conscience, to see that this great City of *Lyons* affords poyson, but no poysoners, to act and finish this her bloody project: The Devil hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curious in her malice, and so industrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether they were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom she thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody desires and intents:) she is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight dayes since, who is gone to reside this Spring of the year at the Baths at *Pougges*, a mile from the City of *Nevers*, his name being *Seignior Baptista Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his sirname from that pleasant small Town of *Tivoly*, some twenty small miles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals country Palaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skilfulin Minerals, and in extracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegetives; of a vainglorious, and ambitious humour and disposition, and yet of a very poor estate and means, and such a one, as indeed *Masserina* holds every way a fit agent and instrument for her turn and purpose.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge, before she hath seen and spoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect, she to *Harcourt* pretends a sudden ach in her right arm, and so upon good advice tells him that she is very desirous to go to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to stay some fifteen or twenty dayes at fartheſt; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far less of her revengeful and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her resolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderful careful of her self, her health and safety, and proffereth to accompany her himself: She with many kisses, dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more safe and short, so she accepts of the man for the master, and only takes *Noel* along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her sight, much less for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, and (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out *Tivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man, of a coal black-beard, and of a wan and sullen countenance, she by his Physiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breaks with him about her hellish business, and finds him tractable to her devillish intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and she is to give him one hundred Crowns in his hand, and a faithful promise of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as also fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the which she limits at fifteen dayes, so having setled this her business, she now names the party to *Tivoly*, whom she will have him to poyson, *La Precoverte* to be the woman, who resides and dwells with her Father *Monsieur le Vaquery*, a poor Gentleman in the City of *Troyes* in *Champaign*, and she a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very sickly. When giving him a small Saphyr Ring from her finger, she therewith swears him both to the performance, and to the secresie of this murther, the which, armed by the Devil, he doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him store of gold, the which he esteems the Elixir of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main business that brought him on this side the Alps, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of Heaven or Hell, these murtherous and damnable miscreants have concluded and shut up this their bloody bargain. Our poor sweet *La Precoverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and considering the Contents thereof, as also that of her

Sister-in-Law *Masserina*, she knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves, she sees her Letter to promise much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindness, I may say cruelty, towards her; as also the manner of their base and clandestine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therefore conceives she hath far more reasons to despair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their Return; But this is her resolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband, therefore she will still love him dearly; She is his Wife, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperity religiously. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy sighs and bitter tears) wishing and desiring his happy return and vertuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widow than a wife, and such is her miserable estate, and poor and sorrowful fortune, that she well knows not, whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child: For, ah me, she is so invironed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sickness, and so weighed down with sadness and disconsolation, as she reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her self in Heaven with God.

But alass, alass, dear sweet young Gentlewoman, little dost thou think or dream (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, *Tivoly*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina*, *Masserina*, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to execrate thy infernal malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaste and vertuous Sister-in-Law, *La Precoverte*! For was it not sin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O grief, O shame, O pity, that thou shouldest once dare to think thereof, much less to attempt it, I mean so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy self, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long unpunished on Earth.

But I must proceed in this sad and mournful History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, *Tivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monsieur de le Vaquery* is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soon skrews and insinuates himself into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakness and imbecillity of our judgments (in any profession whatsoever) still to prefer and respect strangers before our own Countrymen; so *Monsieur de le Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Physical phrases, which he had stollen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*, his ignorance believes him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a most fit Physician to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte* of her Consumption, whereinto (as before) she was deeply and dangerously fallen, by the unparalleld griefs and sorrows which she conceived for her Husbands former unkindness to her, but more especially for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappy hour) her Father *Le Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*: Which (being the only occasion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promiseth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, and visiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which serves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any spark of religion or piety in his soul) the very sight of this sweet, this harmless, this beautiful young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poyson her. But his sinful heart, his seared conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soul had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the Devil, and therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal resolution. He feels her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinal, receives thirty Crowns of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he administreth her two Pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmless sweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after she suddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Tivoly* affirming to her sorrowful Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violence and inveteracy of her Consumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radical humours of her life; which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebank, pass'd currant with the simplicity of his belief and their judgments: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy. Within three dayes after that this sorrowful

and

and lamentable Tragedy was acted, this Monster this Devil incarnate, *Tivoly* leaves *Troyes*, and posts away to *Nevers*, where he ravisheth *Masserina's* heart with the joyful news and assurance of *La Precoverte's* death and burial, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promise, she fails not presently to pay him down. And here again they solemnly swear secrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rival and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus dispatched and sent to Heaven; She now thinking to domineer alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection, esteems her self a degree neerer to him in marriage, that so of his sister she may become his wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aimeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her husband *Vimory's* life doth dash these joyes of hers in pieces, as soon as she conceives them, and strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleasant City, and *Pougges* a delightful little place to live in, and when the Spring is past and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, and she affects and loves it far the better, because here it was she first heard and understood of *La Precovertes* death, which as yet for a time she closely conceals to her self; Wherefore she sends *Noel* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter prayes him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers* which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrival and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers* where with thanks and kisses, she joyfully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pougges*, hath perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind, she well knowes, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her fears. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weeks since his arrival, until they there (but by what means I know not) understand of *La Precoverte's* death, whereat he seems nothing sorrowful, but she extreamly glad and joyful. And by this time, which is at least a whole year since their flight and departure, from Saint *Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenses, have consumed and expended a pretty sum of their money. In all which time, we must understand that *Vimory* hates his Wife and Brother so exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their treacherous ingratitude) scorns either to look or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, he pretends a great sum of money to be due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Justice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his own use and behoof. Which extreamly grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continual fear and danger they live in: As their lascivious affections, so their irregular desires, and irreligious resolutions, look one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven after his Wife *La Precoverte*, yea so resolute are they in these bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeal, and desire it with passion and impatiency. And now their malice is grown so resolute, and their resolution so graceless in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vows to him that she can reap no true content, either in her life or conscience, before, of his Sister he make her his Wife; Nor I, replies *Harcourt*, before my Brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courtesan and Strumpet) she gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake, when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) She tells him that in her opinion the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgment, and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his Brothers life to entrust and hazard his own at the courtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth, as being conscious and memorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*.) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and imploy his own man *Noel* in this bloody business, and proffereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly pension during his life, if he will pistol his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noel* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stab at the Majesty of God, in killing Man his creature and Image, and absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so deer a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetual secrecy and silence of this proposition and business, which *Noel* promiseth, but swears not. Hereupon *Harcourt* to ap-

proach nearer *Sens*, He and *Maſſerina* leaves *Nevers*, and very ſecretly by little journies (and the greateſt part by night) come to *Maſcon*, and there his heart ſtrikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and reſolutions, to ride over himſelf to *Sens*, and there with his own hands to piſtol his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miſs him, then to finiſh and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with *Harcourt*, to diſſwade him from this bloody buſineſs; Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of *Maſſerina* impetuouſly precipitates and haſtens him onwards, although it be againſt her own Husband. So he leaves *Maſcon*, and in a diſguiſed beard, and poor ſute of Apparel, comes to Saint *Simplician*, purpoſely leaving *Sens*, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleaſant Wood of his, a little mile from his houſe, where he knew he was accuſtomed to walk alone by himſelf ſolitarily; He perſonating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparel, with his Hat in his hand (eſpying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble reſolution, and requeſteth an Alms of him. Which *Vimory* ſeeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compaſſion of him, becauſe he ſaw him to be, though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more a Souldier, draws forth his purſe, and whiles he looks therein for ſome ſmall piece of ſilver; *Harcourt* (as a Diſciple of the Devil) very ſoftly draws out his little Piſtol out of his left ſleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and ſo ſhoots him in the trunk of his body a little under the heart of which two wounds he preſently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miſerable and diabolical in giving it him: for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power or happineſs to ſpeak one word. And the Devil (in the cataſtrophe of this mournful Tragedy) was ſo ſtrong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it ſelf, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his ſword. When leaving his breathleſs body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he with all poſſible celerity takes his horſe (which he had tied out of ſight, to a tree not far off) and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed gallops away to his now intended Wife *Maſſerina* at *Maſcon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good news, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleaſing and delectable. But God will not permit that theſe wretched joyes and triumphs of theirs ſhall laſt long.

This cruel murther of *Monſieur Vimory* is ſome two hours after known at his houſe and Pariſh of Saint *Simplician*, as alſo in the City of *Sens*, and ſo diſperſed over all *Burgundy*, and the Murtherers narrowly ſought after, but in vain; *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* meet with theſe reports at *Maſcon*, but yet they hold it diſcretion and ſafety, a ſmall time longer, to conceal themſelves ſecretly in that Town, and ſo to ſuffer the heat of this newes to paſs over, and be blown away. But at the end of two moneths *Harcourt* (ſetting a milk-white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his Mannor-houſe of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who dyed without iſſue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly played the Deuil in murthering his ſaid Brother, he now as infernally playes the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making ſo wonderful an outward ſhew and demonſtration of ſorrow for the ſame, as he and all his ſervants being dighted in blacks. A month after he ſends for his good Siſter-in-Law *Maſſerina*, who comes home to him, and they ſeem ſo abſolutely ſtrange each to other, as if they had never ſeen one another during all the long time of their abſence, and ſhe likewiſe ſeems to drown her ſelf in her tears, and is likewiſe all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their falſe mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sins of Adultery and Murther. Now as cloſe as they conceal this their diſhononrable flight and departure, yet it is diſcovered and found out, and held ſo odious, ſo foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they diſdain to welcome them home, or (which is leſs) to ſee them, which they both are inforced with grief to obſerve, as holding it to be the reflection of their own diſgrace and ſcandal. The which henceforth to prevent, they within two Months after, ſend for their Ghoſtly Fathers, as alſo for two Jeſuits, and the Vicar of their Pariſh, and acquaint them with their deſires and reſolutions to marry: But theſe Eccleaſticks affirm it to be directly oppoſite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church,

Church, for one Brother to marry the Widdow of another, as also against the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly seek both to perswade and disswade them from it, as being wholly unlawful and ungodly, and so refuse to Consent thereto, much less to perform it without a dispensation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now resident at *Paris*. They cause the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily refuseth it; But in favour of money, and strong friends, within three months they procure it from *Rome*, and so they are speedily married; now thinking, and withal believing and triumphing, that this their Nuptial knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their disgrace and scandal with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, are secure, and abound in wealth, delight and pleasure; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore first to the detection and discovery of these their bloody crimes of murther, and then to the condign punishments which they received for the same: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. 'Tis many times the pleasure and providence of God, to punish one sin and by another, yea and sometimes one sin for another, the which we shall now see apparent in in this bloody and hellish Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Fair of *Sens*, and there beginning to profess his Empery to a rich Goldsmiths Wife of that City named *Monsieur de Boys*, he the third day stole a small casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and shut again) valued at four thousand Crowns, and the same night fled upon that robbery towards *Mascon*, thinking there to put himself on the River of *Soan*, and so to slip down to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a speedy and curious research for his thief, whom as yet he could not find, or discover; when hearing of this Mountebank *Tivoly* his sudden departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief, pursues him in person, and within four leagues of *Mascon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provosts (or Sheriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Pistols at Saddle-bow, to assist him), *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to *Sens*, he was first imprisoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiscal: When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confessed it, the Devil still assuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and judgment; That it is very possible, and he thinks very probable and feasible to corrupt his Judges with some of the Jewels which he had closely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he shall speedily see the contrary.

For they seeing this Italian Emperick (by his own confession) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, sent him that night to prison to prepare his soul for Heaven; He the next morning (according to his sentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conscience and Soul) doth constantly and sorrowfully confess, that he had formerly poysoned *Madamoyselle La Precoverte*, daughter to *Monsieur de la Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady *Masserina*, of whom at *Pougges* he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a small Saphyr Ring to perform it, as also fifty Crowns more, which she gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*; and so he dyes in the constant confession of this his foul and lamentable murther; and is hanged for his Robbery: And his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poysoning of this young Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, whom many Gentleman and Ladyes there present well knew, and exceedingly bewailed, for the goodness of her sweet nature and pure beauty as also for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession) he spake nothing, but mumbled out some few words to himself, which were not understood; And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or sorrow to the World, or any spark of grief, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully consumed to Ashes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman *Masserina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken Prisoners in their own house of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and kissing together, without any thought of danger, much less of death. They hereat look each on other with grief and astonishment, especially *Masserina*, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them). That

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it was the Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who at his Execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precoverte*, she then sees her self to be a dead Woman, and no hope left her in the World of her life, but every way a firm assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, she resolves to stand upon her Justification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himself, and now, when it is too late, she blames her self of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in Prison, to conceal this her fact and name.

As for her Husband *Harcourt*, he (knowing himself absolutely innocent of this murther) he grieves not for the death of his first Wife *La Precoverte*, but now extreamly mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the second Wife *Masserina*, for live, he fears she cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and wispereth her secretly in her Ear, that he will give all his estate and means to save her life, or else that he will dye with her; she thanks him with a world of sighs and tears, and rounds him as privately in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Asseverations, that her tongue shall never dare to speak any one word or syllable to her Judges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders separated; and when severally conveyed to the Prison of *Sens*, *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with tears but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they inform her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphyr Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay his charges at *Pougges*, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her Gold poysoned *La Precoverte* at her father *Monsieur de Vaquery*'s house at *Troyes*, she terms *Tivoly* witch and devil, yea worse than a thousand devils, thus to accuse her falsely of this murther of her sister *Precoverte*, whereof she vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that she is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) do presently condemn her to the rack, the which as soon as she saw and considered the sharp nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so merciful to her soul by his grace, though she was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul sins, that she would not permit her tender dainty limbs to be exposed to the misery of those cruel tortures, but then and there confesseth her self to be the author of poysoning *La Precoverte* her sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her judges farther demanded whether her last Husband *Harcourt* were not likewise accessary with her in poysoning of his first wife *La Precoverte*, she with much assurance and constancy clears him hereof, and is so kind and loving to him, as she speaks not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this foul and bloody fact of hers, she is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Prison, where she and her sorrowful Husband, make great sute to the Judges that they may for a short time see and speak one with the other, but it will not be granted them; When *Harcourt* being as confident of his own life, as he was of his wife's death, makes secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges, of all his Lands, and demanded to save his wife, but they (resembling themselves) do so much fear God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deaf to his requests.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happiness to her Husband *HARCOURT*, when turning her Eye about, and seeing a Cosen German of his there present, named *Monsieur de Pierpoint*, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her Glove and Bracelet from her right hand and Arm, and prayes him to deliver it to his Cosin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant Wife, which *Monsieur Pierpoint* faithfully promised her to perform; then a Subordinate Officer of Justice being there to see her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave Earth, and so ready to ascend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary with her in the poysoning of his first Wife *La Precoverte*, and that she should do piously and Christianly to discover

discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her own soul: When she solemnly vowed to him, and to all the people, that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessary, knowing, or consenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poysoning of his Wife, and this which she now spake was the pure truth, as she hoped for Heaven; and now after a few tears, she most vainly and idly fell praysing and commending of him, especially how tenderly and dearly he loved her, with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition; but had not the grace, either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodness to look down into her own heart, conscience or soul, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foul Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her self, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her: And so she was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: But she there speaks not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourts* pistolling to death of his Brother her first Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledg thereof or consent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* seemed outwardly very sorrowful for this shameful death of his wife *Masserina*, yet he is inwardly exceeding joyful, that her silence at her death, of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being that day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*, both of his pretended crime, as also of his imprisonment; He composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returns to his house of *Saint Simplician*, where now thinking himself absolutely discharged and cleared of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruel murthering of his Brother; He within two, or at most within three months after his wife *Masserina*'s Execution casts off his mourning apparel, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his soul or his conscience, or of Heaven or Hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparrel, and because he is now fortunately arrived to be chief Lord and Master of a great estate both in Lands and Money, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity to dight and put himself now into far richer Apparrel than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) took especial notice thereof: Yea, he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murthering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two Wives, with as much vanity, and with far more haste than discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, because God in his sacred justice & judgment will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinks himself secure and safe, not only from the danger, but likewise from the suspition of any fatal or disasterous accident which can possibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both suddenly and soundly surprise him. His honest man *Noel*, (with an observant eye, and a conscionable, and sorrowful heart) hath heard of *La Precoverte*'s poysoning, and of *Vimory*'s pistolling to death, and hath likewise seen the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his last Mistris *Masserina*. In all which several accidents, as one way he wondreth at the malice of Satan: So another way he cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the just judgments of the Lord: He likewise knows what his Master *Harcourt* is to him and he to his Master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and several passages of business and secrets have past between them: He hath remarked far more vices than vertues in his Master, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced than desirous either to see or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him: He well knows that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet it is a continual sensible grief to his heart, and vexation to his soul, to see that his Master serves God no better: He doth not desire to know things (which concern his said Master) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctation of these different causes and their as different effects, he cannot but in the end satisfie himself with this resolution; That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Master, so God is his Heavenly Master. But here betides an unexpected and unwished Accident to this *Noel*, which will speedily try of what temper and metal both himself, his heart, his conscience and his soul is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleasure and visitation of God, he is suddenly taken extream sick of a pestilent feaver, but not in his Master *Harcourts* house, but in his own Fathers house, who dwelt some

four leagues thence at a pariſh called *Saint Lazare*, and his Phyſician yielding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the Extream Unction, and then prepares himſelf to dye: But he is ſo moral, and ſo good a Chriſtian, as (the premiſes conſidered) he reſolves to carry his conſcience pure, and his Soul white and unſpotted to heaven. He prays his Father therefore, that he will ſpeedily ride to *Sens* (in whoſe Juriſdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the ſervice of the King, and the good of his own Soul. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of thoſe Judges ſpeedily with him to his Son's beds-ſide, to whom (in preſence of three or four more of his Father's Neighbours) he, very ſick in body, but perfectly ſound in mind, tells them, that his Maſter *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him piſtol his Brother *Vimory* to death, and proffered him two hundred Crowns in money, and fourty Crowns Annuity during his life to perform it, but he refuſed it, and knowing the ſaid *Monſieur de Vimory* to be ſince murthered by a Piſtol, he therefore verily believes that it is either his ſaid Maſter, or ſome other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof (he ſayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after, (yea before they were departed his Father's houſe) this *Noel* dyes.

Hereupon, theſe Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the diſcovery of this lamentable murther, They ſpeedily ſend away their Officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his own houſe of *Saint Simplician*, carowſing and frolicking it in his beſt Wine, in Company of three or four of his deboſhed Conſorts and Companions, and ſo they bring him to *Sens*: Where lying in Priſon that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cauſe him to be arraigned before them; and charge him with piſtolling of his Brother *Monſieur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devil) he ſtrongly and ſtoutly denies; they read his man *Noels* dying Evidences againſt him, to prove it: So they adjudg him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderful fortitude and conſtancy, and ſtill denies it. When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their ſouls from God, That he was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the ſecond time adjudged him to the rack, whereon permitting himſelf to be faſtened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more merciful to his ſoul, than his Tortures are to his body, and ſo with tears in his eyes, he confeſſeth that it was he which Piſtolled his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ran him twice thorow the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnatural fact of his, His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be broken alive on the wheel at the publick place of execution: Some few Gentlemen his Kinsfolk ſolicite his reprival, becauſe as yet they deſpair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchaſe no reputation in ſeeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry fie on him, and on his foul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his Execution, where a mighty concourſe of people, both of *Sens*, and the adjacent Country, flock to ſee this Monſter of nature take his laſt farewel of this World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin ſute with a Gold Edge, He confeſſeth himſelf guilty of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, and yet he grieves far more for the death of his laſt Wife *Maſſerina* than he doth for that of his firſt, *La Precoverte*: He demands forgiveneſs of God, and the World, for this his foul crime of Fratricide, and prayes all who are there preſent to pray to Almighty God for the ſalvation of his ſoul, and that they become more charitable and Religious, and leſs bloody and prophane, by his example. So commending his ſoul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himſelf three or four times with the ſign of the Croſs, he willingly ſuffers the Executioner to faſten his Legs and Arms upon the Wheel, the which as ſoon he breaks with his Iron Bar; until he have ſeized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miſerable, and yet deſerved deaths of theſe our cruel and inhumane, graceleſs Murtherers; and in this manner did the Triumphs of God's Revenge juſtly ſurprize them to their ſhame, and cut them off to their Confuſion. May we read this Hiſtory to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and inſtruction.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (*the Lacquey of* Borlary) *kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary *afterwards hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze: *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IT is a thouſand griefs and pities, to ſee that Chriſtians, who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, ſhould ſo wilfully and wretchedly loſe it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our ſelves of that rich ornament, and ineſtimable Jewel, which God (in his Son *Chriſt Jeſus*) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneſs, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the ſubtle malice, and malitious ſubtilty of Satan, (the profeſſed enemy and Arch-Traytor of our ſouls) as alſo of his infernal Agents and Factors, who thereby make themſelves fire-bands and incendiaries of their own felicity and ſafety. And becauſe the examples of the wicked, do ſtrike apprehenſion and fear to the godly, and that the puniſhment and death of murderers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirm the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reaſon, and to this end) I have purpoſely given this next hiſtory a place in my Book, wherein we ſhall ſee Choler, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts; Let us read it with a jealous fear and a Chriſtian fortitude, and ſo we ſhall aſſuredly hate this foul and crying Sin in others, and religiouſly, and conſtantly avoid it in our ſelves.

The foundation of this History, is laid in the fair and famous City of *Verona*, (antiently a great Colony of the *Romans*, since a free Estate of it self, but now dependent and subject to the Estate and Seignior of *Venice*) wherein there lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in money, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable Sum in the bank of *Venice*) he had one only Child, a daughter of some eighteen years of age, named *Dona Felisanna*, who was wonderful fair, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow golden hair, and sanguine damask Rose Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no less were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerful lures, and attractive Adamants to draw the desires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to seek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to enjoy this sweet and precious Jewel of nature, and who stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her self, was *Seignior Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himself like himself, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the Gallants of our times compleat; and the other, *Seignior Juan de Borlary*, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of personage somewhat crook-backt, and much Camber-legg'd, and drawing towards fourty years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and uncivil, as he seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a Clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metal and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently see, and perfectly know, upon what tearms they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitely desirous of *Borlary* for his Son-in-Law, but not of *Planeze*, and *Felisanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlary*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlary* intends to seek the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* shapes a contrary course, resolves to seek and prefer that of the Daughter before the Father. The regard of *Borlary* his wealth, and of *Planeze*'s poverty with a covetuous *Miniata*, like a furious stream, or impetuous Torrent, bears down all other regards and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlary* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planeze*'s sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felisanna*, as a delicious charm, and heart-ravishing extasie, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids *Borlary* to be couragious and cheerful, and then he shall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills *Planeze* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not fail to take him for her Husband; *Miniata* to shew his love to *Borlary*, forbids *Planeze* his house and the company of his daughter; *Felisanna* to reveal her dear and fervent affection to *Planeze*, assureth him he shall often enjoy both her sight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlary* to approach her presence. Thus whiles *Borlary* often frequenteth and converseth with the Father publikely, no less, or indeed far oftner doth *Planeze* privately, and whiles the first hath more cause to dispair, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: The second hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not only to hope, but to assure himself thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiosity, whereunto these different affections will tend, and what the event and issue will be of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdom of *Borlary* will make it conspicuous and apparent to his Mistris, That there is much difference betwixt him and *Planeze*, as there is between her self, and her Chamber-maid *Rodegonda*; He therefore seeing that he cannot hitherto gain her by the perswasion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids solicitation; as holding her to be a fit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence informeth him, that she hath a great power and bears a great stroke and sway with her Mistris: But we shall shortly see, and he too soon find the contrary, and that these his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wisdom and judgment. Now to gain this her chamber-maid *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulness, she may obtain him her Mistris, her favour, and affection: He bribes her with silver and gold, and many other

gifts,

gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requital thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistris, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistris, divers curious rich Presents and two Letters, and prayes her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him; the which likewise she faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing less, so she holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keep these Presents for her self, and to give the Letters to his Corrival *Planeze*, to whom (by solemn Oath) she had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not so secretly born betwixt *Planeze* and her self, but *Borlary* (by some sinister accidental means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindly at *Radegonda*'s hands, as (consulting more with passion than reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choler, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delayes) he sends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friend's house of his, where ascending a Chamber, and bolting the door within side to him, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingrateful infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making her self a witness against her self, as well of the delivery of his Letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for her self, and that her Mistris and he are solemnly contracted each to other: He there, in meer revenge to her, and in malice and disdain to her Mistris, pulls off her head attire, and very basely and violently cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radegonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinite tears and prayers besought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his disdain to her Lady, his unkind Mistris *Felisanna*, so he now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears and choler at this her digraceful accident received of *Borlary*, and no less, but rather far more is her young Lady and Mistris *Felisanna*, the grief of the one ingendring the choler of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deeply strike in her heart and mind, and so extreamly exasperateth her against him, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (notwithstanding her Father's prohibition) was then descended his Coach, and ascended the Parlour to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivil and base indignity of *Borlary* towards *Radegonda*, which he every wayes sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himself *Felisanna*, and so consequently on himself: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge so far eclipse and transport his judgment, as he freely proffereth her his Sword, and self, to right *Radegonda*'s wrong on the person and life of *Borlary*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his, *Felisanna* takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearly, that by no means she will permit him to ingage; much less to hazard himself in this trivial quarrel; which being (as she affirmed) more feminine than masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requital, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and refer to her self.

Borlary (by some of *Miniata's* domestique servants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) hears hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planeze*'s forwardness to fight with him for the quarrel of a poor Chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despair in his affection from *Felisanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, (who although he be his rival and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be out-braved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring generosity, and to give him a touch and tast of his own: He the next morning by his Lacquie *Romeo* sends him this Challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldst not content thy self to bereave me of the Lady Felisanna, *who'e sweet beauty and vertues are by far more dear and precious to me than my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophee and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the trivial respect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteem of my life; my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet me to morrow (betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without secands, in the first meadow without the Viniisensa-gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrival, with much*

much zeal and impatiency: Thou art Noble enough to be ſo generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy ſelf ſo Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Feliſanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlary* his Lacquie, and ſeeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which ſhe feareth to be ſome challenge, ſhe thereat (adorning and beautifying her Lilly cheeks with a Roſeat bluſh) prayes him to tell her what *Borlary* his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the ſupremacy of his affection towards her) he tells her, that *Borlary* therein only requeſted him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedral Church of that City, dedicated to *Saint Athanaſius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his anſwer. But *Feliſanna*, ſtill jealous and fearful, prayes him to ſhew her thoſe two Letters, which he pleaſantly puts off with ſome kiſſes, and yet her blood and heart ſo freezeth within her with fear, as ſhe uſeth the beſt power of her art, and the chiefeſt Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, much leſs to fight with *Borlary*, at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her, he is too religious to be ſo prophane, to diſtain and pollute that ſacred place with the effuſion of Chriſtian blood, becauſe it is the Temple of Prayer, the houſe of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peaceful atonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrel. Now (as the malice of men is finite, but of woman infinite) *Feliſanna* ſeeing her *Planeze* going to write his Letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and reſolutions, ſhe haſtily ſteps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where ſhe ſends for *Borlary*'s Lacquie *Romeo*, and cauſeth three of her Grooms (whom ſhe had purpoſely placed there) by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they preſently do, notwithſtanding that he uſed a thouſand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then haſtily departing from him, ſhe ſpake this to him: Tell thy Maſter *Borlary*, that I have cauſed thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront and diſgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid *Radegonda's* hair.

Planeze having ſecretly to himſelf read *Borlary* his challenge: He thinks ſo honourably of himſelf, and ſo diſgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to ſee, that he hath the courage to write to him, much leſs the reſolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryal of his valour to himſelf, and affection to his Miſtriſs upon a more generous Spirit, and nobler Perſonage than *Borlary*, he accepts his challenge and in this anſwer promiſeth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from *Feliſanna*'s fear and jealouſie, and ſo ſealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to *Borlary* his Lacquie, and reſolves to diſpeed and haſten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquie *Romeo* bitterly ſtorming and weeping; and ſo demanding the cauſe thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his ſervant, is firſt informed of the Lacquie's diſgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have underſtood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this diſaſterous accident, but love preſcribes ſo powerful a law to his diſcretion, as he is inforced to bear up with the time and ſo to diſſemble it, and when in the language of a Victory and a triumph *Feliſanna* acquaints him therewith; he holds it diſcretion, rather to wink at it, and diſſemble it with ſilence, than to remember it with choler or reprehenſion towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation, and honour herein towards *Borlary*, calls his Lacquie again, and vows and proteſteth to him, as he is a Gentleman, that he is free from being any way knowing or acceſſary to this his diſgrace and diſaſter, and bids him to aſſure his Maſter from him, that he is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have ſignified to him in writing, but that his Letter was ſealed before he knew it, and ſo giving him ſome crowns to waſh down his anger and ſorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo ſayes little but thinks the more, and as he diſdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief hereat, ſo he cannot cloak that of his choler nor overvaile or ſmother that of revenge, in their fatal effects, which time will too ſoon produce.

Romeo in great haſte and more choler, arives to his Maſter *Borlary*'s preſence, gives him *Planeze*'s Letter, who very ſpeedily and haſtily breaking up the ſeals thereof, finds therein theſe lines.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

I Acknowledg it to be rather thy misfortune than my merits that induceth the fair and vertuous Lady Feliſanna *to give her affection to me, and not to thy ſelf, the which as a rich treaſure, and pretious Jewel I do not only eſteem equal to my life, but a thouſand degrees above it, and therefore it*

was

was with much affection and zeal to her, and with no ostentation or malice to thy self, that I tendred her my best service, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maid Radegonda. *In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent therein, and art so ambitiously resolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loss of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy Challenge, and my impatience and zeal shall anticipate thine before I perform it; wherein if my Rapier give not the lye to my blood, my misfortune to my Rapier; thou shalt find me enough noble and generous to attempt this duel for thy sake, and to finish those of greater danger for the Lady* Felisanna's *sake, who I freely professe is the Empress of my affections, and till death shall be the Queen Regent of my desires and wishes.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary hath no sooner perused and ore-read this Letter of *Planeze*, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and joyful thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger: Then his Lacquie *Romeo* acquaints him with his disgrace, acted, saith he, wholly by *Dona Felisanna*, and no way as he vows and thinks by the consent or knowledg of *Planeze*, and so relates all that he and she charged him to report unto him: The which *Borlary* hearing and understanding, he extreamly storms to see his own affront and disgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacquie: When having other affairs and business in his head, he contents himself for that time to give him some Gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the loss of his Ear, which his locks better than his looks could now overvaile and cover.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preserve their honours than their lives, and more careful of their reputation towards the foolish people of the world, than of their souls towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious business, and it is not the least part of *Planezes* discretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the *Argus* eyes of *Felisanna's* fear and vigilancy, and how to see a beginning and end to this duel with his generosity and fame, that he be no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, *Borlary* (with his Chirurgion) as Challenger, comes first into the field, I mean into the Meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloody Tragedy, and he hath not stayed half a quarter of an hour, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When their malice is so furious, and their courages so inflamed each against other, as passing over their saluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themselves into their shirts, do both of them draw, and so approach each other. At their first comming up, *Planeze* runs *Borlary* through the left thigh, and *Borlary* him in the right shoulder, and the sight of their scarlet blood upon their white shirts doth rather revive than quench their courages. At their second meeting, *Borlary* runs *Planeze* into the right arm of a large and deep wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the small of his belly, which went near to prove mortal, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him begin to faint and stagger, so being both of them well near out of breath, they make a stand to breathe and take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animosity are so great, as they will not yet desist or leave off, but now begin afresh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverse their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun: With far more advisement and discretion than before. Now at this their third coming up, *Borlary* presents *Planeze* with a furious thrust, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs *Borlary* into the neck, a little wide of his throat-bowl: Whereat *Planeze* instantly closing with him, he fairly attempted to whip up his heels, but that *Borlary* his strength prevented *Planeze's* agility: When each having the other by the collar of their shirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are striving and struggling together, God (more out of his gracious goodness and mercy, than of their desires and wishes) is pleased that neither of them shall for this time dye. For the Earl of *Lucerna* rideing post (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* towards *Turin*, chanced to espie and see them in the meadow, almost all covered over with sweat, blood, and dust, when he and they leaping from their Horses, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them; offering them his best power and a pretty parcel of his time, to end and shut up their differences in a friendly atonement and reconciliation, but so inveterate and strong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feaseable but impossible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earl contents himself, to reconduct and see them safe into the City, where

where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horſe away. Our two Duelliſts having firſt thanked him for his noble Courteſie towards them, but otherwiſe they are exceedingly grieved to ſee the Victory pul'd out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, with no leſs ambition and felicity than each their own life, and either of them the death of his adverſary. But as they are grateful to the Earl of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courteſie towards them; yet they are ſo irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much leſs to thank his divine Majeſty, for now ſo mercifully and ſo graciouſly withdrawing them as it were from out the very jaws of death; but ſtill they retain their malice, and cheriſh and foment their revenge each to other, eſpecially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a continual private grief and a ſecret Corroſive to his content and mind, to ſee that he is inforced to wear the Willow-Garland, and that *Planeze* muſt bear away his fair and beautiful Miſtriſs *Feliſanna* from him: But we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and ſo again ſpeak of *Romeo*, the Lacquie of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and moſt execrable villain comes now to act a bloody and woful part in this Hiſtory.

For we muſt here underſtand, that this lewd Lacquie *Romeo*, is ſo extreamly incenſed with choler and inraged with malice againſt the Lady *Feliſanna* for the loſs of his Ear, as (being ſeduced and incouraged by the Devil) he was once of the mind to have murthered her in the ſtreet, the very firſt time he had met or ſeen her; but then again reſpecting his Maſter *Borlary* whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forſook that opinion of his, and reſolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three ſervants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as ſhe was the Author thereof; But then again remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purpoſely masked and diſguiſed; He then ſwaps a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with him, that the ſtorm of this his malice and revenge ſhould aſſuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chamber-maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this reſolution he is ſo execrably prophane and bloody, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, God or Man ſhall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove ſo pernicious an enemy to others as to her ſelf, ſo Revenge will in the end aſſuredly make us miſerable, as firſt it falſly promiſed to make us happy.

Romeo continueth ſtill reſolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poor innocent harmleſs ſoul, ſhe was not ſo much as guilty of a bad thought, much leſs of a bad action or office towards him, and therefore leſt deſerving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as ſhe iſſued forth in the ſtreet on her Ladie's errand, he at laſt in a dark night found her, and there ſlew her with his Rapier, giving her four ſeveral wounds, whereof he mought have ſpared the three laſt, becauſe the very firſt was mortal, and thereupon betook himſelf to his heels, and fled through the ſtreets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledg of this lamentable Murther, but God is ſo exaſperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Star-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* ſhall inſtantly receive condign puniſhment for the ſame, as not deſerving to ſurvive it. For running through the ſtreets to provide for his ſafety and life, he at laſt took the River of *Addice*, near the old Caſtle, where thinking to ſwim over to the other-ſide, or to hide himſelf in ſome of the Mill-boats, he was diſcovered by the Sentinels (for the watch was already ſet) and the news of this murther was by this time reſounding and ecchoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiers of the Caſtle ſuſpected him to be the murtherer, they ſend a Boat after him and apprehend him; ſo by the criminal Judges he is committed to Priſon for that night, and being the next morning accuſed by *Seignior Miniata* by way of torture, and the Lady *Feliſanna* his Daughter by legal order for the murthering of her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*, he without any thought or fear, or ſhew of ſorrow or repentance, freely confeſſeth it, for the which he is preſently condemned to be hanged, and the ſame day after dinner he was accordingly diſpatched and executed, notwithſtanding that his Maſter *Borlary* uſed his beſt friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to ſave him. Thus we ſee there was but one poor night between *Romeo*'s taking away *Radegondaes* life and loſing of his own, and between her murthering and his hanging: At his execution he ſpake not a word either of the loſs of his Ear by the Lady *Feliſanna*, or of that of *Radegondaes* Hair by his Maſter *Borlary*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no leſs doth *Planeze*. But for the other ſpeeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his execution, they were either ſo ungodly, or ſo impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deſerves my pen, or my Readers knowledg.

And

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, return we again to speak of his living Master *Borlary*: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seek to prevent that *Planeze* might not marry the fair *Felisanna*, hath notwithstanding, to his matchless grief, and unseparable sorrow seen that it is all bootless and in vain, for by this time she, through the importunity of her tears & prayers hath obtained her Father *Miniataes* consent, to take and enjoy *Signior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnly married in *Verona*, and in that height of pomp and bravery as is requisite to their noble rank & quality; When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Mantoua*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verona* with her, and in her Father *Miniataes* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth he well deserved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter, sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparent to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that he proved a most kind and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient and respective Son in Law to the other.

Now although *Felisanna* be thus marryed to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlary* to her is still so far from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her hair, those resplendent rays of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious Lillies & Roses of her cheeks do act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust eclipsing his judgment, and out-braving his discretion, he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure & get her to be his friend though not his wife; and so futurely to obtain that courtesie from her by the by, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the main. To which end his affection or rather his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Felisannas* sweet Idea, and delicious feature; He enters into a consideration and consultation with himself, whether he should bewray his amorous flame to her by himself or by some other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had proposed & exchanged many poor reasons & trivial Motives *Pro* and *Con*, he at last resolves on the last, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himself to his Closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith sends her.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witness but my self, of my fervent love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testifie, how I always made it my chiefest Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeal answerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have sealed it with some blood, but with more tears, so that although thou hast given thy affection from me to Planeze, *yet my heart and soul tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but to the Lady* Felisanna. *And because thou canst not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in reqaital I do die thy Servant. I confess I am not worthy of thy affection, much less to enjoy the sweet fruit thereof, thy sweet self; yet because I cannot be more thine than I am, therefore I pray thee make thy self as much mine as thou mayest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly refer it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey. I send thee my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouchsafe to return me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our affection.*

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* receives this letter with much wonder, & ore-reads it with more contempt and Choler, for if she disdained *Borlary* and his affection when she was a Maid, much more doth she now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once she was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, & have answered it with disdain & silence. But then again considering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obscenity of his desires, she conceived he might (peradventure) impute her silence to a degree of consent: & therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, she resolves to return him an answer, when knitting her brows with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar, and setting a sharp edg of contempt & Choler on her resolutions, she hastily frames this Letter, & gives it to his own Messenger to deliver it to *Borlary*: whose heart steering his

course betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he first kissing it, and then hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

IF thou want any witnesses of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vain perseverance herein, of one makes me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truly careful and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou falsly pretendest to be of my poor beauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so sottishly have cast away thy blood or tears on my contempt: How thou intendest to dispose of thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soul to God, so God hath given my heart to my Husband Planeze, *from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of Hell shall withdraw it; and therefore as I am* Felisanna, *I detest thy lustful suit, and as* Planezes *wife, I defie both it and thy self; And thus to be thy friend, thou shalt find me thy friend, but for such servants as thy self, I leave them to their own proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my Husband of my affections, therefor it shall please me well when I understand that thy tongue will recant thy folly, I repent thy discretion towards me: in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust upon the ruins of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortifie not thy heart with more religious, and less sinful desires and affections, that Earth can and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsly thinkest thy self fortunate.*

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Felisanna*, is so galled with grief, and nettled with sorrow, to see his refusal sent him in her disdain, as he knows not to what passions to betake himself for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyness & cruelty, makes his despair to gain so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his lustful heart and desires, remembring the freshness of her beauty, and the sweetness of her youth, he held himself a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy so fair a Lady, & so sweet an Angel, if he retired upon her first denial, especially because as those Cities & Castles, so those Ladies & Gentlewomen who entertain a parley, are already half won. In which consideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgment, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and desire; He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to believe, that his second may perchance obtain that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most Ladies and Gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity, to be often sought, and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtesie, he by his former Messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy sweet and excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is it not sufficiently prevalent to make me, or so soon, or so sleightly to forsake thee. For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet until thou cease to be fair, find it not strange, if it be impossile for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither do I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my tears on thy contempt, sith I perform it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeal than false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of War, so the fairest beauties by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more than one assault and siege; and that Cavalier cannot justly be termed, either a Gentleman, a Soldier, or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet and so beautiful an enemy as thy self: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so dear, and slave to so fair a Mistress, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sense, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art fair, and as kind as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I only desire to erect the Trophees of mine honour and glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrate my best zeal and service to the feet of thy Commands: which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunate.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received & ore-read this second Letter of *Borlary*, as one way she laughs to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way she storms, and yet grieves to see her self to be both the object & the cause thereof; When returning to the party

party who brought it her, she thinks to vent part of her choler on him, taxeth his audacity and rashness herein,& strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his letters; yea, she is so far transported with passion and choler against *Borlary* for sending them to her, as now she resolves to answer this with silence, & henceforth to burn all other which are sent or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, she will not futurely make her self guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with fear, and her heart surprized with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) she should shew these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithful, so constant to him: because she likewise knows that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease her self, than any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatsoever, to run the hazard of his displeasure or indignation. For as by concealing them from his knowledg, she knows this business will be for ever hush'd up in silente, & perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrarywise, if either through *Borlary* his malice to her, or indiscretion to himself, it should any way come to her Husbands ear, then she thinks she should give him a just cause of exception and offence against her; Wherein, if the subtilty of the Devil should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealousie might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, & make him suspect & fear her to be dishoneſt, though heretofore (in heart and soul) he confidently knows & believes the contrary: she farther knows, that there is nothing so easie, as to entertain jealousie, nor so difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandal, but likewise to remove the original cause thereof; fain she would conceal these foolish Letters of *Borlary* from her Husband, but yet she doubts it, and willing she is to acquaint him therewith, & yet she fears it. And although her chastity and innocency perswade her to perform the last, yet her discretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the second; & here our beautiful and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets with two different ways, and knows not which is the best for him to take: and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ship at Sea, at one time surprized and met with two contrary winds and tides. For preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband, & his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever, she in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisheth that *Borlary* had slept when he writ and sent her those letters, or she when she received and read them. But at last consulting with reason and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her fear, and her innocency to her doubt; So first hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or disturb the tranquillity and sincerity of her marriage; she watching a fit opportunity, shews her Husband the first Letter of *Borlary* to her, with her answer thereof; & then his second Letter, the which she informs him, she answered with silence and contempt, adding withal; That had she a thousand lives, as she hath but one, she would cheerfully sacrifice and lose them all, before she would be guilty of the least thought to distain the honour of his bed, or to break her sacred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, she religiously made and gave him in Marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of these speeches, and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as he looks pale with envy towards *Borlary*, to see how sectetly and subtilly he endeavoureth to ruin his honour in that of his wifes; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly & chastly she had demeaned her self in her answer to him, as also what a wise & loving part it was in her so punctually & fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requital hereof he gives her many praises and kisses, extolls her chastity and vertues to the Sky, and condemns *Borlary* his lustful vices to Hell. And although (for the present) she finds some incongruity in his speeches, and observes some preturbation in his looks; yet he makes his affection so apparent to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choler towards *Borlary* so secretly and artificially; that his wife *Felisanna* wholly reposing her self upon her own integrity, & her Husbands discretion, she (sweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any disaster which will ensue hereof, much less what dismal effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But she will have time enough to see it to her grief, and know it to her sorrow; yea, she will find occasion enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meerly prove Physick after death.

Planeze (as we have formerly understood) is extreamly incensed against *Borlary*, thus to attempt to bereave him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wife's affection, and she of her most

precious Jewel, her chastity: And although (both in reason and Religion) he had far more cause to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both assured and confident that his Wifes chastity triumphed o're *Borlary*'s lust, & her glory was apparent in his shame; for as objects, so actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of *Borlari* his obscene concupiscence, that of *Felisannas* Angelical chastity, as a bright relucent Sun, shined forth most radiantly and sweetly with far more vigor & glory, yet *Planeze* being a man composed of corrupt flesh & blood, and therefore subject to passions, and those passions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reason, yea, diametrically opposite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the dearest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of fear, so although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, he cannot possibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing squint-eyed on his wife with jealousie. And although he knows it to be a most ignoble ingratitude, & irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in question, or (in the best sense) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publick shew of suspition or distaste to her, or by seeking any private revenge on *Borlari*, yet because her beauty and vertue is a thousand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his soul: He therefore thinks he shall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he resolve to right both her and himself on *Borlary*, when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts, before he have fought with *Borlary*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserved his scorn than his care, and was every may far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chirurgion which he had made choice of) he sends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

THy crime is so foul, and so apparent unto me, in seeking by thy two lascivious Letters to distain my honour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it: Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy self, thy Rapier, & thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at six of the clock in the morning in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Brescia, *and there my self and my Chirurgion (who is bearer hereof) will silently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obscene heart retain yet any spark of generosity, or thy vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt resolve to perform this my request, and to excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lascivionsness, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and perusing this Challenge of *Planeze*, he is much grieved and sorrowful, to see that *Felisanna* had so little discretion for her self, and so much hatred against him, to shew her Husband these his Letters, and except she meant to make her self the present author, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, he knows not else what she intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his spleen & resolution against him, *Borlari* knows it to be both just & well grounded in the best sense, & in the worst to be yet a requital of that Challenge & Duel he formerly sent & presented him: Only he doth a litle admire (if not wonder) that he should now again make trial of his valor and courage, whereof he so lately had experience, and tasted. And although he had far more reason to rest assured than doubtful, that this second Duel of theirs would not prove so fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Felisanna* so dearly, albeit she hate him extreamly, that he will by no means refuse to fight with her Husband once again for her sake, yea, & to kill him for his own, if possibly he can, the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no less happiness and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vain hopes in the Air, which the least breath of God's mouth, or wind of his nostrils will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan, and not with God; and, therefore no marvel, if he see his lascivious desires to come too short

of

of his ridiculous hopes,and both his hopes,and desires herein to end in as much true misery, as they began in false hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turn or two in his Garden to resolve upon this business, which so much imported both his honour and life: He at last,with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance,turns to *Planeze* his Chirurgion,whom after he used respectively and courteously,he secretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell *Signior Planeze* from me,that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his request and expectation, and so he dismisseth him, who as soon returns this answer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom he now finds staying for him in the Church of the *Augustine Friers*,but God knows, with no intent or devotion to pray,or to invoke his Divine & Sacred Majesty to divert him from this his intended bloodyenterprize,but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Felisanna* his wife,who harmless sweet Gentlewoman,was there in that Church,upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious Prayers, and zealous Orisons of her soul unto God, without once surmising or thinking what a mournful and dangerous part her husband was resolved to act the next morning to the prejudice of her content,it not to the utter dissolution and ruin of her Matrimonial joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* bears this business, and these his intentions so secretly from his wife,as it was impossible for her to have any suspition, much less knowledg of this his next days intended Duel.

The night, which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duellists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrel, and the cause thereof, doth equally possess their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties. So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest,and the field to their beds,they (under other pretexts) are not long from it,I mean from the City ditch,the prefixed place of their rendez-vous: Which *Planeze* first entreth,& there makes half a dozen of turns before he have any news of his Contendant or Adversary *Borlary*,whereof he doth not a little muse, yet he no way despairs of his coming, because (by late experience) he knows him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planeze* his musing out of doubt,and his doubt out of question,in comes *Borlary* all unbraced and untrussed,and afar off espying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (ashamed of this advantage he had, because of long stay) with his Hat in his hand,prays him to excuse this error of his; affirming it to be the fault of his watch,but not of his heart,which he alleged should ever go true with his Honour and Reputation. When *Planeze* returning his Complement by approving of his Apology,(without any further expostulation)they draw,and here fall from words to blows.

At their first meeting,*Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right arm,and *Planeze* requites him with another in his right side, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrel with his life.But although it make him lose much blood,yet he hath strength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he desireth *Planeze*, that they maybreathe a litle,the which he generously granteth.At their second coming up, *Planeze* presents a thrust to *Borlary*, but he wards it, and runs *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgions do earnestly pray them to desist, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting & joyning,,*Planeze* gives *Borlary* a lick o're the fore-head,which makes his blood stream down his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incensed and prepared to requite it,drives a fair thrust to *Planeze* his breast,but he very dexterously and fortunately wards it, beating down the point of *Borlary* his Sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him,and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier breaks it in two pieces, at which unlooked for disaster, *Borlary* seeing his naked breast exposed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and consequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once striving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) he (more desirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) descends so far from true and noble generosity, as he begs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage,& wreaked the utmost of their Gall and Spleen upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is so truly noble and generous, as disdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and so to eclipse or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who beg'd his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it,as he throws away his Rapier,making him promise, and swear he will never henceforth attempt against the honour of his wife;*Planeze* very freely and chearfully gives him his life:and to shew himself the more generous in this his courtesie,lends him his hand to raise him upon his feet;for which infinite kindness,*Borlary* yields him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their Cloaks, they part very good friends, & so get themselvs into two of the neareſt houses of the suburbs, very secretly

and ſilently to dreſs their wounds,and at night they return to their houſes. Where our dear and fair *Feliſanna* underſtanding the manner and cauſe of this combat betwixt her husband and *Borlary*, it is impoſſible for me to define whether ſhe wept & ſighed more for the loſs of her Husbands blood,or rejoyced and praiſed God for the ſaving and ſparing of his life.

Yet this Combate of theirs is not ſo ſecretly acted, but in leſs than two days, all *Verona* hath news, and prattles thereof. When meaſuring the firſt Duel of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the ſecond,and the ſecond by the firſt; They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitely applaud the noble courteſie & generoſity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. And as moſt commended the Lady *Feliſanna* for diſdaining to make ſhipwrack of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of *Borlary* his luſt, and for not ſacrificing her chaſtity to his laſcivious affections and deſires; So,in general,all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiſcretion, in ſhewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his ſuits and deſires, it having been ſufficient for her ſecretly to have given him the repulſe and denial, and her ſelf the glory. Again,there want not divers,eſpecially the younger ſort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who tax *Borlary* of cowardize, in ſhamefully begging his life of *Planeze*, when either his good fortune in ſtrugling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might, peradventure, have preſerved it. Thus every one ſpeaks according to his own fancy and affections.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for the affection which he bore to *Feliſanna*,& received and reaped nothing from her but diſdain and hatred,he is not a little grieved & vexed hereat. But when he underſtands that he hath now made himſelf the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore univerſally ſuffer in this action, he is then as it were pierced to the heart with ſorrow, and to the ſoul with ſhame. He knows it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and eſteemed a Coward, and that having once purchaſed that baſe title, he ſhall difficultly ever loſe it. Yea,whereſoever he goes,he hears and ſees,that his Superiors, his Equals, and his Inferiors, not only prattle at his ſhame, but point at his infamy herein, ſo that he is (in a manner) a ſhame to all Gentlemen,and therefore almoſt a ſhame to himſelf. But ſee here the vanity and impiety of this inconſiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curioſities, yet it will deſerve his compaſſion and pity,to ſee what uſe, or rather what abuſe he makes of this his imaginary diſhonour: For neither with reaſon,which is the ſoul of his heart, with Religion which is the life of his ſoul, doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for ſo mercifully protecting, and ſo miraculouſly preſerving of his life in theſe two Duels,when he as it were, ſtood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier,and of his pleaſure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be ſo much a Chriſtian, and too much the member of Satan,to be ſo much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limb and agent of the Devil,he will wholly abandon it to infernal rage and helliſh revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his diſhonour,and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, he therefore retains this Diabolical and bloody Aphoriſm in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him,and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to refreſh his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge, he moſt ingratefully and deſperately, reſolves to murther *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murthered.

Lo, here the woful eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life,he little knows,or (which is worſe) he will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernicious, as pleaſing to their Authors,and that murther endeth in as much true miſery,as it begins in falſe content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devil is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a councellor to *Borlary*,that he wretchedly vows and execrably ſwears, that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to piſtol or ponyard him in the ſtreet by night, but then again, ſeeing the imminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Lacquy *Romeo*,he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolvs on poyſon,which he thinks is the ſhorteſt and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinks none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planeze* his

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own Apothecary *Castruchio*, being the more confident in this his choice, because he knew him to be a wonderful poor man, and withal, extreamly vitious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheist than a Christian, and more a Devil than a Catholick,and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and resolution. Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himself in the hopes of his choice; for he no sooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyson *Planeze* (one half in hand,and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof,engageth himself (by half and oath) speedily to dispatch and finish it,and so like two Factors or furies of Hell,both of them swear secresie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Castruchio* desiring to finish this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewise touch the last one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring approaching,wherein *Planeze* every year for the preservation of his health, was accustomed to take Physick of *Castruchio*, he no sooner sent for him to that effect, but first purging,then bleeding him, he then artificially perswades him to take a Vomit,the next morning,whereunto *Planeze* easily consents, so he administreth it to him and therein infusing poyson, he within six days after dies thereof,when *Castruchio* demanding hisother one hundred and fifty Duckatons, *Borlary* speedily pays it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the first know, and the second remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our History leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our sorrowful young Widdow *Felisanna*, who poor soul, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyson or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her self to death, that she must survive and cannot die with her dear and sweet Husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed,so one Grave might contain them, yea her grief is so great aud her sorrow so infinite for the loss of this her other part of her self, that neither her Father; Kinsfolks or friends can possibly comfort her; for still she sees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impossible for him to die as long as she lives: which excess of sorrovvs,sighs and tears of hers so withered the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, and so eclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes,that to the eyes and judgments of all those who saw or knew her, she became so pale and lean as she was no longer *Felisanna*, but only the poor sick Anatomy of *Felisanna*.

We have seen this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this exeerable Apothecary, *Castruchio*, commit this horrible murther upon the person of noble and generous *Planeze*, and we shall not go far, before we shall see the sacred Justice, and just punishments of God to surprize and overtake them for the same;For God is now resolved to triumph o're those bloody miscreants,and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther,as there are no earthly eyes to detect,nor witness to give in evidence against them for the same: yet our good and gracious God, who is the true searcher of our hearts and reins, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious observation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Castruchio*, having received his other hundred Duckatons of *Borlary* (as we have formerly understood) for ministring this bloody business, and being (as we know) of a most vicious and debauched life,he had already in his riots and prodigalities spent and consumed all his Estate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody business, makes him by many degrees far worse than he was before;for(as by Gods sacred & secret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him,so his prophane vices and sins, and his beastly pleasures and prodigalities made it consume and melt away as Snow against the Sun.in such sort,that it seemed to him,that he was a thief to himself, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this his vicious course of life very close and secret from the eye and knowledg of the world,whereby his credit far exceeded his Estate.so after the committing of this foul murther,both his estate, credit,and all went to wrack & spoil, for he left nothing either unspent or unpawned, and which is yet worse, he fell into many arrerages, & debts which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigal & beastly life of whoring,drunkenness and dicing,came to be divulged and spread to the world)that by three of his greatest Creditors he is arrested and clapt into Prison,and his Shop seized on by them,which they find as empty of drugs,as his Masters heart was of pity, and his soul of piety: And as it is the nature (or rather the misery) of Prisons,that where one man vertuously improves his life and actions there, a hundred do vitiously ruin themselves, so

Castruchio

Castruchio being one of this last number, he there wasteth and consumeth all that he hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himself to so extream poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common Gaol among the poorest sort of Prisoners, who live by the alms & charity of well disposed people, his clothes being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lie on, nor hardly bread to suffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends & acquaintance, who will rather see him starve and die than relieve him: And yet in all these extremities, & at the very lowest ebb of these his wants and miseries, he will yet neither look down into his Conscience, heart and soul with sorrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his foul sins and vices, especially not for this his cruel and lamentable poysoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in Prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, much less to pity him, and least of all to relieve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old Baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, than of her courtesie or charity to him, although she disdain to go her self into prison to see *Castruchio*, yet she is contented sometimes to send him her Son *Bernardo*, a boy of some sixteen years of age to go his errands, so his necessity making his invention pregnant & clear-sighted, after he had tried all his friends & acquaintance with Notes & Letters, which return still empty sifted, his memory at the last falls & pitcheth on *Borlary* who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the world to redress his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often sends *Bernardo* with many pitiful requests and intreaties for mony, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary considering that he hath far more cause and reason to love *Castruchio* than to hate him, for that (by vertue of the premises) he sees his own life to lie at the mercy of his tongue, although he rather wish him in Heaven than in Prison, yet being extreamly covetous, & yet holding himself both in conscience and discretion bound to relieve him; he therefore sends him some small sums of money, but no way enough to buy him Clothes, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintain life in him, much less to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth *Castruchio* send the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for mony, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to part with no more mony (God here makes his covetousness partly the means to chalk out a way to his own confusion) and is resolved neither to speak nor to see *Bernardo*, to that effect gives order to his servants: when little *Bernardo* seeing that he wears out his time, and his shoos in vain, to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knows will not be spoken with by him, he tells *Castruchio* that he provide himself of another Messenger towards *Borlary*, for he will go no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impossible for him to speak with him: and at this discourtesie of *Borlary*, *Castruchio* doth now bite his lip with discontent, and hang his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to assume bad blood, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the consideration of his own safety or danger makes him patient and silent; But God will not have him to continue so long, for almost presently we shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuosity, and his silence break out into extream choler and indignation against him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her sinful profession) as often as she hears or knows, that *Castruchio* had any mony from *Borlary*, so often she would come to the Prison to him, and speedily carouse and consume it with him; but when by her Son *Bernardo* she sees his purse shut, that fountain exhausted, and that her boy could no more see *Borlary* but a woodden face, I mean his door shut, then she (resembling her self) again forsakes *Castruchio*, and will neither see him nor come near his Prison, so that at last he not seeing *Bernardo*, nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weeks, or well near a month together, and being ready to perish, starve and die under the heavy burthen and pressure of his wants, he earnestly sends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and causeth her to be informed, that if she will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will speedily send him some store of mony, and then she shall have a share and part thereof, so when no other respect or consideration will, then this of money again brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the Prison to *Castruchio*, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and five Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to affect his business, he exceedingly incensed with choler and revenge against *Borlary* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with speed, care, and secresie to deliver it into *Borlary* his own hands and to no other, which Letter of his spake this language.

CASTRU-

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knowst that for three hundred Duckatons which thou gavest me, I poysoned Seignior Planeze *in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be so hard and cruel-hearted against me to suffer me to die in Prison for want of so small a sum as twenty Duckatons? I am made of the same flesh and blood as thou art, and although my fortunes be low plunged, yet my heart is so high-seated and elevated, that I give thee to understand that I will rather consent to be hanged than starved. Wherefore because my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to secure thy self from the other, fail not speedily to send me the said twenty Duckatons by this bearer* Dorilla, *whom I have entrusted with my Letter fast-sealed (and so mayst thou with thine) but for the secret therein (which thou wotest of) she is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courtesie thou shalt not only tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and soul to silence, or else not. Amidst thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reserved me to make thee know, that thou doest not use, but abuse it, and therein thy self.*

CASTRUCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Castruchio*, she puts it into her purse and promiseth him her best care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlary*, although she confesseth that she neither knew him nor his house: But see here the providence and mercy of God which clearly resplends and shines in the deportment and action of this beastly old Bawd, for she meeting with some of her Gamesters and Gossips in the street (though contrary to the custom of *Italy*) away they go to a Tavern, where they all swill their heads and brains with Wine, especially *Dorilla*. So the day being far spent, her business for *Castruchio* is ended ere begun; for she forgetting her self cannot remember his Letter, but as fast as her reeling legs will permit her, away she speeds towards her own house, which was some half a mile off in the City. But when she was in the streets and had a little taken the Air, then she calls *Castruchio*'s Letter to mind, and her promise to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) she hath quite forgotten; for she cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at last remembring the Letter to be in her Purse and she by this time in the midst of the City, she takes it out in her hand, and seeing a fair, yet sorrowful young Lady to stand at the street door of her house all in mourning Attire, and no body neer her, after she had done her duty to her, she reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immensity of his pleasure, having so ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our sweet *Felisanna*, (who for the death of her dear Husband *Planeze*, hath dighted her self all in mourning attire and apparel, thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart:) Who reading the superscription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by some motion or inspiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from sending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman, From whom this Letter came; *Dorilla* (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as she was guilty of drunkenness) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Prison, named *Castruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Felisanna* again blushed, and then paleth, as if God had some news to reveal her by this Letter, because she remembreth that this *Castruchio*, as we have formerly understood was the very same Apothecary who gave her Husband *Planeze* Physick a little before his death; Whereupon she praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her house, because she purposely and politiquely affirmed she could not read written-hand her self, but would pray her Father to do it; she leaves her in the outer Hall, and her self goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, she at the very first sight had knowledg that her Husband was poysoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenness of this old woman, she for meer grief and sorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a swound, had not her Father and some of his servants, who over-hearing her passionate out-cries, come speedily to her assistance; which yet could not awake *Dorilla*, who had no sooner sate her self down in a chair in the Hall, but being top-heavy with Wine, she presently fell asleep. *Miniata* rousing up his fainting and sorrowful Daughter, brought her again to her self; and seeing her in a bitter agony and passion of sorrow, demands of her the cause thereof: When the brinish tears trickling down her vermilion cheeks, she crossing her arms, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to speak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; *Miniata* perusing it, is as much astonished with grief, as his Daughter is afflicted with sorrow

at this poysoning of her Husband and his Son-in-Law *Planeze*; so inquiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighs and pauses tells him, that it was th: mercy and providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both go to her, and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, Where, and from whom she had this Letter; who as drunken as this Bawd is, she is constant in her first speech, and confession to *Felisanna*, that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murther of his Son-in-Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio*'s Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-house, where he finds out the Podestate and Prefect of the City, and shewing them the Letter which revealed the poysoning and Poysoners of *Planeze* his Son-in-Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowful Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they first examine the Lady *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first Deposition. Whereat these grave and old personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, should make himself the guilty and bloody Author of so foul a murther; they likewise (admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Sergeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they go to their *Forum* (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Do illa*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Author, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Sergeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own house ruffling in a new rich sute of Apparel, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold-buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seek in marriage a very rich young widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Author thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his brest, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he imbrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himself and *Castruchio* are brought to the State-house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them do confess themselves guilty of this foul murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last she brings him to the Gallows against her will. In the morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and resort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their souls for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio* seeming no way repentant or sorrowful for this his foul Fact, uttered a short prayer to himself, and so caused the Top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he thereupon delivered this short and religious speech.

That he grieved in his heart, and was sorrowful in soul, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planeze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death he affirmed, he was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowful; That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Devil, who first drew him lustfully to affect the fair, chast, and vertuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courtesan

tesan: That he was infinitely sorrowful for all these his enormous crimes, for the which he religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felisanna*, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soul; that he was more careful of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the original cause of this his misery. So again, commending himself to the prayers, and recommending his sinful, yet sorrowful soul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetual divorce between his soul and his body, which pious and courteous speech of his, was as great a consolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Castruchio* was a terrour to the vitious Spectators and Auditors: So to confirm the sentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is presently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deserved deaths of these three irreligious and unfortunate persons: Of *Romeo* the Lacquie. Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Castruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of Hosts (in due time) justly triumph over their execrable crimes in their sharp punishments, and shameful ends. Pray we that we may read this their History with fear, and, as religious and Godly Christians, remember their lamentable murthers with horrour and detestation.

at this poysoning of her Husband and his Son-in-Law *Planeze*; so inquiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighs and pauses tells him, that it was th: mercy and providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both go to her, and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, Where, and from whom she had this Letter; who as drunken as this Bawd is, she is constant in her first speech, and confession to *Felisanna*, that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murther of his Son-in-Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio*'s Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-house, where he finds out the Podestate and Prefect of the City, and shewing them the Letter which revealed the poysoning and Poysoners of *Planeze* his Son-in-Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowful Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they first examine the Lady *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first Deposition. Whereat these grave and old personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, should make himself the guilty and bloody Author of so foul a murther; they likewise (admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Sergeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they go to their *Forum* (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Author, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Sergeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own house ruffling in a new rich sute of Apparel, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold-buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seek in marriage a very rich young widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Author thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his brest, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he imbrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himself and *Castruchio* are brought to the State-house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examine them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them do confess themselves guilty of this foul murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last she brings him to the Gallows against her will. In the morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and resort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their souls for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio* seeming no way repentant or sorrowful for this his foul Fact, uttered a short prayer to himself, and so caused the Top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he thereupon delivered this short and religious speech.

That he grieved in his heart, and was sorrowful in soul, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planeze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death he affirmed, he was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowful; That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Devil, who first drew him lustfully to affect the fair, chast, and vertuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courtesan

tesan: That he was infinitely sorrowful for all these his enormous crimes, for the which he religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felisanna*, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soul; that he was more careful of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the original cause of this his misery. So again, commending himself to the prayers, and recommending his sinful, yet sorrowful soul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetual divorce between his soul and his body, which pious and courteous speech of his, was as great a consolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Castruchio* was a terrour to the vitious Spectators and Auditors: So to confirm the sentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is presently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deserved deaths of these three irreligious and unfortunate persons: Of *Romeo* the Lacquie. Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Castruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of Hosts (in due time) justly triumph or'e their execrable crimes in their sharp punishments, and shameful ends. Pray we that we may read this their History with fear, and, as religious and Godly Christians, remember their lamentable murthers with horrour and detestation.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays *and his Brother* Montagne, *kill* Champigny *and* Marin *(his Second) in a Duel*; Blancheville *(the widdow of* Champigny*) in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley *(ſervant to* Beaumarays*) to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtol, which he doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the Wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

LET all Religious Chriſtians examine their hearts and ſouls, with what face we can tread on Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we ſtab at the majeſty of God, in killing and murthering Man, his Image: a bloody crime, ſo repugnant to nature, as reaſon abhors it; a ſcarlet and crying ſin, ſo oppoſite to Grace, as God and his Angels deteſt it. And yet if ever *Europe* were ſtained or ſubmerged with it, now it is; for as a ſwift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flows, and overflows in moſt Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, inſomuch as (in deſpight of divine and human Laws) it is now (almoſt) generally grown to a wretched cuſtom, and that almoſt to a ſecond nature. A fatal example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will report and relate us. Wherein God's Juſtice hath ſo ſharply and ſeverely puniſhed the perpetrators thereof, that if we either acknowledg God for our Father, or our ſelves for his children and ſervants, it will teach us to be leſs revengeful, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgments.

I will now relate a ſad and bloody Hiſtory, which betided in the fair City of *Chartres* (the Capital of the fertil Country of *Beauſſe*) ſo famous for her ſumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the bleſſed *Virgin Mary*, as alſo for that *Henry* the fourth (that great King, and unparalleld Captain of *France*) during the combuſtions of the League, was (deſpight of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleaſant City, as there ſtill dwell ſome Noble-

men,

men and many Gentlemen, in respect of the sweet air, and goodly Champaign Countrey thereabouts (second for that to no other in *France*;) So of late years there resided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well descended, being both of them heirs to their two deceased Fathers. The one of them named *Monsieur de Campigny*, and the other *Monsieur de Beaumarays*, and their Demains and Lands lay within seven Leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendosme*. Now the better to see them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and slender, and of fair and sanguine complexions, and very near of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty six years old, and *Beaumarays* twenty four, and yet the last had a beard, and the first none; and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the nobler descended. Now to lay this History upon its proper seat, and natural foundation, we must understand that there was a very rich Counsellor of the Presidial-Court of *Chartres*, named *Monsieur de Rosaire*, whose wife being dead, left him no other child, but one fair young Daughter, of the age of some eighteen years, named *Madaymoyselle de Blancheville*, very tall and slender of stature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a coal black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and gesture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both these our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and passionate Rivals to marry her, insomuch as the one of them could difficultly be absent from the Fathers house, and Daughters company, but the other was present, which ingendred some malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-search and more) as the Willow was destined and reserved for *Beaumarays*, so was the Laurel for *Champigny*; for, to his joy, *Blancheville*'s desire, and her Fathers content he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays*, knowing his birth to be more noble and his breeding far more generous than that of *Champigny* (though not in outward shew, yet in inward sense) was extreamly discontented and sorrowful, but to remedy it he could not.

In such, and the like refusing accidents, discretion is ever far better than passion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at least will not, be of this temper. He forsakes reason to flie to choler, and so loseth his real and solid judgment, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For, being at supper in company of some five or six Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he transported with malice and revenge toward her, forgat himself so far, as (between jest and earnest) to let fall these indiscreet and rash words, *That she was more disdainful than chaste*: a speech which he shall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought still to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, because their loss thereof can seldom be repaired, but never so well or so fully recovered, but that there still remains some stain or blemish thereof. This undeserved scandal of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam*-Mistriss, *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are such, as there are few companies without a Fool or a Traitor to their friends, and some are accompanied with both. *Monsieur Marin*, a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vain than honest) will make himself one of this last number: for he being ambitiously desirous to skrew himself into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville* (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this speech of *Beaumarays*, whereat she is exceedingly incensed and exasperated: But for that time (as a true woman) she dissembles her malice and revenge towards him, and so rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of silence; but yet with this condition and reservatiou, that hereafter she will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuosity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat she is so far from grieving, as she rejoyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of seats in the Church (as being both of one Parish) as also for that he takes the holy Bread first, and goes before him in all Processions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grain to yield that to him which he never yielded, and is therefore resolute to justifie his equality of birth and consequently not to wrong his Ancestours in himself. When seeing *Beaumarays* passionately bent to maintain and preserve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Justice, and so presently puts him in suit of Law for the same in the Presidial Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whose pride in her self exceeded her birth, and whose malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, at the least surmounted her discretion and reason) brings no water to quench, but oyl to inflame this quarrel betwixt him and her husband, when seeing them already entred into a deep process of Law; she disdaining to see her self thus abused, and her husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before she have written him these lines.

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

WAs it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy false and scandalous speeches to Monsieur Mario, *and others, but thou must now attempt to disgrace my Husband in the Church? And because these crimes of thine are so unjust and odious, as they deserve acknowledgment and satisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy self; therefore I speedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or Presence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuse thy self and us, in points of these high natures; whereof the first cannot, the second will not admit of any other excuse or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my mind; as thou hast heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Consider therefore seriously with thy self, what thou hast to do herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own discretion, and as soon as I receive thine answer and resolution, I will not fail speedily to return thee mine.*

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, she is irresolute with her self, by whom to send it him; but at last she sends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only she intrusteth this great secret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his own hands, and to crave his answer thereof. *Martha* being a witty fair maid, of some two and twenty years of age, goes to *Beaumarays* house, and speaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his master is now busie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that she shall immediatly speak with him as soon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amorously gazing and rangeing upon the excellency of her blushing beauty, and upon her sweet Vermilion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter, is surprized and ravished. Here *Le Valley* kisseth and rekisseth *Martha*; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleasant love-speeches, yea, then and there loves her so dearly, as he vows she shall remain his mistress, and he her servant till death. So some half an hour after, the two Gentlemen take leave of his master, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her mistresses Letter and message: so he wondring at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and so steps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuseth his own indiscretion, in speaking against *Blancheville's* chastity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last scorning her and that resolution, he then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to *Martha*, and with a disdainful frowning look, bids her tell her mistress from him, that her malicious, proud, and foolish Letter shall have no other answer from him, but contempt and silence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her mistress, but *Beaumarays* his first resolution is his last; so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the master is not so unkind to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers shop, buys her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledg of his future affection, bestows them on her, the which (without farther excuse or ceremony) she thankfully accepteth, and promiseth him to wear them for his sake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Mistress, she delivers her *Beaumarays* his answer, *verbatim* as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* seeing her self thus wronged and slighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worse, that he peremptorily refuseth and scorneth to answer her Letter; She is so strangely transported with malice and choler towards him for the same, as she vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet she knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it; only she again resolves, not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some desired opportunity.

Two years are almost past away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great cost and charge) do vehemently contest in Law about their Church quarrel for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themselves, then any way out of piety towards God. And as most of the great Judicial Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppressed with Law-sutes of this nature; so I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatal rock, whereon many hot contentious *French* spirits do most inconsiderately suffer shipwrack. At the end of which time (as the loss of one party proves still the gain of the other) the Presidial Court of *Chartres* pronounceth sentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him

him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns, charge and dammage, to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudicial and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wive's hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choler, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledg hereof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this sentence of the Presidial Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth that resolution: He cannot see *Beaumarays* but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: When presently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counsel, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Serou* his foot-man, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

AS thy knowledg is Judg, so Monsieur Marin *is Witness, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsly vomited forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much less to be digested and suffered by a Husband: Therefore thank thy self, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on my valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horse-back, on Tuesday next, betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedg of the very first Vineyard beyond the River, where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of this Duel will prov glorious for me, and shameful and ruinous for thy self.*

CHAMPIGNY.

Serou (according to his charge and duty) finds out *Beaumarays* in his own house, and very secretly gives him his Master's Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himself: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of *Champigny*, the foolish malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the base treachery of *Marin* towards him; he is so courageous and generous, as he disdains to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteems far dearer and precious than his life;) especially by *Champigny*, who he holds to be much his inferiour in valour and blood. He therefore trips to his Study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my self Judg, so I desire not to be Witness either of thy wifes chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her self, and her self to thee. Marin *shall have time to repent his treachery towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealousie into Judgment. But because I see thy choler now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audacious, to seek and preserve thy wifes honour with the loss and ruin of mine; know therefore, that I wish and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horse-back, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledg, that our words are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better; and consequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your superiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.*

BEAUMARAYS.

He

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

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him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns, charge and dammage, to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudicial and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wive's hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choler, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledg hereof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this sentence of the Presidial Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth that resolution: He cannot see *Beaumarays* but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: When presently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counsel, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Serou* his foot-man, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

AS thy knowledg is Judg, so Monsieur Marin *is Witness, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsly vomited forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much less to be digested and suffered by a Husband: Therefore thank thy self, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on my valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horse-back, on Tuesday next, betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedg of the very first Vineyard beyond the River, where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of this Duel will prove glorious for me, and shameful and ruinous for thy self.*

CHAMPIGNY.

Serou (according to his charge and duty) finds out *Beaumarays* in his own house, and very secretly gives him his Master's Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himself: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of *Champigny*, the foolish malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the base treachery of *Marin* towards him; he is so couragious and generous, as he disdains to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteems far dearer and precious than his life;) especially by *Champigny*, who he holds to be much his inferiour in valour and blood. He therefore trips to his Study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my self Judg, so I desire not to be Witness either of thy wifes chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her self, and her self to thee. Marin *shall have time enough to repent his treachery towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealousie into Judgment. But because I see thy choler now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audacious, to seek and preserve thy wifes honour with the loss and ruin of mine; know therefore, that to cherish and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horse-back, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledg, that our words are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better; and consequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your superiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.*

BEAUMARAYS.

He

He hath no sooner ended this his Letter, but he presently begins to think of his second, when calling to mind, that his own younger Brother *Le Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of some twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duels, and in both of them come off with honour, he sends for him to his closet, and there shews him *Champigny* his challenge, and his answer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any stomack to second him at this feast, his Brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his second; vows, that if he had many lives as he hath but one, he is ready to sacrifice them all at his feet and service; and courageously tells him, he should have taken it for a sensible affront, disgrace, and injury, if he had made choice of any other then himself: So they both prepare their horses, Swords, and courages against the approaching time, and no less doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarays and his Brother *Montagne* conceal this business from all the world; and *Champigny* bears it so close and secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himself, smothers it up in silence. Tuesday morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at their Rendezvous; first arrived *Champigny* and *Marin*, and presently after them, *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling coursers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a soft trot toward *Beaumarays*, thinking to apologize himself to him; But *Beaumarays* is so brave and generous, as he is deaf to his speeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Swords, not Tongues, which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* missing of his aim, he returns again upon the same trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duels, it is ordered between these four desperate Gentlemen, that their principals shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principals, to see whether their doublets were any more then Sword proof, but they might well have saved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the least shadow or tincture of cowardize; so they cast off their doublets, divide themselves, and then draw, and the first that must and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* (who being some fourscore paces off) they give spurs and rains to their horses, and part as swift as the wind, or rather so furiously and suddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flashes of lightening: At their first encounter, *Beaumarays* runs *Champigny* through his shirt-band, into the right side of his neck, and *Champigny* him into his left moulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make short turns with their horses, and so fall to it amain with their Swords, when again *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returns him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortal, they again divide themselves to breathe, which having done, and both of them as yet unsatisfied, they met the second time: at which cloze, *Champigny* misseth *Beaumarays*, and hurts his horse in the neck, but *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* a lick with his sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly) but yet they are too courageous to desist, as scorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves as fortunate for *Beaumarays*, as fatal to *Champigny*; for as his horse stumbleth on his fore feet, *Beaumarays* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the strings of his heart, he presently, in a fainting and faltering language, spake these his last words; *Beaumarays, I forgive thee my death, and God be merciful unto my Soul*, and with the same, fell stark dead from his horse to the ground; When *Beaumarays*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt presently from his horse to his assistance, and so did his own second, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forsaken his body, and consequently, his soul was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathless body with his Cloak, *Beaumarays* sheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victory.

No sooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his Brother *Beaumarays* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himself, he calls out to his Rival *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother *Beaumarays* notwithstanding his loss of much blood, doth infinitely desire to spare his Brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and so to perform it himself. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to understand this motion, or to relish this language from his Brother, and so in hot words and high terms he peremptorily tells him: *That he came to fight with* Marin, *and fight he would*: whereupon his Brother *Beaumarays* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and so with his Cloak muffled about him sits down a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne*

tagne remounting his Steed, he calls out again to *Marin* and bids him to prepare to fight. *Marin* no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate disaster of his principal, but rather the more exasperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vows to sell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adversary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themselvs and draw, and so part each towards other, I know not whether with more swiftness or courage; At their first encounter *Marin* runs *Montagne* into the small of the belly of a slight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great slash on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When presently closing again, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arm, and then they divide themselvs to take breath, and for all these their wounds being as yet incapable to appease or satisfie their courages, they presently determine again to fall to it with bravery and resolution; When behold the Marquess of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his sons, and their train passeth that way from *Chartres* to go to *Paris*, and seeing two Gentlemen on Horseback in their shirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duel, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little meddow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* seeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more hast than good speed, set Spurs to their horses the sooner, at this their second meeting *Montagne* warding *Marin*'s sword, and putting it by, doth at the very same instant run him thorow the body a little below his Navel, of which mortal wound he fell presently from his Horse dead to the ground, uttering only these words: *O Montagne, thou hast slain me: Thou hast slain me, God receive my Soul:* and then and there without speaking a word more immediately died.

No sooner hath *Montagne* wiped and sheathed up his Sword, but his joyful Brother *Beaumarays* gallops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the same: When instantly the Marquess of *Bellary*, & the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them though a little too late; They are astonished to see two proper Gentlemen lie there slain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquess, as briefly as his time & their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cause of their quarrel, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and satisfied by them, he sends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And understanding by *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, that for the preservation of their safeties and lives, they were resolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beausse*, and so thwarting o're *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Lesieux*, to imbark themselves for *Caen*, and thence to pass the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgions to dress their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; He very nobly gave them his own Chirurgion and guide, and promising them likewise to labour with the King to the utmost of his power, for their peace, he passeth on his Journey, and commits them to their best fortune. A singular, yea, an honourable courtesie of this brave old Marquess of *Bellary*, whose deserts and fame I should much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquess of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* posting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now resounds and rattles with the report and issue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their passions and affections) speak differently thereof; some condemn the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all do highly extoll the courage and generosity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their censures, and come we again to speak of *Blancheville*, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and sorrowfully, that she is ready to drown her self in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terrour to her conscience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them lost their lives for her sake, and when again she falls on the consideration and remembrance, that the first died by the hand and sword of *Beaumarays*, her mortal enemy, and the second by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then she is again ready to burst her heart and brest with sighing thereat. She is so uncapable of Counsel, as she will hear of no consolation, nor speak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*; and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her self. To which end she converts most of her Corn and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, casts her self at the King's feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of *Parliament* for Justice, against *Beaumarays*, the murtherer of her Husband, the which again and again, she aloud resounds and ecchoes forth to their ears; yea, her rage is so great, and her malice so outragious towards him, that notwithstanding his

body is abſent, yet ſhe ſpends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Cuſtom of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: But although her ſuit be juſt, yet (by reaſon of his great friends in Court) ſhe ſees her ſelf ſo unfortunate, that ſhe cannot obtain it. Whereupon, after twelve months vain ſtay in *Paris*, and a profuſe expence of money, ſhe (with much grief and ſorrow) ſecretly vows to her ſelf, that if ever he return again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that ſhe her ſelf will be both his Judg and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this helliſh reſolution of hers, ſhe deeply ſwears, that neither Earth nor Heaven ſhall divert her.

Now, to follow the natural ſtream and tide of this Hiſtory: We muſt again bring *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne* on the Stage thereof: For the Reader muſt underſtand, that their wounds being dreſſed and ſecured, having beſtowed both their horſes on the Chirurgion and guide, the two ſervants of the aforeſaid Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe written him a thankful Letter for his honourable courteſie extended to them, and therewith likewiſe prayed him to ſolicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their abſence, they privately (without any followers) embark themſelves upon an Engliſh Veſſel at *Caen*, and ſo with a proſperous gale arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horſe for *London*, where they ſettle up their abode and reſidence, from whence *Beaumarays* ſends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them ſome ſix weeks after, and bring their Maſters word how earneſtly and violently their adverſaries follow the rigour and ſeverity of the Law againſt them in *Paris*, but eſpecially againſt *Beaumarays*; they receive theſe advertiſements from their ſervants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own diſgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marqueſſe of *Bellary*, and likewiſe to the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinſman) to haſten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this Reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and abſence as much as they wiſh their ſafety and return, take time at advantage, and the King in a well diſpoſed humor, and ſo do moſt effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majeſty, how theſe two abſent Gentlemen and Brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without juſt cauſe or reaſon, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adverſaries, that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers: that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themſelves: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majeſties Wars; and that their valour and courage was ſuch, that in theſe times, which threatned more trouble then promiſed peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and neceſſary members for his ſervice, with many other prevailing motives and reaſons conducing that way; which at laſt ſo weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentical, they cauſed them to be enregiſtred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marqueſs and Biſhop joyntly and ſpeedily write to them thereof from *Paris*. And after ſome few months of their ſtay in *London*, they ſend them over theſe their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Embaſſadour there for this preſent French King, *Lewis XIII*, the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the air of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poſte away to *Dover*, *Calis*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the firſt thing they do, they find out the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the Biſhop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they expreſs a thouſand demonſtrations of unthankfulneſs for this their honour and favour ſhewed them. They likewiſe burn with deſire to teſtifie ſo much to the King, when the Marqueſs, ſeconded by the Biſhop, preſents them to his Majeſty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royal hand to kiſs. They can better expreſs their thankfulneſs in deeds than words to him, and in language of their ſwords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majeſty, that having received their lives of his meer clemency and Royal favour, they moſt humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may ſpend and end them in his ſervice. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his hand to kiſs adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impoſſible, that he ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to uſe their Swords and ſervice, and ſo diſmiſſeth them.

Theſe our two Brothers remain a month in *Paris*, wherein almoſt daily they render their thankful reſpects and ſervice to the Marqueſs and Biſhop, at the end whereof leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horſe and return home for *Chartres*, (from which by reaſon of their diſaſter they have been ſo long abſent) where all their Kinsfolks

folks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoice of their fortunate and safe returns. Only the Parents of *Marin* do envy *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville* the sorrowful and incensed Widdow of *Champigny* hates *Beaumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes such good means and friends, that in less than two months he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the first; but although *Beaumarays* have made many fair overtures and proffers of atonement by his friends to the second, yet in six months he sees it wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still outragious and revengeful towards him, that he thinks he never shall; for she disdains to see him, and scorns to hear of him: and still her malice and indignation against him, makes her constant in her former hellish and bloody resolution, that by one means or other she will e're long murther him, as he hath her Husband: A fearful and most execrable resolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the soul of a Christian.

In the former part of this History we have understood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarays* his man) to *Martha*, *Blancheville*'s Chamber-maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and seen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays*. And we shall not go far before the end hereof will inform us what mournful fruits, and deplorable effects, these different accidents and persons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, so I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, & if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we shal shortly see the Antithesis of this Position made good and verified in the persons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all possible means how he may marry *Martha*; so is *Blancheville* maliciously pondering and ruminating with her self how or by what means or agents she may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we see that the heart of the first it is full of kindness and courtesie, as the mind and resolutions of the second is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, since *Le Valley* first saw and spake with his sweet-heart *Martha*, in his master's house, that there hath past many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her consent to marry him, for still she tells him that she loves her mistress so dearly, that she will not depart from her service, nor wed any man, without her free consent, and therefore that they have far more reason to doubt than to hope of this match between them, considering the lamentable accident and disaster which hath past between their Masters. *Le Valley* seeing he must first win the mistress, before he can wed the maid, with his sweet-hearts advice, resolves to seek *Blancheville*'s consent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inckling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of marriage, now by this motion thereof to her self, she is fully confirmed thereof. When observing more passion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his speeches to her self; she presently (being industrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all Goodness; abandoneth all Christianity and humanity, and so the Devil brings her a plot, or else her own heart and head fetcht it from Hell, She thinks that this poor servant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and instrument for her, either to poyson or pistol his Master *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his consideration of her fresh youth and beauty, is a sufficient bait, and powerful lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon she settles up her bloody resolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already sufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and closely and finely spun it in her brains, she politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than despair, that he shall shortly marry her maid *Martha*; only she tells him she must confer with her, to see how she stands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, she will then assuredly give him such an answer, as she doubts not but will content and please him, or else the fault shall be his: But to conclude her speech, she chargeth him not to speak or utter a word hereof to his master *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiseth her to perform. He goes from the mistress to the maid, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folks flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whose heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge towards *Beaumarays*) no sooner understands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doors, but she sends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policy) she chargeth her to swear that she will never marry *Le Valley* without her free consent, and that in the end she shall not repent the following of her advice and counsel herein, which *Martha* solemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and satisfied.

The end of the week being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his ſweet heart *Martha*, to know if ſhe be ſhortly reſolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her leſſon, tells him plainly, that ſhe will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her miſtreſs *Blancheville*'s conſent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyful, he giving her many kiſſes, intreats her to bring him to her Miſtreſs, and that he hopes to receive pleaſing news from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatiency) attends his comming, and receives and welcomes him into her Cloſet with a cheerful countenance, where bolting the door, this helliſh *Erynnis* (not Heavenly *Urania*) paſſionately tells him, that it ſhall be impoſſible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*. except he firſt ſwear to her to perform a ſecret buſineſs for her, which infinitely concerns her content and ſervice. *Le Valley* deſires to know of her what it is, but ſhe firſt ſwears him to ſecrecy herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely ſwears: Then *Blancheville* (with hypocritical, yea with diabolical tears in her eyes) being inſtructed and prompted by the Devil, repreſenteth unto him, how foully his Maſter *Beaumarays* had firſt wronged her chaſtity and honour, then abuſed her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he ſhould not only marry her maid *Martha*, but that ſhe would likewiſe give him three hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, if for her ſake, and at her requeſt) he would kill his ſaid Maſter, either by Poyſon, Ponyard, or Piſtol, of which ſum ſhe told him he ſhould have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it; the which if he refuſed to do, ſhe ſwore by her part of Heaven, that he ſhould never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody propoſition and requeſt of hers, the which ſhe might well perceive by the diſtraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the pooreſt Chriſtian in the world, much leſs ſo good and ſo dear a Maſter as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as ſubtil in her malice, as ſhe was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) ſhews *Le Valley* the three hundred Crowns in fair Gold, which was far more than ever before he had ſeen; Tells him what a dear friend ſhe will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractiſed, nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this helliſh fact. But finding him as frozen as ſhe was fiery therein, ſhe bids him to take a weeks time to conſider thereof, then to bring her his laſt reſolution, & withal to remember his oath of ſecrecy herein from all the world, both which points he conſtantly promiſeth her to perform. As he deſcends the ſtairs from her, his ſweet-heart *Martha* comes preſently to him to know the mind and reſolution of her Miſtreſs, whom he thinks good then to ſatisfie with this pleaſing anſwer, that he hopes a ſmall time will work and compaſs both their deſires, So after a few kiſſes and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no ſooner returned home, but his heart is as penſive and ſorrowful, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cauſe thereof. He conſults with himſelf, and his reſolutions are as different as his deſires. He cannot as yet find in his heart to kill his Maſter, and yet he can reſolve rather to die, than to loſe *Martha* his Miſtreſs. True it is, that the ſight of the Lady *Blancheville*'s Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the ſight and remembrance of *Martha*'s ſweet youth and delicious beauty: So the firſt tempts him exceedingly, the ſecond extreamly, and the Devil in both of them infinitely; yet notwithſtanding, his faith and ſoul are ſo ſtrong with God, that hitherto he cannot conſent to be drawn to imbrue his hands in the innocent blood of his Maſter. But here befalls an unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary reſolution.

His Maſter *Beaumarays* (not for want of any reſpect or love to *Blancheville*, but becauſe he perfectly knew ſhe extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley*, that he ſhould not frequent her houſe, nor no more dare to ſeek her maid *Martha* in marriage the which he confidently promiſed him he would. He now underſtands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued ſtill an earneſt ſuitor to her; ſo he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or ſix ſound boxes on the Ear, for his diſobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and ſeek *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly caſhier him, and wholly diſcharge him from his ſervice. *Le Valley* not accuſtomed to receive blows of his Maſter, was ſo extreamly incenſed hereat, as diſdaining the blows for his Maſter, and his Maſter for the blows ſake, they engender ſuch bad blood in him, as he preſently ſtrikes a bargain, firſt with his choler, then with the Devil, that he would now adhere to the requeſt of *Blancheville*, and ſo ſpeedily return his Maſter a ſharp requital and bloody revenge for the ſame; and indeed from that

time

time forward he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and detestation.

So without farther delay, the same night as soon as his Master was gone to bed, he trips away to *Blancheville*'s house, informs her at large what had past betwixt his Master and himself, and therefore assures her that he is fully and constantly resolved to murther him within three or four days, if she would perform her promise to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns, and that also within a Month after he shall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond measure joyful, she faithfully and solemnly swears him the performance thereof, when (as a pledg of the rest) she presently pays him down the first hundred and fifty in Gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purseth up. But the Receipt thereof shall cost dear.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, these two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, she proposeth that infernal drug, poyson; but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And because she dislikes to have him ponyard'd, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he shall pistol him to death: and this is their definitive, cruel, and hellish resolution. *Le Valley* having thus dispatcht his business with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kisses of his sweet *Martha*, (who poor soul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and solely guilty of this deplorable conspiration) he puts a cheerful countenance on his revengeful heart, so returns home, and the very next day gets his Master's pocket Pistol, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and watcheth every day and hour for a desired opportunity to send him to Heaven. So the third after Monsieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spaniels, and taking almost all his men-servants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Master, then and there this fatal occasion answered his prodigious expectation. For that very fore-noon, his Master *Beaumarays* comming from the house of Office, he calls up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to truss his points, which wretched Villain he is busie in performing, but alas, in a most barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing less than of his danger or death, then this monster of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very softly drew his Pistol out of his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernal courage and audacity) shot him into the Reyns of his back, nearly opposite to his heart, whereof he presently fell down dead to the ground, without having either the power or happiness to utter one prayer or word whatsoever, but only two or three small fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloody and execrable wretched *Le Valley*, seeing his Master dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to see what a brave Butcher he had proved himself in so speedily and neatly dispatching him. When to put the better varnish on his villany, and so to make it appear to the World, that his Master was his own Murtherer, he taketh the Pistol and placeth it in his dead right hand, & layes the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a strong Spring-lock puls & shuts it fast after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear & conspicuous to the world, he speedily & secretly taking a horse out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fist, and a Spaniel at his heels, and so very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after some hour at least, or hour and half at most) he finds out Monsieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Master dispatcht him to him with a fresh Hawk, which was his best and chiefest Gashawk. They Hawk all day together, and *LE VALLET* (as accustomed) is very officious and diligent to Monsieur *MONTAGNE*, who towards night returns home to *Chartres*, having (between them all) taken eight Patridges, and one Pheasant. He arrives at his Brother's house, where missing him, he gives the Pheasant & four of the Patridges to the Cook to dress for their Supper; when afterwards again missing his Brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the menial servants of the out-houses tell him they saw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he sends up *Le Valley* to look him in his Chamber, who returns him this answer, that his Master is not there, but the door is shut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his Brother's long & unaccustomed absence, and so do all his servants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at some neighbour's house, he sends *Le Valley* one way, and the rest of the servants to other places to find him out; but whiles they seek after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away speedily to the Lady *Blancheville*'s house, and there most briefly and secretly acquaints her how bravely he hath dispatched his Master that forenoon. She cannot contain her self for joy of this sweet news, nor express it to him in less than a kiss, he says he will tell her the rest to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promise to him, the which she again and again swears to him, she will perform it with a surplusage and

advantage, ſo he kiſſeth his ſweet-heart *Martha*, and again diſpeeds himſelf home: Where he and the reſt of the ſervants who were ſent into the ſtreets, return *Montagne* no news of their Maſter his Brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long miſſing of him, doth at laſt bring him much doubt, and ſome ſuſpition and fear of his welfare. It runs ſtill in his mind, that he may be yet aſleep in his Chamber; wherefore he aſcends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his ſervants, who call aloud, and bounce amain at the door, but they hear no anſwer nor ſpeech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his fear of his Brother: At laſt he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and ſtrong, they cannot. *Montagnes* tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increaſe his fear of him, which at laſt ſo powerfully ſurpriſeth him, that he preſently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brother's Chamber window towards the Garden, and ſends up one of his Lacquys with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquy forced open the Caſement, and then thruſt in his Torch firſt, and his head after, which he ſpeedily withdrawing very paſſionately crieth out: That his Maſter hath murthered himſelf with his Piſtol, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable news tears his hair, weeps, and cries out amain for ſorrow thereof, and ſo do all his ſervants. Among whom *Le Valley* is obſerved to be one of the moſt, who weeps and crys mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almoſt as dead with grief and ſorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarays* was with his wounds; he bids the Lacquy to tear down the Caſement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth: So he with *Le Valley*, and the reſt of the ſervants, aſcend and enter the Chamber, where (to their unexpreſſible grief and ſorrow) they ſee this mournful and murthered perſonage, with the diſcharged Piſtol faſt in his hand, and the key of the Chamber-door on the Table, as hath been already expreſſed. Once *Montagne* thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but ſeeing all his Trunks faſt locked; and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewels there in good order, he abandons that ſuſpition and Jealouſie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath abſolutely murthered himſelf. The report of this Tragical and ſorrowful accident ſounds loud through the ſtreets of *Chartres*. *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Attorney, and the Fiſcal to ſee, & Chirurgions to viſit his dead Brothers body, they all concur and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his ſervants, and ſo generally affirm and conclude, That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Piſtol) ſhot himſelf into the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is ſweet muſick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormwood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* with all requiſite order, ſtate and decency, ſolemnizeth his Brother's Funerals, and not only all *Chartres* but all *Beauſſe*, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Biſhop of *Chartres*, the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the King himſelf much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loſs of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and ſorrow of *Montagne* for his Brother's untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphs, ſo for her part, ſhe is ſo extreamly delighted and raviſhed with this ſweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) ſhe gives him his hundred and fifty Crowns, and becauſe he hath diſpatched his Maſter *Beaumarays* ſo ſpeedily and ſecretly, ſhe therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crowns) and likewiſe gives it him: When to make good her oath and promiſe to him (as alſo to make his pretended joy compleat) the very ſame day month after, marrieth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cemented with innocent blood, never have proſperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortal enemy *Beaumarays*, & now likewiſe is *Le Valley* (in his conceit & mind) rapt up into the third heaven of joy, in injoying his fair and ſweet wife *Martha*; and neither of them hath the conſcience to think of, or the grace to repent this foul and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they leaſt dream thereof) we ſhall ſee God in his ſacred mercy in Juſtice, will ſpeedily detect, revenge and puniſh as the ſequel thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of *Beaumarays* proceeded primarily from God, ſo it did ſecondly from his ſorrowful Brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witneſſes and evidence (& wholly guided by ſacred power, and ſwayed by divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumſtances and conſiderations, every way worthy of our knowledg, and retention. The firſt was his finding and peruſing of *Blancheville*'s Letter to his Brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have ſeen) wherein he obſerved a wonderful deal of inveterate malice towards him from her: The ſecond was *Le Valley*'s ſudden marrying of her Chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which he conceived, that that ſuſpition ſtrongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the ſight of the Diamond-Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the ſame which we have

formerly

formerly seen *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had stoln it from his dead Brother, his Master, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to clear himself of this pretended theft, was inforced to inform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Mistris: the which confession of his, indeed added much suspition and jealousie of them both to the heart and mind of *Montagne*, as believing that it must be some extraordinary tye and service, which should make *Le Valley* capable to deserve so great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and last consideration was far more powerful and prevalent with him than all the three former, to ground his suspition against *Le Valley* for this murthering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deservedly admire and wonder at the celestial providence and justice of God, which most miraculously and divinely appears herein; for the same day two months after the murther of *Beaumarays*, and the same day month that *Le Valley* married his Wife *Martha*, it pleased the Lord (in his secret pleasure and justice) to send him a Gangrene in his right hand; which beginning to extend and spread, his Chirurgions, to save his life, advised his said hand to be speedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This sudden cutting off *Le Valley*'s right hand, by advice of his Chirurgions, brings terror to him, fear to *Blancheville*, and astonishment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate spirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which pistolled his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impossible, that *Blancheville* might be the Author, and he the Actor of this cruel murther. Wherefore grounding this his strong suspition upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and disposition, as also on his own four former premised serious considerations and circumstances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the *Seneshal*, and King's Attorney of that City, and accuseth *Le Valley* to be the murtherer of his brother *Beaumarays*.

The wise and prudent Judges, advertised the Presidial Court thereof likewise: So they presently caused him to be apprehended and imprisoned for the same; they charge him with this cruel murther committed on the person of his Master, but he stoutly denies it with many fearful Oaths and Imprecations: But his Crime being greater than his Apology, they adjudg him to the wrack, where in the midst of his tortures, God so deals with his heart and prevails with his soul, that he confessed, it was he who murthered his Master *Beaumarays* with a Pistol charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred Crowns in gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finish it. At the relation and confession whereof, *Montagne* and the Judges exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded if his Wife *Martha* were not likewise accessary with them in this murther, he freely and constantly told them that she was not, and that he would take it on his death, that she was every way as innocent, as himself and *Blancheville* her Mistris were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court speedily send Serjeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is so far from the apprehension or fear of any danger, as she dreams not thereof: They find her in her own house playing on her Lute, and singing in company of many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants seize on her, and tell her her accusation and crime, whereat she is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no less do those who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who strongly accuse her for being the Author of this cruel murther of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valley*'s full and free confession thereof, as we have formerly understood: When here, sometimes with tears, and then again with passion and choler, she tells the Judges, That *Le Valley* is a devil and a villain thus to accuse her falsly: That she never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God to witness that she is not guilty, but wholly innocent of that murther.

But this poor and passionate Apology of hers will not pass current with her Lyncie-eyed Judges who cause her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who stands firm to his former accusation against her, and yet her faith is so weak with God, and so strong with Satan, as with many cries and curses she again and again cries out and protesteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring and part of her Gold, but she boldly denies, and stoutly forswears both: So they presently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much constancy she permits her self to be fastned: But at the very first touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook those exquisite torments, God was pleased to be so gracious and merciful to her soul, as she presently (with many tears) cries out that she was the guilty Author of this horrible murther, and so in all points and circumstances concurs and agrees with *Le Valley*'s deposition and accusation against her: Here her Judges again demand of her if her Maid *Martha* were never accessary or consenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloody

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Fact, but ſhe vows to them, that upon peril of her Soul, ſhe was abſolute ignorant thereof, ſo hereupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is again looſed from the Rack, and brought away to the Tribunal of Juſtice, and ſo likewiſe is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the King's Attorney preſently crave judgment of the Preſidents againſt theſe two Murtherers, who after a long and religious ſpeech which they made, both to them and to all who were preſent upon this bloody fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudg *Le Valley*, the very next day to be broken on the Wheel alive, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which gave matter of Univerſal ſpeech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*.

We have ſeen the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther, committed by theſe two unfortunate Wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and juſtice of God) we are come to ſee the Triumphs of his Revenge to fight againſt them in their condign puniſhments for the ſame. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their priſons, and the ſame night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Chriſtian Charity) direct and prepare their ſouls for heaven. So the next morning, about ten of the clock, they are brought to the common place of Execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be Spectators of theſe their unfortunate ends, and deplorable Tragedies: And firſt *Le Valley* aſcends the ſcaffold; who is ſad and penſive, and ſays little elſe in effect but this, that it was partly *Blancheville*'s Gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his Wife *Martha*, which firſt drew him to murder his dear Maſter *Beaumarays*, whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and ſorrowful, and beſought the Lord to pardon him; He here took it to his death, that his ſaid Wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore beſeeched *Monſieur Montagne* to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewiſe prayed to forgive him; when uttering a few *Ave Maries* to himſelf, and often marking himſelf with the ſign of the Croſs: He was by his Executioner preſently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immediately died.

Le Valley was no ſooner diſpatched, but up comes our Femal Monſter *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whoſe youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of moſt of her Spectators: in her countenance ſhe was very ſad and mournful, and yet I am enforced to confeſs this truth of her, (that in the laſt Scene and Act of her life) her Pride and Vanity ſo far uſurped on her judgment, her piety, and her ſoul, that ſhe came here to take her laſt leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black razed Sattin gown, a crimſon damask Petticoat laid with white Sattin guards, a rich cutwork falling band, her hair all ſtrewed with ſweet powder, decked with white Ribband Knots and Roſes, and a ſnow-white pair of Gloves on her hands, ſo ſhe there craves leave of the people to ſpeak a few words before ſhe dies, which with a well compoſed countenance, and behaviour, ſhe doth in theſe terms.

She ſaid that her dear and tender affection to her Husband *Champigny* occaſioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumarays*, and that as ſoon as he had ſlain him in the field, ſhe in revenge thereof inſtantly reſolved and vowed to ſend him to heaven after him: ſhe affirmed that ſhe was now ſorrowful from her heart and ſoul, that ſhe had cauſed *Le Valley* to kill this his Maſter; alſo that ſhe was ſo unfortunate and miſerable, as now to ſee him die for her ſake and ſervice, in requital whereof ſhe gave all her apparel, and ſome of her Plate and Jewels to her old Maid, now his new Wife *Martha*, whom ſhe affirmed in preſence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or conſenting to this lamentable murther, which ſhe beſeeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her: ſhe likewiſe beſought *Montagne* and *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were preſent to pray to God for her ſoul: ſhe conjured all Ladies and Gentlewomen who were ſorrowful eye-witneſſes of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and ſo to hate Malice and Revenge in themſelves as much as ſhe loved it: When again praying all her Spectators to pray to God for her, ſhe after a few *Pater-noſters*, and *Ave Maries* was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deſerved death of theſe two bloody Wretches, *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this ſharp manner did God juſtly revenge and puniſh this their horrible crime of murther: Whoſe untimely and unfortunate deaths left much grief to their living Parents and Friends, and generally to all who either ſaw or knew them. May we read this their Hiſtory, firſt to the honour of God, and then to our own Inſtruction and Reformation: That the ſight and remembrance of theſe their puniſhments may deter us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloody crimes, *Amen*.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia: *He ſome twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son* Thomaſo: *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father) doth accuſe him for that robbery; for which he is hanged.*

THoſe who (by the pernicious inſtigation and fatal temptation of Satan) do wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent blood, and ſo make themſelves guilty of Murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiouſly metamorpheſed themſelves into the nature and quality of Devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Chriſtians deteſtation; ſo moſt commonly (without Gods ſaving grace and mercy) their hearts are ſo obdurated with impenitency of ſecurity, and their ſouls ſeared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheiſtical prophaneneſs and impiety, that they are ſo far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God; and ſo far from fearing of his Judgments and puniſhments, as they are deſperately confident they have not deſerved any: But becauſe their hearts and actions are as tranſparent to Gods eyes and knowledg, as Gods decrees and reſolutions are inviſible to theirs, therefore (deſpight this their blindneſs and the Devils malice and ſubtilty to obſcure and conceal it) this world will afford them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity. But whereſoever they go or live, their guilty thoughts and conſciences, as ſo many helliſh blood-hounds, will inceſſantly purſue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne ſhame, miſery, and confuſion for the ſame: Which this ſubſequent Hiſtory will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable perſonage, whom it mournfully preſents to our view and conſideration. Let us read it in the feat of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Chriſtians to make.

It is not the meanneſs of the perſonages, but the greatneſs and eminency of Gods Judgments, which hath prevailed with me to give this Hiſtory a place among my others: The which to draw from the head-ſpring, and original, we muſt underſtand, that in *ITALY*, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole World) and in the City of *Genoua*, (ſeated upon the Mediteranean Sea, which the Italians for the ſumptuouſneſs and ſtatelineſs of her buildings, do juſtly ſtile and intitle, Proud *Genoua*) neat to the Arſenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young Man, of a coal-black-hair, ſome twenty five years old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Maſter of his Profeſſion, and kept both his Oven and Shop for himſelf; wherein he was ſo induſtrious and provident, that in a ſhort time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleys of this Eſtate and Seigniory: He in few years grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artificers of *Genoua*: but he was ſtill covetous, and ſo addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be reſolved or perſwaded to ſeek any Maid or Widdow in Marriage, ſith he knew it to be one of the greateſt and moſt important actions of our life, and which infallibly draws with it, either our chiefeſt earthly felicity, or miſery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before conſummated on Earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is ſome twenty little miles from *Genoua*; and heretofore was a free City and Eſtate of it ſelf, but now ſwallowed up in the power and opulency of that of *Genoua*; he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhe *Fermia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautiful young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, being tall and ſlender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow hair, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many ſweet qualities and perfections; who although ſhe were ſought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worſt of whom (either for eſtate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet ſhe could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world ſhe (ſecretly in her heart and mind) deſired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo* (with order and diſcretion) ſeeks *Fermia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too ſtrong of purſe, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanical Profeſſion, and ſo gives him a flat and peremptory denial. But *Lorenzo* finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his deſires, for ſhe being as deeply enamoured of his perſonage, as he was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which he had made to her at *Savona*, ſhe conſents and yields to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her Fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwiſe; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compaſs and procure; for her Father knowing *Fermia* to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the conſideration of his own wealth and eſtate, made her every way capable of a far better Husband than *Lorenzo*. As alſo that his Daughter, in reaſon and Religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yield him all duty and obedience (becauſe of him ſhe had formerly received both life and being,) therefore he was reſolute that *Lorenzo* ſhould not have his Daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or conſent to take him for his Son-in-Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchaſed the affection of his ſweet and dear *Fermia*, he now (out of his fervent deſire and zeal to ſee her made his wife, and himſelf her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father *Moron* to conſent thereunto, wherein the more importunate, humble, and dutiful he (both by himſelf and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious, averſe, and obſtinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as diſdaining any farther to hear of this his ſute and motion for his Daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with the firſt repulſe and denyal of her Father, and ſo (notwithſtanding) he again perſevereth in his ſute towards him, with equal humility and reſolution: He requeſteth his conſent to their affections with prayers; and his Daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) ſhe now prays him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himſelf to the ſingularity of his own reſolution and pleaſure) he again proudly refuſeth him with diſdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choler and indignation, and ſo ſecretly vows to himſelf, and publickly ſwears to them that he will firſt dye, and ſalute his Grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his Daughter. Which unkind anſwer and thundring reſolution of his, proves the extream grief of his Daughter

Fermia

Fermia, and infinite affection and sorrow of her lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to bear up with the time, yea and to make a vertue of necessity, by separating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to *Genoua*, and she lives and remains with her Father in *Savona* having no other comfort left them in their absence, but hope, nor no other consolation, but sometimes to visit each other with their Letters, which they do.

Old *Moron* now finds his young Daughter *Fermia*, far more pensive, reserved, and sorrowful than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to see her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to see, that he comes to *Savona*, as also to understand that his Daughter hath no way ingaged her self to him in promise of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and consent thereto, which as heretofore, so now again, he deeply swears, he will never be drawn or perswaded to grant. And the sooner and better eternally and fully to dash these their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it fit for him to provide and requisite to present his Daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choice of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but she will have none of them, for her affection is so deeply fixed, and constantly setled on *Lorenzo*, that say her Father what he will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to see, much less to speak with any one of them: Whereat he calls her fooliſh Giggler, and fond Girl, and swears that he will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and absolutely disinherit her, and leave her a beggar, if she marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choler, and leaves her to her self, to entertain her disconsolate and sad thoughts, with a world of sighs and tears.

As for the Letters which pass from *Genoua* to *Savona*, and that are also returned from *Savona* to *Genoua*, between these our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their History, I have therefore purposely excluded, and for order and brevities sake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience so long, that three years are now past and blown over, since they first saw each other, and since *Lorenzo* first motioned *Moron* for his consent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to these our two young Lovers seemed at least so many ages; the Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or six journeys from *Genoua* to *Savona*, to see his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requested her Father *Moron* for his consent, and that at least many times she likewise hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all these their requests and solicitations towards him prove vain.

When *Lorenzo* at last considering and remembring, that he had used all the lawful means he could possibly invent, and *Fermia* all her best indeavours and inventions which lay in her mortal power to draw her Father *Moron* to their desires and wishes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevail with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the setling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithstanding her Fathers refusals) she would consent and yield to marry him, and so very secretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himself in *Genoua*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage-mony with her from her Father, yet that God had given him estate and means enough to maintain her and his family, in full and plentiful prosperity, and that he would be a thousand times more tender and careful of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of sweet words and sugred promises and perswasions, this sweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholsome, virtuous, and obedient resolutions) is at last, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her Father, yea, and to forsake and flie away both from his house and himself. So *Lorenzo* having to that end secretly provided himself of a fine small Frigot, of four Oars on each side, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of Genoueſſes, have dammed up, and made uncapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their own Capital City, where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, she in the dead time of the night, when her Father and his servants were fast asleep, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, she by the Garden-door, issued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind proving very fair, they hoise up sail, and early the next morning are at *Genoua*; where *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very secretly espouseth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thy innocency and indiscretion, thy few years, and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, so rashly and disobediently

to flie from *Savona* to *Genoua*, and to take away thy ſelf from thy Father, purpoſely to give thy ſelf in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiſcreet and diſobedient fact of thine, it is not unpoſſible for thee to ſee this enſuing poſition verified and confirmed in thy ſelf, *That there is nothing ſo eaſie in young people as to commit errours, nor ſo difficult as to repair them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptials in *Genoua* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the Father, grieves and ſtorms thereat in *Savona*, for the ſudden flight of his Daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had ſtollen her away, he ſecretly makes enquiry thereof at his houſe of *Genoua*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that ſhe is there, and married to him; whereat he paſſionately converts his grief into choler, both againſt her and him, and (in regard of this their diſgrace and diſhonour offered him) moſt conſtantly vows to himſelf, and to all who are near him, that they ſhall never touch nor enjoy the value of one Duckaton of all his Eſtate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once ſend after them, nor ever hereafter ſee them, which ſharp vow and bitter ſentence againſt our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, we ſhall be enforced to ſee him too carefully to keep, and too ſeverely and punctually to perform.

Some ten dayes after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleaſures had given them ſome truce and time to conſider of their worldly affairs, becauſe they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* conſidering the injury and diſgrace which he had offered his Father in Law *Moron* in this action, and therefore very deſirous yet now again to ſeek his conſent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby he may participate and ſhare of ſome part of his wealth, he determineth ſhortly to ride over to *Savona* to him, and with his beſt reſpects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheleſs, he thinks it very fit, and holds it moſt expedient, that his wife in the mean time, ſhould firſt excuſe her ſelf to her Father by her Letter, the which ſhe doth in theſe terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

ALthough the cauſe and manner of my departure from you and from your houſe make me more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you ſhall pleaſe to remember that you are my Father, and my ſelf your child and Daughter, and that God and his holy Church, hath of Lorenzo *my friend, now made him my Husband; and alſo that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times proſtrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your conſent thereunto; then I hope you will at leaſt excuſe, if not wholly forget and pardon this errour of mine: Or if theſe reaſons be not powerful enough to intercede with your diſpleaſure, I moſt humbly beſeech you further to conſider, that herein I have neither blemiſhed nor diſgraced your reputation with any point of diſhonour; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, ſo I will live and die with him a chaſt Wife; and that as this clandeſtine flight and marriage of mine was the firſt, ſo it ſhall be the laſt act of my diſobedience towards you. Some ſmall portion of your wealth at our firſt beginning, will do my Husband and ſelf a great deal of good in our trade: but this I leave, as at your conſideration, ſo to your pleaſure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I deſire your bleſſing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will ſhortly ſecond this Letter of mine to you with his preſence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently impoſed and commanded to my pen: my prayers and hopes, and his promiſes and vertues do aſſure me, that (in his reſpects and ſervice to you) you ſhall ever find him to be as much your ſervant as your ſon-in-Law. God ever proſper your age with health, and bleſs your health with proſperity.*

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and underſtanding by the Meſſenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter *Fermia*, from *Genoua*, he was at firſt in ſuch a fret and fume of choler thereat, as he once thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchſafing to read it: But after he had made three or four turns in his Parlour, and ſo ſomewhat abated the violence of his paſſion and choler, he then procures ſo much time from his pleaſure, and ſo much patience from himſelf, as he breaks up the ſeals thereof, and peruſeth it: the which as ſoon as he had performed, he in preſence of the meſſenger who brought it, tears the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choler) throws it into the fire, when again turning himſelf to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his Daughter, *That her carriage had been ſo baſe, diſobedient, and ingratiful to him, that he diſdained to return her any anſwer to her Letter, and was very ſorry that he had ſo much deſcended from himſelf, as to have received and read it*; When without once enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Meſſenger any

any reward, or, which is leſs, without making him drink, he haſtily and cholerickly flings from him, and will no more ſee or ſpeak with him; who returning to *Genoua*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his Wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himſelf had of her Father *Moron* in *Savona*; ſhe grieves and ſtorms thereat publickly, and he privately, and at their firſt relation and knowledg of this her Fathers unkindneſs in anſwering her Letter with ſilence, they look each on other with their countenances, compoſed partly of diſcontent, and partly of ſorrow, and for her part, ſhe cannot refrain from tears, till at laſt, her Husband *Lorenzo* ſteps to her, when (as much to diſſipate her grief, as to diſſemble his own) he gives her many ſmiles, and comforts her with theſe ſpeeches.

That according to her promiſe (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himſelf ſo reſpectively towards him, that he hopes his preſence ſhall purchaſe his Affection, which her Letter could not: ſo ſhe hereat remains better ſatisfied than her Husband contented with this harſh carriage, and unkind reſolution of their Father towards him.

Now ſome eight dayes after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handſomly clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horſe in an Inn, he a little before ſupper-time goes to his father-in-Law, *Morons* houſe, where inquiring of his ſervants for him, they tell him he is above in his chamber, when deſirous to ſee and ſpeak with him, one of them ſteps up to him, and informs him thereof; Whereat *Moron* ſtarting up, as if he had been ſuddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the firſt mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but eſpecially of that of his Son-in-Law *Lorenzo*, bolts himſelf faſt in his chamber, and then calling up his ſervants to him he flatly chargeth them to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as ſoon as he is gone forth, to ſhut the doors againſt him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his houſe, for that his pleaſure and reſolution is, neither to ſee nor ſpeak with him. *Lorenzo* bites his lips at this baffle of his ſervants, firſt, to ſay their Maſter, his Father-in-Law, was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it diſcretion to depart, goes to his Hoſtary (or Inn) to Supper, and returns thither again ſpeedily after, but finds the ſame anſwer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father-in-Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choler, betakes himſelf to his bed: But this diſcourteſie of his Father-in-Law will not permit him any ſound reſt, but only affords him many broken diſcontented ſlumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to ſee and ſpeak with him, but the firſt proved the laſt anſwer of his ſervants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all netled with choler and anger) takes horſe, and rides away for *Genoua*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genoua*, where he truly and fully relates to his wife *Fermia* the diſcourteſie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly underſtood, which (poor ſweet ſoul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not; for as ſhe knows, ſhe (by her diſobedient flight and marriage againſt her Fathers conſent) hath committed a great fault towards him, ſo now ſhe ſees, that (of neceſſity) ſhe muſt own and make the beſt of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and ſhe reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the iſſue of this their fathers pleaſure or diſpleaſure unto God; but yet rather hoping than diſpairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their deſires, they paſs away their time merrily and ſweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and ſhe a kind and dutiful wife to him. He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and ſhe as careful in her houſe and family, to ſave what he gets, and thus in ſix months after, they neither go nor ſend to their Father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impoſſible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good diſpoſition and nature, he may ſhortly exchange his diſpleaſure into courteſie, and his malice into affection towards them: But as yet, they ſtill find the contrary, for in all this time, he never ſends to them, nor ſo much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of ſix months *Lorenzo* prayes his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to ſee what alteration this long time hath wrought in her Father's affection, and ſo recommends her portion from him to her care and remembrance, but reſolves not to write to him becauſe of his unkindneſs to him at his laſt being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingneſs or deſire) accepts of this journey, but ſtill ſhe fears that ſhe ſhall find her father to be one and the ſame man in his diſcontent and diſpleaſure againſt them. But yet in regard ſhe is his own fleſh and blood, his only child, and therefore a great part of himſelf, ſhe yet flatters her ſelf with this hope, that he cannot be ſo unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to *Savona*; but look what entertainment

tertainment her Husband *Lorenzo* found from her Father, the same in all respects and points doth she, and no otherwise: For he will neither speak with her, no nor see, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his house, but most uncourteously and unnaturally causeth his doors to be fast shut against her; yea, and to add cruelty to his unkindness, he is extream angry with his servants, for daring to admit her to speak with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna* (his own Sister) for receiving and lodging her.

Our sweet *Fermia* the Daughter is extreamly perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her Father's bitter unkindness and cruelty towards her, the which she seals with many sighs, and confirms with infinite Rivolets of tears which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, as so many pearled drops of dew on blushing and fragrant damask-Roses: When again employing her aforesaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewise intreating father-*Bernardin de Monte*, her father's own ghostly Father, to perswade him in her behalf, which they do. But at last seeing the requests of the one bootless, and the spiritual exhortations of the other vain and to no effect, then, as she came from *Genoua* to *Savona*, with some hope and joy, so she is again constrained to return from *Savona* to *Genoua*, with infinite grief and despair; Where from point to point (betwixt Anger and Tears) she relates to her Husband *Lorenzo* the unnatural discourtesie which her Father had offered her: Whereat, as before, so now he again dissembleth his discontent thereof, and with many sweet Speeches, and some few Kisses, seeks to comfort and pacifie her: But still the remembrance hereof, sticks deep in her mind, and yet far deeper in his thoughts: for the knowledg of his Father-in-Law *Morons* discourtesie first offered to himself, and now to his Wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his Neighbours and Friends in *Genoua*, they scoff and taunt at his foolish Ambition, in marrying and stealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wiser to have married a poor Trades-mans-Daughter in *Genoua* with a small portion, than a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: Which foolish and malicious speech of theirs, falls not so easily from his Memory as from their Tongues, but leaves an impression therein. For from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a wise man, proves himself a fool; of an honest man, a knave; and so of a good Christian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and himself: For now seeing the mountains of his hopes of a Rich Wife turned to Molehils, and they to nothing through his Father's displeasure and unkindness to them, he looks not on his Wife with so kind and respective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmless young woman, she knows far better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her Fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be past since their Marriage, her Husband so far forgets his love to his Wife, his regard to himself, and his reputation and credit to the world, as he first begins to slight her, and then to neglect both himself and his profession: And here now it is, that Idleness begins first to enter into his Hands, Vice into his Heart, and Sin into his Soul; and here it is, that he first falls into bad courses, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I fear) will proceed nothing but shame, repentance, misery and confusion of all sides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his house, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is so dangerously fled from God, and so desperately following of the Devil, as he scorns the Chuch, and will neither pray himself at home with his Wife, nor (which is worse) permit or suffer her to do it at home with her Family: He hath forgotten her dear affection and constancy to him, and how she hath incurred her Father's indignation for making him her Husband, and her self his Wife: He hath forgotten his former oaths and promises of his tender affection and constant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own; He hath forgotten how for his sake, and for the fervent love she bore him, that she forsook divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and Profession: Or else if he did remember it, he would not thus slight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and lascivious Company, spending both his time, his means, and himself, upon Panders, Bawds, and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and sinful conversation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requests, perswasions, sighs or tears can possibly reclaim him; but he lets all things run at random and confusion without order, care, or consideration, so that within the compass of one whole year and a half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation lost, his Estate spent, and nothing left, either to maintain himself, or relieve her, but Grief, Sorrow, Despair, and Misery. She sets all his best friends, and most vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, she holds it more shame than sin, to acquaint his Confessor therewith, who taking a fit time, deals roundly with him for his Reformation, and fails not to paint out his sins and vices, as also their deserved punishments in their foulest and most hideous colours: But still her Husband *Lorenzo* is so

strongly

strongly linked to the Devil, and so firmly wedded to his beastly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or dissuade him from them; and still he is so far from abandoning and forsaking them, as he adds new to his old: For the Devil hath now taught him to delight in cursing and swearing; for in his speeches and actions, he useth many fearful oaths and desperate execrations: He begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her beggar, and her Father Villain, and that he is bound to curse them both, because (saith he) they have beggared him; when God and his sinful soul and conscience well know, that there is nothing more untrue or false: For if his piety towards God, or his care and providence of himself and his family had equalized hers, he had then made himself as happy as now he is miserable, and she as joyful, as now we see her disconsolate and sorrowful, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawn her Father *Moron* to have bestowed some portion on him with his Wife, whereas now the knowledg of his impious life and lascivious prodigalities doth justly occasion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our sorrowful *Fermia*, new Grief, Vexation, and Tears: for she sees her self great, yea quick with child by her Husband *Lorenzo*, so as that which she once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cause of her affliction and sorrow; for his vices hath scarce left her wherewith to maintain her self; and therefore it grieves her to think and consider, how hereafter she shall be able to maintain her child when God in his appointed time shall send it her; for he hath so consumed his estate, and spent, sold and pawned all their best houshold stuff and Apparel, that almost they have nothing left to give themselues maintenance, hardly bread: But yet still how lewd and irregular soever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and sorrowful wife *Fermia* serves God duly and truly, and spends a great part of her time in prayer, still beseeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her Husband all his foul sins towards him, and cruel ingratitude towards her self: When, in the midst of this her poverty and misery, once she thought to have left her Husband in *Genoua*, and to have cast her self at her Fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again considering his flinty heart and cruelty towards her, and that he would rather contemn than pity her youth and misery, but especially calling to mind her duty to her Husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the presence of God and his Church, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; Then, I say, the consideration and remembrance thereof, is so strong a tye to her Conscience, and so strict an obligation to her soul, that she thinks his vices and poverty, hath now more need of her assistance, prayers and company, then of her absence; so, as a vertuous wife, and a religious Christian she will not consent to forsake and leave him, but resolves to stay and live with him, to see what the Lord is pleased to impose on her, and (for his sins and hers) what afflictions and miseries he hath ordained and decreed for them: And yet being desirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because she finds grief and dispair from all parts, she resolves to acquaint her Father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which she doth in this her sorrowful letter to him, which she sends him safely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now find to my grief, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying Lorenzo *against your consent and without your blessing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad Husband in him, whose fervent affection to me is so soon forgotten and frozen, and whose vertues in himself are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalitie hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith either to give himself or me maintenance: In which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pity then your displeasure; Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your dead wife; either give my Husband means to set up his old trade and forsake his new vices in* Genoua, *or else take me home to live with you again in* Savona: *And if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertain me as your Handmaid, and I most humbly and religiously beseech you think and consider with your self, to what great wants and necessitie I am now reduced, sith I write you this my Letter rather with tears than Ink: God direct your heart to my relief and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and consecrated to his glory.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* after a long consultation and reluctation with himself, whether he should read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at last (having formerly understood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breaks up the Seals thereof and perusseth it, and surely if there had been any spark of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pity in him at all, his former knowledg of her miseries and now this present assurance

and

and confirmation thereof, ſhould have perſwaded him to grant her, if not the firſt, yet the ſecond of her requeſts, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is ſtill ſo hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her afflictions, but (more out of hatred than affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in ſending her not his Love, but this his ſharp Letter in anſwer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou haſt juſt reaſon to thank thy ſelf, and condemn theine own temerity & diſobedience in chooſing him, & if his affection be ſo ſoon forgotten or frozen to thee: it is a juſt puniſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to me, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſs this is the prime, and original cauſe thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath ſpent all his Eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgment, (though thou ſo ſmall underſtanding) to think that mine ſhall redeem it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make my ſelf guilty in conſuming it. And becauſe thou fleddeſt with him without my knowledg from Savona *to* Genoua, *and didſt there marry him without my conſent, therefore it is neither thy Grief nor Miſery, or thy ſhame & repentance, which ſhall induce me either to reſpect or pitty thee as my Daughter, or which is leſs, to relieve & entertain thee my handmaid, you both are young enough to work & labour for your living, as thy mother and my ſelf did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deſerve no compaſſion from my age, and if this will not ſatisfie thee, then the beſt advice and counſel which I can or will give thee is that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy relief and conſolation: And herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelf, pleaſe me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardeſt my Commands, or diſireſt my bleſſing, let me neither ſee thee, or hereafter hear any more of thy vain and fooliſh Letters.* MORON.

The receit of this her Fathers unkind and cruel Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with deſpair, and her heart with grief: or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reaſon and oppoſite to Grace, he many times beats her; ſhe is all in tears hereat, uſeth all poſſible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old vertues: She continually perſwades him fairly with exhortations, ſweetly with ſighs, and deerly with tears, yea poor ſweet young woman, ſhe many times caſts herſelf at his feet, and with her arms croſſed, her hands elevated towards Heaven, her hair diſhevelled and dangling about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournful and diſconſolate countenance, begs him to forſake his vices to himſelf, and his undeſerved unkindneſs and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vain, for he proves deaf to her requeſts and prayers, and blind to her ſighs and tears. He hath no longer mony to buy Corn, and is ſo far from ſelling any bread to others, as he hath ſcarce enough to give to himſelf, and to his great bellied-wife: and as for his ſervants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himſelf and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable; for when he wants mony, he beats her, if ſhe will not preſently ſupply his wants, and furniſh his expences. Now in the middeſt of all theſe her griefs and miſeries, God ſends her a fair young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her Neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the mother had miſcarryed, and the child periſhed in the ſharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom ſhe cauſeth to be chriſtened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is *Thomaſo*: For ſhe is ſo poor as ſhe hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and ſhame, ſhe begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and ſweet: when it is waking, ſhe looks and kiſſeth it often with joy, but when it ſleeps or ſucks, then ſhe grieves that it is ſo unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poor diſconſolate mother, who hath more means to lament and pitty than milk to feed and nouriſh it: She often ſhews her husband his child, and importunately begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himſelf for his childs ſake, and of his child for his own ſake. But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerate a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them; yea his vices and cruelty makes her ſorrow ſo infinite, that ſhe reputes herſelf a burthen to her ſelf, and a thouſand times wiſheth ſhe were in Heaven; And one time among the reſt after her Husband without cauſe had given her many bitter words and ſome ſharp and cruel blows, her child being in its Cradle, he gone forth, from choller ſhe falls down on her knees to prayer; the which ſo ſoon as ſhe had ended, and her child awaking and crying, ſhe takes it up in her arms, and mournfully ſitting down on the floor by her bed ſide, (ſhe weeping as faſt as her poor infant Babe ſucked) having bolted her Chamber door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours (twixt whom and her ſelf there was but a Wainſcot encloſe and partition) to pronounce theſe (or the like) ſorrowful ſpeeches to her ſelf.

O poor *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happineſs for thee if thou haddeſt never ſeen thy huſband

band *Lorenzo*, or perished & sunk in the Sea when thou fleddest with him from *Savona* to *Genona*, before he was thy Husband. For surely thou hast great cause to think, and reason to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a just plague and punishment sent thee from God, for disobeying thy Father, in marrying without his consent and blessing; with whom when thou livedst single, thou hadst so much felicity and joy, as thou knewest not what belonged to sorrow and misery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art inforced to taste so much grief and misery, as thou knowest no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou diddest surfeit with the choice of the costliest meats and viands, and now thou art ready to starve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparel was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee sought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and sorrows having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefs be matched, or thy a ctions and sorrows paralleld, when thou hast a Husband who neither fears nor serves God, who will neither go to Church or pray himself, or permit or suffer thee to do it; and who is so far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himself and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy Nose, spends all his estate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-scum and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he consumes his time and himself, making night day, and day night in these his beastly revels, and obscene voluptuousness, and upon whom he hath spent so much, as he now hath nothing left either to spend, or maintain himself and thee; yea, thy miseries are so great, and thy afflictions and sorrows so sharp and infinite, that thou hast no parent left to succor or relieve thee, and which is less, no friend who will assist or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and disconsolate sorrowful wife that thou art, it were a blessed happiness, and a happy blessing for thee that thou wert unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother died too soon for thee when thou wert young, and therefore she cannot, and thy Father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee so much as he will not assist and relieve thee. And as all thy Kinsfolks refuse to lend or send thee any comfort in these thy wants and calamities; so those who professed themselves thy friends in thy prosperity, will not now either see thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy misery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kisses, then (her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs again cutting her tears in pieces) she continueth her speech thus: And thou my sweet babe, what shall I say to thee, sith almost I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my self, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee so dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkind & cruel father hate me so deadly, yet I will starve before thou shalt want, yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occasion serve) beg my self to death to get sustenance and necessaries for the preservation of thy life. For live thou my sweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miserable & unfortunate: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I shall not live long) say thou hadst a mother who loved thee a thousand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Estate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (because I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my blessing, and leave thee heir to these my most religious prayers, That God in his divinest favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and punishments on thee, but thou mayest live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I fear thy Father will be miserable in his vices; and as true a servant and instrument of God's glory, as (with grief and tears) I see he is of his own disgrace and dishonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the close of this her passionate and presaging speech towards her Husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly course of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his fresh as his drunken humors) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her; who notwithstanding yet thinking and hoping to work some good in him, through the sight of this poor infant his Son: She often shews it to him, and with sighs and tears prays him to leave off this his sinful life towards God, and these his cruel courses and actions towards her self. But he is still the same man, yea, he is so wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himself better, and to say the truth, I believe and think that the Devil cannot possibly make him worse; the which his poor sorrowful wife perceiving, as also that her child being now by this time almost two years old, she hath not wherewithal in the world to maintain it in meat or clothes, she is inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her self and her pretty young Son; and yet say she

what she will with sighs, and do she what she can with tears, her Husband still forcibly takes away the two parts of the poor profit, and small revenew of her labours, both from her self, and her little Son *Thomaso*, not caring if they starve or die, so he have to maintain his vicious expences among his leud Consorts and Companions; yea, her miseries and wants are now so great, and her affection to her child so dear and tender, that when she hath no means to set her self to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchless grief and shame) she descends so far from her self, as shamefully and secretly in remote streets and Churches, she begs the almes and charity of some well disposed people for their subsistence and maintenance. But at length, when she sees that her Husband is informed & acquainted therewith, and that he is so inhumane in himself, and so cruel-hearted to her and her Son, that he likewise takes these small monies away from her; which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies): then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her self any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) she loves better than her self, she resolves to write to her Father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintain him, which she doth by this her ensuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON.

THe increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now grown so extream and infinite, that I have not clothes nor food left to maintain my self, or my poor little Son Thomaso, *nor scarce to give life to us. And considering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) methinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these sharp and bitter extremities, without relieving me, especially, because as heretofore, so now my sighs begg it of you with humility for charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beseech you to take from me and maintain, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your self, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much happiness to you, as I your sorrowful Daughter, and his poor Mother see my self born to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnatural unkindness and cruelty towards my self. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I fear I shall shortly die in extream indigence and misery.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet nothing moved in charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand child) *Thomaso*, he returns her this short Answer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilful and obstinate in disobeying my commands, with thy Letters; wherein I believe thou takest more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or sorrow at the repetition of thy miseries, the which I am so far from relieving, as I only pity it that I am thy Father but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet because thy young Son Thomaso *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purposely sent, to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy self, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a cross and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requital which thou canst make, or I desire.*

MORON.

Our poor and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although she

she be wonderful sorrowful at the perseverance of his cruelty towards her self, yet she is infinitely glad and joyful at his compassion and kindness towards her young Son, whom apparelling the very best that possibly she could (which God knows is ragged, mean, and poor) she (with a thousand sighs, tears, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her Father's Messenger, to whose affection and education, as also to God's gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding grief and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kiss or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bless it, or of his duty to pray to God to bless it, much less to kiss it at parting. A most unkind and unnatural part of a father to his sweet and pretty young Son. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowful *Fermia* having thus sent away her little Son *Thomaso* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, she the very same night dreams in her poor Bed and house in *Genova*, that she shall never be so happy to see him again; when being awaked, and remembring this her sorrowful and sad dream, she for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppress the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; so that thinking her self fortunate in placing this her little son with her Father, and his Grandfather, she is now very pensive and sorrowful for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kiss him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournful when she thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worse, so that her co-habitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable grief, such her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five years our disconsolate *Fermia* lives in this misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perswade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; so she arms her self with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son *Thomaso*, but now being eased of that burthen she will give it over, so she works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet she cannot get so fast as her Husbands spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and vertues make her the pity, as his lewdness and vices make him the scorn and contempt of their Neighbors. So while she sits at home close at her needle in poor apparel, he idly wanders abroad until he have brought his apparel to rags, and himself almost to nakedness. And here it is that wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now first begins to harken to the Devil, yea, to prove a very Devil himself, towards this his dear and virtuous Wife; for he enters into a consultation with himself that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintain him, and so again set up his Trade of Baking, which now had forsaken him, because he had vitiously and unthriftily forsaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, he assumes a bloody and damnable resolution to murther her, and hereunto the Devil is still at his elbow to provoke and egg him onward, and continually blows the coals to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his mind or heart, his conscience or soul can divert him from this fearful enterprize, and lamentable bloody business. The which to perform and perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard some half a mile from the City of *Genova* under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the air, which God knows, she poor soul, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands, where she most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himself fast a sleep, and she (innocent harmless young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoid of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolical cruelty, (seeing the coast clear) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happiness to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he speedily and politickly enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspition of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathless murthered body is found out by some of *Genova*, who accidently walked that way, and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is known by some of *Lorenzo*'s Neighbours, to be his Wife *Fermia*, whereat to add the better cloak to

his knavery, and ſhadow to his villany, he ſeems to be wonderfully ſad, and paſſionately ſorrowful for the ſame, and ſo requeſteth the Criminal Officers, both in and about the City to make curious reſearch and enquiry for the murtherers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocritical ſadneſs and falſe ſorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevail for a time, yet (to that of God's Mercy and Juſtice) in the end, it ſhall little avail him: ſo he gives her a poor and obſcure burial, every way unworthy the ſweetneſs of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues. Her Father *Moron* hath ſpeedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who conſidering how ſhe had caſt away her ſelf upon ſo bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly he ſeem to bewail and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little Son *Thomaſo*, his few years deſpenceth with his capacity from underſtanding, much leſs from lamenting and mourning for this diſaſterous end of his Mother. A month after the cruel murther and burial of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet ſo devoid of grace) as he goes to *Savona* to requeſt his Father in Law *Moron*, to give him ſome maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as alſo to ſee his Son *Thomaſo*. But *Moron* by his ſervants, ſends him a peremptory refuſal to both theſe his requeſts, and ſo will neither ſee him, nor ſuffer him to ſee his Son, but abſolutely for ever forbids him his houſe: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choler leaves *Savona* and returns to *Genova*, where ſelling away his wife's old Clothes to provide him new, he ſeeks many Maydens and Widows in marriage, but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is ſo freſh and great, that they all diſdain him; ſo that utterly deſpairing ever to raiſe himſelf and his fortunes by marriage, he forſakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolls himſelf a *Bandetti*, and for many years together practiſeth that thieviſh profeſſion, to the which we will leave him, and ſpeak a little of his young and little Son *Thomaſo*.

Old *Moron* Trains up this his Grand-child *Thomaſo*, very vertuouſly and induſtriouſly, and at the age of fourteen years, bids him chuſe and imbrace any trade he beſt liketh: When *Thomaſo* exceedingly delighting in Limming, Graving, Imagery, he becomes a Goldſmith, & in four or five years after, is become a ſingular, expert and skilful work-man in his trade. His Grand-father loves him dearly and tenderly, & intends to make him his heir; but *Thomaſo* (led as I think, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humor to travel abroad, and ſee other Cities and Countrys, and having a particular itching deſire to ſee *Rome*, (which he underſtood is one of the very prime and chief places of the world for rich and curious Goldſmiths). He finding a *French* ſhip of *Marſeilles* (which by contrary winds ſtopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vechia*, very ſecretly packs up his trunk and trinkets, and ſo goes along in that ſhip: Now as ſoon as his Grand-father *Moron* underſtands hereof, he very much grieves at this his raſh and ſudden departure: So *Thomaſo* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hoſtia* by ſea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a ſingular ingenious Goldſmith, and thrives ſo well, (as after a few years) he there keeps ſhop for himſelf, and conſtantly builds up his reſidence. In all this long tract and progreſſion of time, which (my true information tels me) is at leaſt twenty four years; his Father *Lorenzo* continues a thieviſh *Bandetti* in the ſtate of *Genova* and *Luca*, where he commits ſo many leud robberies and ſtrange rapines, depræ-dations and thefts, as that country at laſt becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, ſo he leaves it, and travelleth into *Tuſcany*, and to the fair and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenues of his robberies, he again ſets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profeſſion he knew himſelf expert and excellent, and here he ſetleth himſelf to live and dwell takes a fair commodious houſe, and looks out hard for ſome rich old Maiden, or young Widdow to make his new Wife; *but God will prevent his thoughts, and fruſtrate his deſignes and deſires herein:* For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his ſoul, nor his ſoul with his All-ſeeing and righteous God for the cruel murthering of his old Wife *Fermia*, which as an impetuous ſtorm and fierce tempeſt, will ſuddenly befal him, when he leaſt dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner ſo ſtrange, and an accident ſo miraculous, that former ages, have ſeldom, if ever parelleld, or given us a preſident hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Juſtice of God reſplends with infinite luſtre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgment and opinion, I deem it moſt worthy of our obſervations, as we are men, and of our rememberance as we are Chriſtians.

Charles, now Cardinal of *Medices*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this preſent Pope

Urban

Urban VIII. and *Cosmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his Brother (in honour to him and their Illustrious blood and family; whereof they are now chief) resolving to make his entry and abode in that City of *Rome* to be stately & magnificent; He causeth his House and Train in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* he flants it out most gallantly and bravely in rich Apparel, and is still most deboished & prodigal in his expences before any other of the Cardinals menial Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his Wife *Fermia*, but rather absolutely believes, that as he, so God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetual silence and oblivion: but the Devil will deceive his hopes. For now that lamentable murther of his cries aloud to Heaven, and to God for vengance; wherein we shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sin in and by another, yea, and sometimes one sin for another, as reserving it in the secret Will and inscrutable Providence, to punish Capital offenders, whereof Murtherers are infallibly the greatest, both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and sinful eyes have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, because many times he accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Justice and their crimes.

When therefore, the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his grief) he now saw, that by no possible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigality strike sail, and so as he vainly and foolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinal's service instead of honouring it: He once was minded and resolved to steal some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunk. But then consulting with his judgment and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steal some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, & whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellows) very often haunted and frequented since his coming to *Rome*: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two fair rich guilt Chalices, & a curious small gold crucifix set with a few Saphires & Emeralds, all amounting to the value of four hundred and fifty Duckatons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great loss, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knows not to whom suspect or accuse for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker: whom he saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and far the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspition of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vicious and debauched, as we have formerly understood, only the murther of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himself knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house near adjoyning: he with an Officer searched his Chamber and Trunk, wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediately had sold both to pay his debts, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vain and prodigal expences; when hunting after this his thief *Lorenzo*, he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: Who upon knowledg and sight of one of the Chalices found in *Lorenzo*'s Trunk, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping and fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinal his master to beg his life of the Pope, who considering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to be very foul and scandalous. He is too Noble and wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requests; Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leisure though not time enough to think upon his conscience and soul, upon the baseness of this his robbery, and the foulness and bloodiness of murthering his wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the

Bridg-foot, in a little walled Court cloſe to the Caſtle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to ſee the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker take his laſt leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Frier, in his ſouls journey towards Heaven, as ſoon as he aſcended the Ladder, he there confeſſeth this his robbery: And likewiſe that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about ſome twenty and three years ſince) murthered his own wife, named *Fermia Moron* in a Vineyard neer *Genova*: whereof he ſaith he will no longer charge his ſoul: The which the young Goldſmith (whoſe name was *Thomaſo Lorenzo* over hearing) he preſently burſt forth into tears, and very paſſionately and ſorrowfully crys out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of ſobs, ſighs, and tears prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Juſtice to forbear, and leave the priſoner for a ſmall while, which accordingly they do: When at the deſcent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaſo* (in preſence of all that huge number of people who were preſent) throws himſelf at his feet, and ſeeming to drown himſelf in his tears for ſorrow, confeſſeth himſelf to be his Son, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prays him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in ſeeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the conſideration of his Mother's lamentable murther doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewiſe to be his Father, & himſelf his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Eſtate to ſave his Father's life, but this his robbery is ſo foul, and that former murther of his ſo inhumane and lamentable, yea ſo odious to God and the World, and ſo execrable to Men and Angels, that none will preſume to dare to ſpeak in his behalf: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his Son *Thomaſo*, and entreated him likewiſe to forgive him for murthering of his Mother, and for any other thing elſe, he at his death ſaid little; But curſed the name and memory of that miſerable and covetous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whoſe unkindneſs and cruelty he ſaid had occaſioned and brought him to all this miſery. But he ſpake not a word of his grief or ſorrow for having murthered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Only he ſaid and believed that this his untimely death was a juſt revenge and puniſhment of God to him for the ſame.

The common ſort of the ſpectators and people of *Rome*, ſeemed to tax the Cardinal of *Florence* his Maſter for not ſaving this his Bakers life; but the wiſer and more religious ſort, applauded his generoſity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: but all do admire and wonder at God's ſacred providence and divine Juſtice in making the Son the cauſe and inſtrument of his Father's hanging for murthering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cauſe of ſpeech and matter of wonder at *Rome*, *Genova*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*. And thus was the wicked life and deſerved death of this bloody Villain *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Juſtice of the Lord triumph o're his crime in his puniſhment. And as for his Son *Thomaſo* (the Goldſmith) after this infamous and ſcandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himſelf to live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonſtrations of Joy, and affection, and after his death made him ſole heir to all his wealth and Eſtate.

To God be all the Glory.

F I N I S.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

The Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books), which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Moral, and Divine.

Book Fifth.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
(And truely Noble)
FRANCIS, LORD *RUSSELL*,
Baron of *Thornehaugh*, and Earl of *Bedford*.

Right Honourable,

WHen *I had the honour to refer, to that Valiant, Wise, and Honest Noble-man,* Arthur *Lord* Chichester, *Baron of* Belfast (*whose sublime merits do here justly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soon crowned a Saint in Heaven*) *I then had first the happiness to know and to be known of your Honour at your* Chesiwick; *In whom* (*because I ever hold it a far less crime to speak the truth, than either to silense or dissemble it*) *I then found so many Prints and Stamps of true Honour, and Characters of ancient Goodness and Nobility, that* (*with a pleasing content and delectation*) *I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordship for both their sakes. Since when,* (*out of your generosity, not my expectation or deserts*) *your Honour was pleased to confer a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will* (*with equal Zeal, and Ambition*) *strive to make as eternal, as I know my self to be mortal and transitory. You are a Religious* Christian, *and a true-hearted* Englishman; *and therefore as it is your Glory, so it is our Happiness, that you are both a constant Lover of God and his Church; and a firm and faithful Honourer of your Prince and Country: and you are now Lord Lieutenant* (*under our Gracious Soveraign*) *of that famous County of* Devon, *and fair and honourable City of* Excester, *to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the* Russels (*Earls of* Bedford) *your Noble Ancestors have condignly left behind them many honourable Trophees of their* Valour, *and sweet and precious perfumes of their* Vertue.

These Premises being so powerful in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, I therefore flatter my self with this hope, that your Honour *will attribute it rather to Duty, than Presumption in me, If I now publickly attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious* Name, *and to the Dignity of your resplendent* Vertues: *Missing therefore of that desired happiness* (*by some rare or elaborate piece*) *sufficiently to testifie to your Lordship and the whole World, what you are to me in the height of* Honour, *and what I am, and desire to be found of you in the lowness of* Observance *and* Humility; *It will therefore be no less my Felicity, than your Goodness, if you vouchsafe to accept and patronize this my Fifth*

Book of forraign Tragical Histories, *and also please to permit them to travel and seek their Fortunes abroad in the World, under the auspicious Planet, and authentical Passeport of your Noble Protection: Wherein you may behold and see, how soundly, how sacredly the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sin of* Murther, *which (in these our depraved, and sinful times) in contempt of the Laws of* Heaven *and* Earth, *make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharply and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not to usurp) any part of your Lordships hours of leasure, to give first to the Knowledg, and then to the Contemplation of these Histories, and the several Accidents which they report and relate; I shall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that* Honour *and* Favour, *which I ingenuously acknowledg, I am far more capable to desire than deserve.*

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour *for this my Presumption, in inscribing and adventuring so mean a work to your Noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epistle, as soon as began, to assure you, That I will ever (religiously) pray unto* God *to accumulate all prosperities and blessings on your* Honour; *as also on your most Vertuous* Countess, *and successively on your Honourable and Flourishing Posterity, who now promise no less than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.*

Your Honours in all

Duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Baptistyna *and* Amarantha *poyson their eldest Sister* Jaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *causeth her servants* Bernardo *and* Pierya, *to stifle her Elder Sister* Baptistyna *in her Bed;* Bernardo *flying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horse.* Pieria *is hanged, so likewise is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt.* Bernardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the air.*

THE Golden times being past, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce, but Thorns for Roses and Brambles for Lillies, I mean bloody and barbarous acts in stead of deeds of Compassion and works of Charity, Not but that Christianity (as a fair and glorious vail) covereth the face of *Europe*, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and Godly Preachers, who (by the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) spend the greatest part both of their time, and of themselves, to propagate Vertue and Piety in us, and consequently to root out vice and Sin from among us. But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakness of our Faith, the coldness of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which sometimes (O that I might not say too too often) transporteth our selves beyond our selves, and our resoluti ns and actions beyond the bounds of reason, yea and violently carrieth us to desperate and inhuman attempts, which this next deplorable History will so apparently and perspicuously verifie unto us, that we shall difficultly read it without sighs, nor understand it without tears; at least if we have but the sparks of so much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Souls, as the unfortunate Authors, and miserable Actours hereof wanted.

If *Tuſcany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital City thereof) muſt needs be that of *Tuſcany*; or elſe it could not ſo juſtly and generally deſerve that true and excellent Epithet of Faire. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illuſtrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or, as ſome affirm, they to it.) The worſt Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the beſt are dainty Meadows, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadows for their ſpaciouſneſs, and their Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and croſſed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River again by two ſtately Bridges curiouſly imbeliſhed and adorned with many Marble and Alabaſter Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the moſt part) rather Palaces than private Houſes, and the Temples for ſumptuouſneſs and beauty, nothing inferiour to the beſt, and richeſt of *Italy*, eſpecially the two moſt ſumptuous and unparallel'd Chappels of the *Baptiſtaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as alſo the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a moſt magnificent and ſtately Cathedral Church, which not only catcheth our eye with wonder, but ſurprizeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, do (peradventure) know far better than my ſelf: I ſay, in this rich and fair City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican* Friers, in the latter daies of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, deſcended of a noble Family, near to the City of *Piſtoia*, where his Anceſtours left him many fair Demeans, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue, and Wiſdom, the true foundation of the chiefeſt Houſes, and beſt Families of *Italy*) he managed and improved ſo well, that within the ſpace of twenty years, he became exceeding rich and opulent. But near about this time, that the ſweetneſs of his content might receive ſome check of bitter affliction, to ſhew him that man is ſubject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on earth, his Lady *Alcidina* died, which brought him much ſorrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Conſolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named *Jaquinta*, *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*; who albeit, he hoped would prove the ſtayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afford him far leſs felicity, and more miſery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine: the which, to approve and verefie, they are by me prayed to underſtand, and remember, that theſe two youngeſt Daughters *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderful fair and beautiful, of a reaſonable tall ſtature, very ſtreight and ſlender; but *Jaquinta*, the eldeſt Daughter is of a brown complexion, ſhort, and crook-backt, but ſhe hath this ſleight, that her Tailor's art ſerves to overvail the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and ſhe her ſelf hath the skill to put on freſh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and ſimplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or elſe purpoſely diſdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of theſe our times do ambitiouſly allow and practiſe them. Again, *Jaquinta* is proud and ſtately, *Baptiſtina* cholerick, ſullen, and revengeful; and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgment of the World) pleaſant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſhortly ſee each of theſe three Siſters, appear in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their ſeveral Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their Hiſtory.

Streni ſeeing himſelf a widdower, not ſo much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage. He (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and diſcretion in him now to leave his Mannour Houſe of *Cardura* near *Piſtoia*, and to betake himſelf to live and reſide in *Florence*, hoping thereby with leſs difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, anſwerable to their Rank and Degree; which Diſpoſition and Reſolution of his pleaſed them well, and adminiſtred them cauſe of great content and joy, ſith it is now grown to a cuſtom, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely deſire to live in great Towns and Cities, where they may ſee, and be ſeen; and eſpecially in thoſe of *Italy*, more then in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their aboad and reſidence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and eſſential reaſons, why their Cities are ſo rich, populous, and fair.

Thus we ſee *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly ſaid) neer the Monaſtery of the *Dominican* Friers, where his Wealth, Brith, and Port, cauſe him to be Viſited and Frequented of the beſt and nobleſt ſort of that City, and as the time of his reſidence, ſo the number of his acquaintants encreaſeth, for vertue is capable to purchaſe Friends every where, and his weal h and

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Daughters beauties like so many powerful Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them: Where although *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and sought in marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Jaquinta* first; wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, she is to be seen, and courted, but *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are mewed and fast locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word most be their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend *Streni* his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter first; so yet, in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless taxe his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters; For as it was a courtesie of him to have *Jaquinta* seen of Suters, so it was a degree of dis-respect, I may say, of cruelty, in him to confine *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see and seek them in marriage.

But *Jaquinta* (armed with her Father's love and authority) grows extreamly imperious and stately: She triumpheth in conceit to see her self preferred of her Father before her Sisters. She sees her two Sisters *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavaliers, and the very consideration hereof grievs, and the remembrance afflicts her: but withal she observes, that they dare not disobey, or contradict their Fathers command to affect or speak with any, and therefore the very knowledg and remembrance hereof again rejoyceth her. As it is a happiness for us to purchase friends, so it is a misery to lose them. Her Sisters love her, but she loves not them: they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledg, but yet she should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers, and hers theirs. It is an argument of indiscretion and insolency, for one brother or sister to think themselves better than another, But many Gentlewomen who are Sisters, esteem pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore, to prefer and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deject others. The beauty of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Jaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is still a happy vertue for us to check and vanquish our own vices. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and observes with grief that none affect her. Her desire to marry is so immodestly licencious and boundless, as she could willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but incontinency proves still a pernicious Counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now as *Cantharides* fly still to the fairest Flowers; so she sees (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see) that all Lovers and Sutors flie to one of these her two Sisters, and wholly abandon and forsake her self: but being a woman, she wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. She must have her Sisters beauties and braveries eclipsed, that hers may appear more bright, and resplend and shine with more lustre and glory: She knows that Crystal seems precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, she very passionately, and yet subtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, so her apparel may excel and exceed that of her Sisters, the which he inconsiderately grants her; and this she receives and conceives to be a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to see themselves imprisoned in a Chamber, whiles she to her content and pleasure rejoyceth both to see, and to be seen of Gentlemen; So now their discontent thereof grows into choler, and their choler into rage, to see this their elder Sister *Jaquinta* not only to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her self in her apparel.

It is ever a wise and discreet vertue in Parents to distribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at least that they be so reserved and cautious, as to conceal it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* sought to marry *Jaquinta* before *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have said) he did well: but yet to make them lose when they might find and gain a fortune, was withal to be indiscreet, if not unnatural. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the Eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will prise and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meet and concurr, it doth not only please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavaliers of *Florence* love *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Jaquinta*; or if they seem to court *Jaquinta*, it is but with a reserved hope and intent to enjoy the sight and company of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but as jealousie and

malice have alwayes four eyes instead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Jaquinta*, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Suters, and her self of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progress of their Triumphs, and consequently of her own discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such Stars of beauty to appear, and shine together in the Firmament of her Fathers House in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey-House of *Cardura*, near *Pistoia* (whereof we have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighs and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privately and disconsolately shut up, from any access or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (sometimes their School-Mistris) named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptistina and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Jaquinta*, as by the severity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aid or assistance, or from what point their Art or Invention to expect for hope for redress hereof; but at length (being constrained to make a Vertue of Necessity) they brook this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much less dispairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes. But seeing a month past over, and their Keeper *Malevola* still more and more bent to restrain them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speak with any stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and pluck up their spirits to themselves, and so resolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Jaquinta*, to procure their return to *Florence*, which they do, and send it by one *Bernardo*, a a trusty Servant of theirs; That to their Father spake thus,

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and grief to us, that you have so suddenly banished us from your presence, and from Florence, *to live here rather as Prisoners than your Daughters, in your Country-house of* Cardura; *And having the honour to be so great a part of your self, we do not a little wonder, what our Errors or Crimes should be, that we must be inforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have been sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree we have not swerv'd from your consent, but have done, and do still inviolably make your Pleasure therein our resolution, and your will and commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister* Jaquinta *is the sole Author of this our sorrowful and unmerited Sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not only exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she alledg her Priviledge and Prerogative of years against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we beseech you to be so favourable and kind to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our Accuser, and which is worse our Enemy, that you will not make her our Judg, but that we may speedily re-obtain the happiness to return and live with you in* Florence, *without which we shall assuredly either live here in Despair, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so just and equal, as you cannot deny it to us, either in affection or nature, much less in reason or pity. God ever bless you with happiness, and make us happy in your blessing.*

BAPTISTINA
AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister *Jaquinta* depainted these passions.

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQUINTA.

HAving curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shadow of cause, much less of Reason. Why thou shouldst sharply exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from Florence *to* Cardura, *neither do we think, it is for that we are fairer than thy*

thy self, but that thou art more malicious than us, which hath occasioned thee, and thou precipitated him, to this sharp resolution against us. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not believe us, at least believe this truth from us, that thou hast far more reason to doubt thine own haste, then any way to suspect or fear ours therein: for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. We advise thee therefore in Love, and counsel thee in Affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy self, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much less thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digest it, because the priority of thy years can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood: And if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt do us great right, and to thy self more reason, to cause my Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesie and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving at *Florence*, and having delivered these two Letters to *Streni* and *Jaquinta*, they breaking up the seals thereof, perused and read-over their Contents; when he smiling to see the indiscretion of these his two daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their sister *Jaquinta*, rather to ignorance and simplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter sent him; But for *Jaquinta*, she was so galled and netled with her two sisters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and far the more, for that she feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their return to *Florence*, the which to her possible power she would no way willingly permit or suffer, as desirous to rule and and govern her Father alone, and so to raign sole Lady over his humours and house, without rivals and competitors: To which end she goes to him, and in the softest and sweetest terms which either her Art or Malice could invent, she extreamly incenseth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in *Cardura* was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their return to *Florence* too insolent and insupportable; and that she hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice so unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because she was as innocent as they guilty thereof: and that for any thought and desire of a Husband, she vowed she had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things be hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and die in his favour and service: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler against *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, he resolves with himself to return them a sharp answer; and commands *Jaquinta* to do the like, the which they both write and send back to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privately retiring themselves to a close shadowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest desire and impatiency, first break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their fears, they find this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purposely to cross your own good fortunes, you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to cross my good intentions and affections towards you, in sending you to Cardura, *but would have brooked it with as much patience as I see you do with discontent; and before this act of your disobedience, now revealed me in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine house of* Cardura *to be rather a palace than a prison for you: so if you know how ill those errours of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears, than remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceit or sense of joy. Nay think with your selves what modesty it was, what wisdom it is, for your green youth to presume (or to dare to presume) to teach my gray age how or when to choose you husbands; when God knows that neither your years nor your discretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands: And if you have any judgment remaining in you, then judge with your selves how false and incongruous your reasons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppose and contradict them. And having used me with so small respect see again with how much untruth and envy you abuse your sister* Jaquinta, *who to my knowledge is as innocent of those false aspersions of Pride and Malice towards you, as your selves are guilty of them towards*

towards her, ſith ſhe loves nothing more, and you affect nothing leſs than humility and charity, their contraries; for, believe me, I find her to be your true friend, and your ſelves to be the greateſt and only enemies to your ſelves; for otherwiſe you cannot live in the ſmalleſt degree of deſpair, diſcontent, or miſery, becauſe ſuch is my care of your education and maintenance, that no young Ladies of Tuſcany, *and few of* Italy, *of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honour: the which my indulgency and affection ſhall ſtill continue to you, if your diſobedience and folly henceforth give me no further motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my bleſſing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of husbands, of your love to your ſiſter* Jaquinta *not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of ſuch vain conceits, and paſſions, wherewith you have ſtuffed and farced up your Letter to me; the which toge her with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now incloſe and return to your Governeſs* Malevola, *that ſhe hereafter may be more careful of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more hours to diſcretion and honour, and leſs to idleneſs and vanity, to the end that ſhe ſeeing her fault in yours ſhe may thereby the better futurely know how to teach, and you how to learn to reform them. And ſo I beſeech God who hath made you my Daughters, to bleſs, and make you his faithful ſervants.*

STRENI.

They having thus peruſed their Fathers Letter, and ſeen his ſpleen and paſſions towards them they cannot ſo much accuſe him of choler, as they believe they have reaſon to condemn their ſiſter *Jaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more ſpeed than affection, and with more haſte than charity, they likewiſe break up the ſeals of her Letter, wherein ſhe greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Am ſo far from incenſing, or precipitating our Father againſt you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his ſending of you from Florence *to* Cardura, *was not only without my conſent, but without my knowledg; and for calling in queſtion either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein: for it is that moſt whereof I trouble my heart and mind leaſt: and therefore my haſte to marry comes infinitely ſhort of your jealouſie and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Siſters to become mine Enemies herein, I know no cauſe in Nature, and leſs reaſon in Grace, why thoſe falſe ſuggeſtions of yours ſhould fall within the compaſs of your conceits, or thoſe untrue ſcandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counſel ever to think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it ſhall never make me eſteem worſe of you than of my ſelf; for my conſcience to God, and my actions to the world ſhall ſtill make it apparent, that although you contemn my friendſhip, I will yet corroborate and cheriſh yours, and that there ſhall want no good will or zeal in me, that (according to your deſires and expectation) our Father do not ſpeedily recall you from* Cardura *to* Florence, *where your preſence ſhall ſtill be my happineſs, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not henceforth juſt cauſe to divert me from this ſiſterly affection and reſolution, I am conſtantly reſolved both to live and die in the ſame.*

JAQUINTA.

Baptiſtyna and *Amarantha* having thus read and conſidered theſe two ſeveral Letters of their Father and Siſter *Jaquinta*, they are infinitely incenſed and chollerick to ſee his diſcourteſie, and her diſſimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they muſt be enforced to live a ſolitary country-life in *Cardura*, whiles ſhe triumphs in pride, and flaunts it out in bravery in *Florence*; and as they much repine and murmure at his diſ-affection, ſo they infinitely diſdain and complain of her imperious courſes and carriage towards them, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakneſs of their Father's judgment, in ſuffering himſelf to be ſo violently tranſported and carried away by the ſubtil policy and ſecret malice of their ſiſter towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do ſome way excuſe his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way poſſibly diſpence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly ſee confirmed and made apparent in the unaccuſtomed ſtrict and hard uſage of their Governeſs *Malevola* towards them, which with her beſt endeavours and ambition ſought as well to captivate their minds as their perſons, by making her ſelf to be as much their Gaoler as their Governeſs; but they vow to requite her unkindneſs, and to revenge their Siſter *Jaquinta*'s cruelty towards them: They ſee her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; ſo they alter the courſe of their natural affection, and now decline, inſtead of increaſing, in ſiſterly love and charity towards this their ſiſter. To go retrograde in vertue, is to

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go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, so it is the duty of Christians, To render good for evil, but not evil for good: Yea all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worse practised, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at least sorrow, if not misery and destruction.

But *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilful to make good use of their sister *Jaquinta*'s bad affection and malicious carriage towards them; for else, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and detest this bloody design and resolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Sisters hard usage of them, they cannot digest her imperiousness and pride, and (in all outward semblance and appearance) if they stay from Marriage till she be married, they may all die Maids, and, as our English adage goes, *Whip Apes in Hell for Company.* They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as she doth her age before theirs; and deeming it impossible for them to have Husbands ere she be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time begin both to desire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched sisters, *Baptistina* is the most forward in this their intended deplorable business; for she is so weak with God, and Satan so strong with her, that she says often to her self, she can reap no content in this world, before her sister *Jaquinta* see another. It were better for us not to fore-see a sin, than seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, she purposely lets fall some words to her sister *Amarantha*, tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be so cruel, and too religious, to be so outragious and diabolical to any, especially to her sister: Had she lived in the piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure, her days had seen better fortunes, and her end been freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except we religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weak to resist her sister *Baptistina*'s strong temptations and perswasions. It is an excellent vertue and happiness in us to have our ears still open to good counsel, and shut to that which is evil and pernicious; but *Amarantha* hoping and desiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the loss of a bad sister; and now she is therefore fully resolved to joyn with *Baptistina* to make *Jaquinta* away. Good God! what cruelty, rage, and barbarism is it, for two Sisters to resolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more blood spilt upon the Theatre of this History, before we see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus swapt a bargain with the Devil, to dispatch their Sister *Jaquinta*, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no they should perform it with Ponyard or Poyson; but at last they agree upon poyson, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any spark of grace remaining in either of these two bloody-minded Sisters, it was in *Amarantha*; for she cannot find in her heart or conscience to do it, and yet she is so graceless and impious; as she freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact: so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that lots must decide it: thus the Devil holds, and they as his infernal Factors and Agents, draw them, and it falls to *Baptistina* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progress of this lamentable business, and how to execute it; they are now assailed with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance, for as they hold it requisite for them to perform this murther in *Florence*, so they know not how to escape from their watchful Governess *Malevola* from *Cardura*: But they are Women, and therefore they will be industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be swift and subtil in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty) at their command, they resolve that the first shall speedily procure the second: To which end, they, by their servant *Bernardo*, secretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Postern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) he effecteth, being himself only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Journey.

These two revengeful sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, assoon as their Governess *Malevola* was in bed and fast a sleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their Chamber-door, to which giving a soft knock, they presently descend the stairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the Coach, wherein seating themselves they leave *Cardura*, and so with great speed drive away

for *Florence*, where they arrive at their Father's house, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning: he much wondring, and their Sister *Jaquinta* extreamly perplexed and grieved at this their sudden and unexpected arrival, they cast themselves at their Father's feet, and crave his blessing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger than joy, and so gives them frowns and checks instead of kisses: he hears their reasons of their unlooked-for departure from *Cardura*, which he rejects both with contempt and choler, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to return them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather die with him in *Florence*, than live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Jaquinta*, she dissembles her love to them as they do their malice towards her, for whiles she secretly wisheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counterchange) do they as silently wish and desire her in heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder sisters, then now they were; so artificially could all of them overveil their malice, and so cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when *Jaquinta* again perceives that the gallants of *Florence* do afresh repair and flock to her Father's house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; so as with all her power and art, she again secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that she might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole Heir to all his Lands and Estate, might wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and she wanted neither sighs nor tears to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly born betwixt their Father and Sister *Jaquinta*, but *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they now (encouraged and animated by the devil) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, and so (with more haste than good speed) to dispatch their sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts and souls) infinitely detested to spend and end their dayes in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his Justice or Judgments before their eyes, *Amarantha* buys the poyson, and *Baptistina* administreth it to their sister *Jaquinta* in a Lemmon Posset, which they observed she often used to drink in the Summer time, so that some ten dayes after she died hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witness of this their unnatural and bloody business: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and sorrows hereat, and now they are alone, and domineer at their pleasures in their Fathers house at *Florence*, without Rivals or Competitors: But God is as just as they are sinful, and therefore they shall reap but poor and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within less than six weeks after the deplorable death of *Jaquinta*, a sudden languishing sickness oretakes and surpriseth *Baptistina*, so as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and whither of the Jaundies: A sickness which I think God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poysoning her sister. But the beauty of *Baptistina* cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily grows more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and amiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuscany*, who come to seek *Streni* his Daughters in marriage, do infinitely prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistina*, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now sleight and neglect the second; *Baptistina* is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with grief, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choler and indignation; and yet she seeks and strives to conceal it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her sister *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy begins now to participate of her dead sister *Jaquinta*'s living humours and conditions; she is now become the eldest sister, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much less her superiour; and although her sickness hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to marry, she envies the sight and fame of her sister *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as she lamenteth the decayes, and pittieth the ruins of her own; and, both grieves and scorns to see so many Gallants court and seek her in marriage, and none her self: Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable Companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as she secretly vows to her self, that she could almost find in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a Companion of *Jaquinta*'s Fortune, as of her blood: but God then presenting her first murther to her eyes and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or powerful

ful with her to draw her to conceive or commit a second. Thus not being willing to add murther to murther, and so to gallop instead of pacing to hell and destruction, she nevertheless determinately resolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Sister *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet so to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as closely to insinuate, and under-hand surreptitiously to prevail with her Father, that she be speedily eclipsed, and again sent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and custody of *Malevola*, the which she effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; so our young and fair *Amarantha* (though infinitely against her will) is now enforced to leave *Florence*, and suddenly (when she least thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and banished to *Cardura*; notwithstanding all her sighs, tears, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much sorrow and more indignation) being arrived at *Cardura*, she is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly discontented with her Father, and infinitely incensed against her Sister *Baptistina* for the same, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which she now doth not conceal, but make apparent to her old Beldam Governess *Malevola*, both in her looks, speeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Sister is so inconsiderate of her self, and so imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is possible for her so soon to forget either their joynt crime, or their several dangers, for their so inhumanely and cruelly poysoning their elder Sister *Jaquinta*; the consideration and remembrance whereof is of so sharp and bitter digestion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart swears to the Devil, that she neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time seems so irksome to her, and her stay in *Cardura* so infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and dayes ages, that she often thought to steal away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horse-back, and so to have put her self into some disguised apparel, that none should know thereof, before she came to her Fathers house and presence: But at last considering, that her reputation and fortune might suffer much in this action, she holds it not amiss, rather convenient, first to write to her Father and Sister, to see if her Letters may prevail with them for her return, the which she doth, and sends them to them to *Florence* by her old trusty servant *Bernardo*.

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed these passions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

*MY obedience hath not deserved so much contempt and hatred, as that (without cause or reason) you should thus again b*anish *me from* Florence *to* Cardura; *and with how much grief and sorrow I digest it, I can better relate with discontent, than conceal with patience: How dear your sight and presence was, and ever shall be to me, if you will not know, and withal remember, God doth; for my soul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefest life of my joy, and the sweetest joy of my life; So as if you are not the cause, I am sure my Sister* Baptistina *is of this (undeserved) cruelty towards me; who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, strives to be as unnaturally imperious to me, as my deceased Sister* Jaquinta *was both to her self and me. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my self, as God and Nature have made mee your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to respire and breathe the air of* Florence, *I will shortly hazard my life to enjoy that of Heaven: For already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extream discontent, and that almost to utter despair.*

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Sister *Baptistina* carried this Message.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTINA.

COuldst thou not be contented to live happy in Florence, *but that thou must needs constrain our Father to make me live miserable here in* Cardura? *Is our Sister* Jaquinta's *blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cause of her death already of thee forgotten, and so raked up in the dust of her Grave? Judg with thy self (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgment, as of affection and charity) What a palpable, yea what a gross and suttish, vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy self both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparent to her malice. I remember those ingrateful crimes and vices of her towards us with pity, and I pity these of thy self to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not suffer me to live at the courtesie of thy tongue, when thou well knowest that thy life stands at the mercy of mine; Not that I am either so malicious to thee, or*

ſo uncharitable or undiſcreet to my ſelf, to wiſh thee any dyſaſter or danger to the prejudice of mine own happineſs, and ſafety: For I deſire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us; the which if thou wilt grant me, by cauſing our Father to recall me home to Florence, *he ſhall then ſee, and thou aſſuredly find, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Siſter, and that I will far ſooner hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my ſelf: but if thou deny me this courteſie, then blame not me, but thy ſelf, if the event and iſſue of this thy cruelty come too ſhort of thy hopes, and ſo (peradventure) flie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.*

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the ſafe and ſpeedy delivery of theſe her two Letters, as alſo to procure her Father's and Siſter's Anſwers to them, he rides away to *Florence*, where he is no ſooner arrived at *Streni* his houſe, but meeting with the young Lady *Baptiſtina*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haſte, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers Letter, in ſtead of her own, the which ſhe well obſerving, ſhe haſtily and purpoſely breaks up the Seals thereof, and ſilently reads it to her ſelf; whereat growing firſt red with choler, and then again pale with envy, ſhe folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her ſiſter *Amarantha*'s Letter to her ſelf; for (quoth ſhe) that which I have already read and peruſed, is hers to my Father; when *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his fooliſh ſimplicity) reading the direction of the ſecond Letter, and finding her ſpeeches and his miſtaking true, he then gives her her own Letter, and deſires back the other for her Father, as alſo both their anſwers thereunto, for his Lady and Miſtreſs *Amarantha*; whereunto, when ſhe had peruſed her own Letter, ſhe (with diſdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Father's Letter before *Bernardo*'s face and then returns him this bitter Anſwer: *Tell that proud Girl thy Miſtreſs from me, that it is my Fathers pleaſure and mine, that ſhe ſhall ſtay in* Cardura *and not ſee* Florence *till ſhe receive other order from us; and for any further anſwer, either from our Father, or my Self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect*: And ſo (in much choler and indignation) ſhe flies from him, and violently throws faſt the door againſt him. *Bernardo* not expecting ſuch ſharp and cold entertainment, and ſeeing it now wholly impoſſible for him to have any acceſs to *Streni*, or anſwer from *Baptiſtina*, he leaves *Florence*, and ſpeedily returns to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and ſharp and proud anſwer which her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* had given and ſent her, and leaveth not a ſyllable un-rehearſed, but only ſilenceth his miſtaking, in giving of her her Father's Letter in ſtead of her own, as right now we underſtood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choler at this proud and cruel carriage of her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* towards her, yea, the remembrance thereof, ſo tranſporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge againſt her, that ſhe vows ſhe neither can, nor will brook it at her hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reaſon, or Religion, or to her Conſcience, or Soul, ſhe now violently ſeduced, and exaſperated by the Devil, doth refreſh and revive her old malice, and reſumes her former pernicious reſolutions to her Siſter *Baptiſtina*: She hath neither the wit, much leſs the grace, to conſider, That choler increaſeth her own torment and miſery, and that if we vanquiſh not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be feared than doubted, that it will in the end both vanquiſh and ruin us. She had formerly conſented to poyſon her eldeſt Siſter *Jaquinta*, and now ſhe likewiſe vows, that ſhe will cauſe her elder Siſter *Baptiſtina* either to be poyſon'd or piſtoll'd to death; but which of theſe to make choice of, as yet ſhe is irreſolute and upon this bloody buſineſs her thoughts run inceſſantly to her heart, as ſo many lines to their centre. O that ſo young a Lady, and ſo ſweet a beauty ſhould make her ſelf acceſſary and guilty of ſo foul and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her ſhame, and the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve it to his comfort, and retain it to his inſtruction; That had ſhe had the grace to have been formerly ſorrowful and repentant for her firſt Murther, ſhe had then never proceeded ſo far, as to have made her ſelf guilty of contriving and reſolving a ſecond.

Baptiſtina hath a Chamber-maid named *Piria*, of ſome twenty four years old, who was far more fair than rich, as being heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or eſtate; and having heretofore for ſome trivial reſpects, ſometimes incurred the anger and diſpleaſure of her Lady, and for the ſame received many a ſharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purſe: She now accidentally chancing to break a fair rich Looking-glaſs of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but alſo without pity or humanity draws and drags her by the hair about her chamber, and

then

then again and again kicks her with her foot. *Pieria*'s heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferiour to her correction: and therefore, disdaining any longer to serve so cruel a mistress, she very privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forsakes *Baptistina*, and so resolves henceforth to live and die with her younger sister *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was only her hatred to *Baptistina*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pistoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pieria* and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the truest reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History, will confute the first, to confirm this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the term of at least three or four years heretofore, *Pieria* was known to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and she had imployed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this sute: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet he hated her poverty, and (becaufe of some small Lands and means he had) as he thought himself too good to be her husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth, and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdained to be his strumpet; and indeed the passage and process of these their affections was not from time to time unknown to *Amarantha*. *Pieria* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptistina* is sorrowful for her departure; and the youngest sister now entertains her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, he inwardly delights though outwardly will not seem to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pieria*, her carriage was so modest, and yet withal so respectful to him, as if she endeavoured to make it her chiefest ambition and glory, that her vertues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptistina* (her *quondam*-Lady) she is now angry with her self, as soon as she knew of her departure from her; but when she understands that *Pieria* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) she makes strong means for her return again to her service, intimating to her that she is ready to redeem her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgment and requital. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will find, that errours are not so soon repaired as committed, and that her want of kindness to her Chamber-maid *Pieria* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her self. *Pieria* is deaf to all these her requests, and endeavours rather to tie her self to *Amarantha* her new affection, than to *Baptistina* her old unkindness, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choler and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new maid *Pieria*; for the Devil being still at her elbow, he continually sets fire to her malice, and (as an infernal Incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge against her sister *Baptistina*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soul, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion, she had neither the power to pray, not the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to desire Gods presence and assistance for her own: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and mind; for as her best blood, so her best zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody sister, she doth yet far worse: For (by the Devils suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not only to engage and hazard her self, but others therein, as if she took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwrack her self alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable business of hers. The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, she must needs employ some Factors and Agents, either to poyson or murther this her Sister *Baptistina* in *Florence*: and therefore she thinks none so fit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new Maid *Pieria* his Sweet-heart, whom (by degrees) she purposely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promises; and her reason for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knows, that for many years *Pieria* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearly desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only disliked her poverty; Wherefore believing that she would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and he for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making

this her bloody propoſition to them; when, not caring any more to write to her Father, ſhe is now as haſty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Sitter; and ſo, impatient of delay (and without any further conſideration with her ſelf, or conſultation either with her Soul, or with God) ſhe taking time at advantage, firſt breaks with *Pieria* about this bloody buſineſs, adding withal, that her deſire and reſolution is to have her Siſter *Baptiſtina* ſtifled in her bed. For now the Devil hath caſt off her reſolutions from Poyſon or Ponyard, to which effect, ſhe promiſeth to gain her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithal to maintain themſelves well being married, if ſhe will conſent with him to undertake and perform her requeſt: Which proffers and promiſes of her Lady do ſound ſo ſweetly in poor *Pieria*'s ears, and work ſo deep an impreſſion in her heart, eſpecially that ſhe ſhall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband whom ſhe loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquiſhed with the conſideration thereof, as alſo inchanted with the ſweet melody of her Ladie's ſugred perſwaſions, ſhe without any fear or thought of God, as an inconſiderate and graceleſs Maiden, yields to her ungodly and inhumane requeſts; who then ſwearing her to ſecrecy, ſhe within a day or two after, likewiſe boardeth her ſervant *Bernardo* upon this bloody buſineſs, the which if he will perform for her, and take *Pieria* to his wife, ſhe faithfully promiſeth to give him an hundred and fifty Duckatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life; and to remain their true and conſtant friend for ever. At firſt *Bernardo* wondereth and ſtaggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and aſtoniſhed thereat, as if he were now ſo good a Chriſtian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his ſoul; but at laſt, being deeply enamoured of *Pieria*'s delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly ſum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he forgetting himſelf, and which is worſe, God; without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free conſent and promiſe to perform both her requeſts, as well of the murther as marriage. Whereupon ſhe carries him to her Cloſet, and there calls for *Pieria*, and acquaints her with her and her *Bernardo*'s concluſion; ſo in her preſence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themſelves each to other, and then they all three do ſeverally and joyntly ſwear ſecreſie, as alſo punctually to accompliſh this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faſter and ſtronger to tie them to her deſires and their promiſes) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pledg and earneſt-penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiſeth to reward them with ſo much more as ſoon as they have ſent her Sitter *Baptiſtina* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pieria* (to teſtifie their thankfulneſs to her) do both vow and ſwear, that herein (as in all things elſe) her will ſhall be their Law, and that their beſt ſervices and beſt lives ſhall for ever be proſtrate to her commands. But they ſhall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, becauſe it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (becauſe ſinful) compact, being thus ſecretly ſhut up, and impiouſly concluded between theſe three wretched perſonages, then *Bernardo* and *Pieria* fall ſo cloſe and thick to their amorous kiſſes, as being deſirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they requeſt their Lady *Amarantha*, that ſhe would pleaſe to permit them to finiſh and conſummate their marriage, before they perpetrate the murther of her Siſter *Baptiſtina*; but ſhe (who was clearer-ſighted in her malice and revenge to her ſaid Siſter, than they in their judgments and affections to themſelves) conſidering that this Seal of their marriage was the great tye and Gordian knot for them to perform and finiſh her deſire, the which, if it were once ſolemnized, then their devotion and zeal thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards either grow cold, or freez, if not ſhortly wither and dye away upon the Deſign; ſhe ſtrongly oppoſes and contradicts it, as affirming they ſhall firſt diſpatch her Siſter before they marry: the which *Bernardo* well obſerving and conſidering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and ſo to make her diſcretion his; and therefore that this murther being once committed, ſhe might after at her pleaſure revoke her verbal Annuity given him, the which to prevent (and ſo to be as wiſe in his Covetouſneſs, as ſhe was cruel and bloody in her bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her deſire, he will willingly defer his marriage till then, but withal, humbly requeſts her to give him her promiſed Annuity written and ſigned with her own hand; the which, becauſe ſhe cannot well refuſe, ſhe then and there doth in theſe terms:

IN consideration, that my servant Bernardo *do espouse, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pieria, *I do promise that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said* Bernardo *or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and intire sum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of* Florence *money; And in witness and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subsigne my Name:*

AMARANTHA.

A promise and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerful witness, and instrument of his glory, and, peradventure, to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promise to *Bernardo*, and likewise received his and his intended wifes *Pieria's* oaths in counterchange, she now thinks with her self, that she must again return *Pieria* to *Florence*, and by some slie hypocrisie, to re-invest and screw her anew into her old Lady *Baptistina's* service, thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now as she is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident which seems both to favour her hopes, and to further her desires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Baptistina* writes over to *Malevola* to deal secretly and seriously with *Pieria* for her return to *Florence* to her service, and that she shall find her welcome to exceed her expectation and desires: So the truth is apparent, that *Pieria* (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great perswasions from *Malevola*, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as she and her *Bernardo* receive the first motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, so *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertains it with delight; and now their last consultation is held between them, about the conclusion and finishing of this mournful business. To which end, *Pieria* is dispatched for *Florence*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to close and shut up this Tragedy. We must now allow and conceive *Pieria* to be again entertained of her old Lady *Baptistina* in *Florence*, with much courtesie and joy; and for the seal and ciment of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought Silk Gown, and a purple Damask Peticoat, the which (as a treacherous dissembling wretch) she seems to receive of her with much content and thankfulness, the which yet we shall shortly see her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her desire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha* (who sees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinks every day an age, before she hear of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after midnight, he finds the little Garden door open, and his *Pieria* there purposely to receive and welcome him; so they begin their meeting with kisses. She leads him by the hand to the outer door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, she had there to that purpose, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecy) put off their shoes, and cut the candles; and the darkness of the Moon, and the obscurity of the night seeming to conspire to their conspiracy, they softly enter her Chamber, go one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Baptistina* lying soundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillows, and then a little whiles after, thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as she hath neither space to speak, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly poysoned her elder sister *Jaquinta*, is now also cruelly murthered by the treachery of her youngest sister *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and say: *O Lord, as thou art immense in thy mercies, so thou art inscrutable in thy judgments, and that therefore, as we ought not, so we cannot resist his divine power and eternal predrdination.*

Bernardo and *Pieria* (as two limbs of the Devil) having finished this cruel Murther on *Baptistina*, they leave her breathless body on her bed, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they softly pull fast the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then she secretly throws in the key within side, at a private hole, or granny; when her sweet heart and her self descended the stairs, and with wonderful silence stalk away to the Garden, without the Postern door whereof, his Horse, tyed up to an Iron Ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kisses they part, he faithfully promising

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her to return to her again at *Florence* within a moneth after at moſt, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pieria* now (in the depth and dead of this diſmal night) betakes her ſelf to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) ſleeps ſoundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obſcure night, gallops thorow the ſtreets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Piſtoia*: Where God (in his all-ſeeing providence) cauſeth his horſe to ſtumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and preſently died, and his horſe then riſing, flies from him ſtraglingly in the ſtreets, leaving the breathleſs Corps of *Bernardo* in the ſtreet, having not the happineſs either to cry or utter one word at this his ſudden and diſaſterous death; God having ſo ordained and decreed in his Star-Chamber of Heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady *Baptiſtina* he deſerved a more ſhameful end, yet that this poor horſe which brought him to *Florence*, ſhould at the ſame time and place be his Executioner, as alſo that there was ſcarce one hour between his crime and his puniſhment, between her murther and his own death: An act and example of Gods Juſtice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Chriſtians moſt eſpecially to remember: ſo ſecret and ſacred are the Judgments of the Lord of Hoſts! All that night *Bernardo*'s dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly iſſued forth his mouth) as alſo in the dirt of the ſtreet, uneſpied of any mortal eye; but aſſoon as the morning began to appear thorow the windows of Heaven, then it was found, and likewiſe to be done by the fall off a horſe; whereof his neck, the beholders ſaw, was broken: the which the ſooner they were induced and led to believe, becauſe they likewiſe found a horſe neer him, ſtragling in the ſtreets without his Rider: This his dead body is therefore preſently expoſed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cauſe his pockets to be ſearched, where, inſtead of gold, they, by the direction of God, find the before nominated promiſe of a yeerly Annuity, which we have formerly underſtood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonardo Streni* his daughter, and by this Note, confidently believing this dead man to be the ſame *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha*'s ſervant; they (without once ſuſpecting or dreaming of any murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the ſtreets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and ſo ſpeedily arrives to *Streni* his houſe before them; whereat *Pieria* (looking for nothing leſs) takes ſo hot an alarm of grief, fear, and deſpair, that her guilty thoughts and conſcience (like ſo many Blood-hounds) ſtill purſuing her. She ſeeing this unlook'd for diſaſter and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; ſhe therefore preſently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity and more fear) betakes her ſelf to the leaſt frequented and moſt remoteſt ſtreets of the City for her ſafety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at *Streni* his houſe, whom they acquaint with this mournful accident, ſhewing him this aſſurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughter's hand, as alſo the dead corps, and if this were her ſervant, who (with a countenance compoſed of aſtoniſhment, fear, and ſorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha*'s own hand-writing, and the dead perſonage to be her ſerving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he ſorrowfully fears, that this Death of his, and that Aſſurance of hers, doth either import or include ſome greater diſaſter and misfortune: Whereupon, they again, modeſtly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber-maid, *Pieria*, who returns them this anſwer; that the firſt is at his Mannor of *Cardura*, neer *Piſtoia*, and the ſecond here in this houſe, and now ſerving his eldeſt Daughter *Baptiſtina*: they demand to ſpeak with *Pieria*, whom he cauſeth to be ſought in all places of his houſe, but ſhe is not to be found, ſo he ſends to look her in his Daughters Chamber, her Miſtreſs: but his ſervants return and report, that the door of that Chamber is faſt lock'd, and that they can get no ſpeech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptiſtina*; which anſwer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealouſie of the Judges, and the fear of the Father: So they all reſolve to aſcend themſelves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no anſwer of either of them, they inſtantly cauſe the door to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Baptiſtina* dead, and well near cold in her bed, and cauſing her body to be ſecretly ſearched by ſome Chirurgions and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that ſhe is undoubtedly ſtifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and ſwoln with ſtrugling for life againſt death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almoſt drowned in his ſorrowful tears at the ſight of this deplorable accident and mournful ſpectacle, and therefore what to ſay, or how to bear himſelf herein, he knows not.

But the Judges upon further knowledg and consideration of the flight of *Pieria*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) do vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Baptistina*'s death, notwithstanding that the key of her chamber was found thrown in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowful father to his tears, and, betaking themselves to their seat of Justice, do instantly cause all the gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pieria*, which (in their zeal and honour to sacred Justice) they perform with so much care and speed, as within three hours after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunt's house of hers, who was a poor woman and a Laundress of that City, named *Eleanora Fracasa*.

The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this annuity) charge both her and her Lover *Bernardo* to be the Actors, and *Amarantha*, to be at least accessary, if not the author, with them of murthering of *Baptistina*; she can hardly speak for tears at this her examination, because her sighs still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so far from grace and repentance, as at first she stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, That both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her self, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Baptistina*'s life, and that if she were dead, she died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Devil had made her so strong, as she added many fearful oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apologie) these grave and clear-sighted Judges are so far from diminishing, as they augment their suspition both of her and them, and so they commit her to prison, and forthwith to the Rack. At the pronouncing of which sentence. *Pieria* is much daunted, seems to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancie, and to burst forth into many passionate tears, sighs, and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, seeing her pretended husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, she so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Rack (with some tears, and more deep-fetcht sighs) she confessed to her Judges, that she and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Baptistina* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her self with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, she (in requital thereof) could do no less than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as fast from her hereafter, as ever she formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudg her to be hanged for the same; but first they send her back to prison, and the very next morning, before break of day, they secretly send away three of their *Ishieres* (or Sergeants) to Cardura, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to Florence, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pieria*'s denyal) that she likewise had a deep finger and share in her sister *Baptistina*'s murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but flattering her self with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her sister *Baptistina*, and consequently that she should shortly revisit *Florence*, and there domineer alone, and obtain some gallant Cavalier of her father for her Husband; she in expectance of her servant *Bernardo* his return, and of his pleasing news, had that day (as it were in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her self up in her best attire, and richest apparel; and so betaking her self to her chamber, and to that window which looked towards Florence, she with a longing desire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to expectation) she sees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as Florentines, whereat she much museth and wondreth, as not knowing what they, or their coming should import. These three Sergeants having entered the house, they are brought to the Governess *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That Seignior *Streni* her father, hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquired of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtilleſt of them makes answer very slily and artificially to her, that her Father's haste, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that he perfectly knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governess *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her Self, they answer, No, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and only one Foot-boy. The Pupil and Governess consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing, as the second is discontented to go to Florence without a letter; but the

policie of the Sergeants ſo prevail with the ſimplicity of this young Lady and old Gentlewoman, that they ſpeedily pack up their trunks, ſo dine, and then take Coach and Horſe, and away for Florence; during which ſhort journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet ſhe finds ſo many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her mind, at the abſence and ſilence of her man *Bernardo*, as ſhe cannot poſſibly again refrain from muſing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at Florence, where theſe Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) inſtead of *Amarantha*'s fathers houſe, do clap her up cloſe priſoner in the common Gaol of that Citie, notwithſtanding all her prayers and cries, ſighs and tears, to the contrary; and then ſend her Governeſs *Malevola* home to her ſaid father, to advertiſe him hereof; who tearing the ſnow-white hair off his head and beard at this ſad news, and extreamly fearing the dangerous conſequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, ſorrow in his looks, and ſighs in his ſpeeches) repairs ſpeedily to the Judges, to whom ſorrowfully and humbly caſting himſelf almoſt as low as their feet, he prayes them to think of his age, and of his impriſoned daughter's youth, and that having unfortunately loſt his eldeſt daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngeſt, nor caſt her life away either upon bare preſumption or circumſtance, or upon the wrongful reports and malice of his and her enemies: But theſe grave and Lynce-eyed Magiſtrates (who look as deeply into the priviledg and dignity of Juſtice, as he doth into the paſſions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this ſharp reply, That they honour his age, and reſpect his daughter's youth, that ſhe ſhall have juſtice, and that by the Laws of Florence he muſt expect no more; with which cold anſwer he returns home to his houſe, as diſconſolate, as he came forth ſorrowful, being not permitted, but defended, to ſee or ſpeak with his daughter *Amarantha* in priſon, only he hath permiſſion to bury his murthered daughter *Baptiſtina*: the which he performeth with far more grief and ſorrow than ſolemnity.

The truth and decorum of this Hiſtory muſt now invite the Reader to viſit *Amarantha* in priſon, who being here debarred from ſpeaking with any, or any with her, except (thoſe miſerable comforters) her Sergeants and Gaolers; ſhe now ſeeing the imminencie of her danger, and fearing the aſſurance of her death, for that ſhe heard a ſecret inckling (from the lower Court, through her chamber window) *That her Siſter* Baptiſtina *was murthered, her Maid* Pieria *impriſoned, and ſhe her ſelf vehemently ſuſpected for the ſame*: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of theſe her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder ſiſters with contrition, and ſolemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majeſtie will now pleaſe to ſave her life, ſhe will henceforth religiouſly redeem the firſt and ſecond with repentance. So in the midſt of theſe good thoughts, though vain deſires and wiſhes of hers, ſhe yet ſtill flatters her ſelf with this poor hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promiſed annuity to him, written with her own hand is ſtill ſure, and therefore tacitly dead in his cuſtody; and that both he and *Pieria* cannot any way wrong her, without infinitely wronging themſelves, and endangering their own lives: So albeit her Judges have matter of ſuſpition, yet they can have no cauſe of death againſt her; or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatneſs and friends are ſo prevalent in Florence and Tuſcany, that if (the worſt fall out) he and they can obtain at leaſt her Reprival for the preſent, if not her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all theſe her weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious ſpeech to her) they demand her, firſt, If ſhe employed not her ſervant *Bernardo*, and *Pieria* to murther her ſiſter *Baptiſtina*, the which ſhe firmly and conſtantly denies: Secondly, If ſhe had not given an annuity of 150 Duckatons during his life to marry *Pieria*, the which ſhe likewiſe denies; then they produce and ſhew it her under her own hand-writing, whereat (they meaſuring her heart by her countenance) ſhe ſeems to be ſo much perplexed with ſorrow, and amazed with fear, as ſhe cannot refrain from giving them leſs words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themſelves now to be in a fair way, and a direct courſe to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable buſineſs from her) they bethink themſelves of a policie, thereby to effect and compaſs it, which is every way worthy of themſelves and their offices, of their diſcretion and juſtice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they deſire and intend to ſave her, if ſhe will not wilfully caſt her ſelf away; That her ſafety and life now conſiſteth in her plain confeſſion, and not in her perverſe denial and conteſtation, of being acceſſary and conſenting to the murther of her ſiſter *Baptiſtina*. That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparant as the Sun: And that they having

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caused *Pieria* to be executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of *Pieria*, this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her self so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with fear toward her self, or choler toward *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of tears) makes her self (by her free confession) to be the prime author of her sister *Baptistina*'s murther; That she had hired *Bernardo* and *Pieria* to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons *per annum*; and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: When (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaimed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so she then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her self, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazzard her own life with hers. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowful *Amarantha* (between these two different extreams of hope and fear) layes hold of her Judges late promise and profer'd courtesie to her to save her, and then and there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloody-minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificial policy, drawn this worm from *Amarantha*'s tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowful, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pity her descent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of justice upon all capital malefactors, and especially on murtherers, (who are no less than monsters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankind) and that the greatness of their quality and blood doth only serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: Therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges prove deaf to her requests, and blind to her tears; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha*'s face confirmed as much as she her self right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expectation of this her cruel murther, adjudg her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of *Pieria*; although her aged sorrowful Father Seignior *Streni* (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and sorrow of these his misfortunes and calamities) proffered the Judges and the great Duke, the greatest part of his estate and lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vain in this his suit and solicitation, because those learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholesome and true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus's and strongest columns of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, and the truest way and means to preserve them in flourishing prosperity and glory, and consequently, that all wilful and premeditated murtherers cannot be either too soon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choler then sorrow, and *Pieria*, with more fear than choler, are now both sent back to their prisons; and that night *Streni* sends his Daughter, and the Judges send *Pieria* some Fryers and Nunns to prepare their souls for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must affirm with equal grief and pity, that both these two female monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their souls so seared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded or drawn either to think of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* resounds of these their foul and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the destin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condigne punishments for the same. *Pieria* first mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this effect; That her desire to obtain *Bernardo* for her husband had chiefly drawn her to commit this murther on her Lady *Baptistina*, and that it was far more her Sister *Amarantha*'s malice to her, than her own, which seduced her to this bloody resolution; and that this her own shameful death was not half so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom she there affirmed to the world, and took it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer than her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which savoured more of her fond affection to him, than of any zeal or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, than of my relation: And so she was turned over. To second whose unfortunate and shameful end, now our bloody and execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty than contrition, and bravery than repentance) ascends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted and apparelled her self

in a plain black Sattin Gown, with Silver lace, and a deep laced Cambrick Ruff of a very large Set, with her hair unvailed, and decked with many Roſes of ſilver Ribband: At her aſcent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begat as much pitty, as her bloody and unnatural crime did deteſtation, in the eyes and hearts of all her ſpectators: When, after a pauſe or two, ſhe (vainly compoſing her countenance, more with contempt, than fear of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Country to ſee her dye (with a wondrous boldneſs) confeſſed, That ſhe had not only cauſed her Siſter *Baptiſtina* to be ſtifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but that her ſaid Siſter *Baptiſtina* and her ſelf had formerly poyſoned their elder Siſter *Jaquinta*, and that it was only their imperiouſneſs and pride towards her, which drew her to this reſolution and revenge againſt them both; the which ſhe affirmed, ſhe could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that ſhe more ſenſibly lamented, and grieved for the ſorrows of her Father's life, than for the ſhame and infamy of her own death: When, without any ſhew of repentance, without any ſpeech of God, or, which is leſs, without ſo much as once looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her ſpectators to pray to God for her ſoul, ſhe with a graceleſs reſolution, and prophane boldneſs, conjured her Executioner ſpeedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magiſtrate he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her ſecond murther, and then by a ſecond decree and ſentence of the criminal Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for her firſt; who likewiſe in honour to Juſtice, and to the glory of God, do alſo cauſe the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his ſhirt at the ſame Gallows, and then to be caſt into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges alſo, to ſhew themſelves, themſelves, were once of opinion to have unburied *Baptiſtina*, and likewiſe to have given her dead body ſome opprobrious puniſhment, for being acceſſary with her Siſter *Amarantha* to poyſon their elder ſiſter *Jaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the teſtimony of her condemned dying Siſter *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable than impoſſible, ſhe might ſpeak it more out of malice than truth, as alſo that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and puniſhment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deſerved ends, and condign puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the juſt revenge, and ſacred juſtice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody Crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory in all its circumſtances: The griefs and ſorrows of this unfortunate old Father was ſo great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all theſe his three only Daughters and Children, that although Piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquiſhed and depreſſed with all theſe different bitter croſſes and calamities, he left *Florence*, and retired himſelf to a ſolitary life in *Cardura*, where he not long ſurvived them, but dyed very penſively and mournfully.

God's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino *poiſoneth his brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet; He afterwards grows mad, and in confeſſion reveals both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his letter to* Ceciliana, *who was widow to* Monfredo, *and ſiſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

AS it is a dangerous wickedneſs to contrive and plot murther; ſo much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finiſh, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Chriſtian Brother who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act ſo odious, as Nature cannot excuſe, and ſo diabolical, as no Clemencie can pardon: And yet this age, and this world is but too plentiful and fertil of ſuch bloody Tigers, and inhumane monſters, and Butchers of mankind, as if they had not a conſcience within them to accuſe them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to puniſh them; or as if they had not the ſacred Oracles of Gods eternal Word, I mean the Law and the Goſpel, and the bleſſed precepts and doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apoſtles; yea, of Chriſt Jeſus himſelf, the great Shepherd, and ſacred Biſhop of our ſouls, to teach us the rules of mercy, meekneſs, and long-ſuffering, whiles we live in this vale of miſery here below, and that we muſt embrace and follow peace and charity with all men, if ever we think to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheleſs (yea directly contrary hereunto) this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who though ſufficiently inſtructed in the rules of piety and charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the firſt, and contemned the ſecond, by cruelly and unnaturally imbrewing his hands in innocent blood, for the which we ſhall ſee, that he in the end ſuffereth a ſevere and ſhameful death. May we read this Hiſtory to the glory of God, and the inſtruction of our ſelves.

The Scene of this Hiſtory is laid in Spain, in the famous province of old Caſtile, and in the fair and ancient city of Burgos, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed Dona *Catherina Antunez* (a Sirname much known, and famous in that city, province, and kingdom) who had by her deceaſed husband Don *Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two ſons, Don *Pedro*, and Don *Martino*, and one daughter named Dona *Ceciliana*. Her eldeſt ſon Don *Pedro* was a gallant Cavalier, of ſome eight and twenty years of age, tall and well-timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a ſwart and martial countenance, who for the ſpace of ſeven years, ſerved as a voluntary Gentleman under that wiſe and valiant Commander Don *Gonſalez de Cordova* in Germany, and againſt the Lords States of the Netherlands, and ſince in the Voltoline and Millane, againſt the Griſons and French; In both which wars he left behind him many memorable teſtimonies of his prowreſs, and purchaſed divers honourable trophees of true valour and generoſity; but for any other intellectual endowments of the mind, he was no ſchollar, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honeſt, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His brother Don *Martino* was of ſome four and twenty years of age, ſhort of ſtature, very ſlender, but crook-back'd, of an Aubrun hair, a withered face, a ſquint eye; of inclination extreamly ſullen, and of diſpoſition and nature envious and revengeful, as deſirous rather to entertain a night-quarrel in the ſtreet, than a day-combat in the field; but as God is many times pleaſed to countervail and reward the defects of nature in the body, with ſome rich gifts and perfections of the mind, ſo though not by profeſſion, yet by education he was an excellent ſcholar, of an active and ſharp wit, a fluent tongue, and ſingularly able either to allure or divert, to perſwade or diſſwade, according as the ſtream of his different paſſions and affections led him: Vertues enough relucent and excellent to build a fame, and ſufficient to raiſe an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally eclipſe the one, and deface the other. Their ſiſter *Ceciliana* (aged of ſome twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatneſs, of a black hair, an amiable brown complexion, of a big rolling eye, and the air of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, than modeſtly beautiful: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleaſant and facetious, yet ſo reſerved in the external demonſtration thereof, that through her mothers pious and auſtere education of her, ſhe (in all outward ſemblance) ſeemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery than a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint than a wife; but as the face proves not ſtill a true Index of the heart, nor our looks and ſpeeches ſtill a true Sybil of our ſouls; ſo how retired ſoever her mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye conſpiring with her laſcivious heart, made her the more deſirous thereof: and far the more licentiouſly, in regard ſhe was ſtrictly forbidden it; ſo as (not to contradict or diſſemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirm, that ſhe imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that city, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, than modeſty can well warrant, or chaſtity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this city likewiſe (more noble by birth, than rich in eſtate and means) named Don *Balthazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Ceciliana* as famous for her chaſtity, as for her beauty) bears a ſingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are ſo fervently intangled in the ſnares of her delicious beauty, that in publike and private, in his deſires and wiſhes, and his ſpeech and actions, he proclaims her to be his Miſtriſs, and himſelf her ſervant; and if he affect and deſire *Ceciliana* for his wife, no leſs doth ſhe *Monfredo* for her husband; ſo that they many times by ſtealth meet and conferr privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious cuſtom of Spain (wherein Heaven is too much made to ſtoop to earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worſe) many times their courtizans and ſtrumpets. *Ceciliana* (oftentimes warranted by her mothers indiſpoſition) can no ſooner take coach, to enjoy the pleaſure and benefit of the freſh air abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* aſſuredly meets her, where leaping from his coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her waiting Gentlewoman in his own) they at firſt familiarly kiſs and conferr, and in a few of theſe meetings at laſt effectually reſolve to give themſelves each to other in the ſacred bonds of marriage; ſo he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and ſhe reciprocally returns him a pair of gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witneſs) very ſolemnly contract themſelves man and wife, yet for ſome ſolid reaſons, and important conſiderations, which conduce to the better accompliſhing of their deſires, they for a time conclude to bear it ſecretly and ſilently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a moneth after, and not before, he ſhall attempt to ſeek her publikely in marriage, both of her mother the Lady *Catherina*, as alſo of her two brothers, Don *Pedro*, and Don *Martino*.

So

So when this moneth is past over (which to these our two Lovers seems to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairly and orderly seeks her of her mother in marriage, and likewise (in tearms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two brothers with his sute and affection to their sister, and with his best art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable tearms) to gain and purchase their consents thereunto. As for her mother, she (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) considering the weakness of *Monfredo*'s estate, the death of his Parents, whereby she sees him deprived of all future hope to raise his fortunes, doth absolutely deny to bestow her daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream distaste of this his sute and dislike of himself, she (with much obstinacy and choler) forbids him her daughter's company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her house, telling him she hath already firmly ingaged her word and promise to Don *Alonso Delrio*, that he shall shortly espouse and marry her. Now although this sharp answer of hers seem to nip *Monfredo*'s hopes and desires in their blossoms, yet relying more on the affection and constancy of the daughter, that on the power or resolution of the mother, he again and again (with a most respective and honourable importunity) soliciteth her consent; but he sees it lost labour, because she is resolute that her first shall be her last answer to him herein. As for her brother Don *Pedro*, he loves his sister so perfectly, and her content so dearly, that he finds him to stand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and respect to him, that he utterly contemns the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiseth *Monfredo* his best assistance towards his mother for the effecting of their desires. But for her younger brother, Don *Martino*, he finds a contrary nature and disposition in him; for he never loved, but hated his sister *Ceciliana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her sake, and loves *Delrio*, because he hears she hates him, and so animates his mother against them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold answers, and (the sooner and better to convert his hope into despair) tells him plainly that *Delrio* must and shall marry his sister, and none but he. Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of Don *Pedro* his love, as he is sorrowful for his mother and brother Don *Martino*'s hatred. And here (to observe the better order in this History, and likewise to give the curiosity of the Reader the fuller satisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent, for us to understand, that Don *Delrio* was also a well descended Gentleman of the same city of *Burgos*, rich in lands and monies, but at least fifty five years old, having a white head and beard, of a hard and sour favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet, as old as he was, he was so passionately enamoured of the fresh and sweet beauty of *Ceciliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himself too old to be her husband, but, led more by his lust than his judgment, and encouraged by Dona *Catherina* her mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often visiteth her daughter *Ceciliana*, and with his best oratory and power seeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: But she having her heart fixed on *Monfredo*'s youth, and comely feature, she highly slights *Delrio*'s frozen age, and disdaining to make her self a *May* to this *December*, because she apparently knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and chosen for her second self and Husband: And suppose (quoth she) that *Monfredo* be not so rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Castile*, yea all *Spain*, well knows, that by descent and generosity he is far more noble; and that there is as great an Antithesis and disparity between the vertues of the first, and the defects and imperfections of the last, as there is between a Clown and a Captain, a Peasant and a Prince; therefore let my mother say what she will, *Delrio* what he can, or my brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my grave shall be my husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her mother (notwithstanding her daughters averseness and obstinacy) layes her charge and blessing upon her to forsake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the last will give her, and what afflictions and misery the first do threaten her: But the affection of *Ceciliana* is still so firmly fixed, and strongly settled and cemented on her *Monfredo*, that she is deaf to these requests, and blind to these reasons of her mother, in seeking to dissuade her from him, and in consenting and perswading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her shadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghost, to draw her hereunto; yet she still finds her daughter as resolute to deny, as she is importunate to request it of her, vowing that she will rather wed her self to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom she saith she cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily disdaineth to marry. Her mother seeing her daughter thus constantly and wilfully to persevere in her obstinacy against her

her deſires, ſhe (with much choler and grief) relates from point to point to her ſon Don *Martino*, what had paſt between them; whom ſhe knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldeſt ſon Don *Pedro*, hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their ſiſter in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occaſion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blows with one ſtone, by croſſing his ſiſter in her affection, and his brother in his deſigns and wiſhes, doth now more than ever incenſe his mother againſt her, alleaging that it would be a far greater honour, and leſs ſcandal to their name and houſe, that ſhe were rather married to a Nunnery than a Beggar, and with many powerful reaſons, and artificial perſwaſions, ſtrives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this reſolution of his, as indeed in a little time ſhe doth: For the mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the ſlie policy, and fortified by the ſubtile inſinuation of her ſon Don *Martino*, ſhe hereupon conſtantly reſolves to betake and give her daughter to God and the Church, affirming that ſhe ſhall never reap any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before ſhe ſee her cloyſtered up, and eſpouſed to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not ſo cloſely carried between them, but the vigilancie of Don *Pedro* (whoſe affection and care aims to give *Monfredo* and his ſiſter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purpoſing to prevent it, and ſo to croſs his mother and brother, who herein delight and glory to croſs him, he bethinks himſelf of an invention (worthy of himſelf) how and which way to effect it. He ſends for Don *Alonſo Delrio* to the Cordeliers Church, and there relates him the friendſhip he bears him, that he will not ſee him run himſelf into an errour, in ſeeking his ſiſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, whom he knows he cannot poſſibly obtain; ſhe (to his knowledg) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithſtanding all that his mother and brother Don *Martino* have ſaid, or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks Don *Pedro* for the expreſſion of this love to him, the which he affirms he ſhall ever find him ready both to deſerve and requite; when meaſuring the time future by the preſent, and of *Ceciliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blaſted age, he vows to Don *Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more deſire or ſeek his ſiſter in marriage, nor yet ſpeak with her, or come near his mother or brother; ſo that buſineſs is for ever daſhed, and receives an end, almoſt as ſoon as beginning. The which Don *Martino* (out of his deep reach and politick pate) underſtanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther ſeeking his ſiſter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the ſecret undermining of his brother Don *Pedro*, he is extreamly in choler againſt him for the ſame; and ſo (with more paſſion than diſcretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon theſe two brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outragious ſpeeches here interchangeably paſs between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in ſilence, becauſe it matters not much to give it a place in this hiſtory; only (to deal on generals) I muſt ſay that Don *Pedro* was high, and Don *Martino* hot, and that the firſt ſpake not ſo much as he dared, and that the laſt dared not ſo much as he ſpake. But this Tongue-combate of theirs was ſo violent and bluſterous, as the iſſue thereof redounding to Don *Pedro's* glory and generoſity, and to Don *Martino's* ſhame and baſeneſs; and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choler and revenge againſt him for the ſame, as, conſulting with Satan, not with God, he is ſo revengeful and inhumane, as he wiſheth his ſaid brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himſelf how to finiſh it, reaſoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himſelf; That he being dead, and his ſiſter pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, he ſhall then be ſole heir and Lord to all the lands and eſtate which his father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choler, and the fumes of his revenge againſt his brother Don *Pedro*, he repairs to his mother, informs her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his ſiſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, and that through his cloſe treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unaſſayed to incenſe his mother againſt his brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her againſt his ſiſter, by ſtill putting her in mind of his raſhneſs towards *Delrio*, and for her diſobedience towards her ſelf; and here (he remembring his own avaritious end) doth again modeſtly perſwade, and then again importunately pray his mother to conſtitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly underſtood) he knows ſhe is already reſolutely bent and reſolved: When ſhe (being vanquiſhed with her own deſires, and his importunity) promiſeth him very ſhortly to effect it. But firſt ſhe ſends for her ſon Don *Pedro*, and in a language of thunder, rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in diſſwading *Delrio* from ſo ſuddenly forſaking his ſiſter, and in perſwading ſo ſtrongly to affect *Monfredo*: adding withall, that notwithſtanding his treachery and policy, and her ingrateful diſobedience to her, ſhe is inviolaly

violably reſolved ſhortly to ſend *Monfredo* to ſeek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband then a Nunnery. Don *Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertain this choler and theſe ſpeeches of his Mother rather with modeſty than paſſion, returns her this anſwer, that he hath not ſaid nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well juſtifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Siſters preſent condition, and care of her future proſperity, makes him aſſume this belief and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as ſhe worthily beſtowed on Don *Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pity and ſhame, that the wealth of the firſt ſhould be preferred to the nobility and generoſity of the ſecond; he prayes her to conſider, that as *Ceciliana* is her Daughter, ſo ſhe is his Siſter, and that he is ſo well acquainted with her diſpoſition and ſecrets, as not to diſſemble her the truth, he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nun, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and ſhe for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy or rather the malice of his Brother Don *Martino*, which hath wrought theſe falſe impreſſions in her belief againſt himſelf, and this her uncharitable reſolution againſt his Siſter; for which baſe treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his ſcorn, he would not fail to call him to a ſtrict account for the ſame, but that Nature and Grace preſcribe him contrary rules. Donna *Catherina* being far more capable to diſtaſte, than to reliſh this bold anſwer of her Son Don *Pedro*, and contenting her ſelf to have now delivered him her mind and reſolution at full, ſhe leaves him, and finds out his Brother *Martino*, to whom ſhe punctually relates what had paſſed between her and his Brother Don *Pedro*; whereat he is afreſh ſo nettled with choler, and inflamed with revenge againſt him, as what before he hath deſperately plotted and reſolved againſt his life, he now vows and ſwears ſhortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermiſſion) aim and tend, and next thereunto he deſires nothing ſo much, as to ſee his Siſter made a vowed and vayled Siſter.

Whiles thus his Mother and himſelf are deep in conference, and buſie in conſultation how to effect and compaſs theſe their different deſignes; Don *Pedro* goes to his Siſter *Ceciliana*, finds out *Monfredo*, and to them both ſincerely delivers what had paſt between his mother, his brother, and himſelf, in their behalf; yea it is a jeſt (both worthy and well beſeeming his laughter) to ſee how between earneſt and jeſt he tells his Siſter (in preſence of her lover *Monfredo*) that ſhe muſt ſhortly prepare her ſelf for a Nunnery, for that their brother Don *Martino* hath decreed it, and their mother Dona *Catherina* ſworn it: At this pleaſant paſſage and conceipt of Don *Pedro*, *Ceciliana* cannot refrain from bluſhing, nor *Monfredo* from ſmiling: For looking each on other with the eyes of one and the ſame tender affection and conſtancy, he ſmiles to ſee her bluſh, and ſhe again bluſheth to ſee him ſmile hereat, here ſhe tells her brother Don *Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleaſantly, that ſhe will deceive her mothers hopes, and her brother Don *Martino's* deſires, in thinking to make her a Cloyſtered Siſter, when again metamorphoſing the ſnow white Lillies of her cheeks into bluſhing Damask Roſes, ſhe with a modeſt pleaſantneſs, directing her ſpeech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tells him, that his houſe ſhould be the Nunnery, his arms the Cloyſter; and himſelf the Saint, to whom (till death) ſhe was ready to profer up, and ſacrifice both her affection and her ſelf; that as ſhe did not hate, but love the profeſſion of a Nunn in others, ſo for his ſake ſhe could not love, but hate it in her ſelf, adding withal, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleaſure) ſhe was both ready and willing to put her ſelf into his protection, and to repoſe her honour in the confidence of his faithful affection and integrity towards her.

Monfredo firſt kiſſing her, then infinitely thanking her for this true demonſtration of her dear and conſtant affection to him, when again intermixing kiſſes with ſmiles, and ſmiles with kiſſes, he ſwears to her, in preſence of God, and her brother Don *Pedro*, that if the Lady her mother wholly abandon her, or reſolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor houſe with delight and joy, and preſerve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time preſent, as the future) he will ſteer his actions by the ſtarr of her deſire, and the compaſs of her preſent brother Don *Pedros* commands: For which free and faithful courteſie of his, *Ceciliana* thanks him, and no leſs doth Don *Pedro*, who in requital hereof makes him a general and generous tender of his beſt power and ſervice to act and conſummate his deſires; and ſo for that time, and with this reſolution they part each from other, leaving the progreſs of their affections, and the ſucceſs thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiouſly invocate to bleſs their deſignes in hand.

Leave we them for a while and come we now again (curſorily) to ſpeak of their mother Dona *Catherina*, and of Don *Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom ſhe derives and directs all her reſolutions, ſhe is ſtill conſtant to her ſelf, and therefore ſtill vehemently bent againſt her Son Don *Pedro*, her Daughter *Ceciliana* and *Monfredo*, ſwearing both ſolemnly and ſeriouſly, that ſhe will rather dye than live to ſee him her Son-in-Law: And yet whatſoever Don *Martino* doth ſay, or can alledge to her to the contrary, ſhe yet loves Don *Alonſo Delrio* ſo well, and her Daughter *Ceciliana* ſo dearly, that before ſhe will attempt to Cloyſter her up in a Nunnery, ſhe hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his ſuit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her ſervant ſend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forſakeſt thy affection and ſuit to my Daughter Ceciliana, *hereof, before I am reſolved by thee, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect and think, that it was as feigned as thy Promiſes and Oaths pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as Envy cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the world, ſo Truth dares not contradict the ſincerity of my well-wiſhes and affections towards thee, in deſiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her poor beauty (which thou ſo often ſworeſt, thy heart ſo dearly admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but is the ſame ſtill; and ſo am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men of the world, thy ſelf only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doeſt her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledg. Or if thou imagine the Portion to be too ſmall, which I promiſed to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou ſhalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy ſelf ſhall ever have cauſe to requeſt, or power to obtain; yea, thou ſhalt find, that for the finiſhing and conſummating of ſo good a work (which thou ſo much deſerveſt, and I ſo much deſire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoveriſhing of mine own. If thou ſend me thine Anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of thy unkindneſs: But if thou bring it thy ſelf, I will eſteem it as one of thy true reſpects and affections to me.*

CATHERINA.

Don *Martino* being ſolicited and charged by his Lady mother likewiſe to write effectually to *Delrio* to return to ſeek his Siſter *Ceciliana* in marriage, yet notwithſtanding drawn thereunto for his own covetous ends, ſecretly to deſire and wiſh that he might never marry her, but ſhe a Nunnery; he therefore to that effect writes, and ſends him a moſt diſſembling and hypocritical Letter by the ſame meſſenger, to accompany hers, but he is ſo reſerved and fine, as he purpoſely conceals the ſight and reading thereof from his mother. This Letter of his, which was as falſe and double as himſelf, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

MY duty ever obliging me to eſteem my Mothers requeſts as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as deſiring to know who or what hath ſo ſuddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Siſter Ceciliana. *Thou canſt not be ignorant of my hearty well wiſhes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not poſſible for thee to conceive, much leſs believe the hundredth part of the bitter ſpeeches, which I have been inforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother* Don Pedro, *for deſiring and wiſhing it. I know, that inforced affections prove commonly more fatal than fortunate and more ruinous than proſperous; therefore I am ſo far from any more perſwading thee to ſeek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your ſelves, and both unto God. And to the end thou maiſt ſee how much the Lady my Mother affects thy ſute, and diſtaſtes that of* Monfredo *to my Siſter, ſhe upon thy forbearance and abſence hath vowed unto God, that, if thou be not, he ſhall not, but a Nunnery muſt be her Husband. My Mother is deſirous to ſee thee, and my ſelf to ſpeak with thee; but becauſe marriages ought firſt to be made in Heaven, before conſummated on Earth, therefore thou knoweſt far better than my ſelf, that in all actions (eſpecialy in marriage) it is the duty of a Chriſtian to wait on Gods ſecret providence, and to attend his ſacred pleaſure with patience.*

MARTINO.

Delrio

Delrio receives and reads these two letters, and (consulting them with his judgement) finds that they look two different wayes; for Dona *Catherina* the mother would marry her daughter to himself, but not to *Monfredo*, and her son *Martino* aims, and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himself; wherein wealth and covetousness are the chiefest ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladie's content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which Don *Pedro* delivered him in the Cordeliers (or Gray Friers) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no further seek *Ceciliana* in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility, he holds himself bound to answer their two letters: the which he doth, and returns them by their own messenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had these words.

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

THough you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady Ceciliana *your daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbear to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her husband: So though envie should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possibly be so malicious, either to eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her self, that infinite others besides my self, hold it as great a prophaneness not to adore the last, as a happiness to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my self hers, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requital, but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your daughter hath, or will dispose of her affection, God and her self best know; and therefore I shall do her right, and your knowledg and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: But this I assure you, that if hers to me had equalized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far less portion than you would have given me with her. To your self I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your daughter all happiness. I must return you this mine answer by mine own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection; in pleasing your self you shall no way displease me.*

DELRIO.

His Letter to Don *Martino* spake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy mother the reasons why I desist from any farther seeking thy sister Ceciliana *in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankful to thee for thy well-wishes, to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy brother Don* Pedro, *for my sake: it rejoyceth me to see thee of the opinion, that inforced marriages prove commonly fatal and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your sister to Don* Monfredo, *and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not misinformed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy mother is desirous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy self; and as thou writest religiously and truly, that marriages should first be made in Heaven, ere solemnized in Earth; so, doubtless, God hath reserved thy sister for a far better husband than* Delrio, *and him for a far worse wife than* Ceciliana; *And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeal to the providence, and my self with patience, to the pleasure of Almighty God.*

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of *Ceciliana*, and seeing her self, her mother, and brother Don *Martino*, bent to dispose otherwise of her in marriage, he will yet be so jealous of her good, and so careful of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himself obliged to take his leave of her by letter, sith not in person, and so to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge and secret instructions to de-

liver very privately into the Lady *Ciciliana*'s hands, without the knowledg either of her mother, or brother Don *Martino*, which he faithfully promised to perform: His said Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO to CECILIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by our brother Don Pedro, *of your dear affection to Don* Monfredo, *and your constant resolution to make him your husband; I held my self bound out of due regard to you, and firm promise to him, to surcease my suit to you, and (because the shortest errours are ever best) no more to strive to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in marriage, whom I see (Heaven and Earth have conspired) another must obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that of* Monfredo's, *I am so far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this resolution, that my best prayers and wishes shall ever wish you the best prosperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection shall still resplend and shine to you in my future respect, I cannot, I will not conceal the knowledg of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your mother, and brother Don* Martino, *they have some exorbitant and irregular design in contemplation, shortly to reduce into action, against the excellencie of your youth and beauty, and the sweetness of your content and tranquillity, which howsoever (to your self and the world) they seem to shadow and over-vail with false colours; yet, although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you speedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cause thereof. God hath endued you with a double happiness, in giving you an excellent wit to second and imbellish your exquisite beauty: whereunto if in this business you take the advice of your best friend* Monfredo, *and follow that of your noble brother Don* Pedro, *you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons of the world to assure your self that your affections and fortunes will in the end succeed according to my prayers, and your merit and expectation.*

DELRIO.

The messenger first publikely delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady Dona *Catherina*, and her son Don *Martino*; and then privately the other to the young Lady *Ceciliana*, according to his promise, and Don *Delrio*'s request: As for the mother, she grieves to see that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forsaken her daughter: but for her son Don *Martino*, he is exceeding joyful hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his mother upon *Delrio*'s refusals will (in meer malice to *Monfredo*) assuredly commit his sister to a Nunnery: Thus, if he obtain his ends and desires, he cares not who miss theirs. As for *Ceciliana*, she doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio*'s Letter to her, and at his constant resolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea, she reputes his advice to her concerning her mother, and her brother Don *Martino*'s intended discourtesie towards her to much respect and honour. She acquaints her brother Don *Pedro*, (and her *Monfredo*) with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly see their mother and brother's former resolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Ceciliana* a holy Sister, whereat they again laugh and jest at her, and she to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio*'s noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet so courteous and honest towards them all, in this his kind and respectful Letter to *Ceciliana*; the which above the other two, she cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes; that she resolves she can (in honour) do no less, than return his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which she doth in these terms.

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CECILIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my Brother Don Pedro *informed you concerning* Monfredo *and my self, was the very truth and sincerity of those affections wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and settled our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtful of your well wishes and love, so now I am not a little thankful to you for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choice, and in praying to God to make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother* Don Martino *(without ground or reason) affirm it must needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertised, and now (by your care of me, and respect to me which clearly resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said Mother and Brother have some undeserved design against me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent praises of your Pen, yet my heart shall consult with* Don Pedro *how to bear my self in this so weighty and important a business, whereon (although the cause be malice and the pretext Religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happiness or my misery. In the mean time I will pray for those who viciously hate me and honour those who vertuously affect and honour me. Of which last number, I ingenuously and gratefully acknowledge, that your generosity, not my merits, hath condignly made you one.*

CECILIANA.

When she had dispatched this Letter to *Delrio*, then *Monfredo* by her consent, and the advice of her Brother *Don Pedro*, hold it very requisite now once again to sound the affection, and to feel the pulse of their Mother *Dona Catherina*'s resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that she and her Brother *Don Pedro* will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the air; which they do. To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catherina*'s house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kiss her hand, but she is so enraged and transported with choler at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory denial, That she will not see him, and as formerly she prayed, so now she commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her House. An answer so unkind and uncivil, that *Monfredo* knows not whether he have reason to digest it with more choler or laughter; so returning her answer by her Waiting-Gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her house or her patience, yet that he will still remain her most humble servant, and although she refuse to see him that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity: *Don Martino* is now at home and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie to see what brave entertainment his Mother gives *Monfredo*: he expects also that he should visit him, but because his Mothers stomack is so high, therfore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away: and knowing where *Don Pedro* and his Mistris *Ceciliana* were, in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mother's short entertainment to him, which administreth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected less; so *Monfredo* staying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner in the Garden of the *Augustine Friers*, and there to provide and resolve for their affairs, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother *Don Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (storming at *Monfredo*'s yesterdayes presumption and boldness) sends for her Daughter *Ceciliana* into the Garden to her as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake *Monfredo*; or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she laies before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves; at least if she be not so wilful to ruine her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. *Ceciliana* now seeing her Mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therefore against the content and felicity which she expects to enjoy by enjoying him, she no longer able to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty expected) it is in vain for her, either to seek to disparage *Monfredo*, or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him; and therefore with much observance and respect prayes her to affect and honour him, if not for his own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady-mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said, thus constant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against him; and because yet she despaireth to prevail with her hereby, she now (thinking it

high time) reſolves to divert and change the ſtream of her affection from him to God, and ſo at laſt to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her deſires and intentions have ſo long ruminated, and her wiſhes and vows aimed at: To which end calming the ſtorms of her tongue, and compoſing her countenance to patience and piety, ſhe with her beſt art and eloquence ſpeaks to her thus; That in regard ſhe will not accept of *Don Delio* for her Husband, with whom ſhe might have enjoyed proſperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom ſhe can, and muſt expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance; She therefore (out of her natural regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her ſelf of a *medium* between both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and ſanctified way to eſpouſe her ſelf to God and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) ſhe depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nun's profeſſion and life, ſo pleaſing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and Men: When her Daughter *Ceciliana* being tired and diſcontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, ſhe lifting up her eyes to heaven, with a modeſt boldneſs, yet with a bold truth; interrupts her mother thus, That God hath inſpired her heart to affect *Monfredo* ſo dearly, and to love him ſo tenderly, as ſhe will rather content her ſelf to beg with him, than to live with *Delio* in the greateſt proſperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although ſhe had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the conſtitution of her body, much leſs of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, ſhe had rather pray for them than with them, and honor than imitate them: When the Lady her mother not able to contain her ſelf in patience, much leſs in ſilence, at this audacity (and, as ſhe thought) impiety of her Daughter, ſhe with much choler and ſpleen demands her a reaſon of theſe her exorbitant ſpeeches. When her Daughter, no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing and raiſing them to Heaven, requites her with this anſwer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the fleſh, but the ſoul, which is chiefly requiſite and required to give our ſelves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worſe) to ſubmit our ſelves to be thrown on the Church through any cauſe of conſtraint, or motion of diſtaſte or diſcontent, is an act which ſavoureth more of prophaneneſs than piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, ſo his preſence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Ægypt* as well as in *Paleſtine* or *Hieruſalem*, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Manſion houſe, as in a Monaſtery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which ſanctifieth the heart and ſoul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloyſters have no priviledge or power to keep out ſin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-ſaving grace do not. Which ſpeech of hers as ſoon as ſhe had delivered, and ſeeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to anſwer her thereunto with ſilence than reaſon, ſhe making her a low reverence, and craving her excuſe, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her ſelf and her Muſes.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choler, in ſeeing her Daughter's firm reſolution not to become a Nun; ſhe leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where ſending for her ſon *Martino*, ſhe relates him at full what conference had there paſt between his Siſter and her ſelf, who likewiſe is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obſtinacy and wilfulneſs. As for *Ceciliana*, ſhe likewiſe reports this verbal conference, which had paſt between her Mother and her ſelf, to her Brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promiſe) they met that afternoon in the *Auguſtines* Garden, who exceedingly laught thereat; and yet again fearing leſt the malice of their Brother *Don Martino* towards them, might cauſe his Mother to uſe ſome violence or indurance to her, and ſo to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to aſſume a good corage, and be chearful and generous, promiſing her that if her Mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* ſhould ſteal her away by night, and that he, as he is *Don Pedro* her Brother, will aſſiſt her in her eſcape and flight; whereon they all reſolve with hands, and conclude with kiſſes: Neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and ſuſpition deceive them herein; for her incenſed mother being reſolute in her will and wilful in her obſtinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, ſhe ſhuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no leſs than her priſon, and her Brother *Don Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Gaoler, Poor *Ceciliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother and Brother *Don Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother *Don Pedro* cannot remedy, by perſwading or prevailing with them to releaſe her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both conſulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domeſtical impriſonment than counterfeitly to give her Mother to underſtand and believe, that her daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) ſhe is fully reſolved to abandon *Monfredo*

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and so to spend and end her days in a Nunnery; but contrariwise, they resolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Ceciliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this spiritual will and resolution of her Mother, as before she was disobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at this her conversion, and no less (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious resolution, they send some Friers and Nuns to perswade her to appoint the precise day for her entrance into this Holy House and Orders; which with her tongue she doth, but in her heart resolves nothing less, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her Sons with this resolution of their Sister, which is, the next Sunday to give her self to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purposely very artificially seems as strongly to oppose, as his Brother *Don Martino* chearfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; so the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbess is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her spiritual Apparel made, all her Kinsfolks and chief friends invited to a solemn Feast, to celebrate this our new holy-Sister's Marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Dona Catherina* the mother, and *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly busie about the preparation and solemnity of this spiritual business, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* resolve to run a contrary course, and so to steal away *Ceciliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fittest time, and most void of all suspition and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which striking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, she accordingly makes her self ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a small Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother *Don Pedro*'s Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchful as her self, for *Monfredo*'s coming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his *Rendezvouz*. When at last both their several Watches (in their several Chambers) assuring them that it was near one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the house stirring, but all hushed up in silence, as if every thing seemed to conspire to her escape and flight, then, I say, *Don Pedro* issues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her candle put out, he finds his Sister ready, when conducting her by the arm, they softly descend the stairs, and so to a Postern door of the Garden; where they find *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) assisted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horses with Swords and Pistols, and for himself and her, a Coach with six Horses: When briefly passing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behind them, and so away as swift as the wind, who seeing them gone, secretly and softly returns to his Chamber and Bed, silently shutting all the doors after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other self and his two friends drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Manner-house of his some eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purposely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Sister's clandestine flight and escape: So his Mother about five, or near six of the clock, sends *Felicia* her Daughter's Waiting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparel her to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into God's house; but *Felicia* speedily returns to her with this unlookt-for answer; That her Lady's Chamber door is fast locked, whereat she hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no speech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no less, (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*; so they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the door; where they find the Nest, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and storm, at this their affront and scandal, he tells his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother *Don Pedro* is accessary to his Sister *Ceciliana*'s flight, and gone with her; so they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed fast sleeping and snoring, as he pretends, and they believe; their out-cries awake him; but they shall find him as subtil and reserved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Sister; so he hears their news, puts on his apparel, seems to be all in fire and choler hereat, proffereth his Morher his best endeavours and power to recover his Sister, and to revenge himself on the Villain who hath stoln her away. But his Brother *Don Martino* is so galled and netled at the escape of his Sister, and these words of his Brother, as he tels him to his face, in the presence of their Mother, that his speeches and proffers are counterfeit, and himself a dissembler, and that it is impossible but he assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which uncivil and foul language of one Brother to another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lie, and seconds it with a Box on the Ear, and then very

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cunningly betakes himſelf to conſolate and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her ſecond affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her preſence; ſo *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their ſorrowful Kinsfolks and Neighbors, he then calls for his Horſe, and under colour to find out his Siſter, he rides to *Valdebelle*, to her and *Monfredo*, ſtays there ſome eight days, where being exceeding careful of the preſervation of his Siſter's honour and reputation, he before his departure ſees them ſolemnly, but ſecretly, married; where leaving them to their Nuptial joys, and pleaſures, he again returns to *Burgos*, and tels his Mother it is impoſſible for him to hear any news of his Siſter.

And now what doth the return, ſight, and preſence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mother's houſe at *Burgos*, but only revive his Brother *Don Martino*'s old malice, and new choler and revenge againſt him for the lie and box on the Ear, which he ſo lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof ſo inflames his heart and thoughts againſt him that he forgetting his conſcience and ſoul, yea, Heaven and God, as he aſſumes and gives life to his former bloody reſolution to murther him, and thinks no ſafer nor ſurer way for him to effect it, than by poyſon, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devil, But *Don Martino* is reſolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice and revenge againſt this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*; ſo diſdaining all thoughts of Religion, and conſiderations of Piety, he procureth a pair of poyſoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherouſly inſinuating them into his Brother's hands, and wearing, the fatal invenomed ſcent thereof in leſs than two days poyſoneth him ſo he is found dead in his Bed; When *Don Martino*, the more cloſely to overvail this damnable fact of his, purpoſely gives it out, that it was an Impoſtume which broke within him, and ſo he died ſuddenly thereof in his bed, there being no ſervant of his own, nor none elſe that night near him, or by him to aſſiſt him, and this report of his paſſeth currant with the world; ſo the Lady his Mother and himſelf cauſe him to be buried with more ſilence than ſolemnity, and every way inferior to his honourable birth and generous vertues, becauſe ſhe ſtill affected and loved *Don Martino* far better than him: ſo his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far leſs his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Siſter *Ceciliana*, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood and heard hereof, ſhe is ſo appalled with grief, and daunted with ſorrow and deſpair, that ſhe ſends a world of ſighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her beſt and deareſt brother. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth ſo we muſt call him), likewiſe infinitely laments *Don Pedro*'s death, as having loſt a conſtant friend, and a dear and incomparable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can uſe to comfort this his ſorrowful wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for ſtill ſhe weeps and ſobs, and ſtill her heart and ſoul do prompt, and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the murtherer of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but ſhe hath only preſumption, no proofs for this her ſuſpition, and therefore ſhe leaves the detection and iſſue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we muſt underſtand that *Dona Catherina* hath perfect news, that it is *Monfredo* who hath ſtoln away her Daughter *Ceciliana*, and keeps her at his houſe of *Valdebelle*, in the Country, but as yet ſhe knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being deſirous of her return, not for any great affection which ſhe now bore her, but only to accompliſh her former deſires, in fruſtrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, ſhe again ſtill provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son *Don Martino*, ſends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and ſo to perſwade and haſten her return to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Siſter *Ceciliana* his Mother's meſſage for her return to *Burgos*, he then vainly preſumes to ſpeak thus to them from himſelf. He firſt ſharply rebukes her of folly and diſobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more paſſion than judgment,) checks him of diſhonour to harbour and ſhelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at leaſt to give the World juſt cauſe to think ſo; and if he intended to preſerve her proſperity and honour, and not to ruin it, that he ſhould reſtore his Mother her Daughter, and himſelf his Siſter, and no longer retain her; but ſpeaks not a word of his Brother *Don Pedro*'s death, much leſs makes any ſhadow to mourn or ſhew to grieve or ſorrow for it. His ſiſter *Ceciliana* (at his firſt ſight) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extreamly incenſed with him for theſe his baſe ſpeeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, ſhe once thought to have given him a hot and cholerick reply, but at laſt conſidering better with her ſelf, (as alſo to prevent *Monfredo*, whom ſhe ſaw had an itching deſire to fit him with his anſwer) ſhe then in general terms returns him this ſhort reply; That ſhe is now accomptable to none but to God

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for her actions, who best knows her heart and resolutions, and therefore for her return to her mother at *Burgos*, or her stay here at *Valdebelle*, she wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whose will and pleasure therein shall assuredly be hers, because she hath, and still finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before she conclude her speech to him) she tells him, that she thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their brother *Don Pedro*, but that with grief she is now enforced to see the contrary, in regard his speeches and actions tend to afflict not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cause of her consolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quick with these ignoble and base speeches of *Don Martino*, both to himself and *Ceciliana*, he is too generous long to digest them with silence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly respect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he composing his countenance to discontent and anger, returns him this answer: That if any other man but himself, had given him the least part of those unworthy speeches, both against his honour, as also against that of his sister *Ceciliana*, his Rapier, not his Tongue, should have answered him; that his affection and respects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that she is, and shall be safer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his Mother's house at *Burgos*; that as the young Lady his sister is pleased to refer her stay or return to him, so (reciprocally to requite her courtesie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully resolved not to perswade, much less to advise her to put her self into her Mother's protection, or his courtesie; for that he is fearful, if not confident in this belief, that the one may prove pernicious; and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And so with cold entertainment, and short Ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to return to *Burgos* to his mother, without his sister, where, as soon as he is arrived, he tells his mother of his sister *Ceciliana*'s constant resolution, from whence he thinks it impossible to draw or divert her, because he finds *Monfredo* of the same opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could he inform himself thereof.

And here yet *Don Martino* is so cautious to his Mother, as he speaks not a word or syllable of any speech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But as soon as he had left his Mother, and retired himself to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then he again and again remembers what dangerous speeches he publickly received from his Sister *Ceciliana* and *Monfredo*, concerning that his sudden death whereby they silently meant, and tacitely implied no less than Murther: Wherefore he is so hellish and bloody-minded, that he resolves shortly to provide a plaister for this sore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally silent, he cannot better or safer perform it, than by murthering them, whereof he says the reason is apparently and pregnantly true: for as long as that suspition lives in them, he therefore can never live in safety, but in extream danger himself. But because of the two, *Monfredo* seemed to intend and portend him the greatest choler, and the most inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himself) he resolves to begin with *Monfredo* first, and as occasions and accidents shall present, then with his Sister *Ceciliana* after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conscience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once considering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a short madness, and that it is a most assured happiness for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poysoning of his own Brother, whose innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but still cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head, for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this shame, this monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, who fears none less than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus forsake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but understanding that *Monfredo* sometimes (though secretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to see *Burgos*, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being assured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he issued forth his house, which he did between eleven and twelve at night, he with his small Target, and dark Lanthorn in his left hand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortal wounds he presently fell dead in the street: his misfortune being then so great, as he had no Servant nor Friend present to assist him, and his fear and care of himself so small, as he was killed before he could see his enemy, or have the leisure to draw his sword in his own defence and assistance; so fierce and sudden was *Martino*'s rage and malice, in murthering of this harmless and innocent Gentleman; the which as soon as he had performed, he secretly hies home to his Mother's house, and speedily betakes himself to his bed, where the Devil rocking him asleep in security, he as his infernal Agent, and bloody Factor,

nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathleſs body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the ſtreet: ſo all *Burgos* reſounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath ſeen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer ſhould be. But God (in his Divine Juſtice, and for the exaltation of his ſacred Glory) will ſhortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no leſs ſtrange than remarkable.

Dona Catherina hears hereof, and is ſo far from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting but *Monfredo* being dead, ſhe with much facility (according to her deſires and wiſhes) ſhall now of two reſolutions, draw her Daughter *Ceciliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marry *Delrio* in earneſt, or a Nunnery no more in jeſt. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and conſequently to the knowledg of our *Ceciliana*, who ſo pitifully weeps and mourns thereat, as for meer grief and ſorrow ſhe tears her hair, bolts her ſelf into her Chamber, and there throws her ſelf down on the floor, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminiſter it to her, or, which is leſs, to ſee or ſpeak with her. So although *Monfredo*'s Kinsfolks and Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate death, yet all their ſighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of thoſe of his young Wife, and now Widdow, *Ceciliana*, who (out of the immoderate exceſs of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become ſo reaſonleſs and deſperate, that firſt the murther of her dear Brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her ſweet Husband *Monfredo*, is both a grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind, yea, to her very ſoul; For ſtill ſhe remains confident in this opinion, that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this ſuſpition of hers, ſhe cannot, ſhe will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead memories, is ſo extream and fervent, that to be aſſured whether it be him, or who elſe that hath murthered them, it leads her mind to a reſolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curioſity in ſome perſons ſometimes ſeem to allow and practiſe as tolerable, yet ſacred Religion muſt and doth for ever both reject and contemn it as Diabolical. She diſguiſeth her ſelf in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonſo Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, ſome ſix Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as alſo a perfect note of their age, and horoſcope of their Nativities, ſhe prays him to diſcover and ſhew her in a Looking-glaſs, the true pictures and repreſentations of their murtherers; When, to have him diſpatch both it and her ſelf the ſooner, ſhe gives him ten Duckats, upon the receipt whereof he promiſeth her his beſt Art and Skill, makes her ſtay till almoſt dark night, and then fools her off with this flam, that he hath effectually invocated and raiſed his Spirit, from whom he could get no other anſwer, but that God for that time would not permit him to ſhew her theſe Murtherers Pictures in a Glaſs; whereby this Wizard proving himſelf more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impoſtor, than a Chriſtian, he herein makes a fool of this ſorrowful young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul ſhame, and a ſhameful ignorance for any Chriſtian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the Devil, or his Agents, but only God, who (in his Divine pleaſure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it ſeems moſt agreeable and pleaſing to his All-ſeeing and ſacred Majeſty.*

Ceciliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than Gold from this Monſter of Men, (becauſe in effect he makes it his profeſſion to be leſs a man than a devil) ſhe is aſhamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and ſorrow) weeps to ſee that the foundation of her faith ſhould be ſo weak and reeling, as not conſtantly to relie upon the Providence and Juſtice of God, but to repoſe her fooliſh curioſity and belief upon this prophane and ſottiſh Sorcerer, for the detection of theſe Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her diſconſolation and ſorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched villain, *Don Martino*, her Brother, in *Burgos*, who having thus committed theſe two cruel and lamentable Murthers, doth for the firſt two or three months after put a chearful and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more abſolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow thereof ſhould not diffuſe or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requeſted to obſerve this one remarkable circumſtance of God's Juſtice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to be the ſole Author and Actor of theſe two unnatural and deplorable murthers. For as the devil had made him ſo cautious in his malice, and ſubtile in his Revenge, that he imployed no other Miniſter, nor uſed no other Agent or Aſſiſtant herein but himſelf; ſo being deprived of any witneſs, either to accuſe, or make him guilty hereof; God (I ſay) out of the immenſity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make himſelf to become a witneſs againſt himſelf

and

and wanting all other means, will make himself the only means both to detect and destroy himself. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, so there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewel of an inestimable value, and unparalleld price, yea a continual Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicious: And the contrary it is, where the heart and conscience have made themselves guilty of some foul and enormous crimes, and especially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we assuredly wound God the Creator: For then, as those, so this (with less doubt and more assurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woful and lamentable effects, *Despair*, *Horrour*, *Terrour*; the which we shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch, *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly said) hath not fully past over the tearm of three months in external mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to cast a cheerful countenance and varnish on those his bloody Villanies, but God so distracted his wits and senses, struck such an astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his harmless brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo*, still pursue him for revenge, and justice of these their Murthers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearful, and gastly, which are still the signs and symptoms either of a distempered brain, a polluted Conscience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not, to go for remedy herein, but still his heart is in a mutiny and rebellion with his conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he sees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloak coming towards him, he verily believes and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldness to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear lest the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and see but a leaf wag, or a Bird stir, he is of opinion, there some furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he hear any Dog howl, Cat cry, or Owl whoot, or screetch, he is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devil, who is come to fetch him away. He will not pass over any Bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any plank, gate, or stile, lest he should break his neck. The sight of his shadow is a corrosive to his heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, because he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hangmans; and when any one (out of charity or pity) comes to see or visit him, he flies from him, as if Hell where at his back, and the Devil at his heels. The very sight of a Rapier stabs him at his heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyson, seems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miserable Wretch and Miscreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodness to look down into his heart and conscience with contrition, nor the grace to look up to heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catherina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his Kinsfolks and Friends in and about *Burgos*, who cause some excellent Physitians and Divines to deal with him, about administring him the means to cure him of this his Lunacy and Distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilful Art of those, or the powerful perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finished their cœlestial course, whiles thus his Phrenzie and madness possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outragious fits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to St. *Sebastiano's* Church, finds out Father *Thomas* his Confessor, in private and serious confession, reveals to him, how he hath poysoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and also murthered *Don Monfredo*; adding withal, that God (out of his indulgent mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his soul with the concealing thereof, and then begs his Absolution and Remission for the same.

His Confessor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulness of these his (Penitent's) two bloody facts, although he find more difficulty than reason to grant his desire; yet enquiring of him, if there were any other accessary with him in these murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devil and himself: He (after a serious check, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a sharp and severe Penance (though no way answerable to his crimes) and so absolves him; and yet for the space of at least a whole month after, his Lunacy (by the permission of God) still follows him, when (for a further trial of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleased to slack the hand of his Judgment, and so frees him from his madness and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Dross, a Christian or a Devil.

Not long after this, his Confessor, Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Parishes) falls extream sick of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sick, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his soul for Heaven and God: Who then revoking to mind (what he had heard and seen) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady *Ceciliana* takes the death of her Brother and Husband, and the more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to burthen his conscience and soul with concealing thereof, but to write it to her in a Letter. The which he chargeth and conjureth his own Sister *Cyrilla*, to deliver into her own hands, some three dayes after his burial; the which we shall see her shortly perform: For the Priest, Father *Thomas* her Brother, lived not three weeks after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the death of her eldest Son *Don Pedro*, for the disobedient flight and clandestine marriage of her Daughter *Ceciliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom she knows not, and seeing her said Daughter thereby made a sorrowful Widdow, she (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what she had formerly done and been, and now desirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again sends her Son *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his Sister to return, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (detesting this project and resolution of his Mother) is very sorrowful thereat, but seeing that she will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Sister, and there delivereth his Mothers will and message to her; but in such faint and cold tearms, as she thereby knows, he is far more desirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, than her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very sight strikes such flames of fear into her heart, and of suspition into her thoughts, that she still assumes and retains her old opinion and confidence, that he is the absolute Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; but herein she now holds it discretion to conceal her self to her self, and so gives him kind and respective entertainment, she prayes him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that she will consider of her request, and either send or bring her her resolution shortly: But inwardly in her heart and soul, she intends nothing less, than either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her Mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw near, to see the Judgments and Justice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for these his two most lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his Sacred Majesty is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for we must understand that the very same day which her Brother *Don Martino* was last with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confessor, Father *Thomas*, died; and some three daies after, his Sister *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Ceciliana*, and delivereth her the Priest her Brother's Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Ceciliana* finds different emotions in her heart, and passions in her mind: When, going into the next Room, she breaks up the Seals, and finds therein these Lines.

Father THOMAS to CECILIANA.

WEll knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerful and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lye on my death-bed, ready to leave this Life, and to flie into the Arms of my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, I could not go to my grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother Don Martino, *in St.* Honoria's *Church, delivered unto me in Confession, That he had first poysoned thy Brother* Don Pedro *with a pair of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband* Don Monfredo *with his Rapier in* Burgos: *And although I must and do acknowledg, that he was in his fit of Lunacy and Madness, when he thus made himself a witness against himself hereof, yet no doubt the immediate finger and Providence of God led him to this resolution, as an Act which infinitely tends to His Sacred Honour and Glory. I send thee this Letter by my Sister* Cyrilla, *whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my Burial, because I hold it most consonant to my Profession and Order, that not my Life, but my Death should herein violate the Seal of Confession, and thou shalt shew thy self a most Religious and Christian Lady, if thou make this use hereof, that it is not my self, but God who sends thee this news by me.*

Father *Thomas.*

Ceciliana

Ceciliana having over-read this Letter, and therein understood and found out that her Brother *Don Martino* is the cruel Murtherer, both of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*, her Grief thereat doth so far oversway her Reason, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once she is of a mind to Murther him with her own Hand, in requital hereof; but then again strangling that bloody thought in its conception, she vows, that if not by her own Hand, he shall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pity, Nature, Reason, Grief, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their several Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, she finds a great combate in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul, what, or what not to do herein; when with many tears and Prayers (by the Advice and Counsel of God) she enters into this consultation hereon with her self. Alas, unfortunate and sorrowful *Ceciliana*! It is upon no light presumption, or trivial circumstances, that I believe my Brother *Martino* to be the inhumane Murtherer of my Brother *Don Pedro*; and Husband *Monfredo*; for besides that God ever prompted mine heart, and whispered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confession to his Ghostly Father, and his Ghostly Father's own Letter and Confession to me, to the same effect, evidences, and witnesses, without Exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hottest and brightest Meridian, That he, and only he, was the Murtherer of them both: But oh poor *Ceciliana* (quoth she) to what a miserable estate and perplexity hath these his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my Brother and my Husband, shall I then permit him to live? But withal, he is likewise my Brother, and shall I then cause him to dye? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewise as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the first lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knows, that the second meerly depends of my pity, courtesie, and compassion to prevent: But alas, (saith she) the tyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more strong than those of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our natural affections and obligations to our best friends, or neerest or deerest Kinsfolks whosoever. Therefore, as to detect these Murthers of his, thou art no Friend to Nature, so again, to conceal them, thou thereby makest thy self an enemy to Grace: for assure thy self (unfortunate *Ceciliana*) that God will never be appeased, nor Justice satisfied, until their innocent blood be expiated, and washed away in his, who is guilty thereof; because, as by detecting Murther, we bless and glorifie God, so by concealing it, we heap a fatal *Anathema*, and curse upon our own heads.

As Clouds are dissipated, and blown away, when the Sun ariseth and mounteth in his vertical lustre and glory, so *Ceciliana* having thus ended her consultation with her self, and now began her resolution with God, she leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and dispeeds away to *Burgos*; where in stead of going to her Lady Mother's, she goes directly to the *Corrigado's* (or criminal Judges) of that City, and with much grief and sorrow (her tears interrupting her sighs, and her sighs her tears) before them accuseth her Brother *Don Martino* to be the bloody Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confessor. The Judges read it, and are astonished with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of her own Brother in question; but they see, that she hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane brother *Don Martino* wanted for his malice, in making himself guilty of these foul and bloody Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleasure and Providence of God, they highly extol her Piety and Integrity towards his Sacred Majesty, in preferring his Glory before the scandal and misery of her so wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Justice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable business) send away for *Cyrilla*, and (as soon as she came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether she had this very Letter from her deceased Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Ceciliana*, three dayes after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and sealing? And thirdly, if she, with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Lady *Ceciliana*? To all which three Questions, *Cyrilla* (with a staid look and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haste and secrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuousness, Security, and Impenitency, as making it his vain-glory to build Castles of content in the Air, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Utopia* of his ambitious desires and wishes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. He is amazed at his Apprehension by the Sergeants, but far more at the sight and presence of the Criminal Judges, before whom he is now brought. They sharply accuse him of these two aforesaid foul Murthers, and for

evidence and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Sister *Cyrilla*, and his own sister the Lady *Ceciliana*; at the sight and knowledg whereof, he at the first seemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his Spirits (taking counsel of the Devil, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himself and his Tongue on the points of Denial and Justification, and so to his Judges tearms his Confessor a Devil, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Sister *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, so unjustly and falsly to accuse him of these foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: So they adjudg him to the Rack, the first tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the second he cannot, but then and there confesseth himself to be guilty, and the sole Author and Actor of both these deplorable murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is still so obdurate by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be sorrowful, nor the grace to be repentant for the same.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be first cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of Execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowful Mother (out of the natural and tender affection which she bore him) imployed all her friends and possible power, yea, and offered all her own Estate and Lands to save his life; but she could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his sentence) this Monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his last farewel of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black silk Grograin Sute, with a fair white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew down over his eyes, that he might neither see, nor be seen of that great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last Scene and Catastrophe of his life; When after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered *Don Monfredo*, he then ascended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting some repentant and religious Speech from him before his death, he resembling himself (I mean rather an Atheist than a Christian, and rather a Devil than a Man) as he lived so he would die, a prophane and graceless Villain; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himself, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: And so most resolutely, he himself putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and especially two Friers near him, cried to him to the contrary, he saved the *Hangman* his labour, and so with more haste and desperation than repentance, he cast himself off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deserved death of this *Hell-hound*, and Limb of the Devil *Don Martino*; and in this sort and manner did the just revenge of God triumph ore his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Christians read to Gods glory, and to the Instruction of their own souls.

And if the curiosity of the Reader make him farther desirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Ceciliana* the Daughter, after all these their dismal and disastrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Postscript) briefly to add this for his satisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her, and she to her Daughter, to whom she (having no other Child) left all her whole Estate: And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceased *Husband Don Monfredo*'s Lands and Means, although she were again sought in marriage by some noble Gallants of *Castile* and *Burgos*, yet she resolved never to marry more; and as I have within these few years understood, she then lived sometimes at *Burgos*, and sometimes at *Valdebelle*, in great Pomp and Felicity.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a ſhort Musket* (*or Carabine*) *from a window. He is beheaded for theſe two Murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.*

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortreſs of Chriſtian Piety againſt the tentations of Satan: So by the contrary we expoſe and lay open our ſelves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not firſt believe, then pray unto God for our own preſervation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choler, to quarrel with our beſt friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our neareſt and deareſt kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our ſoveraign felicity! O *Prayer*, the ſweet preſervative and ſacred Manna of our ſouls, how bleſſed do you make thoſe who embrace and retain you! and contrariwiſe, how miſerable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! Of which laſt number, this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt converſation) trampled theſe two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much leſs fearing, his Judgments: But how God (in the end) requited him for the ſame, this Hiſtory will likewiſe ſhew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our own inſtruction.

In the City of *Vercelli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chieſeſt of *Piedmont*) bordering near to the Eſtate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Canon of that Cathedral Church, named *Aloiſius Caſſino*, who had a dainty ſweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleonora*, whoſe Mother (being Siſter to *Caſſino*) named *Dona Iſabella Cœlia*, lately died, and

evidence and witneſſes, produce him his Confeſſor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Siſter *Cyrilla*, and his own ſiſter the Lady *Ceciliana*; at the ſight and knowledg whereof, he at the firſt ſeemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at laſt recollecting his Spirits (taking counſel of the Devil, and not of God) aſſumes a bold countenance, puts himſelf and his Tongue on the points of Denial and Juſtification, and ſo to his Judges tearms his Confeſſor a Devil, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Siſter *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, ſo unjuſtly and falſly to accuſe him of theſe foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: So they adjudg him to the Rack, the firſt tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the ſecond he cannot, but then and there confeſſeth himſelf to be guilty, and the ſole Author and Actor of both theſe deplorable murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is ſtill ſo obdurate by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be ſorrowful, nor the grace to be repentant for the ſame.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be firſt cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of Execution, notwithſtanding that his afflicted and ſorrowful Mother (out of the natural and tender affection which ſhe bore him) imployed all her friends and poſſible power, yea, and offered all her own Eſtate and Lands to ſave his life; but ſhe could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his ſentence) this Monſter of Nature, *Don Martino*, is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his laſt farewel of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black ſilk Grograin Sute, with a fair white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew down over his eyes, that he might neither ſee, nor be ſeen of that great concourſe of people there preſent, who came to ſee him conclude the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of his life; When after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered *Don Monfredo*, he then aſcended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting ſome repentant and religious Speech from him before his death, he reſembling himſelf (I mean rather an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and rather a Devil than a Man) as he lived ſo he would die, a prophane and graceleſs Villain; for ſome ſpeeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himſelf, but ſpake not one word that could be heard or underſtood of any one: And ſo moſt reſolutely, he himſelf putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and eſpecially two Friers near him, cried to him to the contrary, he ſaved the *Hangman* his labour, and ſo with more haſte and deſperation than repentance, he caſt himſelf off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deſerved death of this *Hell-hound*, and Limb of the Devil *Don Martino*; and in this ſort and manner did the juſt revenge of God triumph ore his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Chriſtians read to Gods glory, and to the Inſtruction of their own ſouls.

And if the curioſity of the Reader make him farther deſirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Ceciliana* the Daughter, after all theſe their diſmal and diſaſtrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Poſtſcript) briefly to add this for his ſatisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was firſt reconciled to her, and ſhe to her Daughter, to whom ſhe (having no other Child) left all her whole Eſtate: And for her, who was now become likewiſe very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceaſed *Husband Don Monfredo*'s Lands and Means, although ſhe were again ſought in marriage by ſome noble Gallants of *Caſtile* and *Burgos*, yet ſhe reſolved never to marry more; and as I have within theſe few years underſtood, ſhe then lived ſometimes at *Burgos*, and ſometimes at *Valdebelle*, in great Pomp and Felicity.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

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and left this her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demeans and monies, when her Uncle *Cassino*, being neareſt her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her eſtate into his protection and wardſhip, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and carriage, as if ſhe were his own Daughter; for there is no ſweet quality, nor exquiſite perfection requiſite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he cauſed her to become, not ſuperficial, but artificial therein, as in Dancing, Muſick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledg; yea, her beauty grew up ſo deliciouſly with her years, that ſhe was (and was juſtly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phœnix of the City. *Caſſino* conſidering that his Houſe was deſtitute of a Matron to accompany and overſee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Eccleſiaſtical Profeſſion and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unſeemly (in the *Interims* of his abſence) to leave her to her ſelf, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleaſure, ſhe being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparel, and other pertinent neceſſaries, and giving her a Wayting maid, and a man of his own to attend her, he ſends her in his Coach to the City of *Caſſal*, in the Marquiſate of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widdow Gentlewoman, left by her deceaſed Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all thoſe ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous not only in *Piedmont* and *Lombardi*, but alſo to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this enſuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO ſatisfie your courteous requeſts, and my former promiſe, I now ſend you my Neece Eleanora *to* Caſſall, *whom I heartily pray thee to uſe as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Uncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy ſelf, with whom I would entruſt her for her Education, and recommend her for her Inſtruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of; except to thoſe imperfections wherein her youth excuſeth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that ſhe carefully and curiouſly adorn her ſelf with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obſcure ſhadows, and no true ſubſtances, becauſe there is as much difference betwixt thoſe and theſe, as between the purity of the ſoul and the corruption of the body, or between the dignity and excellency of Heaven, and the invalidity and baſeneſs of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few months, but do infinitely deſire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary tranſaction and donation thou wilt confer much happineſs to her, and honour to me, and conſequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my age to thee in a ſtrict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparel, or other neceſſaries thou deemeſt her to want, thy will ſhall be mine. God ever bleſs her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this ſweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, ſhe ſees her tender years already adorned with ſuch excellent beauty, and that beauty with ſuch exquiſite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom ſhe entertaineth with much reſpect and care, as well for her own ſake, as alſo for her Uncle *Caſſino's*, whoſe Letter ſhe again and again reads over, highly applauding his vertues and honourable care of his Neece, whom in few years ſhe hopes will prove a moſt accompliſhed and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Caſſino's* Coachman after a dayes ſtay, deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Maſter, he takes his leave of his yovng Miſtriſs *Eleanora*, who, out of her few years, and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prayes him to remember her beſt ſervice to him at his coming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewiſe returns and ſends him this Letter in anſwer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made me more proud, or joyful, by ſending me Eleonora, *wherein you have given me far more honour than I deſerve, though far leſs than ſhe merriteth, and who henceforth ſhall be as much my Daughter in affection, as ſhe is your Neece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Judgment in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty do already anticipate her years: for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: ſo (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already ſeem to ſtrive and contend in her for ſupremacy: to the laſt of which (as being indeed the moſt*

most precious and soveraign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add any thing; I will esteem it my ambition for your sake, and my felicity for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some years, than to lend her to me for a few months, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my joyes in their blossoms, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be happy in her sight and company. As for her Apparel, and other necessaries she shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never fail to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young Neece *Eleanora* with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named *Seignior Alphonso*, of some two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and shame) haunts her and her house as a Ghost, makes himself the publique laughter and pity of all the different humours of *Cassal*; yea, the lewdness of his life and the irregularity of his conversation and actions, hath reduced him to this fatal point of misery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himself and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company; making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the World will not care for him; nor he for himself, until he have wholly lost himself in himself, without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heir as *Eleanora* fallen in his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes, he secretly Courts her: But *Eleanora* (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdain, himself with contempt, and his affection to her with scorn. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her denial, but she resolves to conceal it from all the World. As for *Alphonso*, he (after some six months time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his Mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but she chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any further herein, without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and himself thou wilt now swear wholly to abandon all thy former vices henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsel, and to steer all thy actions by the star of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavours and possible power, both with *Cassino*, and *Eleanora*, to effect thy desires. *Alphonso* hereat (with much courtesie and humility) thanks his mother, and solemnly swears to God and her, to perform all these points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderful joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow: for this her Son *Alphonso* in a very few dayes become a new man, and she from her heart and soul praiseth and glorifieth God for this his happy conversion: And if his Mother *Sophia* be glad thereof, no less is our sweet young *Eleanora*; for now hereby she sees that she is rid of her Sutor.

Cassino comes over three several times to *Cassal* to see his Neece. The Lady *Sophia* gives him her best entertainment. He is wonderful glad to see that she hath imprinted such Characters of vertue and honour in her; and, during his stay there, *Sophia* chargeth her Son *Alphonso* not to speak or motion a word to *Cassino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*: So he bears himself exceeding modestly and repectively towards him; and for his Mother, she holds it fit not as yet to break or speak a word hereof to *Cassino*. *Cassino* (no way dreaming of their intents and desires towards his Neece) tells the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitely joyful to see that her Son *Alphonso* proves *Fame* to be true, but a tatling goddess, in his condition, and conversation; whereat she heartily thanks him: And thinking then (though reservedly and secretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, she leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undisplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himself beyond the Moon, and so leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the issue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautiful young prize for her Son; and holding it discretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, she secretly layes wait at *Vercely* to know when *Cassino* will have home his Neece, and so some three weekes before that time she holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which she doth in these tearms.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

THe fervent affection, and vertuous desire of my Son Alphonso, *to marry your Neece* Eleanora *is now the sole cause and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or send you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledg) hath already motioned his sute to her, and as he tells me, she hath returned him her denial in stead of her consent, whereof I held my self bound to ad-*

vertise you, because his ambition and mine herein is so honourable, as it shall go hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, especially in regard you have pleased to recommend her to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the estate and means which I can give, or you require of me, to make my Son a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and cheerfully depart with, and yet were I not fully and firmly assured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodness as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have presented his suite to her acceptance and your consideration. The joy and blessing of which Marriage (if God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage) will, I hope, in the end be theirs, the honour mine, and the content your own; wherein I request your answer, and intreat you to remain most confident, that both in this, and in all things else Alphonso's will and resolution shall ever be Sophia's; and hers, Cassino's.

SOPHIA.

Cassino, upon the receit and perusal of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her Son *Alphonso*; and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Son's debauched life, and corrupt and prodigal conversation, howsoever she pretend to put a vertuous gloss and colour hereon to the contrary; yet he holds it discretion to seem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so doubtful; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himself bound to answer the Lady *Sophia*'s Letter, call for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his mind and resolution to her thus:

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Although the tender years of my Neece Eleanora *make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deserts and resplendent merits, and your Son* Alphonso's *honourable affection and zeal to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before the motion of his arrived to my knowledg and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seen your Son matched to my Neece in the linck's of Wedlock. But God having otherwise decreed it; You have many reasons to rest confident, that your Son is reserved for her better, and she promised to his inferiour: and therefore the freeness of this your professed courtesie to her, and of your honourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tye me to a thankful acknowledgment and an immortal obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requital thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Son* Alphonso, *or him in his Mother* Sophia, *of whose conversion to vertue, and profession to goodness, your Letter hath so firmly and joyfully assured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happiness in your content and glory; the which my most Religious Prayers shall still desire of God, because he is your only Child and Son by Nature, and your self my most honourable friend, both by desert and purchase.*

CASSINO.

Within three weeks after that *Cassino* had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia*, he then (in contemplation and consideration of the debauched life and corrupt prancks and vices of her Son *Alphonso*) not thinking his Neece *Eleanora* to be safe with her in *Cassal*, for fear lest her old wit, or his smooth tongue might peradventure too far prevaile and work upon her young years and indiscreet affection: He therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my Last Letter to you, having heretofore privately contracted my Neece Eleanora *to a Husband, reason and Religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in Cassal to give her to him here in* Vercely; *to which effect I here send my Coach and Servant to you for her, and desire you to return her to me with your best prayers as I sent her to you with my best affection: And had not God now visited me with sickness, my resolution for her return had not been either so sudden or so speedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few years with so many excellent vertues and sweet perfections, I know not how deserve, much less how to requite, except in my Prayers and Orisons to God for his best favours and graces to you and the best prosperities and honours to your Son: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt, and to acquit her self of that strong obligation, till when as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your self, then to your Son. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.*

CASSINO.

Now

Now as *Cassino's* first Letter to *Sophia* (wherein he denied her Son to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her wherein he so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extreamly afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewise her Son *Alphonso*, who is all in sorrow, all in grief hereat: For now they fear that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and she according to her Uncle's report in his Letter is contracted to some Gallant of *Vercelly*: When *Alphonso* again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and representing unto her the extremity of the grief and misery which her refusal of him, and his loss of her, will occasion him; he with sighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to seek out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refusal, and her Uncle *Cassino's* denial of him to be her Husband: when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his sorrowful passions and importunities, she before her departure doth her self break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest Oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions, which possibly she could invent; but she finds her Art to be Ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as she is) deaf to her requests, and dumb to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafness to the second, and disdain to both; so as in detestation of his sute, and envy of his affection, she will no more hear the Mother for the Sons sake, nor see the Son for his Mothers sake. When yet again, although *Sophia* despair of the Neece, yet she will once more make further trial of her Uncle *Cassino*, flattering her self with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his to try her Son's affection in his constancy towards his Neece, and her own zeal in her perseverance thereof towards himself: When seeing (Break-fast being ended) the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, she betakes her to her Closet, where taking pen and paper, she hastily scribles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle *Cassino* at her comming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her, when likewise taking her own Coach, she and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and the Son with many amorous sighs regards and kisses, take their leave of her; they returning to *Cassal*, and she driving away to her Uncle *Cassino* at *Vercely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladness and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein this Language.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

BEfore I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Neece from me, makes me again double-unfortunate: Neither do I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me believe you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say, but that she deserves my Son's betters in marriage; but thus much I will speak for him out of my knowledg of his affection, and confidence of his zeal towards her, that in heart and soul he is a perfect honourer of her Vertues, and a true admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this belief of mine, that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second; and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himself honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteem himself blessed to receive his Death at her command. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your self, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Neece, and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassal, *as it neither deserves her debt or your obligation, your requital or her remembrance. My Son was desirous to have visited you with this Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your real Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bless your self and my Son, your Neece and my self; and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heirs of his Glory.* SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Son *Alphonso*, where so far from giving over their sute to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before; he not only calls her respect towards him, but her discretion in her self in question, to see that she is incredulous that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of dis-respect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her self guilty towards him, in the passage of this business, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on

the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with discontent and choler, returns her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himself, shall be the very last that he will either write, or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgment would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be currant, not counterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to inform you of the contrary; for such proceeding to any one, especially to your self (whom I so much respect for your Birth and honour for your vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Son, his zeal to my Neece, or his affection to her service in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and fervent as you affirm it, she is the more bound to him; but notwithstanding, the less to your self, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my self and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul is the best part of my self, in perswading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnly given her; and as this was my first, so it shall be my last resolution and answer to you; which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your own words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thank you for imposing silence to your Sons pen. And if you will henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courtesie and a respect from you; only in any other matter whatsoever that you will think me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall be my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from mee. I have received my Neece; and her tongue, and mine eye and ear informs me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiencie in Cassal, *the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the principal, and shee the interest thereof. God ever bless you and your Son* Alphonso, *and give you no less joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to find in mine own Neece Eleanora.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Son *Alphonso* storms at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Cassino* whereby they see their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reversed and frustrated: and although this his flat refusal made her of opinion no more to stir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delayes) some three weeks after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercely*, again to prove *Cassino*, and likewise to motion (again) and solicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very desirous and willing to accompany her himself. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requests; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Son the Neece; and although they find exceeding great Cheer and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their business, which is *Alphonso*'s Marriage to *Eleanora*, they find themselves lost, and their sute in vain, and so they are enforced to return to *Cassal* with their definitive sentence of Denial, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exasperates her Son; so now hee again casts off the Cloak of Vertue, and far worse than ever, flies to his old vices and sins, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions and remonstrances can no longer retain or conceal, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenness: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home: for he forsakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that sweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the spiritual food and life of the Soul. His Mother, *Sophia* exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it she knows not: For his discontent hath made him so vicious, his vices so obstinate, and his obstinacy so outragious and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his Love-sute to *Eleanora*, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prayes and reprayes her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely* to see what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Cassino* and *Eleanora*; but she is as averse and wilful, as he is obstinate and peremptory: And therefore constantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this resolute answer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civil War in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his resolutions against her for the same, to which the Devil (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Souls) blows the Coals: For he who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at least will not) see her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is so devoid of Grace, and so exempt of Goodness that he looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell, and so resolves to murther her, thinking with himself, that if he had once dispacht her, he should then be sole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and absolute Estate would soon induce *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his Soul and without God; and therefore no marvel if these his bloody hopes deceive and betray him. His Religion and Conscience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his Soul either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatal business, and execrable resolution, for he

will

will be so infernal a Monster of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He consults with himself, and the Devil with him, whether he should stab or poyson her: but he holds it far more safe and less dangerous, to use the Drug than the Dagger; and so concludes upon poyson; to which end he being resolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villain (or indeed rather as a Devil) provides himself of poyson, the which he still carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable business, the which the Devil very shortly administreth him: The manner, thus.

This refusal of *Sophia* to her Son *Alphonso* and his miserable relapse to Whoredome, Drunkenness, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly distemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mother's spirits, and they her body, so that she is three dayes sick of a burning-Feaver; when to allay the fervour of that unaccustomed heat, she causeth some Almond-milk to be made her, the which she compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholsome Ingredients of that nature and quality, which she takes three times each day, at morning, after dinner, and before she goes to Bed: So the third day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in one of the shaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his resolutions from Vice to Vertue, she is unexpectedly surprised with the symptome of her Feaver, when sitting down, and causing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, she prayes her son *Alphonso* to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milk, the which he doth, but, bloody Villain that he is, nothing can withold him (but his heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he first pours in his Poyson therein, and then gives it her, who, goody Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof; when a sweat presently over-spreading her face, and she beginning to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud out-cry from the Garden to the *House*, and calling their servants to her assistance, he likewise calls for a Chair, so she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her Bed, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) she forsakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his excessive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily, so that there is no thought nor suspition of Poyson; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wise and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her own wretched and infernal Son. Now this Devil *Alphonso* (to set the better lustre on his sorrows, and the better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funeral; the pomp and cost whereof, not only equalized, but exceeded their rank and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Cassal* uninvited to be at her Burial, and his Feast; and dighted himself and all his Kinsfolks and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflection or shaddow of suspition from him of this his foul and inhumane Murther.

The news of the Lady *Sophia*'s death, runs from *Cassal* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and his Neece *Eleanora* understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and sorrow for it, in regard she was a very honourable, wise, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet vertues and perfections: so that as her Uncle honoured her; so this his Neece held her self bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and singular vertues the mould and pattern whereon she framed all her terrestrial comportments and actions: which in few months after were so many, and so excellent, that as she was known to be one of the most beautiful, so she was likewise justly reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Estate, as also that of her Uncle *Cassino*'s, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole *Heir*; the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houses; most whereof were superior to *Alphonso*, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at last (with her own free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Seignior Hieronymo Brasciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercely*, who was Nephew and *Heir* to the Bishop of that City; but he being likewise very young, the tenderness of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together; and both the Bishop and her Uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy; he for the most part living with the Bishop his Uncle at the City of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her Uncle *Cassino*: only they visit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our *History* calls us again, to speak of this degenerate and debauched Gentleman *Alphonso*, who had no sooner embrued his guilty hands in the inno-

cent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther shew of sorrow, or sight, or sense of repentance for the same, again desperately abandoneth himself to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparel (for his mourning weeds he speedily cast off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnal Delights, and worldly Pleasures, and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole dayes and nights, yea consumeth whole weeks and months in all licentious riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Estate, and to devour his Lands apace: And in the heat and ruffle of these his jovial follies and exorbitant intemperancies he bethinks himself again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himself, that being now Lord of all his deceased Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Cassino* could not refuse to give her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both he and she had formerly given him the repulse: To which effect he dights himself and his followers in exceeding rich Apparel, and (with a train too worthy of himself) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a most importunate Sutor, both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*; first seeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: But all in vain, for he puts him off with disrespect, and she rejects him with disdain; and when yet they see, that his importunacy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then *Cassino* tells him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that consideration) he forbids him his house and her company; which point of discourtesie, and (as *Alphonso* tearms it) of dishonour to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a man, or which is more a Gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devil, and for meer despight and rage vows that he will murther *Cassino*: The Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from injoying the fair and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the same prodigious bait and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: The Devil still so closely over-vailing his Conscience and Soul, and so eclipsing, and winking his understanding and judgement, that as his hand, so his heart is inured, and obdurated to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruel Murther of *Cassino*; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied access to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physitian of *Vercely*, he therefore resolves with the Devil to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier than to do evil; and as it is the nature, so it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from Malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof; but in the end God will so ordain, that this hellish policy shall turn to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts: so he informs himself, that every morning and evening he is accustomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his spiritual Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or window) to shoot at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poor small Tavern (not much frequented with company) that lay somewhat neer and commodious to *Cassino's* Garden, he resolves to make choice of that, and there to give end to this bloody business, which his heart so much desireth; so, abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devil, he about six of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horse to the door, he in a disguised sute of Apparel, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thither to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to *Cassal*) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for Wine and something to eat, the better to favour and colour out his stay there, when bolting the Chamber-door to him, he (putting aside the paper Casements, which they use in *Italy* to expel the fervency of the Sun) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Cassino* walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book, wherein he reads) in another: with which he was as busie with God in his mediations and devotions, as he was with the Devil in charging his Carrbine with a brace of Bullets, and dressing of his Fire-lock, and priming of his powder-touch-hole; when, without the least spark

of

of grace, or fear of God, or his puniſhments, he lets fly at him; and the Devil had made him ſo expert a Markſ-man, that, as *Caſſino* was ſoftly comming on, walking towards the Window, wherein he ſecretly and ſcelerouſly ſtood, both the bullets hit him right in the breſt, at a little below the left Pap, whereof this harmeleſs and religious old Gentleman *Caſſino* fell preſently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my ſelf have ſince ſometimes been) I could not underſtand, that he had the power or happineſs to ſpeak a word: But we ſhall ſee, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, ſhall not go far before the Judgments of God will ſurpriſe and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus:

As ſoon as *Alphonſo* had given this bloody blow, and ſeen *Caſſino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, preſently reſolves to take horſe and fly away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carabine into his belt, God preſently ſtruck him into a ſtupefied ſwoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noiſe of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his Sword and it, preſently invited the people of the houſe below, to ſee what had befaln above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gaſping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) do think that he hath there ſhot and murthered himſelf; when deveſting him of his Apparel, and laying him in bed to ſearch for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a diſtracted look and amazed countenance deeming himſelf upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Caſſino*, the Lord in his judgment had infallibly ſtrucken him with ſudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lye heavy upon his ſoul and conſcience, in this laſt Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving than ſpeaking) in the heat of his madneſs and diſtraction, cryes out again and again, that he had murthered *Caſſino*: The which the people of the houſe are exceedingly aſtoniſhed to underſtand. And now by this time *Caſſino* is found dead in the Garden, and ſhot through with a brace of Bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercely* reſounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Caſſino*'s friends and ſervants make ſpeedy ſearch for the Murtherer, and finding a Horſe tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in outcryes and amazement: So they aſcend the ſtairs, find *Alphonſo* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the Bench, and his clothes on the Table, and examining the people of the Houſe, they report to them this ſuddain accident of his ſwooning, and therein of his confeſſion of the murthering of *Caſſino*; ſo they all praiſe and glorifie God, in that they have ſo ſoon, and ſo readily, found out the inhumane Author and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do requeſt and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may ſay miraculous) circumſtance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewiſe appears in this detection and confeſſion of *Alphonſo*, to be the cruel murtherer of this innocent, harmleſs Gentleman *Caſſino*; for he being no better than diſtracted of his wits, before God had cauſed and brought him to confeſs it, which elſe he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his ſtupefied ſpirits, he (as I have formerly ſaid) thought himſelf on the point and brink of death, and no ſhaddow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I ſay, as ſoon as he had confeſſed it, God in his good pleaſure and providence preſently reſtored him again to his perfect health, ſtrength, and memory, ſo that being put in mind, and again remembring his confeſſion, and ſeeing the imminency of his danger by the preſence of *Caſſino*'s friends and ſervants, who were there preſent about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Priſon for the ſame; he now with tears and bitter oaths, and curſes, declines and recants what he hath formerly ſpoken thereof, and rather as the Devil than a Chriſtian, in lofty and proud ſpeeches ſtands upon the terms of his juſtification, alledging and affirming to them farther, that what he had formerly confeſſed, or ſaid to them, concerning the murther of *Caſſino*, proceeded from the diſtemperature of his heart and brains, in that of his diſtraction, or elſe from the deluſions and temptations of the Devil, and no otherwiſe. But his own confeſſion, the teſtimony of thoſe of the houſe who heard it, and the reſt of the preſumptions and circumſtances are ſo pregnant and apparent that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Caſſino*, as they believe not what he now ſays in his own behalf and Apology, or that it is any way the deluſions of the Devil, but the good pleaſure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himſelf for the ſame: So they being deaf to his requeſts and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparel, and then by order of the criminal Judges, they that night commit him to Priſon, where the Devil having brought him, he now leaves him to himſelf, and to his own miſery and confuſion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained ſhall ſpeedily befall him.

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The next morning this Monſter of Nature *Alphonſo*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murther, the Devil hath as yet ſo obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but conteſts againſt it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced againſt him as witneſſes, who acknowledg and confeſs his own confeſſion thereof, as alſo the report of his Carabine, and the vicinity of their houſe, and proſpect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Caſſino*'s Garden, wherein as he was walking he was ſhot to death. When the mournful and ſorrowful young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewiſe brought forth as a witneſs againſt him, who informes his Judges, that *Alphonſo* was a moſt importunate Sutor to her, both in his Mother's houſe at *Caſſal*, as alſo at her deceaſed Uncle's houſe, here in *Vercely*; adding withal, that (in her heart and ſoul) ſhe verily believes him to be the murtherer of her ſaid Uncle. But ſtill he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the preſumptions and circumſtances hereof, being more apparent to his Judges, than the knowledg of this truth, they adjudg him to the Rack, where, at the very firſt torments thereof, he with tears confeſſeth it; and God is now ſo merciful to his ſoul, as he ſeems to be very ſorrowful and repentant thereof: So they ſeeing him guilty, pronounce ſentence againſt him, the next day to have his head cut off for the ſame; and that night the judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) ſend him ſome Friers to priſon to him, to direct his ſoul to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conſcience and ſoul of any other capital crime, which he might have committed in all the courſe of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her paſſage and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals them, how he had alſo formerly poyſoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Caſſal*; for the which he likewiſe craved abſolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and aſtoniſh'd, to ſee a Gentleman ſo degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his ſentence) *Alphonſo* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black ſute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where aſcending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, by his ſecular Prieſts and Friers, he in preſence of a great concourſe of people, there made this ſhort ſpeech. That theſe two murthers of his, and eſpecially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were ſo odious in the ſight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deſerved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not juſtly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and miſery of his, but to his continual neglect and omiſſion of prayer, whereby he baniſhed himſelf from God, and thereby gave the Devil too great an intereſt over his body and ſoul; that he deſired God to forgive him, theſe his two foul and bloody crimes of Murther, as alſo that of his neglect of Prayer; and ſo (with tears in his eyes) beſought all who were there preſent, likewiſe to pray unto God for him: When again beſeeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle *Caſſino*, he often making the ſign of the Croſs, and recommending himſelf into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who preſently with his Sword ſevered his head from his body, and both were immediatly burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the River of *Ticino*, without the walls of *Vercely*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to ſend his ſaid head and body to CASSAL, for the Judges of that place to do their pleaſure therewith, for there poyſoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miſerable (and yet deſerved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonſo*, and in this ſort did the judgments and puniſhments of God befall him? For theſe his two moſt inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, ſtill fortifie and confirm our faith by conſtant and continual prayer (the want whereof was the fatal Rock whereon he periſhed) that ſo we may ſecure our ſelves in this World, and our ſouls in that to come.

GOD's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kills* La Roche *in a Duel.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier *(an Apothecary) to poyſon his own Brother* Valfontain. Moncallier *after falls, and breaks his neck, from a pair of Stairs.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Father's Miller,* Pierot, *to murther and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her Body into the Mill-Pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a Wheel, and* Quatbriſſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

WE may truly affirm, That the World is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Chriſtians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devil; and how frequently thoſe woful accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horror; nor remember, but with grief of mind, and compaſſion of heart: for, is it not to make our ſelves wilful Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majeſty, in ſpoiling his true Image and reſemblance? yea, is it not the high-way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth ſuch Monſters of Nature, read we but this enſuing Hiſtory, and it will inform us of much innocent blood ſhed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of *Little Brittain* was (long ſince) annexed and united to the flouriſhing Kingdom of *France*, by the marriage of *Charles* the Eighth, with *Anne* the young Dutcheſs thereof, notwithſtanding that ſhe was formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-duke of *Auſtria*); where we ſhall underſtand, that in the City of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Reſidence of thoſe *Britiſh* Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demains and Revenues) termed *Monſieur de Caerſtaing*, who by his Wife *Madamoyſelle*

de le Ville Blanche, had two Sons, the eldeſt named by his title, *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*; and the youngeſt, *Monſieur de Valfontaine*. The firſt aged of twenty four years, being ſhort and corpulent; the ſecond of twenty, being tall and ſlender; both of them brave and hopeful Gentlemen, as well in their outward perſonages, as in the inward perfections and endowments of their minds: for in all reſpects, the care and affection of their Parents had made their education anſwerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the moſt part) lived in the City of *Nantes* (the ſecond of that Dutchy) with an Unkle of his, named *Monſieur de Manſie*, being Preſident of the King's Chamber of Accounts which is kept there; who frequenting the Balls or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongſt many other excellent Beauties wherewith that City is graced & thoſe paſtimes & meetings honoured; he ſees a young Gentlewoman (being a ſtranger, & newly come to the City) ſo infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, & the treaſure of lovelineſs & beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding pewer) ſhe attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaine*'s youthful heart and years had never yet ſtooped or ſacrificed to Love, yet at the very firſt ſight of this ſweet young Gentlewoman, (whoſe name we ſhall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roſes, & ranging on the Lillies of her ſweet complexion, nor his reſolutions from enquiring what her name and her ſelf was; when being informed that ſhe was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widower, termed *Monſieur ds Pennelle*, of the Pariſh of Saint *Argnaw*, four leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, of the age of ſome ſeventeen: he at the very ſight likes her ſo well, and loves her ſo deerly, that (if her interior virtues come not too ſhort of her exterior beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Sutor and Servants; and ſo he attempts to court and ſeek her for his Wife.

To which end he (more like a Tutor than a Pupil in the Art and School of Love) is ſo far from neglecting any, as he curiouſly and carefully ſeeks all opportunities and occaſions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and ſo (for the moſt part) he conducts her to and from the Dancings, ſits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at *Veſpers* as *Maſs*, he accompanies and prays with her; and (briefly) ſhe can difficultly be preſent any where, where he is long abſent from her: for by this time (which is ſcarce a month ſince he firſt ſaw her) her peerleſs beauty, and unparallel'd virtues and diſcourſe, have acted ſuch amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he muſt either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But ſee the providence and pleaſure of God; for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our ſweet and fair *La Pratiere*, no leſs doth ſhe him: for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and ſeeing him to be wiſe, diſcreet, and proper; as alſo, remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her; ſhe is ſo delighted with his neat feature and perſonage, & raviſhed with the melody of his diſcourſe, as albeit at firſt her tongue be ſo civil and modeſt to conceal her affection from him; yet her eyes (the Ambaſſadors of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and ſilent Rhetorick, bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, preſents, and eſpecially the letters which interchangeably paſt between them) and which indeed powerfully aſſiſted to the ſympathiſing and cimenting of their youthful affections, it ſufficeth that we take notice and knowledg, that *Valfontain*'s preſence was *La Pratiere*'s delight; and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that ſhe in life and death would remain his obedient and faithful Wife, and he her faithful and loving Husband; only ſhe prays him carefully and reſpectfully to conceal her affection to him, & ſo likewiſe to obſerve her Father in ſeeking his conſent to their marriage, the which he promiſeth her ſhortly to perform: for as ſoon as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purpoſely retired her ſelf home to her Father's houſe, at *St. Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many days behind her; where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle* with his affection to his Daughter, ſeeks her in marriage, requeſteth his conſent, and with many reaſons fairly and diſcreetly endeavoureth to induce him thereunto, where for three or four days he takes up his lodging and reſidence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won; but his ſuit is no way pleaſing, but diſtaſtful, to *Pennelle*; who although he know that *Monſieur de Caerſtaing* his Father (as well for Lands as Blood) is every way rather his Superior than his Equal; yet becauſe his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only child and Heir, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother); therefore covetouſneſs makes him aſſume this reſolution, that he will have none of him for his Son-in-law: but this reaſon and concluſion he conceals to himſelf, and ſo (in general terms) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averſe anſwer, little better in effect than a flat denial: and thus for his firſt journey, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his ſweet *La Pratiere*, and no way doubting but that his ſecond to her will prove leſs diſtaſtful, and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes*, and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother with his affection and suit to *Madamoyselle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heir (as we have heard) of *Monsieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Argnaw*, whereunto (because they knew him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter fair and virtuous,) they give good approbation and allowance; when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monsieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this business; whose presence, he hoped, will effect that with him, which he fears & knows his poor power cannot. But his Father, although he be very glad to procure his Son's advancement and content by this Match; yet being at the time much troubled with the Gout, he excuseth himself upon his own indisposition, & so defers off the journey to another time. *Valfontain* missing of his Father, deems it rather expedient, than impertinent, to intreat his brother *Quatbrisson* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath past between *Pennelle* and himself; but withal, conceals upon what terms he stands with *La Pratiere*, or that she is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause either to tax her immodesty, or condemn her indiscretion, in so suddenly giving her self to him. *Quatbrisson* very willingly yeelds to his Brother's request; when (followed with a train and equipage answerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Father's Letter to *Monsieur de Pennelle*) they take horse and ride to *Saint Argnaw*. Now as it is the error (or nature) of Lovers to be still unsecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Mistresses, whom they esteem their Soveraign good, and chiefest felicity. So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refrain, nor restrain his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her praises, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran so curious a division, and so ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verbal relation already prepared his Brother's eyes to behold a female Master-piece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Father's House (a little before Dinner-time) and seeing and saluting first him, then her, at the very first encounter & sight his senses are so surprised with the sweetness of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisiteness of her feature, as he now finds that his Brother's report and praises of her, come infinitely short of the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, *Quatbrisson* delivered his Father's Letter to *Pennelle*: with whom making a slight and superficial conference concerning his Brother's affection and suit to his Daughter, he turns from him to her, who dying her milk-white cheeks with a roseate blush to entertain him, he ravished with the delicacy of so amorous an encounter, & sweet object, could not likewise refrain from blushing to see her blush; when enquiring of her, if she pleased to take the air of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them), & she replying that his pleasure therein should be hers; he taking her by her hand, conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civility purposely walking aloof off, because he hoped and assured himself, that his Brother *Quatbrisson* now meant effectually to speak with his Mistress in his behalf, there being then no witnesses to their conference, but only the sweet Quiristers of the woods (the Thrushes and Nightingals) who purposely & pleasantly sate on every bush and tree, to delight them with their mellifluous melody; the very first words he administred and directed to her, was, That if she pleased to swear her tongue to secresie to what he should now say & deliver to her, he would reveal her a secret which should infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbrisson*'s first speech & request, & what it might mean & concern, stood a little while mute & silent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much less what to answer thereto. But at last considering, that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, & *Quatbrisson* his Brother, she imagined there was some plot secretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condescend to their desires, that they had then resolved to steal her away from him, and so to make it a clandestine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being desirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curiosity ambitious to see this abstruse mystery unlocked) she grants him his request, vowing to impose secrecy to her tongue in what he should deliver or entrust her with. When, he kisseth her, and evaporating many far-fetcht sighs (as the Heralds to proclaim his affection) he tells her, That her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, & made his heart both her tribunal, and her prisoner; that he envies his Brother's happiness, in having the honour to see her before himself. That as he is his Superior in years, so he is in affection to her; & that he knows his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himself worthily bestowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whose affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Cariere, left dreaming of that which she is now enforced to understand) is so afflicted, and withall so incensed at these unexpected speeches of *Quatbrisson*'s, that (her passion giving a law to her civility)

casting a snow-white veil over her crimson cheeks, & bending her brow (in whose furrows it seemed that discontent and choler sate now triumphant) her affection is too sincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as she returns his discourteous Brother, *Quatbrisson*, this short and sharp answer: *Quatbrisson* (quoth she) to have offered this unkindness of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude; but to do it to your own Brother, can be no less than treachery: and therefore this know from me, that I esteem your primogeniture ship as inferior to *Valfontain*'s Vertues, as they are in all respects superiors to yours; and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to silence, I would now presently publish it to the world, to the admiration and detestation of all good men; and so (with a look ingendred from choler, and derived from disdain) she hastily & suddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the garden to his Muses; *Quatbrisson* biting his lip at this sharp repulse of *La Pratiere*, is yet resolute not thus to leave her; when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his suit, than his Daughter, he seeks him out, and in fair terms informs him of his affection and love to her, and that (notwithstanding his Brother's re-search of her) he himself infinitely desireth her to be his own wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughter's Preferment, than any way careful of her content) gives an attentive and pleasing ear to this motion of *Quatbrisson*, and is so delighted with the melody of his speeches, as already in heart he wisheth her married to him; but how to answer or give content to *Valfontain*, he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compass this match, so much wished of *Quatbrisson*, and desired of *Pennelle*, he (in the absence of *Valfontain*) sends for his Daughter into his Closet, shews her what preferment and happiness is now offer'd her, if she will forsake *Volfontain*, and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbrisson* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Father's proposition and speeches) very humbly beseecheth him, that if ever he will respect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her husband, and not *Quatbrisson*, because she confesseth she loves the younger brother, but that she neither can nor will affect the elder. Now although this her resolute and obstinate answer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time wil prove capable to draw her to his desires, he secretly bids *Quatbrisson* to ride home to *Vannes* to take his Brother with him, and shortly after to return again to *Saint Argnaw* without him, and that he shall find no cause to fear, or reason to doubt, but that he shall enjoy his Mistress; the managing whereof, he prays him to refer to his care in his absence. Thus we see the father and daughter differently affected; he loves *Quatbrisson* and not *Valfontaine*; and she *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbrisson*; who grieving as much at the Daughter's refusal, as he rejoyceth at her Father's consent. He now venteth his malice on the innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath used his best power and art of solicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impossible to draw him to reason: adding withall, that he is so far from consenting that he shall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparent, he future y denies him access to his house: Wherefore Brother (quoth he) because I see with grief that you strive against the stream, and that in all actions and accidents whatsoever, the shortest errors are still best, let us to morrow take horse and away, and let this indifferency be your resolution, That if God have decreed it shall be a match, it then wil be; otherwise not. *Valfontain*'s heart bleeds at *Pennelle*'s averseness & cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, so soon to forsake the sight and company of his Daughter, of his dear and fair Mistress *La Pratiere*; but being ignorant of all his Brother's passages and treacheries intended and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn or contradict his pleasure, and so resolves to leave Saint *Argnaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our fair *La Pratiere*, seeing all things bent to cross her desires, and her *Valfontain*'s wishes, she (out of her tender affection to him (resolves to give him a private meeting and conference; when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their beds soundly sleeping) she sends for him into her chamber, where seeing him extreamly pensive and sorrowful, she bids him be cheerful and couragious; tells him, that he hath no reason to despair, but to hope, for that in life and death she will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that instantly upon his arrival to *Vannes*, she will write and send him a Letter, wherein she will acquaint him with the passage of a business, whereof he neither can conceive or dream; conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoined to secresie, and sworn to silence; and so (with much chat, and more kisses) he giving her a Diamond-Ring from his fingers, and she him a pair of Pearl-Bracelets from her arms, in token of their mutual constancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely against their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the succeeding morn being come, the two Brothers prepare and dispose themselves for their journey.

When

When breakfast ended, according as it was concluded betwixt *Pennelle* and *Quatbrisson*, *Pennelle* takes *Valfontain* aside to a window, and in short terms prays him henceforth to forbear his house, and refrain his Daughter's company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; so having severally and solemnly taken their Congees, first of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horse and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a sensible and heart-killing grief to *La Pratiere*, so soon to be deprived of her *Valfontain*'s dear and sweet company; so again, she cannot refrain from smiling, to see how ingratefully and subtilly *Quatbrisson* goes to work to betray his Brother, in seeking to obtain her for himself in marriage; but measuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other; and likewise remembring her promise to *Valfontain*, to write to him at the end of two days after their departure, she (by a confident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAIN.

MY Promise owes you this Letter; whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me, or hate your Brother Quatbrisson, *in regard he vows he affects me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and consequently me of my Husband: and as this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his Courting, and seen his Complements tending that way; but for your sake I reliss those with distaste, these with neglect, and himself with contempt and disdain. He hath won my Father to his will; but rest you confident (my dear* Valfontaine) *that he neither can nor shall draw me to his desire: And because true affection, especially in accidents of this nature, cannot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise or ingender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and dispel it, That although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retain and cherish you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this your* Pratiere's *advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choler towards your Brother; and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him act his own shame, and your glory; his affliction, your content and desire.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter, the base ingratitude and foul treachery of his Brother *Quatbrisson*, doth extreamly afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledg and remembrance thereof, throws him into such passions of choler, and fumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himself on him, by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him: vowing that the bonds of Nature were not by far so strong, as those of Affection; and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvel that he took that course; and preferred that form of proceeding to any other. But then again considering his dear *La Pratiere*'s injunction and prohibition from choler, this last reason overswayed and prevailed against his former resolution; when knowing himself infinitely obliged to her for her courtesie and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no less than return her an Answer thereof in requital; the which he doth by her own Messenger, in these terms.

VALFONTAIN to LA PRATIERE.

OF all men in the world, I least thought that my Brother Quatbrisson *would have proved my rival, in attempting to love you; because he perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this Error, (or as you justly term it, this Treachery) of his, is so odious, so strange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and constancy had not so courteously revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blushed and palled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire, in missing of you; rather to your virtuous self, which distasted his Courting and Complements for his own sake, and disdaining him for mine. Dear and sweet* La Pratiere, *in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve; but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce. But why think I of losing you, sith to call your constancy in question, is no less than to prophane your affection and my judgment, and so to make my self both uncapable and unworthy of you: for, how can my love to you, retain any spice or spark of fear, for that being banished your Father's House, I am yet so happy to recover so safe an Harbour and Sanctuary, yea, so precious a Temple, as your heart: In which regard its every way fit, that your Requests should be to me Commands: for otherwise my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this*

time I had not called my Brother to a ſtrict and ſevere account for this his treachery. I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, though he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance: and for my ingrateful and treacherous Brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content our deſire, becauſe that muſt ſolely proceed from your ſelf; ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my Wife, conſiſts the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two days after that *La Pratiere* was made joyful with this Anſwer of her *Valfontaine*, ſhe hath again ſorrowful news of *Quatbriſſon*'s arrival to her Father's houſe at Saint *Argnaw*, who had purpoſely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Aennbon*. He here renews his late ſuit to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the ſame humours and reſolutions he left them; he willing, and ſhe coy; he deſirous to have him his Son-in-law, and ſhe reſolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine*, her Husband. He proffereth her many rich Gifts and Preſents, and a blanck to write down what Joynture ſhe pleaſeth to demand; but ſhe peremptorily refuſeth it all, and bids him beſtow it on ſome other, of whom it may find better acceptance; yea, I may ſafely ſay, and truly affirm, that their affections are more oppoſite and contrary than their ſexes; for the more he ſees her, he loves her; and the oftner ſhe beholds him, the more ſhe hates him: ſo that when he apparently perceives that ſhe deeply vows to her Father and himſelf only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he ſeeing his labour for the time preſent loſt, and his affection to her in vain; having nothing left to comfort him againſt the repulſe of this amorous ſuit, but the conſtant friendſhip of her Father, he ſorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as cloſe as he bears this his journey from his Brother *Valfontain*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her ſelf bound to ſignifie it to him, the which the very next day ſhe doth by her ſecond Letter, which ſpeaks thus:

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection, to advertiſe you, That theſe two days I have been again importunately haunted and ſolicited by your unkind Brother, Quatbriſſon, *for marriage; but he hath found my firſt anſwer to be my ſecond and laſt: yea, I have ſo nipt his vain hopes in their bloſſoms, by ſignifying to him and my Father my infallible reſolution either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgments) the one is aſſured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparent to the world, that my words will prove deeds, and that the laſt will make the firſt real. But if your ſaid Brother will yet notwithſtanding farther exerciſe his folly in my patience, and ſo make himſelf as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous: I out of the dear affection and tender reſpect which I bear you, will then fall on my knees to my Father, to haſten his conſent to our marriage; that in ſeeking my content, you may therein find your own: and this is my reſolution, wherewith if yours concurr and ſympathize, Heaven may, but Earth ſhall not croſs our deſires.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this ſecond Letter from his Miſtreſs with ſmiles and frowns; with ſmiles, to ſee her inviolable conſtancy and affection; with frowns, to behold his Brother *Quatbriſſon*'s continual malice and treachery towards him; the which conſidering (as alſo becauſe it ſo nearly concerns him), he reſolves to tax him thereof, and to ſee whether (by fair requeſts and perſwaſions) he may reclaim him from affecting his fair and dear *La Pratiere*, and ſo to give over his ſuit to her; but firſt he knows himſelf indebted and obliged to return her an anſwer to this her laſt Letter, the which he doth in theſe terms:

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (ſweet La Pratiere*) which again advertiſeth me of my brother* Quatbriſſon's *perſeverance in his treachery towards me, by ſeeking to betray and bereave me of your ſelf, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadiſe their moſt ſoveraign earthly felicity; and your reſolution in nipping his hopes, and your Father's will, by electing me or your Grave for your Husband, doth ſo raviſh my heart with joy, and ſo wrap my conceits in an extaſie of ſweet content, as I am confident God hath reſerved* La Pratiere, *to be* Valiontain's *ſweet Wife, and he to be her dear Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother will yet farther*

ther bewray you his folly, in exercising your patience with his importunity; so to save you that labour and penance, which for my sake and love you are ready to impose on your self, I am both ready and resolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but also to your sweet self, that our marriage be hastned: for, as your resolution herein is, and ever shall be mine; so our hearts and thoughts sympathizing in these wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved nt to cross, but shortly to consummate and finish our desires.

VALFONTAIN.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter to his sweet and fair Mistress, he now resolves to have some conference with his unkind Brother, to see what a brazen face he either will or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery. But *Quatbrisson*'s policy will anticipate and prevent him: for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratiere*'s beauty, and having run over all the inventsons of his art and affection, how to make her forsake her coyness, and so how to obtain her for his wife, he at last resolves to fain himself sick, and so then to reveal to his Brother *Valfontain*, that it is his dear and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cause thereof. To which purpose he keeps his bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when sending for his Brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informs him, That since he first saw *La Pratiere*, he still most tenderly loved her, and that he must now dye, because she will not affect and love him. He prays and conjures him (by virtue of all the same blood which equally streams in both their bodies) for the saving and preserving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and so yeeld him up all the power and interest that he hath or pretends to have in her, and that in requital thereof (if occasion require) he shall still find him ready not only to expose all his Means, but his dearest Blood and Life at his command. A request so unjust, and a proposition so devoid of common sense and reason, as *Valfontain* observing it, and therein seeing his Brother's impudency, now grown to the height of baseness and folly; he exceedingly incensed thereat (with a disdainful look) returns him this sharp & bitter, yet deservedreply: Was it not enough that I understood your treachery by my fair and dear *La Pratiere*, in seeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy self become so sottish, to make thy tongue the Advocate as well to plead and apologize thy treachery to me, as to publish thy shame to thy self, and to the whole world, in seeking and desiring me to surcease my affection to her, and to renounce my interest of her to thy self. No, no, base *Quatbrisson* (for henceforth I highly disdain to term or esteem you my Brother) I give thee to understand and know, that in heart, and in honour, she is mine, and I hers; and therefore you shall dye and damn, before I will permit thee to enrich thy self with my loss of her, whom I affect and prise a thousand times dearer than my self, or than all the lands and treasures of the World; when without any other farewell, he hastily and cholerickly flings forth out his Chamber from him.

Quatbrisson seeing his Brother's furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil answer to him, he (in his heart and thoughts) vows revenge, and in his resolution swears to make him repent it. To which effect, forsaking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfeit sickness, his choler hardly affording his patience three days to recover his blood and strength; but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes*, with their Unkle *De Massy*, he seeks out a dear and intimate friend of his, named *Monsieur La Roche*, whom engaging to be his Second in a Duel against his own Brother *Valfontain*, they ride over to *Nants*, when coming to a small Parish termed St. *Vallerge*, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and so dispeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nants*, finds out *Valfontain* at the President his Unkle's house, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monsieur de Pont Chausey*, and delivereth him his Brother's Challenge fait sealed, the which he hastily breaking open, and perusing, he finds that it speaks this language:

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAIN.

IN regard it is impossible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere *to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us dye, that the other may survive and live, to be enriched with so specious a treasure, and crowned with so inestimable a blessing and felicity; which considering, as also because my modest requests have (undeservedly) met with thy uncivil carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not strange to see Affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to con-*

tempt,

temn thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your single Rapiers, to morrow 'twixt two or three after dinner, in a fair Meadow at the East-end of St. Vallery, *within a little flight-shot thereof; where thou shalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will safely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee: I expect no other Answer but thy self; neither do I any way doubt (much less despair) of thy meeting me, since by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendest to be Generous.*

QUATBRISSON.

Valfontain smiles at the reading of this Challenge; and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbrisson*'s errors and folly, he chearfully turns himself to *La Roche*, to whom he speaks thus: *Monsieur La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbrisson*'s Second: to whom he replies, My respect to your Brother hath engaged me thereunto, instead of a more worthy; and yet I ingenuously confess & protest, Sir (quoth he) that I have promised no more to him, than (if occasion presented) I am ready to perform for your self. *Valfontain* thanks him, and prays him to return his Brother *Quatbrisson* this Answer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place, he will not fail to meet him. When entreating *La Roche* to walk with him into the next chamber, he told him, he presumed he should shew him his Second; when *Valfontain* taking *Pont Chausey* to the Window, he shews him his Brother's Challenge, and prays him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chausey* (not out of any fear in himself, but in love to these two Brothers) as a Christian Gentleman, proffereth to ride over to *Quatbrisson* to *St. Vallery*, and to use his best power and endeavours to take up and reconcile these differences between them: but *La Roche* tells him, he may save that journey and labour, for that (to his knowledg) *Quatbrisson* is both resolute and irreconcilable in that quarrel: whereupon *Pont Chausey* freely engageth himself to *Valfontain*; and so these two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable enemies) very secretly that evening provide their Rapiers: which done, *La Roche* rides back to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbrisson* with his Brother *Valfontain*'s generous resolution, to meet and fight with him the next day; as also that *Pont Chausey* is his Second.

And although (by the instigation of Satan) that Choler and Revenge make minutes seem hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wished effects, & effected his bloody designs: So these our four rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Virtue, and of Courage than Christianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbrisson* with his Chirurgeon being first in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns, before *La Roche* ushereth in his Brother *Valfontain*, his Second *Pont Chausey*, and their Chirurgeon: when they all tying up their Horses to the Hedg, they (according to the custom of Duels) do all throw off their Doublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their silk Stockings, and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto*'s or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers first draw and approach each other; and at their first coming up, *Valfontain* (without being touched himself) gives *Quatbrisson* a deep wound in his right thigh; and if his Rapier had not beaten down the thrust, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground: at their second encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbrisson* in the right arm, and *Valfontain* of a scar in the neck: and here they make a stand to take breath, *Quatbrisson* not as yet despairing, nor *Valfontain* triumphing or assuring himself of the Victory; and the sight and effusion of their blood, is so far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more spleen and animosity; so they will again try their fortunes: They now traverse their ground, and approach each other; and although they are not less valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgeons) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more advised in chusing and refusing their ground; when *Valfontain* breaking a thrust (which his Brother presented him) he then calling to mind the sweetness of his *La Pratiere*'s beauty, and the foulness of his Brother's malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribs, and making the blood to gush and stream forth, doth soon quail his courage; so as he who right now thought himself Master of his Brother's life, now tears his own; so that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to secure his reputation from the scandal of his friends, as to warrant his Generosity from the detraction of his Enemies; and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisdom than honour) begs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forsake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearly, as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardise of his, is so far from being

being reliſhed, or approved of the Spectators, and it proves the wonder of *Valfontain*, the laughter of *Pont Chauſey*, the diſdain of his own Second, *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgeons: but *Valfontain* was as benign, as *Quatbriſſon* was baſe and envious; and as noble, as he was treacherous; and ſo upon his ſubmiſſion, he ſheaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his Hat in his hand embraceth him; and thus with many fraternal words and complements, theſe two Brothers (in all outward ſhew) are again reconciled, and become perfect friends. But the end proves all things.

But to follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, and the ceremonies of Duels, we muſt paſs from *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontain*, the Principals, to *Le Roche* and *Pont Chauſey* their Seconds, to ſee in what ſhape they will come forth, and how they reſolve to bear themſelves in the concluſion and knitting up of this reconciliation: As for *Pont Chauſey*, he thinks it no diſparagement or ſhame to him now to refuſe to fight, ſith his Principal hath given his Enemy the foyl, in giving him his life; but contrariwiſe, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawful plea or excuſe for him to exempt himſelf from fighting. *Pont Chauſey*'s modeſty ſeems to over-veil his valour with ſilence and indifferency; which the inſulting vanity of *La Roche* doth ſo far miſconſter, as he erroneouſly attributes it, rather to fear and cowardiſe, than to reaſon or judgment. The worſt of *Pont Chauſey*'s malice, venteth no other ſpeeches and language, but that he will follow & abide the cenſure of their Principals, whether they, being their Seconds, ought to fight or no; and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance: but *La Roche*'s intemperate paſſions flying a higher pitch, with much vehemency and choler proteſteth, that he came into the field purpoſely to fight and not to keep ſheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier: the two Brothers interpoſe and conſult hereon, and do joyntly affirm, that becauſe they themſelves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reaſon, and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds ſhould once draw their weapons, much leſs fight; But this neither doth, nor can as yet ſatisfie *La Roche*, whoſe choler is now become ſo boundleſs, as he in lofty terms elevateth *Valfontain*'s valour to the Skies, and dejecteth *Quatbriſſon*'s cowardiſe as low as Hell, begging permiſſion of the one to fight with the Second, and peremptorily informing the other, that he will fight; but both *Quatbriſſon* & *Valfontain* condemn thoſe fumes and this heat of *La Roche*, and are ſo far from applauding it in him, as they (in down-right terms) repute it to temerity and raſhneſs, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath ſo provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jeſt, but in earneſt) they bandy theſe words to him, That he glorieth ſo much in his generoſity, as in now ambitiouſly ſeeking to add to his valour, he ſubſtracteth from his judgment. When *Pont Chauſey* (to retort & wipe off the leaſt taint or blemiſh which either *La Roche* or the two Brothers might conceive lay on his reputation, thinks it now high time to ſpeak, becauſe as yet he had ſpoken ſo little, and prays *La Roche* to find out ſome expedient, either that they might return as loving friends, or fight it out as honourable enemies; and that for his part he is ſo far from the leaſt ſhadow of fear, or conceit of cowardiſe, as he tells him plainly, he ſhall find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better. Whereupon vain and miſerable *La Roche*, conſulting with nature, not with grace, he to give end to this difference, reſolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he propoſeth to *Pont Chauſey* & the two Brothers, in theſe terms, That the only way, & his laſt reſolution is, that a fair pair of Dice ſhall be the judg and umpier between them; & that who throws moſt at one caſt, it ſhall be in his choice either to fight, or not to fight; whereunto *Pont Chauſey* willingly conſenteth, although *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontain* do in vain contradict and oppoſe it: but the decree is paſt, and *La Roche*, very officious in his wickedneſs, and forward in his impiety) ſpreads his Cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth of his pocket, & becauſe he was of the Challenger's ſide, he wil throw firſt; which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him ſeven; *Pont Chauſey* follows him, and likewiſe taking the Dice, throws only five: whereat *La Roche* graceleſly inſulting and triumphing, with an open throat cries out, *Fight, fight, fight*; and ſo preſently draws his Rapier: *Pont Chauſey* ſeeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer either ſafe or honorable for him to be unarmed, when yet (with a kind of religious reluctancy, and unwillingwillingneſs) he likewiſe unſheaths his Rapier, and ſo without any farther expoſtulation, they here approach each other: but becauſe (for brevity's ſake) I reſolve to paſs over the circumſtances, and only to mention the iſſue of their ſingle combat, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God, conjure the Chriſtian Reader here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his ſacred Providence, and divine Juſtice, which in the iſſue of this Duel is made conſpicuous and apparent to theſe two raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world: for lo, juſt as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice,

so many wounds they severally received each from other, as *Pont Chaussy* five, and *La Roche* seven; and he who so extreamly desired to fight, and so insatiably thirsted after *Ponto Chaussey*'s blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathless corps all gored and washed in his own blood. A fearful example, and remarkable precedent for all bloody minded Gentlemen of these our times, to contemplate and look on, because wretched *La Roche* was so miserable, as he had no point of time to see his error, no spark of grace to repent it.

Quatbrisson and his Chirurgeon (as sorrowful for his death, as his Brother *Valfontain* is glad thereof) take order for his decent transporting to the City, whiles *Valfontain* congratulates with *Pont Chaussey* for his good fortune and victory; who for his safety flies to *Blavet*, until the Duke of *Kayes* (to whom he was Homager) had procured and sent him his pardon from the King; the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monsieur de Caerstainge*, and *Madamoyselle Ville-blanche* his Wife, are advertised of their two Sons quarrel at *Saint Vallery*, and of the cause and issue thereof, who condemn *Quatbrisson* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontain* for so nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have deprived him thereof; which news is likewise speedily conveyed first to *Nants*, and to *Saint-Argnaw*, where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbrisson*'s foyl and disgrace, as his Daughter, our fair *La Pratiere*, triumphs at her *Valfontain*'s victory, and because she will no longer be deprived of his presence, whose absence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, she makes her prayers and tears become such incessant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as she now draws his free consent to take *Valfontain* for her Husband; which at last to their own unspeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either side, is at *Saint-Argnaw* performed and consummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbrisson* (as we have formerly understood) have all the reasons of the world to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontain*, yea, (and according to his promise and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly; yet where the heart is not sanctified, and in peace, the tongue may pretend, though not intend it: for the more he gazeth on his Sister-in-law *La Pratiere*'s beauty, the more the freshness and delicacy thereof revives and inflames his lascivious lust towards her; when knowing her to be as chast as fair, & being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodest courtesie or familiarity from her; whiles her Husband, his Brother *Valfontain*, lives; the Devil hath already taken such full possession of his heart, as (with a hellish ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly resolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happiness to receive his own.

As soon as we think of revenge, we meerly forget our selves; but when we consent to murther, we absolutely forget God: for that hellish contemplation, and this inhuman and bloody action, do instantly work so wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monsters, and (which is worse) of Christians, Devils; for thereby we make our selves his slaves and members. A misery to which all others are not comparable, because those are finite in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies; but this infinite, in regard it occasioneth the death of our souls. But notwithstanding, it is not in jest, but in earnest, that *Quatbrisson* assumes the bloody resolution to murther his Brother *Valfontain*: for seeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duel, he therefore holds it more safe, less dangerous, to have him poysoned, and so deals with his Brother's Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and perform it; and in requital thereof, he assureth him of three hundred Crowns, and gives him the one half in his hand; whereupon this Factor of the Devil, this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiseth him speedily to effect and perform it, the which he doth.

The manner thus.

Valfontain within six weeks of his marriage, finds his body in an extream heat, some reputing it to an excess of wine which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fayr, and others, for having been too amorous and uxorious to his sweet young wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which excess of these two gave him his sickness; only let it satisfie the *Reader*, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much enflamed & hot, the dangerous symptoms either of a Burning-Fever, or a Pluriste; the which to allay and cool, he sends for his Apothecary *Moncallier*, from *Vannes* to *Saint-Argnaw*, and after their consultation, he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, & draws ten ounces of blood from him, & towards night gives him a Glister, wherein he infused strong poyson, which spreading o're the vital parts of his body,

doth

doth ſo ſoon work its operation, and extinguiſh their radical moiſture, that being the moſt part of the night tortured with many ſharp throws, and heart-killing convulſions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed. His Wife *La Pratiere* being deſparately vanquiſhed with ſorrow, doth (as it were) diſſolve and melt her ſelf into tears, at this ſudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfontain*; and indeed, her griefs and ſorrows are far the more infinite and violent, in that ſhe ſees her ſelf a Widow, almoſt as ſoon as a Wife. Her Father is likewiſe penſive and ſorrowful for the death of his Son-in-law; and ſo alſo is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhuman Brother, *Quatbriſſon*, although he neither can or ſhall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do thoſe of men, from the knowledg and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournful and diſconſolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publiſh in his ſpeeches and apparel: ſo he rides over to *Saint-Arguaw*, to his Siſter-in-law *Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband and his Brother's death, and with his beſt Oratory ſtrives to diſſipate and diſpel her ſorrows: but ſtill her thoughts and conſcience do notwithſtanding prompt her, that (conſidering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother, her Husband, for her) ſure he had a hand in his death; but in what manner, or how, ſhe knows not; and ſo as a moſt virtuous and ſorrowful Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleaſure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nants* and *Vannes*, concurr with her in the ſame conceit and belief.

But three months are ſcarce paſt over, ſince *Valfontain* was laid in his Grave, but *Quatbriſſon* is ſtill ſo deeply beſotted with his own luſt, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he ſells his wit for folly, & again becomes a Suitor to marry her, having none but this poor Apology to colour out his inceſtuous deſires, That he will procure a diſpenſation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already ſpoken to *Yvon*, Biſhop of *Reimes*, to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiſcretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to encreaſe her jealouſie, to confirm her ſuſpition, and to make her the more confident that her Husband had been ſtil in this world, if he had not been the means ſo ſoon to ſend him into another. Wherefore ſhe rejecteth both his ſuit and himſelf; tells him, that if he can find in his heart & conſcience to marry her, ſhe cannot diſpenſe with her ſoul to eſpouſe him, and therefore that he ſhall do wel to ſurceaſe his ſuit, either to the Pope or Biſhop, ſith if it lay in their power, yet it ſhould never in her pleaſure to grant, or reſolution to effect it. But this peremptory reſolution of hers, cannot yet cauſe *Quatbriſſon* to forſake & leave her: for if his luſt and concupiſcence formerly made him peeviſh to ſeek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly ſottiſh and impudent to alter his ſuit, and ſo to attempt and deſire to make her his Strumpet. But he hath no ſooner delivered her this baſe & obſcene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, ſhe highly diſdain'd both his ſpeeches and himſelf, and vowing and ſcorning henceforth ever more to come into his company; ſo ſhe informs her Father of his diſhonorable intent, & unchaſt motion to her, who to rid himſelf of ſo uncivil and impudent a Gueſt, thereupon (in ſharp terms) forbids him his Houſe & his Daughter's company, as having hereby altogether made himſelf unworthy to enjoy the priviledg of the one, or the honour of the other. When this ſweet and chaſt young Lady (to be no more haunted with ſo laſcivious a ghoſt and ſpirit) being ſought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, ſhe among them all (after a whole year's mourning for the firſt) makes choice of *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey*, for her ſecond Husband, and marries him. *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelf ſo diſdainfully ſleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonorable Lover) metamorphoſed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdain, and meet with her ingratitude, and ſo flies her ſight and company, as much as he formerly deſired it. But as the beſt revenge is, to make our enemies ſee that we proſper & do well; ſo he, quite contrary, makes it his practice and ambition to do evil: for from henceforth, among many other of his vices, he defileth his body with Whoredom, and gives himſelf over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a ſecond nature: for he wholly abandoneth himſelf to Queans and Strumpets, that be ſhe Maid, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtful heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeeks.

Now *Quatbriſſon* (among many other) hearing that a poor Peaſant or Country-man, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the Pariſh of *Saint Andrews*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a ſweet and fair young Daughter; he therefore very leudly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and hauled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devil,

he rides over to her Father's house, and a-lighting from his Horse, calls there for some wine, but with his Hawk on his fist, and his Lacquy and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-veil and colour out his lascivious design & intent. And that the *Reader* may the better and apparently behold this Country-Virgin *Marietta*, she was aged of some sixteen years, and towards her seventeenth, tall & straight, & rather a little inclining to fatness than to leanness; her hair was of a bright flaxen colour, and she of so fresh a beauty, & sweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame desire, & her cheeks to ingender and exact affection; so that as it was a wonder among many to find so delicate a Country-lass, it was also many wonders in one, to see how sweetly her rich beauty graced her poor clothes, whiles they (though in vain) endeavour to disgrace it. *Quatbrisson* no sooner sees *Marietta*, but she is so fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitely short of her beauty; when burning in the flames of his beastly concupiscence towards her, his lust so exceedingly out-braves his reason, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is so far caught and insnared in the contemplation of her fresh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no art unattempted to obtain his lustful desires in enjoying of her Virginity: To which end he very often and secretly visiteth her, discovereth her his leud desires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bone-lace, Lawn, worsted Stockins, and the like trifles, thereby the sooner to prevail with her; when, God knows, this fair poor Maiden was so chast, as yet she knew not what belonged to unchastity; such was her obscure dwelling, and innocent education: and yet behold the Devil was so busie with her, and *Quatbrisson* with the Devil, to draw and prostitute her to sin, as she was so far in love with his gay clothes, sugered speeches and fair promises, rich gifts, and especially because he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks she had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self.

But whiles thus *Quatbrisson* lays close siege to the chastity of the Daughter, her Mother, *Jane Chaumett*, (being of a quick wit, and sharp apprehension, measuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to mistrust and fear, that by his often visits he endeavoured to put a rape on her virtue, in seeking to enrich himself with the loss of her Maiden-head; the which to prevent, she forbids him her house, shewing him, that she had rather dye, than live to see her Daughter made a Strumpet; adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbear her house, and her Daughter's company, she would forthwith acquaint his Father, *Monsieur de Caerstaing*, therewith; alledging, that how close sover he bore himself, she knew him to be his Son and Heir, and termed *Quatbrisson*. Which cross speeches of hers, do much afflict and perplex him, and the more, because he sees he cannot now approach *Marietta*; and, which is worst of all, in regard he knows not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his desires: but at length remembring that he was well acquainted with an old *Franciscan* Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Simplician*, who many years begged the Countrey for the repairing of their Monastry, and with whom he had often carouled and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Instrument and Agent for his purpose, and so rides over to *Auroy*, and sends for him to his lodging; where giving him good cheer, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point discovereth this secret, and lays open himself to him: so this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* better than his Guardian (because he had twice formerly expelled him the Monastry for some of his dishonest and debauched pranks) he freely engageth himself to him; affirming, that he well knew both Father, and Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times lain in their house, when he hath been overtaken either by night or rain,

Hypocrisie is the Devil's Mask or Vizard, and there is no way so subtile or sinful to deceive, as under the cloak and colour of Religion; and therefore it is a most pernicious and odious shame to Christians, that those who profess Piety, should prophane it. This good-fellow, Frier *Simplician*, (taking the tide of time, & the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of visiting some of his Kinsfolks, leaves *Auroy*, repairs to *Vaunes*, and so to *Malliot*'s house in the Countrey; where purposely faining himself sick, thereby to procure himself the better colour for his stay, and the better means for the dispatch of this love-business for *Monsieur Quatbrisson*; there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their respect to Religion, and reverence to Church-men) entertain him lovingly, & attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no cost too much, nor any meat, care, or labour, enough, which they spent and bestowed on him. But we shall see him requite this Hospitality, and repay this courtesie of theirs with a base ingratitude.

For in the absence of the Father and Mother, this debauched Frier teacheth their fair Daughter *Marietta* a new Catechism; he tells her that *Monsieur Quatbrisson* is deeply in love with her, that if she will hearken to his affection, and so become flexible to his desires,

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he will shortly steal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman-like, in brave apparel, or else marry her to some rich Serving-man, or Farmer's Son, with whom she might live merrily, and at her heart's content, all the days of her life; adding withal, that it was pity her delicate fresh beauty should be so strictly and obscurely mewed up in her Father's poor Cottage, and that it was a shame to her to prove an Enemy to Nature, who had been so bountiful and so true a Friend to her; with many more obscene reasons, and debauched speeches, looking that way, the which (in modesty) I cannot remember without shame, nor relate without detestation. So this Pandarising old Frier (degenerating from his habit, profession, and name) what with the honey (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbrisson*, he draws this harmless & innocent poor Country Maid, so far to forget her self, her Parents, and God, that in hopes of rich apparel, and a good Husband, she tells her Father *Symplician*, that she is wholly at *Quatbrisson*'s command; and that for his sake and love, she is absolutely resolved to forsake her Father and Mother, and to go with him any night or day, when he pleaseth to fetch her; the which he shortly doth, and she accomplisheth. And this was the odious ingratitude of this Frier *Symplician*, towards honest *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheer, lodging, and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only Child and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the staff and comfort of their age.

Quatbrisson (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts), having thus by himself and the Frier, play'd his prize in stealing away fair *Marietta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth, lies with her whole nights together; but *Marietta*'s sorrowful Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewel, their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loss, and their own misfortunes therein: They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her; yea, her Mother *Jane Chaumet*'s grief and jealousie transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting that *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* had stoln her away, she trips over to his Father's house, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof, who presently send for their Son *Quatbrisson* before them: They shew him what an infinite scandal this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family, How the Justice of God infallibly attends on Whoredom and Fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Countrey Girl again to her aged and sorrowful Parents. But *Quatbrisson* their Son (as a base debauched Gentleman) denies all, terms old *Malliot*'s Wife an old Hag and Devil, to charge him thus falsly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redress or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her sorrowful Husband; and *Quatbrisson* secretly to his Nurse's, to frolick and sport it out with his sweet and fair Countrey-Mistress, *Marietta*.

But to observe the better order and *decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valfontain* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of poyson. The manner whereof briefly thus.

Quatbrisson (as we have already seen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envy towards his Sister-in-law *La Pratiere*, doth still retain such bloody thoughts against her, as (striking hands with the Devil) he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again engaged his hellish Apothecary, *Moncallier*, likewise to poyson her at his first administring of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs, is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, than promised speedily to be acted & performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miserable wretches) to make her equal, as in marriage, so in death, with her first Husband *Valfontain*. Thus *Quatbrisson* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratiere*'s first sickness, two months are scarce blown over since her marriage with *Pont Chausey*, but she is surprised with a Pestilent Fever; when he, as a loving and kind Husband (at the request of his sick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monster of his profession and time, *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her Physick: the which presently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned sorrow) he promiseth to effect; and so inwardly resolves

with the Devil and himſelf to poyſon her: but we ſhall ſee here, that God's providence will favourably permit the firſt, and his goodneſs and mercy miraculouſly prevent the ſecond.

Moncallier ſees this his fair and ſweet Patient, *La Pratiere*, but he is yet ſo far from ſhame or repentance, that he had poyſoned her firſt Husband, as (with a graceleſs ratiocination) he confirms his former impious reſolution likewiſe to diſpatch her ſelf: but for that time he contenteth himſelf only to draw ſix ounces of blood from her, and promiſeth to return to her the next morning with Phyſick, and therein to inſinuate and infuſe the poyſon. But here (in the fear, and to the glory of God) let me requeſt the Chriſtian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the ſtrangeneſs of this ſudden and divine puniſhment of God, then and there ſhown on this wretched Apothecary, *Moncallier*: for as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the ſtairs (next to the Chamber-door where *La Pratiere* lay ſick) complementing with her Husband, *Pont Chauſey*, at his farewell, he trips in his Spurrs, and ſo falls down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck; and, which is lamentable and fearful, he hath neither the power or grace left him to ſpeak a word, much leſs to repent his cruel poyſoning of *Valfontain*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miſerable end of this wretched *Moncallier*, who when he abſolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we ſee) in his due time remembred to puniſh him for the ſame, to his utter confuſion and deſtruction; that as his crime was bloody, ſo his puniſhment ſhould be ſudden and ſharp.

Return we now again to *Quatbriſſon*, who (amidſt his carnal pleaſures with his young and fair *Marietta*) is advertiſed of *Moncallier*'s ſudden and unnatural death at *Saint-Argnaw*, whereat (reſembling himſelf) he is ſo far from any apprehenſion of grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, becauſe he can now tell no tales; as ſorrowful, if now before his death he have not poyſoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband, *Valfontain*, his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbriſſon*'s joy in enjoying *Marietta*, proves the grief and diſconſolation of her Parents; for it is now generally bruited in *Vannes*, that *Quatbriſſon* hath ſtoln away *Malliot*'s Daughter, *Marietta*, whereof her Father and Mother being ſorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and ſickly), ſhe again repairs to *Monſieur de Caerſtaing* and his Lady, and with tears in her eyes, throwing her ſelf at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly beſeeching them to be a means to the Gentleman, their Son, that he reſtore them their Daughter: but they are in a manner deaf to her requeſts, and ſo only return her this general anſwer, That they will again examine their Son, and cauſe all their Tenants houſes near about, to be narrowly ſearched for her: and this is all the redreſs and conſolation which this ſorrowful Mother could get for them. Whereof *Quatbriſſon* being advertiſed, he (with much ſecreſie and haſte) about mid-night, cauſeth *Pierot* his Father's Miller to fetch *Marietta* away from his Nurſe's houſe, to his Mill, which is ſome quarter of a League from his Father's houſe; the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbriſſon* goes ſecretly to the Mill, and viſits her; he informs her how her Parents have incenſed his againſt him, and againſt her ſelf likewiſe; he bids her be of good comfort, that ſhe ſhall want nothing, that he will very ſhortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her ſafety and reputation, and ſo continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleaſure of her; yea, he lies ſo often with her, many whole nights, and ſome days, at this Mill, that at laſt her belly ſwells, and both of them apparently perceive that ſhe is with child by him: when, poor ſoul, ſeeing her ſelf as it were pend up in priſon, that ſhe had no new apparel, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulneſs of her fault, and ſeeing that ſhe had made her ſelf the grief of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almoſt the diſdain of *Quatbriſſon*, who (ſurfeiting in his pleaſures with her) began now to look leſs familiar, and more ſtrange to her, than accuſtomed; ſhe with many ſighs and tears, repents her ſelf of her error; but how to remedy it, ſhe knows not.

As for *Quatbriſſon*, he ſuppoſing he had his Father's Miller, *Pierot*, at his command, profferreth him two hundred *French* Crowns to marry her: whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a luſty young fellow of ſome five and twenty years old) could not at firſt refrain from bluſhing and laughing; when ſeeing *Marietta* to be young and fair, he is ſo far in love with her, as at firſt he wiſheth her to his wife; but then again conſidering, that ſhe hath a great belly by his young Maſter, that he ſtill lies with her, and that if he ſhould marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Maſter and owner of her, than himſelf; he prays him therefore to excuſe him, for that he is fully reſolved not to marry her.

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When *Quatbrisson* yet further desirous to draw him to take her to his wife, proffereth *Pierot* a new Lease & Estate of his Mill from his Father, for seven years, at his own cost and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant jovial wag) tells his young Master, that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to see himself cornuted; & so upon no terms will marry *Marietta*; but for any other service, he swears to him that he is, and ever will be, wholly at his command. Poor *Marietta* now seeing her hopes grow small, & her belly great, and consequently her joys decline, and her sorrows encrease; finding that she is now rather *Quatbrisson*'s prisoner, than his prize, and the Miller rather her Gaoler than her Landlord; she with many far-fetch'd sighs, and brinish tears, very passionately beseecheth *Quatbrisson* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her shameful & sorrowful burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requests, & both so reasonable (quoth she to him), as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbrisson*, notwithstanding all these tears and prayers of *Marietta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations & outcries of hers, that (in the heat of sottish choler, and ingrateful disdain) he flies from her, absents himself longer than accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to lothe her, as he formerly loved her. *Marietta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingrateful unkindness towards her, it pierceth her very heart with grief, and her soul with despair. She requests the Miller to tell *Monsieur de Quatbrisson*, that she prays him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but he perceiving that his young Master slighted her, & that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himself, and so sends his Boy. But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbrisson*, but only the more enflame his choler, and therein the more encrease her own sorrows, & accelerate and hasten on her miseries? for he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not return in a month; and withall, he wills him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning, at his Father's Orchard. So, if *Quatbrisson*'s unkindness to *Marietta* formerly made her seem to be the picture of sorrow; alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdaining either to see her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be sorrow her self; for she tears her hair, and (with a mournful and sorrowful ambition) endeavoureth to drown her self in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are so infinite, and her discontents so insupportable (in that she hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, & offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of these sins and crimes of hers, make her not dare to look up to Heaven for assistance; a thousand times she repents her self of her folly, & as often saith and dictateth to her self, that she should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she again were a child, and not with child; and that she were again as living in her Mother's belly, as now by this time she finds her own poor unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbrisson*'s ingratitude, & curseth the name & memory of Frier *Symplician*, as low as hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as she cannot write for assistance from any where; or if she could, she knows not from whom once to expect, much less to receive it, but rather sees her self reduced to such extream affliction and misery, that she is every way far more capable to weep or sigh forth her sorrows to her self, than to speak or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus *Marietta* is pensively and pitifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare walls of her poor Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller finds out his young Master *Quatbrisson* in the Orchard behind his Father's house, according to his appointment; where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple, the *Reader* must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournful business, which will both exact pity, and command lamentation from the most flinty and barbarous heart; yea, in a word, from any living mortal man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meer Devil. For *Quatbrisson* having thus satiated and surfeited himself in reaping his beastly pleasures of poor *Marietta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envy towards her, knowing that she will be a perpetual eye-sore to his Parents, and a continual shame and scandal to himself, as long as she lives in this world; he therefore most ungratefully and cruelly resolves speedily to send her into another; and no consideration whatsoever, either of her youth, or beauty; of her great belly, or of his quick child within her, or of his own soul, can prevail with him to the contrary. But the Devil is so strong with him, that he is miserably resolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody business. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finish it, and again promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of seven years) of his Mill, to finish it; which this bloody Miscreant (out of his hellish covetous-

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neſs, and itching deſire to pleaſe his young Maſter) promiſeth to accompliſh. They now conſult of the manner how to murther *Marietta*. The Miller affirms it to be the ſureſt way (under ſome pretext) to take her in the next Wood by night, and there to murther her; which *Quatbriſſon* contradicteth, becauſe (ſaith he) her dead body being found ſo near his Father's houſe, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make ſure work, he bids the Miller to ſtrangle her by night in her bed, and ſo to bury her in his outer yard, & there to clap a wood-vine over her; whereon they both agree: when ſwearing perpetual ſecreſie each to other, this execrable Miller here promiſeth *Quatbriſſon* to diſpatch her within three days at fartheſt.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returns to his Mill, where poor *Marietta* (little ſuſpecting or dreaming what a diſmal ſtratagem was plotted and reſolved againſt her life) ſhe (finding comfort from no where, & therefore ſeeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monſieur de Caerſtaing*'s houſe, and if his Son, *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her aſleep, thereby with more facility to finiſh his bloody deſign on her) tells her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure, he had left ſecret word for him to uſe her courteouſly in his abſence, the which he ſwore to her he would careſully perform; whereat *Marietta* thanks him: but yet, again prying more narrowly into this Miller's looks than his ſpeeches, ſhe found that he now looked more ſullen and haggardly on her, than accuſtomed; or elſe, that either her conceit, or his countenance and phyſiognomy, deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us mark the ſtrange effects and events hereof: for as Dreams prove ſeldom true, becauſe they are as uncertain as their cauſes, which for the moſt part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or elſe flow from the operations of the brain, in their different paſſions of affection, envy, hope, fear, joy, ſorrow, or the like: ſo it pleaſed God, that the very ſame night *Marietta* dreamt that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, ſhe likewiſe remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch, & diſſembling Hypocrite) ſeemed to be in choler thereat, vowing and ſwearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that ſhe was, and ſhould be as ſafe in his Mill, as if ſhe were either in the Tower of *Bylin*, or in the Caſtle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the ſtrongeſt and moſt important pieces of *Little-Brittany*; whereat poor *Marietta* again & again thanks him. But this notwithſtanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next enſuing night (*Marietta* proving too true a Herald and Propheteſs to her own immediate mournful Tragedy), as the night had given truce to her tears, and ſleep adminiſtred reſt to her eyes, as ſhe lay in her poor Pallat-bed, then this bloody villain *Pierot* the Miller very ſecretly enters her Chamber, and ſoftly conveighs a ſmall cord under her head, and faſtning it to her further bed-poſt (his ſtrength conſpiring with his malice) he then and there ſtrangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much leſs to ſpeak one word: and as ſoon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and conſequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within leſs than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpoſe in the manner of her burial, and ſo (in her clothes as ſhe was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where faſtning a great piece of an old broken Mill-ſtone, to her middle (or waſte) by a ſtrong new Rope which he had purpoſely provided, he there throws her into the deepeſt place of his Pond, hoping, yea, aſſuring himſelf, that he ſhould never ſee nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finiſhing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* the Miller (not able to ſleep for joy) at the very break of the day, diſpeeds himſelf away with the news hereof to his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promiſe and oath again aſſuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear and wipe off the ſuſpition which this Murther might reflect or caſt on him (if it ſhould ever hereafter come to be detected or diſcovered) rides away to the City of *Rennes*, where the States-General of that Province (which we in *England* term our Parliament) was then to aſſemble, where rejoycing that he had ſo happily diſpatch'd his clowniſh Strumpet, *Marietta*, and *Pierot* the Miller at home, likewiſe ſinging and triumphing at this his eaſie purchaſe of his Mill, they not ſo much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own conſciences and ſouls, what this foul and deteſtable Murther of theirs deſerves. And, not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time to bring this their cruel Murther to light, by a ſtrange, I may juſtly ſay by a miraculous accident, which at unawares, and when they leaſt think thereof, will (amidſt their mirth and ſecurity) befall them.

A Month is not full paſt over ſince this Murther of *Marietta*, but God (in his ſacred mercy and juſtice) is now reſolved to make *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey* (*La Pratiere*'s ſecond Husband)

to

to be the first means for the detection thereof (& in that likewise afterwards of the poysoning of *Valfontain*), who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is desirous to hunt a Duck with two of his own Spaniels; and no Pond being so fit or near as that of *Monsieur de Caerstaing*'s, he makes choice thereof; but the Duck is no sooner in the Pond, and the Dogs after her, but these two poor harmless Currs swimming eagerly for their Prey, as they come to the place where *Marietta*'s dead body was sunk & tyed, they instantly forsook and abandon the Duck, and there pudling with their feet, and snuffling with their noses in the water, they most lamentably set up their tunes, and aloud howl and bark each at other, without departing or stirring thence; the which *Pont Chausey* & the other Gentlemen well observing, God instantly inspires their conceits with this apprehension, & their hearts with this jealousie, That peradventure there was some body either accidentally or purposely drowned there, and that it now pleased his Divine Majesty to make these two poor Dogs his Agents and Officers to discover it; whereupon they once resolve to draw up the sluce, and to let out all the water of the Pond; but first they resolve to make another trial and experiment hereof, so for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels; but after dinner they return, & the Duck being again put in, the Spaniels in the very same place do the like as in the morning, still howling and barking most lamentably; the which indeed yeelds harsh and displeasing musick to the trembling heart & guilty conscience of this murderous Miller; but still the Devil his School-master makes him put a brazen face on his fear. Now this second action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirms the first jealousie and apprehension of *Pont Chausey* and his Associates, who (to vindicate this truth) are now resolute in their former proposition, and desire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: but then this wretched Miller seeing himself now so narrowly put to his trumps and shifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at least if he meant to provide for his own safety and life, he with many humble and sugred speeches (not seeming any way to take notice of their apprehension) tells them, that he is a poor young man, that this is his first year of setting up his Trade of a Miller for himself, that it being now in the midst of a hot & dry Summer, his Pond wil not receive in water again for his Mill to go in a week or two after, which wil infallibly begger him; and therefore (almost with tears) he beseecheth them to desist from their purpose, & not to turn out the water of his Pond; yea he speaks so passionately and pitifully to them, as his reasons prevail with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chausey* they cannot, but rather the more confirm his former apprehension and belief, that sure there was some one or other drowned; and withal, God doth afresh distil and infuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himself might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary.

To which end *Pont Chausey* the better to effect his desire and resolution, he (as a wise and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Duck, and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if he have any Dice or Cards in his Mill; who answers him, that he hath Cards, but no Dice. So into the Mill they all four go, and play at Lansknight for Cartdescus; and the Miller (now ravished with joy to see how his fair tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderful diligent to wait, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an hour, *Pont Chausey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his design and resolution; and then tells *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry & thirsty, demanding of him if there be any wine to sell near his Mill; who tells him there is none nearer than the Town, where he willingly proffereth to go and fetch some speedily; which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chausey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand Pots of Wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either fear or wit) seems rather to flye than to run to the Town with joy for it; thinking and assuring, that the storm of his danger was now already quite past and blown over; but he is no sooner out of sight, but *Pont Chausey* presently throws up the Cards, & prays the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the sluce, & emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein; whereunto they all give free consent: so by that time the water is half out, lo (with much adoration and pity) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fastned with a Rope to the bottom of the Pond. And prying more narrowly to discern it, they (by the Coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill-boat; but her flesh is so rivel'd and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fish, as it was impossible to know what she was; & she stunk so odiously, as almost none durst approach her. *Pont Chausey* (& his associates) seeing this wo-

ful and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Miller's earnest refusal, not to permit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealousie, and now confidently suspects him either to be the Author or Actor of this cruel Murther. To which end he and his Associates lay exact and curious wait for his return with the Wine; who coming therewith from the Town merrily singing, & not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond; he ascending the top of the Hill by the Wood's side, & espying his Pond emptied, then the foulness of his fact and conscience, and the imminency of his danger, doth so terrifie and amaze him, that he sets down his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his safety to the celerity and swiftness of his heels) he with all possible speed runs away towards the center of the Wood; the which *Pont Chausey* and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other Evidence but this his flight, to proclaim himself guilty of this murther; and so they speedily send after him, and within one hour after, he is found out, apprehended, & brought back; they vehemently accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himself of this Murther; but notwithstanding, they shut him up close in his own Mill, till it be found what this drowned murthered woman is.

The report of this mournful accident, being speedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour-Parishes, there are a world of people who from all parts flock to the Pond to be spectators of this dead woman; and amongst the rest, *Yvon Malliot*, and his wife *Jane Chaumet*, no sooner understand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, & drowned in *Monsieur de Caersiaing*'s Pond, they exceedingly fear it is their Daughter *Marietta*; and to see the issue & truth hereof, she runs before, and he limps after as fast as he can, as if they should not come time enough to make themselves miserable with the sight & object of their misery. Now they are no sooner arrived to the Pond, but they see all the people stand aloof from this murdered Corps, because of the stink thereof; but they (hardned by their fear, & encouraged by their affection) do willingly rush towards it, but cannot as yet discern what she was, by reason the Fishes had almost eaten away all the flesh from her bones; which therefore no way satisfying their curiosity and enquiry, they then fall to wash away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw some information and light from them, as alas they now instantly do: for they find the Wastcoat and two Pettycoats, that of Ash-colour Serge, and these of green and red Bayes, to be the very same which their Daughter *Marietta* wore when she either fled, or was stoln from them; whereat crossing their arms, and sending their sighs to Heaven, and their tears to Earth, this poor afflicted Father & Mother cry out, that it was the dead body of their fair and unfortunate Daughter *Marietta*; and doubtless, that either *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them, were her Murtherers: whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one speaking thereof as their several fancy led them, and as they stood affected or disaffected to *Quatbrisson* and the Miller.

But *Pont Chausey* rides presently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his Mill) and advertiseth the Seneshall, & the other two Judges, of this deplorable fact; so they send for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuse him for thus murthering of *Marietta*; but (having learnt his answer and resolution of the Devil) he with many bitter oaths and curses denies it, deposing and swearing, that he never knew her, nor saw her: but this false answer and counterfeit coin of his, will no way pass current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordain him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the sight hereof; yea, now his courage begins to fail him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatal Harbinger to his death; so he endures the single torment reasonable well; but feeling the pinches and tortures of the second, and wel knowing, that his heart, joynts, & patience, can never endure it, he then & there confesseth to his Judges, that he was the only author and actor of this murther, & that he strangled her in his Mill, and then sunk her in his Pond, because she would never consent or yeild to be his wife; but speaks not a word of *Quatbrisson*, or that he had any way seduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts & erroneous hopes with the air of this vain belief, That when he was condemned to dye here in *Vannes*, that he would then appeal thence to the Court of Parliament of *Rennes*, where he knew his young Master *Quatbrisson* then was, & where he presumed he had so many great & noble friends, as he should not need to fear his life. But (contrary to these his weak & poor hopes) the very next morning when he expected to hear the sentence of death pronounced against him, his Judges again adjudg him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, or any other, were accessary with him in this murther; when they cause his left foot to be burnt so soundly, as he will not endure to have his right touched; and so confesseth that his young Master, *Quatbrisson*, seduced and hired him to strangle *Marietta* in her bed, in his Mill; and promised him the Fee-simple or Lease thereof, to perform it; that he it was who likewise threw her into the Pond, and that he also believes she was quick with child by his said Master.

All

All *Vannes* wonder and talk of *Quatbrisson*'s base ingratitude and cruelty towards this silly and harmless young Country-Maiden, *Marietta*; yea, this foul and lamentable Murther, administreth likewise talk in all the adjoining Towns and Parishes So this execrable Miller, *Pierot*, is by the Seneschal condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel; but yet (in regard of the necessity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till *Quatbrisson* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneshal and King's Attorney-General of *Vannes*, do by post send send away his accusation to that famous Court of Parliament; where, while he is prauncing in the streets of that City on his great Horse, and ruffling in his Scarlets & Sattins, with three Lacquies (richly clad) at his heels, the height of this pomp & bravery, makes his shame the more apparent, and his crimes the more foul and notorious: for then when he thought himself to be fartheſt from danger, lo the Justice and Providence of God brings him neareſt to it: for he is now here (by a band of Huyſiers, or Purſevants) taken off from his horse, apprehended and imprisoned by the command of the Lieutenant-Criminal of that great Court, who yet vainly reposing on the fidelity and secresie of *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, he seems to be no way dismaid or daunted thereat: but when he hears his Accusation and Indictment read, that *Marietta*'s murthered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended & imprisoned for the same, and that he had confessed him to be the Author, and himself the Actor of this her cruel murther; then, I say, he is so appalled and daunted, & so far from any hope of life, as he utterly despairs thereof, and palpably sees the image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many sighs) he here to his Judges confesseth himself to be the Author of this foul fact, and so begs pardon thereof of God: for from these his grave and incorruptible Magistrates, he is assured and confident to find none. Whereupon, although four of the Council, and one of the Presidents, were resolved, in regard of this his inhuman and base crime, to have him hanged; yet the rest of that wise and honorable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly descended, they o're-sway and prevail with the others; and so they adjudg him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his sorrowful aged Father, *Monsieur de Caerstaing*, offered the one half of his Lands to save his life; and likewise was a most importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there presided at the Estates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprieval, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain: for that noble Duke (considering the baseness and enormity of this his inhuman fact) was too wise to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to seek the other. So the very next morning *Quatbrisson* (apparelled in a Sute of black Sattin, trimmed with gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of Execution, which is in the midst of the City), where a very great concourse of people of all sorts, resort and flock to see him take his last farewell of this world, of whom the greatest part and number lamented and pitied, that so proper and noble a Gentleman should first deserve, and then receive so untimely a death: When, after the Priests and Friers have here prepared and directed his soul, he, ascending the Scaffold, with somewhat a low voice, and dejected and sorrowful countenance, he delivered this short speech:

That in regard he knows that (now when he is to take his last leave of this life) to charge his conscience with the concealing of any capital crime, is the direct & true way to send his soul to Hell instead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveal that he is yet more execrable & bloody, than his Judges think or know, or his Spectators imagine; for that he not only hired *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, to murther *Marietta*; but also the Apothecary, *Moncallier*, to poyson his own Brother, *Valfontain*; of both which foul and bloody crimes of his, he now freely confesseth himself guilty, & now from his heart and soul sorrowfully lamenteth & repenteth them; that his filthy lust and inordinate affection to women, was the first cause, and his neglect of prayer to God, the second, which hath justly brought him to this shameful end and confusion; and therefore he beseecheth all who are present, to be seriously forewarned of the like, by his woful example, and that (in Christian charity) they will now joyn their devout prayers with his, to God for his soul. When on the Scaffold praying a little while silently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his Doublet, he commits himself to the Executioner, who at one blow severed his head from his shoulders. But this punishment & death of *Quatbrisson*, sufficeth not now to give full content and satisfaction to his Judges, who (by his own confession) considering his inhuman and deplorable poysoning of his own Brother *Valfontain*, they as soon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudg his body to be taken down, and there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiosity must now return Post from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbrisson*, to the base and bloody Miller, *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murther on poor and harm-

leſs *Marietta*. He is brought to the Gallows in his old duſty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Prieſt preparing him to dye, he(either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle ſpeech to the people, That becauſe *Marietta* was young and fair, he is now heartily ſorry that he had not married her; and that if he had been as wiſe as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Leaſe of his Mill, which his young Maſter, *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, proffered him, might have made him wink at her diſhoneſty; and that although ſhe were not a true Maid to her ſelf, yet that ſhe might have proved a true and honeſt Wife to him; with many other frivolous words, and lewd ſpeeches, tending that way; which I purpoſely omit, and reſolve to paſs over in ſilence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Reader's knowledg: when not having the grace once to name God, to ſpeak of his Soul, to deſire Heaven, or to ſeem to be any way repentant and ſorrowful for this his bloody offence, he is ſtripped naked, having only his ſhirt faſtned about his waſte, and with an Iron Barr hath his legs, thighs, arms, and breaſt, broken alive, and there his miſerable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheel, for the ſpace of two days, thereby to terrifie and deterr the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbriſſon* at his death charged the Apothecary, *Moncallier*, to have (at his hiring and inſtigation) poyſoned his Brother *Valfontain*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and burial of ſo prophane and bloody a Villain: when, after well near a whole year's time that he was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Town, they cauſe his Coffin to be taken up, and both his Body and it to be burnt by the Common-Hang-man, and his aſhes to be thrown into the air; which to the joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Son* George, *and next poyſoneth his own Wife* Heſter ; *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth theſe his two Murthers; for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.*

TO religious hearts, there can nothing be ſo diſtaſtful as Sin, nor any Sin ſo odious and execrable as Murther: for, it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, ſtrikes horror to their hearts and conſciences. Wherefore, if this foul and bloody Sin be ſo diſpleaſing to godly men, how infinitely more deteſtable is it then to God himſelf, who made all living creatures to ſerve man, and only created man purpoſely to ſerve himſelf? But as Choler and Malice proceed from the paſſions of men, ſo doth Murther from the Devil: for elſe we ſhould not ſo often and frequently ſee it perpetrated in moſt Countreys and Cities of the World, as we do. A mournful Example whereof I here produce to your view and ſerious conſideration.

The place of this Hiſtory is *Fribourg* (an ancient City of *Switzerland*), which gives name to one of the Diviſions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: wherein (of freſh memory) dwelt a rich Burger named *Peter Vaſty*, who had to his Wife a modeſt, diſcreet, and vertuous woman, named *Heſter*, by whom he had one only child, a Son called *George Vaſti*,

whom God sent them the latter end of the first year of their marriage; and from the term of some ten years following, this married couple lived in most kind and loving sort each with other; yea, their hearts and inclinations so sympathized in mutual and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their neighbours so rich in content as themselves: for she was careful of her Family, and he very diligent and industrious to maintain it; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance; only they are so temperate in their drinking, as he would not, and she could not be tainted with that beastly vice of drunkenness, whereunto that Country, and the greatest part of that people are but too excessively addicted and subject. So that had *Vasti* still embraced and followed those Virtues in the course and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this History with the profusion of so many sins, nor besprinkled it with the effusion of so much innocent blood, nor consequently have administred so much sorrow to the Reader, in perusing and knowing it: but, as contrary Causes produce contrary Effects; so he (by this time) polluting himself with filthy and pernicious company, it is no marvel if he leave his temperancy, to follow drunkenness, his chastity to commit fornication and adultery; yea, it is no marvel, I say, if these foul sins (as Bawds to Rage and Revenge) exact such power in his heart, and predominacy in his soul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for, good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devil afford or give them a worse pestilence, than bad company. It is the fatal Shelfs, and dismal Rocks, whereon a world of people have, and do daily suffer shipwrack; yea, it is the griet of a Kingdom and Country, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyson of our Times: for it turns those who profess and pursue it, out of their Estates and Homes, which they are then enforced either to sell, or rather to give away to Usurers and Cormorants; and consequently, which makes themselves, and their poor Wives & Children, ready to starve and dye in our streets. So this is now the case of our *Vasti*, and therefore it will be his happiness, if it prove not his misery hereafter: for after twelve years time of a most peaceable cohabitation, and godly conversation between him and his virtuous Wife *Hester*, it is a thousand griefs and pities that she must now be inforced to see so bruitish and beastly a Metamorphosis in her Husband; for he is no more the man which he was, nor the Husband which she formerly found him to be. He loves neither his house nor his wife, but stays abroad every day with his Whores, and then at night returns home to her stark drunk, in lamentable sort reviles & beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have lost his life, than have strucken her; and whereas heretofore he affected & loved her so dearly, as he thought he could not be kind enough to her, now (in the extravagancy of these his debauched humours) he hates her so deadly, as he deems and supposeth he cannot be sufficiently cruel to her, although her affection be still so fervent to him, and her care so vigilant and respectful of him, as she gives him nothing but either sweet words, tears, sighs, silence, or prayers; yea, she proves her self so good a woman to so bad a man, and so courteous and virtuous a wife to so unkind and vicious a husband, as to the eyes and judgments of all their Kinsfolks and Neighbours, they know it is now her praise and glory, & fear it will hereafter prove his shame and misery. She leaves no means unessayed, or invention unsought & unattempted, to divert and turn this foul inundation of his vice, into the sweet streams of virtue, and the pure rivers of godliness, but alas good woman! her care proves vain, and her affection & zeal impossible herein, although her pale cheeks, mournful eyes, brinish tears, far-fetch'd sighs, religious prayers, and sweet perswasions, do still second and accompany her endeavours in this her desired hope of his reformation: for she is enforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named *Salyna*, at the Town of *Cleraux*, some six leagues from *Fribourg*, whither most mornings he goes to her; and to make himself the more treacherous a dissembler to his wife, & the more execrable a traytor to his soul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his Strumpet, with this false Apology, that he goes to *Cleraux* to hear the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tiffin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there; when God, and his ulcerated soul and conscience, know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his, is but only a false cloak, to over-veil his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whoredom to his drunkenness, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety, to his whoredom, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and sins, assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as miserable, as now he foolishly thinks himself happy; for these his journeys to *Cleraux*, are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust, *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

We can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sin on earth, than to seem sanctified in our

our devotion towards God, when we are prophane, or to endeavour to appear sound without, when we are rotten within in our faith and religion: for as man is the best and noblest of all God's creatures, so an hypocrite towards God, is the worst of men; yea, or rather a Devil and no man: for our hearts and actions, and our most retired thoughts, and secret darlingsins, are conspicuous and transparent to God's eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are visible to ours, sith he sees all things, and we see nothing when we do not see him. A miserable height of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatal and fearful degree thereof, when we so delight in sin, and glory in hypocrisie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti*, not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his Strumpet, in *Cleraux*, whiles his own virtuous wife *Hester* weeps at home at *Fribourg*; and when he returns thence, he is still so hard-hearted and cruel to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Son is sixteen years of age, of a man's courage and stature, & of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a sorrowful eye-witness of his Father's cruelty in beating of his Mother: he hath formerly seen the lamentable effects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds: when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisdom, than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly understood. *George* burst forth into sorrowful passions at her repetition, & his knowledg hereof, as not able to refrain from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weep. He as much grieves to be the Son of so vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of so virtuous a Mother: so he makes her sorrows his, & here weds himself to her quarrel, (with promise and oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knows to be the original cause of all these storms and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his Mother, and in her himself. He will no longer be a child, because God & Nature hath now made him a Man: so the very next time he sees his Father beat his Mother, he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows; and then advanceth so far, as he performs it with an unwilling willing resistance of him; the which his Father takes extreamly ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words, & menaceth him with bitter blows. *George* his Son, first returns him a brief rehersal of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother; when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertain his words, but no longer capable to digest & receive his blows; adding withal (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long he will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feel a part of her base carriage and ill deservings both towards his Mother and himself. *Vasti* is much astonished at this audacity and boldness of his Son, but far more to hear him name & threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his speeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his soul: so he puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a virtue to be no longer stormy, but calm; & then (cholerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his Wife and his Son consulting in the Parlour, how (with most assurance, and least scandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, *Vasti* his Father keeps his bed, & gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which discourtesie of his, gives his Son a fresh and strong motive to revive his last night's discontent against his Father, and his choler against *Salyna*; when bidding his Mother the Good-morrow, and craving her blessing, he (purposely) frames an excuse to leave her till she be ready, and so very privately takes horse, and that morning acts a business every way worthy of himself, & indeed far more worthy of laughter, than of our pity. For it is not so much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Hester*, which carries him and his resolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna*'s house, he (with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches) calls her whore & strumpet, chargeth her for abusing his Father, and in him his Mother and himself. His choler cannot retain her patience, to hear her false Answers and Apologies to the contrary; but disdaining as much to use his sword on a woman, as to foul it on a strumpet, he takes his man's short cudgel, and gives her at least a dozen blows on her back, arms, and shoulders therewith, seriously vowing and swearing to her, That if she forsake not his Father's company, and use the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon her, he will shortly give her so bitter a payment and requital, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courtesie; and so remounts his horse, and presently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father; whereat she seems not to be a little joyful, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her Husband, or prove either an incitation to his choler against her self, or a propension of revenge against their Son.

But

But this joy of *Heſter*, and her Son *George*, proves the ſighs and tears of *Salyna*, who not accuſtomed to receive ſuch ſharp payment & uſage from any man's hands whoſoever, it makes her extream cholerick and vindictive, ſo that her ſtomack is ſo great, and her heart ſo highly and imperiouſly lodged, that ſhe will not ſuffer this cruel affront offered her by *George Vaſti*, to go unrequited: but yet ſhe will be as adviſed and ſecret in her revenge towards him, as he was raſh and publick in his toward her. To which end and purpoſe, ſeeing that *Vaſti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby ſhe judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son), ſhe that night writes him a ſhort Letter, and the next morning ſends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident Meſſenger of hers; who arriving there, and finding him penſively walking in his Garden, he reſpectfully delivered it to him; who breaking up the Seals thereof, found it ſpake thus:

SALYNA to VASTI.

BY all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, *and come over to me with haſte and expedition to* Cleraux, *becauſe I have a great and important ſecret to reveal to you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not to commit to Pen and Paper, for that the relation and knowledg thereof, needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves. If you any way neglect this my advice, or deny or defer this my requeſt, the grief will be mine own, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you theſe few lines with infinite affliction and ſorrow, which nothing can deface, but your ſight; nor remedy, but your preſence; and when you come to me, prepare your heart and reſolution to receive it from me with far more tears than kiſſes.*

SALYNA.

This Letter of hers doth ſo nettle *Vaſti* with apprehenſion and fear, that his Son *George* hath offered her ſome violence and out-rage, as he is almoſt as ſoon in *Cleraux*, as he is out of *Fribourg*, where his Miſtreſs, *Salyna*, very paſſionately and cholerickly informs him of his Son's cruelty towards her, and (to add the more efficacy to her ſpeeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more oyl to the fire of his anger and revenge) ſhe forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Son's blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her; when watering her words with her tears, ſhe ſwears, that if he ſpeedily do not right and revenge theſe her wrongs upon his ſaid Son, ſhe wil never kiſs or ſee him more. *Vaſti* takes theſe ſpeeches from *Salyna*'s tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea, he hereat is ſo cholerickly intended toward his Son, & ſo ſortiſhly affected to her, as conſulting with rage, but not with reaſon, and with Satan, not with God; he (to exhale her tears, and ſo to give conſolation to her ſorrows) tells her, That he loves her ſo tenderly and conſtantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivil & inhuman fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this his unnatural reſolution to his Son; the which (as vicious as ſhe is) ſhe abhorrs and condemns in him as ſoon as underſtands. So ſhe tells him plainly, that albeit ſhe have given him her heart and body; yet, that ſhe is not ſo exempt of grace, nor ſo wretchedly inſtructed in Piety, as to take away her ſoul from God; and therefore, that although ſhe be guilty of Adultery, yet ſhe wil never be of Murther: ſo in religious terms (worthy of an honeſter woman than her ſelf) ſhe powerfully ſeeks to diſſwade him from this bloody and unnatural attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to ſecure their dangers and reputations; and ſo prays him to ſeek out ſome other remedy and requital towards his Son; the which he promiſeth her, and ſeals it with ſome oaths and many kiſſes; ſtays and dines with her, and immediately takes horſe and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being aſcertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his Strumpet *Salyna*, where ſhe would acquaint him at full with his beating of her; he fearing his choler, holds it more diſcretion than obedience in him, to take his Sword with him for his defence; when chuſing a good horſe out of the ſtable, he deems it more ſecure, and leſs dangerous, to meet his Father half way betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to ſay to him. *Vaſti* ſeeing his Son *George* afar off, come riding towards him, with his Sword by his ſide, he much marvelleth thereat; when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was) he had lately at *Shafouſe* acquitted himſelf of a Duel to his honour and reputation; he therefore reſolves to make it a Tongue, and not a Sword-quarrel with him; and ſo they meet: *George* doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and his Father ſpeaking not angerly, but mildly to him. Their Meadow-conference which they then and there had betwixt them, was thus:

Fa. What reaſon hadſt thou ſo cruelly to beat poor *Salyna*?

So. *A thouſand times more than you have to beat my Mother* Heſter,

Fa. Tell me why?

So

So. *The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your lascivious whore, and this your chaste and virtuous Wife.*

Fa. What hast thou gotten by this thy rash choler in beating her?

So. *Not by far so much as you have lost by your sottish lust in kissing her.*

Fa. It is thy Mother's jealousie which hath sown & scattered these untruths in thy belief.

So. *I pray excuse me, for they are palpable and apparent truths, and such as it is wholly impossible either for your hypocrisie or policy to root thence.*

Fa. Since when becamest thou so sawcy and peremptory?

So. *From that very time I first understood you were become so vicious.*

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. *It were a great happiness both for my Mother and my self, if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honester Father to me.*

Fa. If thou follow those courses, to love thy Mother better than my self, I vow I will wholly disinherit thee.

So. *If you follow these courses, to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I swear you will shortly consume all your Estate, and disinherit your self first.*

Fa. This word *Strumpet* is very rife in thy mouth.

So. *I wish to God that the thing were not so frequent in your heart.*

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salyna*, and reconcile thy self to her?

So. *Yes, when I see you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother and your self, & not before.*

Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Christian.

So. *But I assure you, so is not Adultery and Cruelty.*

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and *Salyna*?

So. *No; but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be so happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your self and my Mother.*

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I request thee?

So. *I will, if you please to command me.*

Fa. I pray thee *George* do.

So. *My best endeavours shall herein wait on your desires, and dutifully follow your commands.*

Fa. But be careful to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternal.

So. *It can never subsist nor prosper, if you henceforth resolve to make it temporary, because affection and amity which once receive end, had never beginning.*

Fa. Here I vow constantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetual renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. *God and his Angels bless this your conversion, and confirm this resolution in you.*

Fa. And God bless thee my Son for wishing and desiring it.

So. *I thank you, Sir; but I humbly pray you likewise to forgive and forget this my boldness to you in my Mother's behalf.*

Fa. George, here in the presence of God I cheerfully and freely do it from my heart.

So. *Amen, Amen, Sir.*

This Meadow-conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards *Fribourg*, and by the way *Vasti* willeth and prayeth his Son to finish this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to dispose her so effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry supper of it, and all former differences between them to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot; the which *George* his Son to the best of his possible power cheerfully and joyfully promiseth him. So home they come; *Vasti* walks in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly risen from her prayers, wherein she was so zealous & religious, as she spent the greatest part of her time. Here *George* informs his Mother *Hester* at full, what conference had now past in the open fields betwixt him and his Father; and (in a word) he here acts his part and duty so well and discreetly, as he leaves no part nor perswasions unattempted, to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When at first, considering the nature and quality of her Husband's unkind and cruel usage to her, she found an opposition hereof in her mind, and a resistance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgment. But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her sorrows to silence, her resolutions to Religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, she (after a brief consultation, & a short expostulation hereof between them) with a cheerful countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, & his affection to her herein, and so informs him, That she having never justly offended her Husband in thought, word, or deed, is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can possibly desire or wish; and here to testifie it to her Son, as well in action as words, she would then have gone

down with him to her Husband, there privately to have concluded this Christian business betwixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it: for being exceeding careful to preserve his Mother's right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alledging, that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite & just, that the Delinquent, should first see & seek the party wrong'd, before the party seek the Delinquent, whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, & then bids him go. So *George* descends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mother's free dispolition and cheerful resolution to a perpetual peace with him; whereat he seems infinitely glad and joyful; and so ascends her Chamber; and, having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowful and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vows reformation: so this his virtuous and kind Wife, *Hester*, freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kisses in requital, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and attonement, he bids them to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer, and choice wine, is wanting. So they are wonderful frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoice at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *Geooge* for his discreet carriage & care in the managing of this business. Thus all things seem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinks many times to his Wife *Hester*, and she again to her Husband, with much affection and joy. When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all human sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow-conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now table-reconciliation with his Wife *Hester*, were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himself, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but alas, nothing less: for, here I am inforced to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not lain in bed by his Wife five or six hours, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocency, he (as a Devil-incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunning and subtilly he hath lull'd asleep the courage of his Son with a Meadow-conference, and the jealousie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: when here again the Devil blowing the coals to his lust, and marshalling up his former obscene desires and resolutions, only his body is in bed with his Wife *Hester* here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea, the Devil, I say, is now both so busie and so strong with him, that (as a hellish Counsellor, and prodigious Pen-man) he writes down this definitive sentence in his thoughts, and fatal resolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his Wife *Hester* he cannot; and that shortly he will give so sharp a revenge to his Son *George* for his disobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as she shall have no further cause to fear his cruelty, nor himself his courage; and because he preferrs her love to his own life (as being dangerously intangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) he likewise resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judg, Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vasti* to his Wife and Son, sith these are the sparks which diffuse and flye out from the fire of his lust, and the fatal lines which issue forth from the Center of his bloody heart, and sinful soul; for in the morning before his Wife is out of her bed, he is stirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which he sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a business which will infinitely import both our contents: so if thou wilt resolve to brook my absence with as much patience, as I do thine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpose discretion instead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policy, which I could not hope for out of resistance: for I must inform thee of this truth, That if my zeal and affection to thee, had not been of greater power and consideration than that of mine own life, I should then with more facility and willingness rather have hazarded it for thy sake, than have reserved it for mine own. But the mists of these doubts are now dissipated, and the Clouds of these fears blown away: or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee, I know not; but if fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my return shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and passion.

VASTI.

Salyna

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vaſti*'s with equal fear and joy: for as ſhe was glad to hear of him and his news; ſo ſhe was ſorrowful, as fearing that for her ſake he ſhould embark himſelf in ſome bloody buſineſs, which might prove ruinous to them both. And although her apprehenſion do far exceed her knowledg herein, yet her ſuſpition will give her no truce, neither can her jealouſie adminiſter any peace either to her heart or mind, before ſhe be reſolved by *Vaſti* of the doubtful and different truth thereof. She is ſo prophane and laſcivious, as ſhe can content her ſelf to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left ſome ſparks and impreſſions of Piety in her, that ſhe would ſtill have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own Meſſenger ſhe returns him this Anſwer:

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcauſe you deem me unworthy to know your Deſigns, therefore I have aſſumed the boldneſs to fear them; in which regard and conſideration, find it not ſtrange that I now entreat you to engrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, That Malice is moſt commonly ſquint-ey'd, and Revenge ſtill blind: therefore if you will not ruin our affections and fortunes, take heed that you embrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood: for Murther is a crying and a ſcarlet ſin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercy, but will not by his Juſtice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you, ſhall be a witneſs betwixt God, your ſelf, and me: and therefore, as you love me, hazzard not your life for my ſake, but preſerve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your ſtay from me as long or as ſhort as you pleaſe; ſo it ſhall be in my pleaſure to judg thereof, and thereby likewiſe of your affection to me. I wiſh I could be more yours than I am, and your ſelf as often in my ſight and company, as I deſire God proſper you in your ſtay, and me in your abſence.

SALYNA.

Vaſti having thus ſetled his affection and affairs with *Salyna*, he ſees (with grief) that it is now almoſt impoſſible for him to ſee her in *Cleraux*, becauſe of the vigilant and watchful eye of his Son *George* over himſelf and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore, notwithſtanding her wholeſome and religious advice to him to beware of blood; yet his luſtful affection to her, doth ſo outbrave and conquer his natural love to him, that to ſatisfie his inordinate concupiſcence, and to give content to his obſcene and beaſtly deſires, he vows he will ſhortly ſend him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the ſooner and better for him to compaſs and finiſh this his deplorable ſtratagem, and unnatural reſolution againſt his Son, his counſellor, the Devil adviſeth him, that he muſt for a ſhort time make wonderful fair weather with him, and gild over all his ſpeeches and actions to his Wife *Heſter*, with much reſpect and courteſie; the which *Vaſti* doth ſpeedily put in practice. So for a month or ſix weeks time, he ſees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the world) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this falſe ſun-ſhine will be too ſoon o'retaken with a diſmal ſtorm and tempeſt: for what Religious or Chriſtian ſhew ſoever *Vaſti* externally makes unto them, yet although he hath God in his tongue, he nevertheleſs internally carries the Devil about him in his heart: ſo again and again he definitively vows and ſwears to himſelf, that his Son *George* ſhall not live, but dye. Thus being reſolute in his bloody purpoſe, he likewiſe reſolves to add policy to his malice againſt him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility, to draw him to the lure and ſnare, which (in his Diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his deſtruction. He fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generoſity and dignity of a Soldier, whereunto as alſo to travel into other Countreys, he knew that this his Son of himſelf was already ambitiouſly inclined and affected. At other times he repreſenteth to him, to how many damages and dangers idleneſs is expoſed and ſubject; and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn virtues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practiſe them at home; and with what renown and glory their Anceſtors have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundy*, their profeſſed enemies, and now made themſelves and their Country famous to the greateſt Princes & Potentates of *Europe*, eſpecially to the kings of *France* & *Spain*, who theſe many years, & now likewiſe at preſent (quoth he) do equally court our affections & ſervice, though not with the ſame or like integrity. And theſe, & ſuch treacherous Lectures, doth *Vaſti* ſtill read unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company & preſence until at laſt the fame and name of a Soldier, and the honour of travel, have ſo ſurpriſed his youthful affection, and ſeiz'd on his ambitious reſolutions, that at laſt he beſeecheth his Father to ſend him abroad in ſome Martial ſervice, or generous employment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is raſh & inconſiderate, ſuffereth himſelf of purpoſe to be earneſtly

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at laſt his Father promiſeth to ſend him to *Rome*, to his Unkle *Andrew Vaſti*, who (he ſaith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, & without wife, child, or kinſman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courteſie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to haſten this his departure & journey to *Rome* to his Unkle; the which he then firmly promiſeth him: but yet the greateſt difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wife's conſent to this journey of her Son, who at firſt oppoſeth it very ſtrongly and paſſionately, as knowing her Son to be her only child, her right arm, a great part of her ſelf, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and ſtay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw & obtain his Mother's conſent, as politickly knowing and foreſeeing, that the leſs himſelf, & the more his Son importun'd her, the ſooner ſhe would grant it; the which indeed fel out as he expected: only, whereas the Son requeſted to ſtay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, & his Mother would grant him but two; whereunto at laſt both Father and Son were enforced to condeſcend: and now this cruel-hearted Father, provides his courteous-natur'd Son *George* a new Suit of Apparel, a Horſe, and Money, and reſolves to accompany & bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courteſie of his his Wife and Son take moſt lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes; and becauſe his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son ſhould dye in this journey, ſhe was now exceeding ſorrowful to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewiſe vanquiſhed by the importunate requeſts & prayers of her Son, ſhe bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counſel, ſome gold, & her bleſſing; and ſo they take leave each of other; God putting apprehenſion into her heart, & the Devil aſſurance into her Husband's reſolutions, that ſhe ſhould never ſee her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we ſhall progreſs very little farther in this Hiſtory, before we ſee her dream verified, and her apprehenſion confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vaſti* (being privately as reſolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deſerving it of his Father) is ſo far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Loſanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night), the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he ſaw that no earthly eye could ſee him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and abſolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his Son rides cloſe before him, he ſhoots him thorow the back with his Piſtol, charged with a brace of Bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there deſcends his horſe, and (without any remorſe or pity, as no Father, but rather as a Devil incarnate), cuts off his noſe, moſt lamentably ſcarrs & mangles his face, that he might not be known, & ſo takes him on his ſhoulders, & there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as alſo the ſaddle and bridle of his horſe; & turning the horſe to ſeek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his ſafety) rides ſwiftly to *Morges*, and there very ſecretly huſheth himſelf up, pretending to be ſick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road-way of *Rolle* and St. *Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her Son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin*, expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat his harmleſs loving Mother, ſhe weeps for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for ſome ten days after his return from acting this woful and deplorable Tragedy on his Son, he keeps a good correſpondency and decorum with his Wife *Heſter*; but at the end thereof (ſolely forgetting his heart and ſoul, his God and his conſcience, his promiſes and oaths, and his atonement and reconciliation) he again falls into the dangerous relapſe of his former old vice, whoredom, and drunkenneſs; and yet counſelled by a better Angel than his own, he forbears to beat her, as well ſeeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but ſcandal and ſcorn from all his neighbours, friends, & kinsfolks. But now his luſt is again ſo great, and his deſires ſo fervently laſcivious towards *Salyna*, that in ſtaying leſs than eight weeks, he thinks he hath ſtay'd more than ſeven years from her; when pretending to his wife another journey, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kiſſes for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her that he hath ſent away his Son *George* to *Rome*, and to reſide and live there: for ſhe being his Father's ſtrumpet, her guilty and ſinful conſcience made her ſtand in extream fear of him; but yet amidſt her kiſſes & pleaſures with him (remembring the tenor and contents of his laſt Letter to her, and her anſwer thereof to him) her thoughts are ſomething touched with doubt, and her mind aſſaulted and perplexed with fear, that the Father had play'd no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his interate malice to him for beating her, he might have ſent him to Heaven, and not to *Rome*.

To

To which purpose she feels and sounds him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as she curious to enquire after it. So she believing that he had assumed no bloody thoughts against his Son, she is not yet so devoid of grace, or exempt of goodness, but she gives him this religious caveat for a *Memento*, which she delivers to him accentively and passionately, That if she knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnatural accident, or that he were any way accessary to any prodigious disaster which had befaln him, she vow'd to God, and swore to him, that she would spit in his face, disdain his company, and reject his affection and himself for ever; for that she was most assured and confident, that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devil had seduced and drawn to embrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these virtuous speeches of his vicious *Salyna*, with a denial & a kiss, and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and he stays there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following, but still *Salyna* (resembling her self and her profession) is very sing'rative of his Gold, and he as sottishly prodigal in giving it to her, as she is covetous to crave and desire it of him: so (after he had glutted himself with his beastly pleasure of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where and with whom he had been, and considering it to be the first time of his new error, and his first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, she says nothing to him to discontent him, but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her self into her Garden (after many bitter sighs and tears for these her immerited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents her self for permitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his return, to assist and comfort her. But her tears herein prove as vain, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needful and necessary for her.

For now *Vasti* her Husband (to make her sorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more desperate, and her afflictions the more remediless) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late oaths and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially plays the tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his Cups and Whores: for she knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*; only she is too sure, that *Salyna* hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart, at her command, far more than her self; she sends her sighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodness, he would be pleased either to amend her Husband, or to end her self; for griefs, sorrows, and afflictions, are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast one upon the neck of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her self. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head-attire, given her a black eye, and swoln face, and dishevel'd & disparpled her hair about her ears and shoulders, making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her door, she to her self very pensively and mournfully breathes forth these speeches.

O poor *Hester!* what sensible grief is it to thy heart to think, & matchless torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vasti*, he proves both ingrateful and false to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his dear wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and himself on his lewd young Strumpet *Salyna*. O, were he more happy & less guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should then be less miserable, and more patient & joyful in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his estate and condition! and therefore how miserable is thine, in that he wilfully forsakes God and his Church, to follow adultery and drunkenness; and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to shipwrack himself, and (which is worse) his soul, upon all carnal pleasures, and voluptuous sensualities. The which grieving to see, and almost drowning my self night and day in my tears to understand. I have none but God to assist me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries; and, under God, none but my hopeful Son *George*, left to comfort me in these my unparallel'd calamities and disconsolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the tears of a poor miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (I beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou return me my said Son from *Rome*, or speedily take me to thy self in Heaven. But yet, O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her self) vented her sorrows, but not as yet found the means either how to remedy or appease them, because her Husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in his ingrateful unkindness and cruelty towards her, she is now resolved

(though with infinite grief and reluctation) to acquaint the Preacher of the Parish, and some two of her Husband's dearest and nearest Kinsfolks, to speak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapse into all his old vices of Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Fighting; and to desire them to use all their possible power to divert him from it; wherein her resolution hath this just excuse, That if they cannot work it, none but God can. But all their care, affection, and zeal, cannot prevail with him: for he, with the filthy Dog, returns to his vomit; and, with the bruitish Swine, again to wallow in the dirt, and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuousness. For now her Husband *Vasti* is oftner at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, than at home at *Fribourg* with his Wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay dear for his pleasures; and, as a subtil rooking Strumpet, emptieth his Purse of his Gold, as fast as he foolishly filleth it; he being not contented to waste his body, to shipwrack his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate and himself for her: the which his virtuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with grief and vexation; but she sees it impossible for her how to redress it: for she is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as he publickly makes known his cruelty to her: wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her judgment prompts her, to prove another experiment and trial on him. To which end she tells him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then (all delays set apart) she will speedily (by some one of her neariest kinsfolks) send Post to *Rome*, to his Brother Captain *Andrew Vasti*, that her Son *George* return home to her to *Fribourg*; the which she is more than confident, upon the receit of her first Letter, he will speedily and joyfully perform.

Her Husband *Vasti* is extreamly galled with this speech, and netled with this resolution of his wife *Hester*, because (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already sent his Son to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and therefore both fears and knows, that by this his wife's sending Post to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact wil infallibly burst forth and come to light; the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruel-hearted as the Devil himself) is execrably resolved to heap *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, to add blood to blood, and murther to murther; and so now to poyson the Mother, his wife, as he had lately pistol'd his and her only Son to death. O *Hester*, it had been a singular happiness for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy Husband *Vasti*, to send to *Rome* for thy Son *George*; but that thou hadst either been dumb when thou spak'st it, or he deaf when he heard it; for herebythinking to preserve, thou hast extreamly endanger'd thy self; and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and Champion, I fear with grief, and grieve with fear, that thou hast made thy self the ruin of thy self.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devil, and so weak with God, in this his bloody design, to murther his wife *Hester*, as neither Grace or Nature, Religion or God, the fear of his bodie's tortures in this life, or of his soul's torments in that to come, are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernal and hellish cruelty, but this trivial and yet pitiful poor one, that his wife *Hester* is an eye-sore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apology, and no less execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God, and his face and heart to the Devil) provides himself of strong poyson, and cunningly infusing it into a Musk-mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eat that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night she dies thereof. When very subtily he gives out to his Servants and Neighbours, that she dyed of a Surfeit in then and there eating too much of the Musk-mellon; and so all of them confidently believe and report.

Thus we have seen with sorrow, and understood with grief, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devil, in poysoning his virtuous and harmless wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his power to blindfold the eyes of God, as wel, or as easily, as to hood-wink those of men, from the sight and knowledg thereof. He seems wonderful sorrowful for his wife's death, dights himself and his servants all in black, provides a greater dinner, and performs her Funerals with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding, God looks on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruel inhuman barbarous murthers of his Son and Wife, and therefore now (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; as, mark the sequel, and it will instantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vasti*, immediately upon his wife's death and burial, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna*, at *Cleraux*, as if the enjoying of her sight, presence, and self, were his chiefest delight, and most soveraign earthly felicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfie her covetous and his

lustful

lustful desires, he is at last enforced to mortgage and sell away all his Lands: for as long as he had money, she was his; but when that failed him, then she (as a right Strumpet, acting a true part of her self) failed in her accustomed kindness and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgments of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as miraculous as just, which we shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this Monster of men, and Devil of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his Mansion-house, and all his Utensils and Movables in *Fribourg*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of Lightning from Heaven; as also all his granges of Corn, and stacks of Hay, and yet those of all his Neighbours round about him, are untouched and safe. His Corn also which grows in the field, brings forth little or no encrease, his Vines wither & dye away, all his Horses are stoln from him, and most of his Cattel, Sheep, and Goats, dye of a new and strange disease: for being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiously run themselves to death one against the other. He is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderful losses and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhuman murtherer, hath his conscience still so seared up, and his heart and soul so stupified and obdurated by the Devil, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace, to look up to Heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledg from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him. He grows into great poverty, and again to raise him & his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him, than to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part of his Lands and Estate. He seeks her in marriage; but (hearing of his great losses, and seeing of his extream poverty) she wil not derogate from her self, but very ingratefully denies and disdains him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much less to see or speak with him: he is wonderful bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, & then is driven to such extream wants and necessity, as he is enforced to sell and pawn away all those small trifles & things which are left him, thereby to give himself a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roams and stragleth up and down the streets of *Fribourg*, and the Countrey-Parishes and Houses thereabouts, without meat, money, or friends, and which is infinitely worse than all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignly prepared to surprise and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deep notice and full observation, because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his judgments, do most divinely appear and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had been to beg some money or meat of *Salyna* (either whereof she was so hard-hearted to deny him), the providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, that in the very same Meadow and place, & near the same time and hour which formerly he & his Son *George* had their conference, there (being very faint and weary) he lay himself down to sleep at the foot of a wild Chesnut-tree; yea, he there slept so soundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noise and out-cry which many people there afar off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; this Bull, I say, no doubt but being sent from God, ran directly to our sleeping and snoring *Vasti*, tost him twice up in the air on his horns, tore his nose, and so wondertully mangled his face, that all who came to his assistance, held him dead: but at last, they knowing him to be *Vasti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breathe for life against death, they take off his clothes and apparel, and then apparently discover and see, that this mad Bull with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out; they carry him to the next Cottage, & laying him down speechless, they and himself believe he cannot live half an hour to an end; and as yet he still remains speechless; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himself, and seeing this his disasterous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infiniteness of his goodness) to open the eyes of his faith to mollifie the infinitness of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soul: for now he lays hold of Christ Jesus and his promises, forsakes the Devil and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himself on the brink and in the jaws of death) he now becometh a witness against himself, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was, near *Losanna*, who murthered his own Son *George* with a Pistol, and who since poysoned his own wife *Hester* with a Musk-mellon: for which two foul and inhuman facts of his, he said he from his heart and soul begged pardon and remission of God.

Here

Here upon this confeſſion, ſome of the company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminal Officers of Juſtice thereof; who ſpeedily ſend two Chirurgeons to dreſs his wounds, and four *Serjeants* to bring *Vaſti* thither alive, if poſſibly they can. They ſearch his wounds, and although they find them mortal, yet they believe he may live three or four days longer. So they bring him to *Fribourg* in a Cart, and there he likewiſe confeſſeth to the Magiſtrates, his two aforeſaid bloody and cruel murthers, drawn thereunto, as he ſaith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devil. So the ſame day, they (for ſatisfaction of theſe his unnatural crimes, do condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to aſhes. Which is accordingly executed at *Fribourg*, in the preſence of a great concourſe of people, who came to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world; but they thinking and expecting that he would have made ſome religious ſpeech at his death, he therein deceived their hopes and deſires; for he only prayed to himſelf privately, and then repeating the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, recommending his ſoul to God, and his body to Chriſtian burial, without once mentioning or naming his Son *George*, his Wife *Heſter*, or his Strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over: and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found ſtark dead on the ground.

And this was the wretched life, and deſerved death, of this bloody Monſter of Nature, *Vaſti*. May we therefore read this his Hiſtory to God's glory, and to our own reformation.

The end of the Fifth Book.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

The Crying and Execrable SIN

OF

MURTHER

EXPRESSED

In Thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books), which contain great variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Hiſtorical, Moral, and Divine.

The Sixth Book.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Maxwell* for *William Lee*, 1670.

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EXPRESSED

In Thirty Several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six Books) which contain great variety of useful and memorable Accidents, Historical, Moral, and Divine.

To the Right Honourable

Sir *JAMES STANLEY*,

Knight of the *Bath*, Lord *Strange*, Son and Heir apparent to *William* Earl of *Derby*, and one of the most ancient Knights of the Illustrious Order of the *GARTER*.

My Lord,

THE *first time that I had the honour to see and know your Lordship, was in* France, *when you then began your Travels, accompanied with your* Noble *and* Generous *younger Brother*, *Sir* Robert Stanley (*likewise Knight of the* Bath) *who now lives with God. And* (*if my fancy deceive not my judgment*) *it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordship's memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remains to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your loss of a* Noble Brother, *with the rich gift of a* Virtuous Wife, *your Right Illustrious Lady, who is descended from no meaner House than the famous Dukes of* Tremoville *by her Father, and the Victorious* Princes *of* Orenge, *by her Mother*; *and* (*who being translated from* France, *and* (*in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage*) *here matched and incorporated to your Lordship, hath* (*by the* Mercy *and* Providence *of God*) *in a few years brought you many sweet* Olive-Plants *and* Branches *to perpetuate your ancient* Name, *and most Honourable Family of the* Stanleys.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, *and blessings of* Grace, *which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofs of his* Mercy *and* Goodness *towards you, and I doubt not but* (*in a pious resolution*) *your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternal gratitude and thankfulness to his Sacred* Majesty *for the same.*

And indeed, who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, *and not by* Passion? *That as you esteem* Virtue *to be the chiefest Earthly* Honour, *so you likewise value* Piety *and* Godliness *to be the best and most Soveraign* Virtue. *That you are confident, that in* Hearts *and* Souls, *which are well and fairly endowed,* Honour *and* Honesty *should still be Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of Straw to the Sun-shine*; *and to shut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefest functions and faculties of your* Soul *to* God, *and the second to the prosperity and service of your* Prince *and* Countrey, *that being the true mark of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable* Patriot.

And this (*my good Lord*) *was the Original cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so far upon your Lordship's* Greatness *and* Goodness, *in proffering up this my Sixth and last Book of* God's Revenge against Murther, *to your Noble* Protection *and* Patronage; *not that your Lordship is the last in my* Affection *and* Zeal, *much less in my* Respects *and* Observance: *But, that I could give no satisfaction to my self, before I had prefixed your* Illustrious Name, *to this my unpolished Work*; *and before I had gi-*

ven a publick testimony to the whole world in general, and more especially to our little world, England, in particular, what place and power your Honourable Birth and Virtues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and intire affection.

The Histories which this Book relates, are memorable and mournful; and, to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the sharp, yet just punishments inflicted for the same, wherein God's sacred Justice and Revenge (with equal Truth and Glory) triumphed o're their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language; and therefore if they come short of your Lordship's accurate Judgment, my Presumption in this my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, than to flye to your Lordship's innate Goodness, and to appeal to your known and approved Generosity and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cherish Virtue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandal, and malicious detraction.

Proceed, my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunately began, in the happy exercise and progress of Piety, Virtue, and Honour; and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordship's hereafter, until it have perfected and compleated you to be a most Illustrious Pattern of Goodness in this World, and a glorious Saint in that to come; the which none shall pray to God for, with more true Zeal, nor desire with more unfeigned Affection, than

Your Honour's humblest

devoted Servant,

John Reynolds.

God's

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia, *for the love ſhe bears to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two Conſorts* Aſtonicus *and* Donato*) to ſtifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius, *in his bed.* Moroſini *miſfortunately letting fall his Gloves in* Palmerius *his Chamber, that night which he did it; they are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Moroſini's; *and doth thereupon accuſe him, and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Unkle: ſo they, together with their Acceſſaries,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

THoſe intemperate and laſcivious affections which ſavour more of Earth than Heaven, are ſtill attended on with ſhame and repentance, and many times followed by miſery and confuſion: for God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conſequently ſhould be of our loves and affections, and the true and ſole object, in whom only they ſhould begin and terminate. For Nature muſt be a Handmaid, not a Miſtreſs to Grace, becauſe God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortal, but our ſouls immortal. And the like Antitheſis which there is between Luſt and Charity, the ſame there is between ſinful Adultery, and ſanctified Marriage. But where our youthful affections begin in Whoredom, and end in Murther, what can be there expected for an iſſue, but ruin and deſolation. Crimes no leſs than theſe, doth this enſuing Hiſtory report and relate. A Hiſtory, I confeſs, ſo deplorable for the perſons, their facts and puniſhment, that I had little pleaſure to pen it, and leſs joy to publiſh it, but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my reſolutions, in giving it a place among the reſt of my Hiſtories, that the ſight and knowledg of others harms, may the more carefully and conſcionably teach us to avoid and prevent our own.

The free Estates and Common-weals of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniory of *Venice*, (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendom) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable virtue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the faculty and profession of Merchants; the which they generally perform in *Turkie*, & all other parts of the *Levant*-Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publick enemies: of which number of *Venetian* Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one; a young man, of some twenty and four years of age, descended of a Noble Name and Family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derive their Original. He is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured hair, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a Beard: he is active of body, of a sweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and graceful speech; and he is not so young, but he hath already made two several voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria*, in both which he resided some five or six years, and through his wisdom and industry won some wealth, but more reputation and fame, insomuch as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiseth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood & extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or, which is a thousand times worse, to pass his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladies and Curtizans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he saw so many debauched young Gallants to cast away their Estates and themselves, he assumes his former ambition to travel, and so undertakes a third Voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarks himself upon a good Ship, named the little St. *Mark* of *Venice*, and in company of *Seignior Astonicus*, and *Seignior Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his dear and intimate acquaintance: with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set sail from *Malanoca*, the Port of that City, and so direct and shape away their course for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some Commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Great *Seignior*. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestrial actions and accidents, so they are overtaken by a storm, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous, and strong City, which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capital of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well near three thousand *Jews* still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holiness. The wind being as yet contrary for our three *Venetian* Gallants; and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the Christian world) was but fifteen small miles off in the Countrey, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their Ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peer of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatick* Sea, vulgarly termed the Gulf of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended) piety of this holy Chappel of *Loretto*, which the *Romanists* say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ; or of her Picture, which they likewise alledg was drawn by the hand and pencil of the Apostle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirm, miraculously brought over the Seas from *Palestine* by Angels, and first placed by them on the Hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small Town of *Loretto*. But as for my self, this Legend is too weak to pass current with my faith, much less to esteem it as an Article of my Creed: only this I will confess and say, That as it was Devotion, not Curiosity, which carried our *Morosini Astonicus* and *Donato* thither; so it was my Curiosity, not my Devotion, which made me to take the sight thereof in my Travels: where, in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedral Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappel) very richly adorned with great variety of massie Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and set with precious Stones of inestimable value, which (to express the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and return again to our History, which was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two first days, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappel with much solemnity and devotion, where not to Jesus the Son, but to *Mary* the Mother, they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulness for their deliverance from the late storm, which put them and their Ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident

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to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and steals away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his Devotion, he near to him sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her Devotion and Orisons, very rich in Apparel, but incomparably fair and beautiful. He curiously marks her Rose-at Lilly Cheeks, her piercing Eye, the Amber-tresses of her Hair, her Alablaster Neck and Paps, and her straight and slender Waste; all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature. At whose sight and contemplation, his mind is so suddenly inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman or Maiden, now despight of himself (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) he at first sight is enforced to love her, and only her. For the more he sees her, the more he affects her; which ingendereth such strange motions, and sudden passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet Object enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her, both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would fain have boarded and saluted her there, but that he would not make heaven so much stoop to earth, nor prophane the holiness of his affection, and of this place, with such impiety. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the Chappel, he could not, he would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity, to make himself known to her: when, withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto*, to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in *Loretto*; he trips away after her into the body of the Church; where seeing her only attended by a well-clad Boy, and her young Waiting-Gentlewoman (after salutes on both sides performed) he there proffereth her his service in these general terms:

Morosini. I know not, sweet young Lady, whether I may term my self happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautiful a Nymph and Virgin as your self, because in thinking to gain my soul, I fear I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delicious Object and Contemplation: therefore I beseech you think it not strange, that having received my wound from your Beauty, I flye to your Courtesie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady seeing her self so much gazed on by this unknown-Gentleman, in the holy Chappel, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly-Cheeks with a Vermillian-blush; when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much coyness and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, she (brooking her name well) returns him this answer:

Imper. Sir, you being so happy to have given up your soul this morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder that you so soon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poor and so unworthy a Beauty as mine: for herein, as you prophane your zeal to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more Sacred, and this not so much feigned or hypocritical. But such wounds still carry their cures with them; and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: if my weak guard be not strong enough to conduct me to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chastity* are, as also to defend me from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best virtue consists more in their tongues, than in their souls; and more in their complements, than their actions: of which number, fearing and taking you to be one, and my Father's house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve, so I desire it not: and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks with you for this your proffered favour and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morosini* could not refrain from smiling at this her sharp and witty answer; yet he seeing his complements retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusal, he could not yet refrain from biting his lip thereat. But again, considering her to be exceeding fair and virtuous, and hoping withal that her Father might likewise prove rich, he would not disgrace his breeding, nor make himself a Novice in Love, to be put off with this her first repulse, but again sounds her in these terms.

Morosini. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour, doth not prophane, but I hope bless and sanctifie my affection to you; and therefore if it be not the custom of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusal. As for your feigned shews of hypocrisie, I am as innocent of them, as you suspect and term me guilty; and have no more snares or lures, in proffering you my affection and service,

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than that which your pure Beauty and chaſt Virtues gives me. Neither am I of the number of thoſe Gentlemen whom you pleaſe to traduce and diſparage, becauſe their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their Actions prove not their Speeches and Complements real; becauſe I as much diſdain, as you condemn them. Therefore if you cannot give me the courteſie, I pray at leaſt lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Father's houſe, whom I ſhall ever be ready to ſerve with as much humility for your ſake, as to cheriſh and obey your ſelf with affection for mine own.

This Anſwer of *MOROSINI*, makes this young Gentlewoman (whoſe name he and we ſhall anon know) as ſweetly calm, as right now ſhe was unkindly paſſionate; ſo that looking ſtedfaſtly on him, and compoſing her countenance rather to ſmiles than frowns, ſhe rejoyns him thus:

IMPERIA. It is the cuſtom of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to uſe Strangers rather with too much Reſpect, than too little Favour; eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen who favour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine own judgment, in ſuſpecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuſe, as of your reprehenſion. And becauſe I underſtand by you, that you are a ſtranger to this place, though not to this Countrey, as alſo, that you ſeem to be ſo importunately deſirous and willing to conduct me to my Father's houſe, I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own will, and now make civility diſpenſe with my diſcretion, by accepting of this your kind proffer; and you ſhall not accompany me neither to him with ſo much Reſpect and Zeal, as I will you with Obſervance and Thanks.

Which kind ſpeech ſhe had no ſooner delivered, and *MOROSINI* received, but he again cloſed with her thus:

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courteſie of yours, ſeconding your Beauty, ſhall eternally oblige me to your ſervice; and in requital thereof, I will ever eſteem it my beſt happineſs to receive your Father's commands, and my chiefeſt felicity & glory to execute yours; when, reciprocally exchanging ſalutes, he takes her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Father's houſe, not far off from this ſumptuous Church; and by the way thither, among other Speeches and Complements, he gathers from her, that her Father's name is *Seignior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he, for the former fame of his Wealth, and the preſent ſight of her Beauty, doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity, which he ſhall enjoy in her ſight and company, whereof for the time preſent he hath far more reaſon to flatter, than to aſſure himſelf.

Now we muſt here underſtand, that this *Seignior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an Ancient Houſe, and Noble Deſcent, and of a very great Eſtate both in Lands and Means; and withal, he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth, than in his Generoſity; and more in his Fair and Beautiful Daughter *Imperia*, than in any other of his Children. Here *Moroſini* brings *Imperia* home, and ſhe preſents him and his courteſie to her Father, who receives him reſpectfully, and kindly thanks him for this his obſervance and honour to his Daughter; who led by the luſter of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was ſo extreamly enflam'd with affection towards her, as at that very inſtant he proclaimed himſelf her ſervant, and ſhe Lady-Regent of his heart and deſires; and then it was that he firſt acquainted her with his Name and Quality, with his intended Voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefly with his conſtant deſire and reſolution to ſeek her in marriage both of her ſelf and her Father. Wherefore, to contract this Hiſtory into a narrow Volume, I will paſs over his often courtings and viſits of her, as alſo thoſe ſweet ſpeeches, and amorous diſcourſes and conferences which paſt between them, during the ſpace of three weeks; wherein the Wind proving contrary to his Voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his ſuit and affection. In which time he proved himſelf ſo expert a Scholar (or rather a Maſter) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and conſent to be his Wife, upon his firſt return from *Conſtantinople*; but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her Father's conſent hereunto, although many times he ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhe with tears. For he making Wealth to be the very Image and Idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Moroſini*'s Birth far exceeded his State and Means; as alſo, that in his opinion, his Eſtate was yet far greater than his Capacity or Judgment, he would never hearken to him, much leſs give any way that he ſhould be his Son-in-Law: but with much obſtinacy and reſolution, vowed that he would firſt rather ſee his Daughter married to her Grave, than to him; the which froward and harſh reſolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it, they know not. *Moroſini* now acquaints his two Conſorts, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, with his affection to *Imperia*, and

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brings them the next morning to see her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and virtues to the skies; They in *Morosini*'s behalf deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his consent to this match, mount his praises and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reasons unattempted to perswade and induce him hereunto: but they speak either to the wind, or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they find it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of meer impossibility to effect it: for neither they nor *Morosini*, can so much pray and exhort *Bondino* to this match, as he with sharp words and bitter threats seeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth these two Lovers to their very souls. For by this time their affections and hearts are so strongly and firmly united, that *Imperia* loves *Morosini* a thousand times dearer than her own life, and he her no less. So when they think of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts, and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But because they are more amorous than superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires), they sacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus*, than to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore Fortune more envying than pittying them, and therefore resolving to separate their bodies as far asunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together; the wind comes fair, and the Master of their Ship sends speedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that he is resolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and set sail for *Corfu*.

Morosini receives this news with infinite sorrow, and *Imperia* with extream grief and amazement, so as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished, and given a law to her affection towards *Morosini*; she could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his Voyage to *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, so sweet was his sight and presence, and so bitter was the very thought of his absence to her heart and mind. Here *Morosini* comes again with his Hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with tears to her Father, that he will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requests, and inexorable to her tears and prayers; for he vows he cannot, and swears he will not consent thereunto. And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for me to express the thousand part of the sighs which he, and the tears which she expends, at this their sorrowful departure, insomuch as I cannot truly define, whether he then gave her more kisses, or she him tears. So here she vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promiseth and swears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her; the which the more authentically to seal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerauld Ring from his finger, and she him a fair Carkamet of Orient Pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks, seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance. Of which interchangeable and mutual contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyful witnesses, who seek to add comfort and consolation to these her unspeakable sorrows, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the mean time at the very thought and consideration hereof, (she gazing on her *Morosini*) seems to burst her heart with sighing, and drown the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, with the shours and rivolets of her tears. So *Morosini* being again and again called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, he then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his dear and sweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whose heart and breast he imparadiseth all his most Religious Prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes; and from thence (with his two faithful friends and companions) takes horse for *Ancona*, where as soon as they come, their long Boat is ashore and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding fair, they are presently for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the winds; and according to the order of our History, come we again to speak of *Bondino*, and of his sweet and fair daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what actions and accidents they will produce.

Whiles our fair *Imperia* day and night weeps and sighs for the absence of her dearest and second self *Morosini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven, continually prays for his prosperity and return, her old Father *Bondino* assumes a direct contrary course and resolution; for within two or three Moneths of *Morosini*'s departure, he makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another Husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and pensiveness for his absence, and knows full well, that her solitary walks, and pale thin cheeks, look still constantly to him, and never from him. But he is resolute that his old covetousness shall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of *Morosini*'s absence, his best and shortest course is to heave him out of her heart and mind,

and contrarywiſe to propound and place another husband in his ſtead. To which end his ſaid daughters beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earneſtly ſeek her in marriage, he likes none of them ſo well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at leaſt ſixty years; whereas his fair Daughter *Imperia* was not above twenty four, who was of ſo deformed and decrepit a perſonage and conſtitution, that he ſeemed but as a withered *January* to this freſh Lady *May*, and his age but a frozen Winter to the fragrant flouriſhing Summer of her youth and beauty. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his own grave, than for *Imperia*'s bed) is ſo taken with the daintineſs of her perſonage, as he hopes that her youth and her father's age, will ſtoop and ſtrike ſail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himſelf up, both in his apparel and beard, as if love had taken away much of his age, now purpoſely to add it to his vanity and indiſcretion, ſo he comes to *Bondino*'s houſe at *Loretto*, and ſeeks this his fair daughter in marriage, where the conſideration of his great eſtate and wealth, act ſuch wonders with her Father's heart and reſolution, that her Father & he have already ſwapt a bargain, that he, and none but he ſhall marry his daughter, before as yet he have the happineſs to ſee her. But at laſt her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands, to diſpoſe her ſelf to affect and marry him, and ſpeaks to her, not only in the language of a father, but of a King; for ſuch is his pleaſure. Theſe ſpeeches of her Father, and the ſight of her old lover, yet new Suitor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young Daughter *Imperia*: ſo ſhe receives and hears thoſe with infinite affliction and ſorrow, and him with much contempt and diſdain; for ſhe rejects his ſuit and himſelf, and boldly tells both her Father and him, that *Moroſini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with ſighs and tears) caſts her ſelf at her Father's feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry *Seignior Palmerius*, whom ſhe affirms, ſhe cannot poſſibly affect, much leſs obey. But her father is reſolute to have it ſo, and therefore (paſſing over all other reſpects and conſiderations) he adds threats to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to conſent thereto. But her abſent *Moroſini* is ſtill ſo preſent in her heart and mind, and ſo freſh and pleaſing to her eye and memory, that ſhe cannot, ſhe will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to ſpeak with *Palmerius*, or draw her to ſee him: and thus ſhe puts him off for his firſt coming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her Father the foyl, and old *Palmerius* the repulſe, ſhe raiſeth a thouſand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the ſame, as if that outragious ſtorm & tempeſt (ſo contrary and diſpleaſing to her heart) had received end almoſt as ſoon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing leſs than on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more, than on her ſweet and dear *Moroſini*, (to whom in his abſence ſhe ſacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vows, deſires and wiſhes of her ſoul) ſhe paſſeth away her time in perpetual praying for his return, for the which ſhe leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and deſires herein, this her old Suitor *Palmerius*, (having wholly loſt the ſolidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty), he ſtill keeps good correſpondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her father's covetouſneſs doth on his wealth and gold; ſo within two months he returns again to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extream diſcontent and ſorrow of his daughter *Imperia*: who now poor ſoul can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they inceſſantly haunt her as her ghoſts, and fail not day and night to importune her for the conſummation of this contract and marriage; but her heart is ſo cloſe united and wedded to *Moroſini*, that it is as yet impoſſible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinks to gain her by rich gifts and preſents, but ſhe refuſeth them all for the ſake of the giver: and her Father now tempts her with ſweet ſpeeches and perſwaſions, and then again terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end, to make her flexible to his deſires and wiſhes: But his daughter *Imperia* notwithſtanding all this, (with a conſtancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her ſelf) reſolves to fruſtrate the hopes of the firſt, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the ſecond, and ſo to deceive the deſires and wiſhes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for *Moroſini*, as ſhe hath formerly promiſed and obliged her ſelf to do.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the firſt time ſo eaſily beaten off with *Imperia*'s refuſal, he will not be ſo the ſecond; and therefore his heart and mind telling him, that the ſweetneſs of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty, deſerve a ſtronger, and longer ſiege of his affection. He (by the free advice and conſent of her father) reſolves to ſtay and burſt all that Summer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her reſolution and make that feaſable in his daughters affection, which now in a manner ſeemed to be impoſſible. Thus if

Palmerius

Palmerius use his best endeavours to bear and conquer *Imperia* one way, no less doth her Father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor *Imperia* seeing her self thus streightly and narrowly begirt on both sides, she hath again recourse to her sighs and tears, the only weapons left her in the absence of her *Morosini*, to defend her affection and constancy, against the lust of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her Father *Bondino*. A thousand times a day she wisheth that *Constantinople* were *Loretto*, or *Loretto Constantinople*, and as often prays, that either she were in *Morosini's* arms, or he here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obstinate as her Father was resolute and furious in this suit and motion towards her, she shuts her self up in her Chamber, where seeming to drown her self in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention she should find out and practice, to abandon *Palmerius*, and to call home her *Morosini* to marry her, than which under Heaven she desired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing else. So at last she resolves to send one purposely to *Constantinople*, to hasten his return, (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of *Ancona*, named *Seignior Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for a long journey, as to sail from *Brundisium* to *Ragusa*, and so from thence, by Post to *Constantinople*; she takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her *Morosini* these lines, wherewith she dispatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my self unworthy of thine, if by this my Letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatience and sorrow my self, and with how much joy my Father brooks thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet and strict sympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as measuring* Morosini *by* Imperia, *I am confident that all those Seas between* Ancona *and* Constantinople, *are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty & of my self, I am enforced to command my pen to relate thee, that my Father* Bondino *begins to exercise a point, not only of his will, but of his power, yea, I may justly say, of his tyranny over me, to perswade me to leave my young* Morosini, *to make me marry his old* Palmerius. *In which regard and consideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impression in thy breast or memory, I now most heartily pray thee to leave* Turky *for* Italy, *and* Constantinople *for* Loretto, *and to make me as happy in enjoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowful Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea, judg with thy self, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be, for thee not to bring me thy self, but to send me any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my other self, my sweet self, and may God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy desires and my wishes.*

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at *Constantinople*, and finds out his friend *Morosini*, to whom he delivereth his Mistris *Imperia's* Letter; the which he first kissing, presently peruseth it, and very passionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So *Morosini* very kindly feasts his friend *Mercario* there some eight days, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in less than a months time, he delivereth into *Imperia's* own hands in *Loretto*, who is extreamly glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow-white cheeks, with some crimson blushes, she hies her to her closet, and breaking up hastily the seals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this message.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy health and constancy makes me as joyful in the receit of thy Letter, as thy Father Bondino *his disrespect to me, and love to* Palmerius, *makes me sorrowful, for so dear and tender is the true affection of my* Imperia *to her* Morosini, *& the sympathy of our hearts so sweetly and sacredly united, that for my part, not only those small Rivers of the* Mediterraneum *and* Adriatique *Seas between* Constantinople *and* Ancona, *but that of the vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of human life, reputation and profit, deserves sometimes to be intermixed with pleasure, because the sweetness thereof is still made sweeter by its substance and permanency. So by the Seigniory of* Venice, *and by* Landy *their Embassador president here in* Constantinople, (*contrary to my expectation or merit*), *I am now made Consul of* Aleppo. *I cannot*

therefore so soon leave Turky *for* Italy, *which I infinitely desire, nor in that consideration so soon imbrace and kiss my fair and dear* Imperia, *which above all the Crowns and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform, the next shall, and then (all delays and excuses set apart) I will bring thee thy* Morosini *with as much true joy, as he transported himself from thee with bitter tears and unfained sorrows; in the mean time, my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me, shall surmount thy Father's tyranny to thy self, and that thy beauty and merits are so incomparably splendent, that though* Palmerius *be the foyle, yet* Morosini *shall live and die the Diamond of thy love, and the love of thy heart, as God is of thy soul. O then, my dear and sweet* Imperia, *repute it no ingratitude, much less a crime in me, to send thee this Letter of excuse, instead of bringing thee my self; for I speak it in the presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, so I am wholly thine, and that thou canst not be the thousand part so sorrowful, as I am miserable in this our short, yet too long sequestration: Farewell, farewell the only Saint of my heart, and goddess of my affections, and assure thy self, that no mortal man whatsoever, is, or can be so much thy faithful Servant and Slave, as*

MOROSINI.

Our *Imperia* kisseth this Letter a thousand times for her *Morosini*'s sake, who wrote and sent it her, and again as often weeps to see, that he loved honour and profit better than her self, and *Turkie* better than *Italy*; so whereas she formerly hoped, now she begins to despair of his speedy return, and esteems her self as miserable without him, as she thought to have been happy with him. She reads over this Letter again and again, and then weeps as fast as she reads, at the very perusal and consideration thereof; she would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay, affords her nothing but a disconsolation and sorrow instead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindness, and then again imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her Father's cruelty, than to *Morosini*'s discourtesie; she loves him as much as she hates *Palmerius*, and hates her self, because *Morosini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* less. But *Morosini* is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that she is constantly resolved to stay his return, and rather to die his Victim and Martyr, than to live *Palmerius* his Wife. And here her affection acts a great part in passion, as this passion doth in Love, she cannot refrain from enquiring of *Mercario*, how *Morosini* lives, and how he looks; who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her, that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the propereſt and braveſt young Gallant, either of *Venice* or *Italy* which he saw in *Constantinople*; at the report whereof, she could not refrain from blushing and smiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were such, as she could not receive or hear it, without these publick expressions and testimonies of her private zeal and interiour affection to him. But all this notwithstanding, whereſoever she goes or turns her self, her Father as her shadow, and *Palmerius* as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match and her resolution and refusal against it, as if they were wholly composed and made of commands, and she of denials. In which interchangable comportment, and different carriage of theirs. We must allow six months time more past and slidden away, where, in despight of *Palmerius* his importunities, and her Father's power, she still remains inflexible to them, constant to her *Morosini*, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustful Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kiss an Image in the Church, than so sweet and fair a young Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) seeing that he had consumed and spent so long time in vain by courting her, and that she slighted him and his suit as much, if not more now, than when he first meant and intended it to her; he bethinks himself of a new policy and proposition to gain her, which love cannot so much excuse, as discretion justly condemn in him: He goes to her Father *Bondino*, and proffers him, That if his Daughter will become his Wife, that he will infeoffe, and endow her with the one half of his Lands, and give all the rest of his Estate and Wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his, doth solely and fully weigh down her covetous Father to *Palmerius* his will and desire, as he constantly tells him, that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his Daughter, he will speedily use all his power and authority with her, fully to dispose her to affect and content him; To which end, *Bondino* goes to his Daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if she will marry him; he layes before her, how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca* of *Anconitana*, do enjoy such rich Fortunes; that his wisdom and wealth is far to be preferred to the

vanity

vanity and prodigality of *Morosini*, and that the first will assuredly bring her much content and prosperity, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine, and misery, and therefore he most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delays, and so forthwith to dispose her self to love and marry *Palmerius*, or else he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledg himself for her Father. A cruelty, which (in my opinion and judgment) ought to be admired with pitty, and pittyed with admiration, and not to serve for a precedent and example to other Parents, because this of *Bondino*'s was grounded on far more passion than reason, and covetousness than virtue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world, rather to tearm tyranny than providence, or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, struck dead with grief and sorrow, at the thunderbolt of these her Father's cruel speeches towards her, so that she cannot speak, nor yet weep, for sighing and sobbing; but at last encouraged by her own virtue, as much as she was daunted and dismayed by her Father's severity and cruelty towards her, she (casting her self at his feet) with a trembling heart and faultering voice, returns her heart and mind to him in these terms.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and sorrows are such, and so infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and sigh, than to breathe or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, before contracted or consummated in Earth; therefore being so happy first to love *Morosini*, before I was so unfortunate as to see *Seignior Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my self never to be Wife to the second: I am proud in nothing, but in my humility and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still both triumph and glory; and yet I far more under-value *Palmerius* wealth, than you do *Morosini*'s virtues. If then you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for my Mother's sake, or which is more, for God's sake, to make me Wife to *Morosini*, and not to *Palmerius*, because my heart and mind tells me, that I shall be as happy in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other. In granting me which just desired favour and courtesie, my soul shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your self for my Father. And to conclude this my sorrowful and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong me, but you must and will extreamly wrong your self, by attempting and resolving to enforce me to the contrary. But if yet you will not be sensible hereof, then I invoke God to be a just witness and judg between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed Spouse *Morosini*.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighs and tears) delivered this her speech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he suddenly rusheth forth her company; when more to displease her, than to please himself, he looking back on her, gives her this sharp answer, and cruel farewell: Minion (quoth he) I will very shortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to disobey thy Father, in making so much esteem of *Morosini*, and so little of *Seignior Palmerius*, contrary to my advice and request to thee; for I say, consider well with thy self, and thou shalt then do well, speedily to forsake this errour and obstinacy of thine, except thou resolve to die as miserable, as I desire thou shouldst live happy. Once more Girle, consider and remember what I have now said to thee, and beware least *Morosini* prove thy shame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps, because she can weep no more at these heart-killing speeches of her Father to her, against her absent *Morosini*: So being not well, she betakes her self to her bed, and there again consults with God and her self, what she shall do in this perturbation of mind, and affliction of heart, and then, and there, (with waking eyes), reads a whole nights Lecture to her self, of her obedience to her Father: and her affection and constancy to the other half of her self *Morosini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and desires, that she shall receive more delights and joys from the last, than discontents from the first; she at her up-rising resolves again to write away for her *Morosini*, as hoping that his presence would easily dispell and scatter all these her clouds and tempests, when dispatching a private messenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, she again earnestly prays him to undertake a second Voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Constantinople*, to her *Morosini*; the which he then promiseth: so that night again perusing over his Letter, she then from point to point, punctually makes answer to it, and the next morning very secretly, gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him, as a token of her true affection and constancy,

cy, the which she affirms to him shall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commission from *Imperia*, as also more Gold for the discharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a small Brigantine to transport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarques himself on a Ship of *Marseilles*, which accidently stopped there, and so sailed first to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in less than three weeks, and finding his dear friend *Morosini* to be Consul there for the Seigniory of *Venice*, he secretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his study, where he was then hastily writing a dispatch for *Constantinople*: But the arrival of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his dearest friend and Mistress *Imperia*, for meer joy) made him presently to cast away his Hat and Pen, and so to kiss and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haste and more affection breaking up the seals, he therein found couched these ensuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (because less deserved) that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the Seigniory of* Venice, *or their Embassador* Landy, *had had more power to stay thee in* Aleppo, *than she to have requested or conjured thy return to* Loretto; *for if my poor beauty or rich affection to thee, be of so low and base an esteem, as thou preferrest thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miserable, as I thought my self happy in my choice, and the sweetness of my desires and wishes consequently have end, as soon as they received a beginning. And see what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparent contradiction there is between thy heart and thy pen, sith fainedly endeavouring to make me believe thou lovest my kisses and embraces, above all the Crowns & Scepters in the world; I yet am truly enforced to see, that thou lovest* Turky *far better than* Italy, *and art well contented, that* Palmerius *should love me better than thy self, for else thou wouldst never permit, that my Father's tyranny to me, should (in thy absence) give a Law to my affection to him, or consent that* Palmerius *should be the Diamond, and thy self prove only the foyl of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how, nor in what tearms to define or determine thereof. Judg therefore with thy self, (at least, if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgment as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a small part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resign me up to another, and that* Palmerius *must be my Husband, when my heart and soul, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I desire nothing under Heaven so much as to live and die thy wife; or else thou wouldst n t have been so unkind, to confine thy will, or to bound thy obstinacy, to no less than a whole years sequestration and absence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the least shadow of mine, thou wouldest deem to contain as many months as hours, and as many ages as months. But God forbid this discourtesie of thine should prove so great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacy, I should be constrained to feel and suffer so much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear* Morosini, *and my sighs, tears, and prayers shall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy speedy return; and blame not me, but thy self, if thy absence, and my Fathers obstinacy bereave me of my sweet* Morosini, *and thee of thy dear* IMPERIA.

Morosini could not refrain from blushing, at the reading of this his Mistress *Imperia*'s *Letter*, as ashamed to see what an exceeding advantage her courtesie had got of his unkindness. He oftentimes kisseth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two sweet pledges of her sweetest love and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and shortly to make his return, redeem and ransom the ingratitude of his long stay from her. He shews this Letter of her to his two old Comrades, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendship and familiarity is still so great, as they cannot, they will not forsake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindness, and condemn his inconstancy, in sequestring himself so long from so sweet and fair a Mistress as *Imperia*. Now for the space of some ten days, *Morosini* feasteth his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his *Imperia*'s health in the best and richest Greek Wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for so often crossing those dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requital of her Bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, he returns and sends her a fair Chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastned to the end thereof, with a pair of *Turkish* silver Embroydered Bracelets, and so commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in six weeks after, arrives safely to *Ancona*, and the next morning posts away to *Loretto*, where repairing secretly to *Bondino*'s house, he finds out his Daughter *Imperia* alone, solitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sycamore and Olive-trees: Who no sooner espies *Mercario*, but all her blood flashing into her face for joy, she speedily trips away towards him, who (after salutes) biddihg him a thousand times welcome home, and he giving her *Morosini*'s Letter and Token, she claps the last in her pocket, and hastily kissing and breaking up the seals of the first, steps aside a pace or two, and there finds and reads these lines.

MORO-

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy sweet beauty, and rich affection and constancy shall not only command my resolution but my self, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give, but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requests being to me commands, and consequently thy felicity and misery equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay, and so convert a whole year into a few months: For if Imperia *be* Palmerius *his Wife,* Morosini *can then never be either himself or his own friend. And to write thee the life of my heart, as thou hast now the heart of thy soul, it is not the ambition of a Consulary dignity, nor all the treasure of* Turky, *or the* Indies, *which shall keep me from enjoying of my fair and sweet* Imperia, *in whose divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my most sovereign earthly felicity: So that I not only deny, but defie, that* Palmerius *or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousandth part, or so tenderly or dearly as my self; to whose sake and service I will still be found ready to lay down my best blood, and to prostitute and sacrifice my dearest life. O then, my fair and sweet* Imperia, *live therefore my dear Wife, and* Morosini *will assuredly die thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see, that I will hate ingratitude, as much as thy inconsiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyful in my presence, as thou writest me thou art afflicted and sorrowful in my absence. I come my sweet* Imperia, *and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sighs shall increase the one, and my tears supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiss thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy seconded by thine, will make thy Father's obstinacy vain, and prove* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.*

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Morosini* affords no small musick to the heart, or melody to the mind of our *Imperia*, for she sweetly and carefully treasureth it up in her breast and memory, and now in hope of his short return, she leaves no Church or Chappel in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, she is so religious and virtuous, as she gives her self wholly to prayer, the sooner to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father *Bondino* (contrary to her expectation and desires) cuts her out new work, in resuming his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius*, who still loves her so tenderly, that for her sake, he will not forsake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*. So that here the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to cast his Daughter *Imperia* & her affection from *Morosini* to *Palmerius*, seeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparel and Jewels, (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet; and in a word, treateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his prisoner than his daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with such sharp severity, and coarse entertainment, bites her lip, and hangs her head hereat. But the more she prays her Father to reserve her for *Morosini*, the more tyrannously he commands her speedily to marry *Palmerius*, so that all her sighs and tears to the contrary, do rather exasperate than appease his indignation against her, and now she finds the long stay of *Morosini* from her, not only to exceed her first expectation, but also his last promises to her in his Letter, and is enforced to see, that her Father is as cruel, as *Palmerius* is obstinate and resolute in his suit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her, but the memory and letters of *Morosini*, and yet nothing doth so much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in crossing this her affection. But at last despairing of *Morosini*'s return and vanquished by her Father's tyranny, she (with an unwilling willingness) is enforced to suffer her self to be overcome by him, as also to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her constancy to be battered and razed down, by the incessant sollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promise, and her self, and putting a rape on her former resolution, she is at last contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miseries which we shall shortly see will ensue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to fair *Imperia*, who esteems himself as happy as she finds her self unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age; Disparity of years seldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot sufficiently estimate, much less deserve or requite the dainties of her youth: so that truth must here needs implore this dispensation for me of modesty, to affirm that his chiefest power was desire; and his best performance but lust towards her; for whiles every night, as soon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his

sleep;

sleep; so poor young Gentlewoman, she turns to her repentance, wishing (from her very heart and soul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funerals. A thousand times every day and night she accuseth her Father's cruelty, and (with bitter sighs and tears) as often condemneth her own levity and inconstancy for consenting thereunto. She can neither honour or love her Husband, or rather not love him, because she so tenderly loves the person, and honoureth the memory of *Morosini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no less doth she her *Morosini* in her heart; so that the first hath only her body, but the second wholly her mind and affection. The sorrowful consideration and remembrance whereof, doth so torment her heart, and perplex her mind, that she protesteth publickly to her self, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equal to hers, nor no misery comparable to that of a discontented Bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nun than a Maid, she makes spiritual Books her exercise, solitariness her pastime, her Chamber her Chappel, and her Closet her Oratory, to pray to God to forgive her Father's cruelty, and her Husband's indiscretion towards her; as also her own inconstancy and treachery towards *Morosini*: which foul ingratitude and crime of hers, she cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite shame, sorrow, and repentance. Although this her old Husband *Palmerius*, be so amorous and kind to her, and so tender of this his fair young wife, that he leaves no cost unbestowed on her, as well in rich apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themselves; yet this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* desired, because deserved. But her fresh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen age, cast her heart on other opposite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mourns and grieves at this her unequal and discontented Match, and *Morosini* confidently relying on the firm affection and constancy of his *Imperia* made his stay in *Aleppo*, some ten months longer than his promise to her: He at last led by the star of her beauty, and his own affection to her, leaves *Turky*, and (in company of his constant old Friends *Astonicus* & *Donato*) sets sail for *Italy*, and purposely puts in with their Ship into *Ancona*, where they and he are no sooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertains him with the welcome of this sorrowful news, that his Mistress *Imperia* is now in this City of *Ancona*, and married to old *Seignior Palmerius*, whereat *Morosini* infinitely grieves, and *Astonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is stricken at the heart, at this sorrowful news, and (too too soon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewise is *Imperia* advertised of his and their arrival, whereat she seems to drown her self in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for sorrow, but for joy of his arrival. He imploys *Mercario* to her, to grant him a private visit, the which most joyfully the next night she doth in her own house, her old Husband being in bed, and snoring fast asleep. At *Morosini's* first sight and entrance into her Chamber, (where she all alone privately stays for him), she throws her self on her knees at his feet, and with sighs, tears, and blushes, begs his pardon for her unconstancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which she no way attributes to his long stay, but rather to her Father's cruelty and her own misfortune. *Morosini* is as joyful of her sight, as sorrowful of this her error, and so will not permit her to kneel, because he sees and knows, and also assureth her, that she is still the goddess of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her; and so they reciprocally speak each to other in the sweet language of love, I mean, of kisses, sighs, and tears, with the last whereof, they again and again, bedew and wash each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to sigh than speak, and to weep than sigh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth anew, with more violence and impetuosity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her self. For as he swears to live her servant, so she constantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will shall ever be her Law, and his requests in all things her commands. Here his heart beats for love, and her breast pants for joy. For as he promiseth her, that she shall be his sole and only love, so she (willingly) forgets her self so far, as solemnly to protest to him, that he shall be more her husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kisses, they for that night part.

The next morning *Morosini* and his two Consorts, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) do visit his young Mistris *Imperia*, and her old Husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his own goodness than their deserts) bid them all most kindly and courteously welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* respectively thanks them; but he knows not what dangerous snakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended fair courtesie. As for his wife *Imperia*, she is so reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (according

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ding to the custom of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perswade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last she faintly and feignedly performs, rather with an eye of disdain, than of respect. They all see the young Wife with love and pity, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet *Morosini* then and there in stealth sees *Imperia*'s heart in her eyes; when, in counterchange, she knows his heart by his enamour'd looks and countenance. So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona* (which they readily and thankfully promise him), they for this time take leave each of other; *Astonicus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*; and *Morosini* infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all; for that very afternoon *Morosini* (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a confident Messenger, sends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way distant from her house; the which she joyfully grants him: and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the Pavillion or Banquetting-house of this Garden, there these two youthful lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses and embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures which modesty will not, and chastity and honesty cannot permit me to mention; as also, for that these Pills of Sugar are most commonly candied in bitter Wormwood and Gall, and but too frequently prove Honey to the Palat, but Poyson to the Heart and Soul.

And here in this her Garden (I say again) was the very first time and place where our fair *Imperia*, who was so famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona*, for her Piety and Chastity, forgetting the first, made shipwrack of the last; and where, of a Gentlewoman of Honor, she lost her honor by committing this her beastly sin of sensuality and adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Morosini*'s voyage, proved so favourable and propitious to his lustful desires, that he thinks of nothing less than of his return to *Venice*; nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in *Ancona* with his fair & sweet Love *Imperia*; who likewise finds less content and pleasure in the company of her Husband *Palmerius*, than she hoped for; and now far more in her dear Friend *Morosini*, than she either dreamt or expected. In which trivial regard, and sinful consideration, she (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her self wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second; and so turning the custom of these their lascivious dalliances, into a habit, and that into a second nature, both in her garden, and her own house, she very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery with *Morosini*; whereof a subtil young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of some eighteen years old, who was his Sister's Son, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice; and once among the rest, he peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunt's Chamber-door, and there sees her & *Seignior Morosini* on the bed together, and in no less familiarity than was requisite or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her Husband *Palmerius*, and her self: whereupon secretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid she should bear away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Unkle's Estate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted Heir;) he therefore maliciously bears the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent, that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledg thereof to his said Unkle, he might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for *Morosini* and *Imperia*, they (notwithstanding all this) do still strongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his Wife to be as chast as fair, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast *Morosini* and his two Consorts, *Astonicus* and *Donato*. But they will prove pernicious and fatal Guests to him: for ere long we shall see them requite this hospitality and courtesie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which mean time, all *Ancona* resounds of the great expence and profuse prodigality of *Morosini* and his two Associates: for they here revel it out in the best Taverns and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but also themselves, in the richness and bravery of their Apparel; but most especially *Morosini*, whose Apparel is every way fitter for an *Italian* Noble-man, than a *Venetian* Merchant. Our Lustful and Lascivious *Imperia*, is never well contented or pleased, but in his presence, or her Husband's absence. And here, to relate the truth of her heart, *Morosini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*; or rather, *Palmerius* is but the shadow, and *Morosini* the essential substance of her Husband: and therefore I desire the Reader to know and remember, that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morosini* and *Imperia*.

Moroſini, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private ſpeeches and conferences, what pity it is that ſo ſweet and fair a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, ſhould (by the conſtraint of her unkind and cruel Father) thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to ſo old a Dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and *Moroſini* (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of *Imperia*'s ſighs and tears) apparently believes, that (in her heart and ſoul) ſhe infinitely deſireth and wiſheth, that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himſelf now her Husband here on Earth in his place. He reads as much in her looks and countenance; and is therefore confident, that her heart and ambition aſpire to no ſweeter earthly felicity. He hath not loſt his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Judgment either in the freſh Roſes and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the reſplendent luſter of thoſe ſparkling Diamonds and Starrs, her Eyes He knows that his Eſtate is far inferior to his Birth and Extraction; and yet, that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkie* and *Italy*) are far ſuperior and above his Eſtate; he would fain (therefore) find out the means to bear it up. Then, I ſay, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kiſſes do, when ſwearing him to ſupport, & conſequently to preſerve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he eſteems equal to his life, if not above it. He knows that *Imperia* is already more his Wife, than her Husband's; and is very confident, that he can make her apt for any impreſſion, and capable of any deſign, which may advance his own fortunes, & confirm both their contents; whereunto conjoining the ſweetneſs of her beauty, and the excellency of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband; he adding all theſe conſiderations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts, and fixing his heart upon this helliſh reſolution, To ſend him ſpeedily to Heaven in a bloody Winding-ſheet; and no other charitable thought, or Chriſtian conſideration, can divert him from this inhuman and bloody project; neither can he poſſibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before he have attempted and finiſhed it.

To which end, the very next night that he lay and wantonized in bed with his *Imperia*, (for, God knows, her old Husband lay but ſeldom with her) finding her extraordinarily to ſigh, he lays hold of this advantage and opportunity, & very earneſtly demands of her what ayls her; whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, becauſe her heart was then flying from God to the Devil; ſo ſhe continues her ſighing, but is ſtill mute, and returns him no anſwer. That at laſt *Moroſini* ſuſpecting that in her, which his hopes deſired, and his deſires hoped for; then I ſay, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kiſſes do; when, ſwearing him to ſecreſie, ſhe (after many far-fetch'd ſighs) tells him, that ſhe loves him ſo dearly and tenderly, as for his ſake ſhe either wiſheth her ſelf in her Grave, or her Husband *Palmerius* in Heaven; which is the ſweet Muſick and Melody that *Moroſini* expects, and which to his unexpreſſable joy he now receives from her; when paying her the principal and intereſt of this her deareſt love and affection towards him, with many kiſſes, he paſſionately entreats her, that ſhe will employ him to finiſh this pleaſing Tragedy; but ſhe is again mute hereat; and therefore he again more earneſtly entreats her to confer this favour on him; who then taking counſel of her Luſt and of Hell, ſhe grants his firſt requeſt herein, with ſilence; but his ſecond with a free and cheerful conſent. When (as two wretched and bloody Miſcreants) they reciprocally ſwear ſecreſie herein each to other, as alſo they will ſpeedily diſpatch him, and ſo in a very ſhort time after marry each other; and no longer live in *ANCONA*, but in *VENICE*. But what a fatal, what a helliſh Contract was this, which they equally confirm as well with Oaths as Kiſſes? And how at one time do I pity both their Youth and Folly, and hate their obſcene affections each to other, and their foul crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themſelves with luſt, but with blood; for they are ſo reſolutely inhuman and impious, as they will needs add murther to adultery; as if one of thoſe two foul ſins were not ſufficient enough to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miſerable in that to come. But the Devil is ſo ſtrong with them, as they vow to advance, and diſdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable buſineſs: ſo from the matter, they proceed to the manner hereof. *Moroſini* propoſeth poyſon; but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring and adminiſtring. When ſhe propounded to have him ſtifled by night in his bed: To the which, after two or three pauſes and conſiderations, he well and freely conſenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and reſolve. But becauſe *Moroſini* knows this *Imperia* to be a wiſe but weak woman, and therefore fitter for counſel than execution, and himſelf alone peradventure not ſtrong enough (with ſafety) to perform it, without ſome other men's aſſiſtance; he therefore tells her, that he will likewiſe engage his faithful friends and companions, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, herein. But *Imperia* is extreamly

againſt

against it, as grounding her apprehension and fear upon this Maxim, That as one is more capable and proper to keep counsel, than two; so consequently are two, than four. But when (in answer hereof) he vows and swears to her, That they are no less his faithful friends and servants, than he hers: then (with much alacrity and joy) she yeelds thereunto, so they, confirming this their agreement with many oaths, & sealing it with a world of kisses, he leaves this his fair Sweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his old Lodging to his two companions, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premises considered) do perfectly know at what Mid-night-Mass he hath been, what Shrine he hath visited, and what Saint he hath adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after they all call for their break-fasts, the which as soon as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the wind is contrary for them to set sail for *Venice*) *Morosini* prays them forthwith to walk with him, up to the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City which stands over it on a high rocky hill, and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and down to the azured plains and valleys of the *Adriatick*-Sea, (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northern Peals, and *Neptune* danceth his Southern Lavolta's) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the Devil) *Morosini* first acquaints them with this business, and with his, and his *Imperia*'s most earnest prayers, and affectionate requests for their assistance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no less their affliction and misery, than this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because she was formerly contracted to himself, long before he married her: which she was enforced and constrained to do, through the cruelty and tyranny of her Father. Now as there needs not many good words and perswasions to base hearts and polluted and prophane souls, who of themselves are already disposed to wickedness and prepared to sinful actions: So (because of *Morosini*'s old friendship and familiarity of *Imperia*'s beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two graceless wretches, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, do cheerfully promise *Morosini* the very utmost of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three do there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as also for eternal secresie. Which done, they return to their lodging, and at dinner (when they had purposely sent away their Servants, as also those of the house) they in very great glasses of *Albania-wine* do on their knees drink Healths to the prosperity of this their intended great business: the which after dinner *Morosini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and she (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no less delight and exhilaration. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious desires, as they were meerly propagated and engendred by the Devil, who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delays, they conclude to finish this business the second night after, which (as I have been credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the Purification of the blessed *Mary*, so famous and famoused in *Loretto*). And hereon these our two lustful and lewd lovers, *Morosini* and *Imperia*, do give and take exact and curious direction each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it with less danger, and more assurance and facility: and they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vain and prophane in their hopes, so cruel and inhuman in their desires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, as they think every hour an age before they see it effected. All this while our innocent and harmless old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea, and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to rain down showers of Gold into her lap, as *Jove* did to his fair *Danae*; and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, so again he made it his delight and glory to see her flant it out in rich and brave Apparel, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands and daintiest Diet that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor *Palmerius*! (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy Wife notwithstanding) I am enforced to write with equal pity to thee, and shame to her; little dost thou conceive or think what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourest, in harbouring her in thy house, thy bed, thy bosome.

The dismal night being now come which these four execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable business; it is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morosini*'s Watch, but he, with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols, without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the street-door a little open, and *Imperia* (as a Fury of Hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble

than kiſs; yet ſo fervent is the fire of *Moroſini* and *Imperia*'s laſcivious and furious affections, as they cannot yetrefrain from giving each other one or two at leaſt. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) cloſe within the door, to guard and make it good againſt all oppoſing and intervening accidents, *Moroſini* leads *Imperia* by her right arm, and *Aſtonicus* by the left, and ſo for the more ſecurity (purpoſely) leaving their ſhoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on woollen pumps, they all three aſcend the ſtairs, when ſhe (with wonderful ſilence) firſt conducts them to her own Chamber, (which was ſome two diſtant from her Husband's) where the windows being cloſe ſhut, and a ſmall wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayer-book by it, wherein (ſtill expecting the hour of midnight) ſhe ſilently reads while the Devil held the candle to her; ſhe there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having ſilently given ſuch order, that her Husband's Nephew, *Richardo*, and all the ſervants of the houſe, were gone to bed above three hours before. Thus this treacherous ſhe-devil *Imperia* (for I can no more term her a woman, much leſs a wife, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian) is the fatal guide to bloody *Moroſini* and *Aſtonicus*; who brings them firſt to the door of her old Huſband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which ſhe had purpoſely left a little open, & then to his bed, who is deeply and ſoundly ſleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice againſt him; ſhe keeping the door, and *Moroſini* ſtanding by one ſide of the bed, and *Aſtonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotency and weakneſs) do eaſily ſtifle him to death, not ſo much as ſuffering him either once to cry or ſcreech; and then, to make ſure work, they ſpeedily and violently thruſt a ſmall Orenge into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villany to the world, in making all men believe, that it was *Palmerius* himſelf who had put that Orenge into his own mouth, thereby purpoſely to deſtroy himſelf: when, leaving his breathleſs body in his bed, they ſecretly iſſue forth the Chamber, and ſhe draws faſt the door after her, and ſo deſcends with them down the ſtairs to the ſtreet-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks, between them all, *Moroſini* giving his *Imperia* many kiſſes, and ſhe deſiring them all three immediately to repair to their lodgings, & not to ſtir thence till they hear from her, which ſhe promiſeth *Moroſini* ſhall be as ſoon as conveniently and poſſibly ſhe can, they depart home. When ſhe, firſt ſoftly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, ſhe preſently (with much ſecurity, and no repentance) betakes her ſelf to her bed, where (vile wretch that ſhe is) ſhe no more wakes for grief at the life, but now ſleeps for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But we ſhall not go far before we ſee God convert theſe her triumphs into tears; and this her falſe joy, into true miſery and confuſion for the ſame.

The manner thus:

Whiles *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, do in their lodging, for joy of this their bloody fact, carowſe the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan. *Imperia* putting an Angel's face on her devilliſh heart, goes (according to her accuſtomed manner) about ſix of the Clock in the morning, away with her Waiting-maid, and her Prayer-Book and Beads in hand, to hear Maſs at Saint *Francis* (which is the *Gray-Fryers*) Church, near to the *Jews* Street, with an intent to ſtay there in her Oriſons till paſt eight. But let the Reader judg with what a prophane zeal, and prodigious and impious devotion, ſhe doth it; as alſo farther know, that God who is the great judg of Heaven and Earth (in his ſacred Juſtice) is now reſolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaim and publiſh it to the ſight and knowledg of the world, by a way no leſs ſtrange than remarkable.

Within leſs than half an hour, that *Imperia* went away to Maſs at Saint *Francis* Church, an Inn-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the ſign of the Crown, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* houſe, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who ſpeaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, he delivereth and ſendeth up the Letter to his Unkle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber-door, he no ſooner entreth, but with his foot he ſtumbles at a pair of rich Gloves; which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Moroſini*, becauſe ſome two or three days together he had ſeen him wear them; he with a ſmile claps them into his pocket; and ſo giving his Unkle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: when, withdrawing the Curtains, he (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well-near cold in his bed, with a whole ſmall Orenge in his mouth; whereat he makes ſo lamentable and ſorrowful an out-cry, that the noiſe thereof brings up two ſervants of the houſe, to enquire and know what the cauſe thereof might be; who

who being likewise sad spectators of this their Master's sudden and untortunate death, they conceive and believe, that he had voluntarily stopped his own breath, and destroyed himself by putting this Orange in his mouth; and that his face being black and swollen, was only his own strugling for life against death: which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason, was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verifying and making apparent the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharp and quick apprehension) considering that these were *Morosini*'s Gloves, which he found there in his Unkle's Chamber; and his memory now telling his heart what lascivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately seen and known between him & his Aunt *Imperia*; as also, that God heretofore prompted and informed his soul, that they both had an equal share and hand in this lamentable murther of his Unkle, and that it was far better for him justly to ruin her now, than she unjustly to begger him hereafter: He therefore (with tears in his eyes) prays the servants to stay a little while in the Chamber with his dead Unkle, till his return; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestate (or Criminal Judg) of this City, named *Seignior Ludovicus Ceranno*, and in a passionate and sorrowful speech, makes him know as much as himself knows of this lamentable murther of his Unkle *Palmerius*; for the which, he strongly chargeth *Morosini*, and his said Aunt *Imperia*, to be the author and actor, and so craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowful at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the persons who he hears and fears are interested herein; when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he sits himself down in his Chair, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach nearer to him) he seriously demands of him these four Questions: First, If he were assured that these were *Morosini*'s Gloves? To which *Richardo* answered, He perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had seen him wear them three or four several times. Secondly, Where *Morosini* was lodged in that City? Whereat he replied, That he and his two Associates, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the sign of the Ship, upon the Key. Thirdly, Where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was? Whereat he tells him, She is now in St. *Francis* Church, in her devotions. And fourthly, What Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand? When he also informed him, That this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which *Seignior Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Unkle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inn-keeper of that Town named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said he had brought along with him to affirm so much: the which being called up before the Podestate, he upon his corporal Oath did so: when the Podestate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to speak this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

IT was a sensible grief to me, when I first heard of Morosini's *arrival from* Turky *to* Ancona; *but far the greater, when I first understood of his long and lingring stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do still prompt and assure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastity of thy Wife, my Daughter; so it is not impossible for him to plot somewhat against thine own life; for by nature and inclination I hear he is very malicious and revengeful. If he depart speedily to* Venice, *then burn this Letter in* Ancona, *(which I now send thee here by my neighbour* Antonio Herbas) *but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy self and thy Wife away to me here in* Loretto, *where my House shall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy self: Slight not this my careful and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart, so from my heart I most affectionately now send it to thee.*

BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Morosini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgment of *Herbas*, although hereupon he verily believes that *Palmerius* was stifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia*, and her lover *Morosini*; yet (as a wise Judg and a prudent Magistrate) he will inform his knowledg of one important point more, for the better disquisition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable business: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Host of the Ship upon the Key, where *Morosini* lodged, whose name he now knows to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to his

his house and presence, the which that friend of his performs; where the Podestate then told him, that he had been informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly sort he prays him to answer him the truth of three demands which he shall make unto him: First, If *Morosini*, and his Friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay in his house all the last night? or if not, When they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When *Fundi* (performing his duty and reverence to the Podestate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his house together the last night, with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could guess. Secondly, The Podestate shews him the Gloves, and asks of him if he thought these were *Morosini*'s? to which he answered, He did assure himself they were, for that he had many times seen him wear them. Thirdly, He enquires of him, if he knew where *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, now were? Whereunto he made answer, that after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily caroused and drank in their Chamber till six of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay soundly sleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will add subtilty to his power, and discretion to his authority. First therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a chamber here in his own house, to prevent that he should not return home to tell tales to *Morosini* and his associates. Then he presently sends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaso Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his coach to St. *Francis*-Church, & when they there see the fair Gentlewoman *Imperia* to issue forth, then in courteous manner, not to fail to bring her away in coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honoria* their Mother doth desire to see & speak with her, & that she wil please to pass one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where she (by the way of visits) had formerly sometimes been. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Father's commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espy *Imperia* on her knees, who now riseth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the street, with their Hats in their hands, do present their Lady-Mother's request and errand to her, as we have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podestate's two Sons, she at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved, & amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind she now (through her foul and guilty conscience) looks pale for sorrow, and presently red again for shame; so that in the turning of an hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangeth the Lillies of her cheeks into Roses, and those Roses as soon again into Lillies: but then (fearing her danger least, when she had all the reasons of the world both to doubt and fear it most) considering that the Podestate & the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now sent their Coach for her; as also observing the fair carriage and courteous language of these two young Sons towards her; she then (being blinded by the Devil) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgment and her self, that rejecting her fear, and composing her countenance to a modest chearfulness, she willingly obeys the Mother's commands, and accepts of the Sons courtesie, and so goes along home with them in their Coach: Where being arrived, these two young Gentlemen do usher and conduct her up the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father (accompanied with two other grave Officers of Justice) attended her coming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to transpierce her heart and soul with sorrow: When the Podestate calling her to him, he with a stern countenance gives her this thundering-peal for her Good-morrow and Break-fast: That he is sorry to see that so fair a Gentlewoman as her self, should harbour and enshrine so foul a heart. That her good old Husband, *Seignior Palmerius*, is this morning found stiefld to death in his bed, with an Orange in his mouth; and that he both thinks and assures himself, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato, *Morosini*; for the which he saith he is constrain'd (in honor to Justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holiness, his Soveraign Lord and Master: whereat this false hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighs and tears) cries out and tells him, That she left her old Husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore she hoped and trusted in God he is not murthered; or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great Wealth and Riches; or else by some Devil in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Morosini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Merchant by his Profession, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by Birth and Extraction; and that she dare pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent

nocent of this foul crime, as the Infants who were born but the last night; and that she hath far more reason to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, because she knows that God is the defender of innocents, & the protector of the righteous; with many other passionate and sorrowful speeches conducting and looking that way: but these her speeches & tears cannot prevail with the Podestate; for both he and his two Colleagues do yet firmly believe that she is guilty of this inhuman murther. So he imprisoneth her in a Chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the Common-Gaol of that City. Now as she is led along between two Ushers (or Serjeants) through a lower room, where all the Podestate's Servants, and some few others of the City, were flocked thither to see her pass by: she infinitely more caring for her *Morosini*'s life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espy *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood she sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*), and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speak with any of the company; she, amidst her tears, bethinks her self of a pretty policy: for as she past close by *Mercario*, she purposely lets fall her Gloves and wet-Handkerchief for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, she secretly and swiftly rounds him in his ear thus: I pray go instantly upon the Key to *Morosini*'s lodging, and tell him that I am a Prisoner in the Podestate's house, for the business he knows of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) do speedily provide for their safety; as also, that if I had a thousand lives, I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend & faithful handmaid: the which as soon as she had uttered, she is imprisoned in a dark Chamber, where she hath none but her guilty Conscience, the bare Walls, and the two Serjeants, for her miserable comforters. And yet here (thinking to breathe and draw some hope among all her despair & sorrows, she prays one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honoria*, the Podestate's Wife, & to pray her to oblige and honour her so much, as to see and speak a word with her. But she having been informed by the Judg her Husband, that he absolutely held & believed her to be the murtheress of her own Husband, *Seignior Palmerius*, she was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie; and therefore (in detestation of her foul fact) highly disdained to afford her this charity and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speak with her. And now do the Prodestate and his two Colleagues, sit and debate in Council with themselves, how and in what manner to surprise *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*; for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morosini*, they think that they two are accessaries with him herein: first, they are of opinion to seize on their Ship, which is at anchor in the Road, termed the *Realto* of *Venice*, (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City, termed the *Realto*; or else from the *Realto*-Bridg, which (for one Arch) is doubtless the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridg of the World) which Ship was of some three hundred Tuns, and bore some twenty pieces of Ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, & so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their Ship; and although their zeal to Justice, and haste for their apprehension, be very great; yet *Mercario*, out of his respects to *Imperia*, & affection to *Morosini*, trips down through the by-streets, & neerest way to the Key, so swiftly, as he had already secretly related him and his two Consorts, the sorrowful news which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat, with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inn, pack up their Trunks and Baggage, and resolve with all possible speed to flye to their ship; and then if not with, yet against the wind, to put into sea, and for their safety to leave *Ancona*, and sail for *Venice*. But yet here *Morosini*'s heart is perplexed with a thousand torments, to understand of his *Imperia*'s imminent and apparent danger; and with many Hells, instead of one, to see that he must now thus suddenly leave her dear sight and company, which he every way esteems no less than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But here again, violently called away by the importunate cries of *Astonicus* and *Donato*, and yet far more by the consideration of his own proper fear and danger; *Mercario* is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three, with their Swords drawn, rush down the stairs with equal intents and resolutions to exchange their Inn for their Ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security. But they shall see, that these weak and reeling hopes of theirs wil now deceive them: for they find all the doors of their Inn lockt within-side, & surrounded & beleagur'd without, with many armed Serjeants, Soldiers, and Citizens, for their apprehension: and although *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthful blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives dearly,

and

and with their Piſtols and Swords, to prefer an honourable to an infamous death; yet being far over-maſtred with numbers, are therefore enforced to take a Law of the ſtronger; whereunto they the ſooner hearken and conſent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld; as affirming, that to their knowledg, their reſolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a virtue of neceſſity, and unlocking the doors of their Inn and Chambers, do cheerfully yeeld up their Perſons, Piſtols, and Swords, to the Pope's Officers of Juſtice, who ſoon convey them all three to the Common-Priſon of that City, which was the ſame wherein our not ſo ſorrowful as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred; and where, to her unexpreſſible grief, and *Moroſini*'s unparallel'd affliction and diſconſolation, ſuch exact charge was given of the Podeſtate, and ſuch curious heed obſerved and taken of the Gaoler, that he could not poſſibly be permitted either to ſee or ſpeak with her, or ſhe with him; the which indeed they conceived to be far more ſharp than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the conſideration either of their fear or danger.

Now the news of theſe lamentable accidents being ſpeedily poſted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperia*'s cruel Father *Bondino* no ſooner is aſcertained thereof, but ſeeing his Son-in-law *Palmerius* murthered in his bed, and his Wife, his own only Daughter, *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Moroſini*, and his two Conſorts) to be impriſoned as the Authors and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life, and the tender pity and ſorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, ſuddenly falls ſick and dies; whereof his impriſoned Daughter *Imperia* underſtanding, ſhe (in regard of his former ſeverity towards her) is ſo much paſſionate, and ſo little compaſſionate, as ſhe rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; only ſhe prays God to forgive his ſoul of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which ſhe knows to be the original cauſe and fatal cloud, from whence have proceeded all theſe diſmal ſtorms of affliction, and tempeſts of untimely death, which ſhe fears muſt very ſhortly befall both her ſelf, and her ſecond ſelf, *Moroſini*.

Whiles thns *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, & *Moroſini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and ſorrow for their ſeparation, than for their impriſonment; and that the Podeſtate and other Officers of Juſtice of *Ancona*, are reſolved firſt to inform the Pope, and then to expect his Holineſs pleaſure for the arraignment and puniſhment of theſe four Priſoners. It pleaſed God exceedingly to viſit the Town of *Loretto*, and eſpecially the City of *Ancona*, with the Plague, whereof many thouſands in a few months were ſwept away: ſo, by ſpecial Commiſſion and Order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Priſoners) are conveyed to the City of *Polignio*, two ſmall days journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tryed upon their lives and deaths: at which time, as they paſt by the old little City of *Tolentino*, where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a Burning-Fever; when, I ſay, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their perſons, made my curioſity ſo ambitious, as to ſee and obſerve them in their ſeveral Chambers of the Inn, where they that night lay, which was at the Sign of the Pope's Arms: as for *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, I found them to be rather ſad than merry; *Moroſini* to be far more merry than wiſe; and *Imperia* to be infinitely more fair than fortunate; and all of them to be leſs ſorrowful for their affliction and danger, than for the cauſe thereof.

Within three hours of their arrival to *Polignio*, they are all four convented before the two Criminal Judges, who are purpoſely ſent from *Rome* thither, and are there and then ſeverally charged with this foul murthering or ſtifling to death the old *Seignior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do ſtiffly deny, notwithſtanding that *Fundi* the Hoſte, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of ſtrong preſumption againſt them, and alſo notwithſtanding of *Moroſini*'s Gloves, and *Bondino*'s Letter written to his Son-in-law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas*, as we have formerly underſtood. But theſe two grave and prudent Judges yet ſtrongly ſuſpecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words and ſugred ſpeeches and proteſtations of their pretended innocency, but conſult between themſelves what here to reſolve on for the vindication of this truth: ſo at laſt they hold it expedient and requiſite, firſt to expoſe *Aſtonicus* to the torment of the Rack; the which he (being a ſtrong & robuſtous man) endureth with a firm reſolution & conſtancy every way above himſelf, & almoſt beyond belief, & ſtill confeſſeth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact: whereof the Judges reſting not yet ſatisfied, they within an hour after adjudg *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion, and weak conſtitution of body, his right foot no ſooner feels the unſufferable fury of the fire, and his torments then confidently promiſing him all deſired favour from his

Judges

Judges, if he will confeſs the truth; but after ſome ſorrowful tears, and pitiful cryes, he fully and amply doth, and in the ſame manner & form as in all its circumſtances we have formerly underſtood. The which when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain firſt from admiring and wondering thereat, and then from lamenting that Perſonages of their rank and quality ſhould be the authors and actors of ſo foul and lamentable a Murther, eſpecially of this fair Gentlewoman *Imperia*, to her own good old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time alſo are *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus*, acquainted with this fatal confeſſion and accuſation of *Donato*, againſt them for this murther; whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, becauſe they are thereby perfectly aſſured, that it hath infallibly made them all three liable and obnoxious to death; as alſo, for that their ſuppoſed firm friend *Donato* proved himſelf ſo falſe a man, and ſo true a coward, to be the cauſe thereof; wherein they ſo much forget themſelves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foul Murther proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the Providence and Juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts.

The very ſame afternoon, the Judges ſent for *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus*, to appear before them in their publick Tribunal of Juſtice, where they firſt acquaint & charge them with *Donato*'s confeſſion and accuſation againſt them for murthering of *Palmerius*; whereat they are ſo far from being any way diſmayed or daunted, as they all do deny and refel his accuſation, and ſo in high terms do ſtand upon their innocency and juſtification. But when they ſee *Donato* brought into the Court in a Chair (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines had ſo cruelly ſcorched, and pitifully burnt away the fleſh of the ſole of his right foot, almoſt to the bone, that he was wholly unable either to go or ſtand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him; as alſo, they being alſo hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack & Scarpines, then God was ſo gracious to their hearts, and ſo merciful to their ſouls, that they looking mournfully each at other, ſhe weeping, and they ſighing, and all of them deſpairing of life, and too perfectly aſſured of death, they all confeſs the whole truth of this foul fact of theirs, and ſo confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his bed: when one of theſe two reverend and grave Judges, immediately thereupon do condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of Execution of that City; although *Donato*, becauſe of his confeſſion thereof, in vain flattered himſelf that he ſhould receive a pardon for his life. So they are all ſent back to their Priſon from whence they came, where all the courteſie which the importunate requeſts of *Moroſini*, and the inceſſant ſighs and tears of *Imperia*, can obtain of their Judges, is, that they grant them an hour of time to ſee, converſe, and ſpeak one with the other that night in priſon, in preſence of their Gaolers, and ſome other perſons, before they dye. When *Moroſini* being guided towards her Chamber, ſuch is the weakneſs of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paſſeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is ſo far from once thinking, much leſs fearing of death, as he abſolutely believes he is going to a victory and a triumph: here *Moroſini*, with a world of ſighs, throws himſelf into his *Imperia*'s neck and breaſt; and here *Imperia*, with a whole deluge of tears, embraceth and encloiſtereth her *Moroſini* in her arms; when, after a thouſand kiſſes, they beg pardon one of another for being the eſſential and actual cauſe each of other's death, and do interchangeably both kiſs and ſpeak, ſometimes privately, and moſt times publickly, before the ſpectators; that, if thoſe reports be true which I firſt heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Polignio*, and laſtly in *Rome*; I ſay, to depaint and repreſent it at life, in all its circumſtances, I ſhould then begin a ſecond Hiſtory, when I am now on the very point and period to end the firſt; neither, in my conceit, is it a task either proper for me to undertake, or pertinent for my pen to perform, becauſe (to ſpeak freely and ingenuouſly) I hold the grant and permiſſion of this their amorous viſit and interview in priſon before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity, than of the gravity or piety of their Judges.

If therefore I do not content and pleaſe the curioſity, I yet hope I ſhal endeavour my ſelf to ſatisfie the judgment of my Chriſtian Reader, here briefly to ſignifie, this their limited hour is no ſooner paſt, but to the ſharp affliction of *Moroſini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Gaolers are ſeparated, and confined to their ſeveral Chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they find two Friers and two Nuns attending them, to prepare their ſouls for Heaven; and in a leſs vain, and a more ſerious and religious conference, to entertain both their time and themſelves, from an earthly, to the ſpeculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love; as alſo, from them to *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*. But before I proceed farther, we muſt underſtand, that the two Friers have not been with *Moroſini*, and the two Nuns with

Imperia above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief ſubordinate Officer of theirs ſent to priſon, to tell *Imperia*, that her Unkle, *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judg of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII. But ſhe is not ſo glad of his news, as ſhe is then curious to enquire if her *Moroſini* be likewiſe pardoned; ſo the Officer tells her, no; and that he abſolutely muſt ſuffer death: then ſhe weeps far faſter than ſhe rejoyceth; and affirms, that ſhe will not live, but dye. The Judges ſend for her, and perſwade her to live; but ſhe begs them as importunately to give *Moroſini* his life, as they do her, to accept & receive her own. They tell her, they have not the power to grant her the firſt; and ſhe replies, that ſhe then hath not the will to embrace & entertain the ſecond. They acquaint *Moroſini* herewith, who by their order, and by their ſelves, do ſtrongly perſwade her hereunto; but her firſt anſwer & reſolution is her laſt, that ſhe will accept of no life if he muſt dye; neither wil he refuſe any death conditionally, that ſhe may live to ſurvive him. The two Friers and two Nunns uſe their beſt art and oratory to perſwade her hereunto: but they meet with impoſſibility to make her affection to *Moroſini*, and her reſolution to her ſelf, flexible hereunto. Her life is not half ſo precious to her, as is his; for if ſhe had many, as ſhe hath but one, ſhe is both ready and reſolute to loſe and ſacrifice them all for his ſake; & would eſteem it her felicity, that her death might redeem & ranſom his life: the Judges (out of their goodneſs and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perſwade hereunto: but ſhe is ſtill deaf to their requeſts, and ſtill one and the ſame woman, deſirous to live with him, or conſtant and reſolute to dye for him. Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, becauſe dye he muſt, ſo dye ſhe will; to the which ſhe chearfully prepares her ſelf, with an equal affection and reſolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the place of common execution to ſuffer death. Where *Donato* is firſt lifted up to the Ladder; who, being fuller of pain than words, ſaid little in effect, but that he wiſhed he had either dyed in *Conſtantinople* or *Aleppo*, or elſe ſunk in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his days in miſery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him, was *Aſtonicus*; who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared leſs for his death, than for the cauſe thereof; and that he loved *Moroſini* ſo perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoiced than grieved to dye for him; only he repented himſelf for aſſiſting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and ſoul beſeeched God to forgive it him; & ſo he was turned over. Then *Moroſini* aſcends the Ladder, clad in a hair-colour Satin-ſuit, and a pair of Crimſon ſilk Stockings, with Garters and Roſes edged with ſilver lace, being ſo vain in his carriage, action, and ſpeeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of ſighs) takes a ſolemn league of his Sweet-heart *Imperia*, & with all the powers of his heart and ſoul, prays her to accept of his life, and ſo to ſurvive him. He makes an exact and godly confeſſion of his ſins to God & the World; and yet nevertheleſs he is ſo vain in his affection towards *Imperia*, as he takes both to witneſs, that had he a thouſand lives, he would cheerfully loſe them all to ſave and preſerve hers. As for *Imperia*, ſuch was her dear and tender affection to him, as ſhe would fain look on him as long as he lives; and yet ſhe equally deſires and reſolves rather to dye than to ſee him dye: and becauſe ſhe hath not the power, therefore ſhe turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to ſee him dye: when he having ſaid his prayers, and ſo recommended his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, he is alſo turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* be here again and again ſolicited by the Judges, Fryers, and Nunns, to accept of her life; yet ſhe ſeeing her other ſelf, *Moroſini*, dead, ſhe therefore diſdains to ſurvive him: ſhe hath ſo much love in her heart, as now ſhe hath little life, and leſs joy in her looks and countenance. She aſcends the Ladder in a plain black Taffata Gown, a plain thick-ſet Ruff, a white Lawn Quaif, and a long black Cypreſs Vail over her head, with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer-Book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than ſpeak, ſhe caſting a wonderful ſad and ſorrowful look on her dead lover *Moroſini*, after many volleys of far-fetch'd ſighs, ſhe delivers this ſhort ſpeech to that great concourſe of people, who from City and Countrey flocked thither to ſee her and them dye:

Good people, I had lived more happy, and not dyed ſo miſerable, if my Father *Bondino* had not ſo cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius*, whom I could not love; and to leave *Moroſini*, whom in heart & ſoul I ever affected a thouſand times dearer than mine own life; and may all Fathers who now ſee my death, or ſhall hereafter hear or read this my Hiſtory, be more pitiful and leſs cruel to their Daughters, by his example. I do here now ſuffer many deaths in one, to ſee that my dear *Moroſini* is dead for my ſake: for had he not loved me dearly, and I him tenderly, he had never dyed for me, nor I for him, with ſuch cheerfulneſs and alacrity

crity as now we do. And here, to deal truly with God and the world, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and ſoul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death; the which God forgive me, and I likewiſe requeſt you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or diſſemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather becauſe I have no more lives to loſe for my *Moroſini*'s affection and ſake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his ſoul, and ſo I heartily requeſt and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and proſperous lives, my ſelf to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyful and a glorious reſurrection in Heaven; when ſigning her ſelf often with the ſign of the Croſs, ſhe pulls her vail down over her face, and ſo praying that ſhe might be buried in one and the ſame Grave with *Moroſini*, ſhe bad the Executioner perform his Office; who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true, Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman, dyed more lamented and pitied than they: For, *Moroſini* dyed with more reſolution than repentance; and *Imperia*, with more repentance than reſolution: thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wiſdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty; ſo ſhall we live as happy as they dyed miſerably, and finiſh our days and lives in as much content and tranquility, as they ended theirs in ſhame, infamy, and confuſion.

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper, poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where, a month after, a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flye upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

WHere our hearts are given to covetouſneſs and cruelty, there is little ſign of grace, and therefore leſs hope of our proſperity either in this life, or the next: for thoſe are ſins which ſo eclipſe our judgments, and obſcure and darken our underſtandings, that we thereby run blindfolded and headlong to all miſery and confuſion; and makes our eſtates ſo deſperate, that we ſhall not deſerve to be pitied of others, becauſe we would neither pity nor compaſſionate others, or (which is worſe) our ſelves. A deplorable example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will preſent to our knowledg and conſideration, in the perſons of two execrable wretches, which did wilfully caſt away themſelves and their lives, upon foul and enormous motives. May we religiouſly read it, to the information of our conſciences, and reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldſmith of *Dijon* (the Capital City of *Burgundy*) named *Monſieur De Laurier*, aged of ſome threeſcore years or upwards, having been at *Frankford Mart*, and there ſold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there receiv'd ſome 1700 Crowns; as he returned homewards with all that great ſum of money, converted into double Piſtols,

Piſtols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak-bag; and ſome remaining Jewels in a private Leather Girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell ſick on the way, whereof finding himſelf ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling & unable to travel, he got into a poor Countrey-Tavern upon the high-way, ſome five leagues off from the Town of *Salynes*, where he took up his lodging for that night; & there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindly forſook him, and left him alone to himſelf. His ſickneſs that night encreaſing (which gave him much pain, & little reſt), he not liking his lodging, and fearing himſelf not ſafe there, the next morning takes horſe, & very ſoftly rides towards *Salynes*, where he arrived about ſome two of the clock after dinner, and went into the very firſt Inn which he met, at the extreameſt end of the Town, at the Sign of St. *Denis*, whereof the Hoaſt of the Houſe was named *Adrian*, and his wife *Iſabella*; they were both of them about ſome forty years old, very ſhort of ſtature, and weak of conſtitution of body: he, of a cole-black countenance, but ſhe fair, and of a pale white colour. As for him, he was of a diſſolute life and carriage, extreamly given to Wine and Women; he was of poor parentage, and born to no Means at all; but ſhe was well deſcended, and brought him at leaſt two thouſand Crowns to her portion in marriage; the which he had prodigally waſted, and debauchedly ſpent and ſquandred away, in following of his vicious riot, and obſcene pleaſures and prodigalities. As for her, ſhe was of a modeſt carriage, and of a virtuous diſpoſition and inclination; ſo that, by Antitheſis, I may very well aver and affirm, That his baſe vices made her ſweet virtues the more apparent and conſpicuous, & her virtues his vices, to all that knew them. She made chaſtity and piety to be the two ſweet ornaments and Jumeal virtues of her life; yea, to be the Elixir of her life, & the life of her ſoul. It was therefore an extream grief to her heart, & a matchleſs torment to her mind, to ſee the ſordid actions and humours of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to ſee how (becauſe he would not ſerve God, ſhe could not ſerve him; and therefore, that he had vitiouſly ſpent ſo much, as now in a manner he had almoſt nothing more left to ſpend: the ſight and knowledg whereof, drowns all the pleaſures of her life, inſomuch as ſhe could ſacrifice to nothing but to ſorrow and repentance; and that which grieved her moſt and worſt of all, was, to ſee that he diſdained her advice and counſel, and that he was ſo far from reformation, as his vices grew and encreaſed with his years; and had now not only taken up a habit, but a ſecond nature, in the perverſity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joys, and the Roſes of her content, were turned into thorns of grief, and briers and thiſtles of her vexation; inſomuch as ſhe was far more able to ſigh, than to ſpeak forth her calamities and miſeries. He loved not his houſe; and (which was worſe) he hated her company: yea, his eſtate was ſo miſerable, ſo deplorable, as he never converſed with God in prayer, and very ſeldom frequented his Church, the Service, or Sacraments; and, to ſhew himſelf the more prophane, he hated all Prieſts and Preachers of God's holy Word and Ordinances, and loved none ſo well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyſon and contagion of the ſoul.

And into this houſe, and to this vicious Hoaſt *Adrian*, is our ſick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his ſickneſs, and the recovery of his health; and I write ratherwith tears than Ink, that it was impoſſible for him to have entred into a worſe: but ſuch was his fate, ſuch his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Iſabella* his Hoſtis, far better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his diſeaſe gives him no truce, ſo conſequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be ſick in an unknown place, and among ſtrangers; but far more to be ſo far off from his own houſe, and from his only Child and Son, *Leonardo*, whom he loves far dearer than himſelf. It is another affliction to him, that his money and ſome Jewels, are here, and not at home; and, if his judgment fail him not, he ſuggeſteth to himſelf, that the ſight and knowledg thereof may engender him far more danger than ſecurity: but he conceals and diſſembles that, far better than he can his ſickneſs; for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his Head and Bolſter. He cauſeth *Adrian* his Hoaſt to bring him a Phyſician named *La Motte*; who ſeeing his water, & feeling his pulſe, tells him he is very dangerouſly ſick of a Burning-Fever; the which to prevent, he lets him blood two ſeveral days following, and then gives him far more hope than deſpair of his health; but all this notwithſtanding, *De Laurier* finds himſelf very weak, and his ſickneſs rather much to encreaſe, than any way to diminiſh. As for *Iſabella*, according to the Laws of Hoſpitality (which ought to be inviolable to all the world), ſhe tends him with much reſpect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty both of a good Hoſtis, and of a good Woman. But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and reſolutions run another contrary courſe and career: for he, imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray, that

he may ſpeedily dye in his houſe, or elſe he hath already ſwapt a bargain with the Devil to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruins of his poor and tottering eſtate. He finds it not only a work of difficulty, but of impoſſibility, to know what rich ſtuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, becauſe he ſtill keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wreſting from him, that he is a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Frankford* Mart, he therefore believes that he hath ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetouſneſs gives the ſwitch to the Devil, and the Devil gives the ſpurr to him, to raiſe his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and reſolutions as ſo many lines, run to terminate in this one only Center, which is that of *De Laurier's* death. He ſets his wits & inventions on the Tenter-hooks, to diſcover this imagined *Indies*; but he finds him to be as cautious and ſecret in concealing, as he himſelf is curious to bewray it. He purpoſely keeps all company from him, & will not ſo much as permit his Phyſician or Apothecary to ſpeak a word with him, but he wil ſtill be preſent to hear and underſtand it. He with oily-words and ſilken-ſpeeches, pryes into his deepeſt ſecrets, and purpoſely endeavoureth to inſinuate and ſcrew himſelf into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather fear than love him, and ſo eſteems the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger; to the which end, with many colourable excuſes and evaſions, he puts him off the knowledg thereof. But he is ſo miſerable to ſee his miſeries approach, becauſe the violence and impetuoſity of his Fever doth every way advance, no way retire: and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health, do fade, not flouriſh; and rather quaile than proſper. He reſolves to be as religious as he is ſick, and therefore prays his Hoaſt, *Adrian*, to bring him a Prieſt to give him the Sacrament: *Adrian* performs his requeſt, but brings him a Prieſt named Father *Juſtinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either Wife or God: ſo this unſpiritual Father gives him the Extream Unction, and prepares him for his journey and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continual vanities and prodigalities, have likewiſe made him poor: ſo being equal with *Adrian*, both in vice and poverty, he is likewiſe equal, and ſympathizeth with him in hope and deſire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himſelf by the ſuppoſed treaſure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this debauched Prieſt is malicious in this his policy, ſo he is alſo politick in this his malice, for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aims with him at the ſame Butt and Mark. He dares, but yet will not acquaint him with this his bloody purpoſe, to contract a helliſh league and confederation with him, for the violent diſpatch, and inhuman and untimely diſpeeding of him away from Earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Laurier's* ſickneſs and weakneſs encreaſeth, & his Prieſt and *Adrian's* covetouſneſs begins wholly to weigh down their ſouls and reſolutions, to haſten his deplorable death; as the Prieſt is ready to break his mind to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they ſhould finiſh and compaſs this bloody buſineſs, *Adrian* contrariwiſe, yea, and directly contrary to the Rules of Nature, and Laws of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his virtuous and religious Wife *Iſabella*, whom he ſeeks to draw in as an actor in this mournful, & as an agent in this cruel Tragedy. He is as graceleſs as impudent in this foul & fatal attempt of his; for he ſets upon her with the ſweeteſt ſpeech and ſmootheſt perſwaſions that either art could ſuggeſt, or the malice of the devil invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon leaves not to conveigh and diſtil in her mind, yea, and to imprint in her memory their fore-paſt wealth, their preſent poverty and miſery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have obſerved) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his Pillow; and in a helliſh eloquence repreſents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poniard, or Poyſon; adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him; with a thouſand other damnable alluring ſpeeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to ſilence, than expreſs: But wretched Villain, and execrable Miſcreant that he is, he ſpeaks not a word, no not a ſyllable, of God or his Juſtice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulneſs of that fact, or the juſt revenge and puniſhment incident and due thereunto.

His virtuous wife *Iſabella* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody and inhuman propoſition of her Husband; and all trembling, with ſighs and tears, receives it from him with no leſs true affection and ſorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for ſhame, as his were pale with envy thereat; when God infuſing as much goodneſs into her heart & tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his ſoul and reſolutions, ſhe fell on her knees to his feet, & with her eyes and hands erected towards Heaven, delivered him this virtuous and religious ſpeech: That it was with infinite grief & amazement that ſhe underſtood this his bloody propoſition to her, which ſhe knew he could derive from none but Hell & Satan:

She

She repreſents to him (with much grief and paſſion) that as puniſhment is ever the reward of ſin; ſo that of all ſins Murther was the fouleſt, and the moſt pernicious and diabolical. She tels him farther, that covetouſneſs is the root of all miſchief; that for her part ſhe is as thankful to God, as he is diſpleaſed with himſelf, for their poverty; and that ſhe would ever chuſe rather to live in want, than to dye in miſery and ſhame, and, which is worſt of all, either to live or dye in the horrors and terrors of a guilty and ulcerated conſcience: that it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of Hoſpitality; but a fearful, yea, horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of Humanity and Chriſtianity) comes to us for ſhelter and protection. When riſing again from her knees, ſhe takes him about the neck, and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been ſo dear and precious to him; by the memory of her ſixteen years ſweet cohabitation and converſation together in the holy eſtate of Wedlock; yea, for his own ſake, for his ſoul's ſake, and for God's ſake, that he would defie the Devil, which thus with his two bitter-ſweet Pills of Covetouſneſs & Murther, mocked and ſought to betray him; and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would thenceforth reſume and put on a conſtant and religious reſolution, no more to ſeduce her, or to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeduced by the Devil, in embruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt and harmleſs Goldſmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their gueſt and lodger; in doing whereof (quoth ſhe) the ſame our ſacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciouſly pleaſed to encreaſe our eſtate and means, and to bleſs our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a moſt wretched Villain) takes this godly refuſal and denial of his Wife, in ill part; and in requital and conſideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a ſquint-eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envy, than of affection; but at board and bed, yea, day and night, he haunts her as a ghoſt, and never leaves purſuing of her with his prophane and importunate ſollicitations, to draw her conſent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody buſineſs: but God ſo well aſſiſted her mind and thoughts with the grace of his holy Spirit, and ſo divinely fortified her heart and ſoul with his ſacred fear, that her Husband's ſweet perſwaſions could not gain, nor his threats or menaces obtain any thing of her; but ſtill ſhe anſwer'd this murtherous requeſt of his ſometimes with religious refuſals, and then again with paſſionate and peremptory denials; and therefore the more that ſhe ſees her Husband bent to malign and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and reſolute ſhe is to reſpect and tend him, ſtill bearing a curious, a careful, and a vigilant eye over him, during all the time of his ſickneſs, to ſee that no diſaſter whatſoever might befall him in her houſe.

Adrian miſſing of this his purpoſe and deſire in his Wife, he is yet ſo haſty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that meaſuring of Father *Juſtinian*, the Prieſt, by himſelf, and finding a conformity in their debauched vices and inclinations, he the ſooner hopes to find a ſympathy in their affections and reſolutions; and therefore although he be a Prieſt, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more eaſily believes, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon theſe hopes, and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Monday-morning repairs to his houſe; and after their morning-cups, telling him he hath a ſecret of great importance to reveal him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut-trees, behind his houſe, and there (ſwearing him to ſecreſie) reveals him this his bloody buſineſs, where this vicious Prieſt, *Juſtinian*, in hope of *De Laurier*'s wealth, needed no great labour or induſtry, to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy: for, had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, ſuch was his inſatiable thirſt and deſire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully reſolved to do it to him: ſo he freely conſents to him herein, and ſwears to aſſiſt and ſecond him in murthering of *De Laurier*; and the tye and condition of this their helliſh bargain is, That what Gold, Silver, or Jewels, they ſhall find him to have, they will inſtantly after his death equally divide and ſhare between them: and hereunto like (two bloody Hell-hounds) they interchangeably give hands, and ſolemnly ſwear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody deſign and reſolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein: for Father *Juſtinian*'s little Boy, which was accuſtomed to anſwer him at Maſſe, comes thither haſtily, and with his little Wine-Pot on his finger, tells him, that there were many perſons who ſtayed for him before the Altar, on their knees, and earneſtly enquired for him to ſay Maſſe: whereupon they both refer the concluſion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very ſame place and Grove, but at leaſt an hour ſooner. So away goes

Adrian

Adrian home to his houſe, & away likewiſe trips Father *Juſtinian* with his Surplice under his Arm, and his Breviary (or Mattins-book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine what a prophane ſacrifice his bloody hands and heart offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and Blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delays) come at the aforeſaid time and place of their rendezvous, where they preſently fall to their former conſultation of the manner & time of murthering *De Laurier*; firſt they propoſe to ſtab him in his bed to death; but this they reject, becauſe the blood would appear in the ſheets, bed, and chamber. So they reſolve to poyſon him; and to this end *Adrian* buys the poyſon, and Father *Juſtinian* will give and adminiſter it to him in a Wafer, or *Agnus Dei*, the which he is ſometimes accuſtomed to give him in his ſickneſs. But here Father *Juſtinian* ſuggeſteth another doubt, and propoſeth another deſign; which is, that *Adrian* muſt likewiſe draw in his Wife *Iſabella*, to make one in this bloody conſpiracy and murther, or elſe he alledgeth that it can never be ſafe for them to attempt or effect it. *Adrian* anſwereth him, that he hath heretofore with his beſt power and art ſought to ſeduce his Wife hereunto, but that he finds it wholly impoſſible to draw her to this conſent. But Father *Juſtinian* will yet make another trial and experiment on her himſelf; ſo he and her Husband *Adrian* ſet afreſh on her, to allure her, to bring at leaſt her conſent, if not her hand, to the murthering of *De Laurier*. But our ſweet and virtuous *Iſabella* is ſtill one and the ſame woman, for ſhe hears theſe bloody ſpeeches and perſwaſions of theirs, with infinite diſcontent and deteſtation. She is too much a Chriſtian, to be ſo much a Devil, to conſent to the murther of this honeſt man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) ſhe ſeeks to divert them from it, but eſpecially her Husband, becauſe (quoth ſhe) the iſſue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her reſolute repulſe and denial; and yet, to make a virtue of neceſſity, and to caſt the better gloſs and varniſh on their villany, they now falſly ſeem to be diſſwaded from this Murther, by the ſight of her tears, and the conſideration of her requeſts and prayers: wherefore (with a prophane and helliſh diſſimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious ſpeeches and diſſwaſions, hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs againſt *De Laurier*, as alſo the very thought thereof; & therefore they conjure her to keep & ſwear ſecreſie herein from all the World; the which ſhe willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this human converſion, and religious reſolution of theirs is only falſe and feigned, as every way favouring more of diſſimulation than truth. In which regard ſhe fears with ſuſpition, and ſuſpects with doubt, that no leſs than honeſt and innocent *De Laurier*'s life, lies now at the ſtake of their bloody malice and envy.

Here Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* (to make ſmooth and clear work) do conclude and reſolve, that *Iſabella* muſt be ſpeedily removed from *Salynes*, to ſome place in the Country, without once ſeeing or ſpeaking with *De Laurier*; when a favourable occaſion ſeconds their damnable intents and deſires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father, who dwelt ſome four leagues off from *Salynes*, is very ſick, & not like to live: whereupon *Adrian* preſently diſpatcheth away his wife *Iſabella* to him, & with her, their ſervant-maid *Graceta*. But before her departure, ſhe is deſirous to ſee *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her Husband will by no means permit her: ſo ſhe goes from her home, and from him, into the Countrey, with a ſorrowful and a trembling heart; as far more fearing *De Laurier*'s unnatural death, than doubting of her Father's natural cauſe: for her heart frames her ſo many apprehenſions, fears, and terrors, that her Husband and Father *Juſtinian* are fully reſolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as ſhe abſolutely and ſorrowfully believes that he ſhall never ſee her more, nor ſhe him. Poor *De Laurier* takes his Hoſteſs *Iſabella*'s ſudden and unexpected departure from him, very penſively and heavily, and far the more, in that ſhe could not be permitted to ſee him before ſhe went; he holds it for a bad preſage, and fatal Omen to him, in regard ſhe was as diligent as her Husband diſtruſtful to him; for that her care and carriage towards him, pleaſed him as much, as his harſh looks and ſowr countenance diſcontented him: and now it is that God firſt imprints in his heart & thoughts a fearful ſuſpition, and a ſuſpitious fear, that his Hoaſt *Adrian*, and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, have aſſuredly ſome dangerous and execrable plot both againſt his Gold and his Life. For he now ſees himſelf reduced to this miſery & deſpair, that he can be permitted to ſee no body, nor no body to ſee him, except only they two. He prays them both, that his Phyſician *La Motte*, may come to him to confer with him about the ſtate of his ſickneſs; but they malicioufly and wilfully deny it him, and tell him he is gone into *France*: this refuſing anſwer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our ſick and diſcontented *De Laurier*, ſo that his fear encreaſeth with his ſickneſs, & his ſickneſs with his fear. Every day & night brings him more

cauſe

cause of despair, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment he wisheth his Gold and himself in *Dijon* with his Son *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his sight and presence. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels from this Priest and his Hoast, with the greatest art and care he can, and yet he thinks and fears that their jealousie thereof is not only the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger: for he very often sees them privately whispering together, and still he observes some bad sign and fatal apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet he notwithstanding the more believes that they are candid in wormwood and confected in Gall; and that they are no other but false and flattering Sunshines, which portend some ensuing cruel storms and dismal tempests towards him. Once he was minded to write and send to *Dijon* for his Son, but then he as soon resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might contain, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakness and sickness, to his doubts, and fears, and to his sorrows, calamities and perplexities, and come we again to speak of wretched *Adrian* his Hoast, and of prophane Father *Justinian* the Priest, to see in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this History.

They are both of them so inhumane and cruel in their resolution to murther poor sick *De Laurier*, that neither the consideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his hellish Hoast *Adrian*, he is so wilful and hasty in his malice, as he tells Father *Justinian*, that they delay too long from murthering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for Father *Justinian* who was no less malicious in his subtilty, but yet far more subtil in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I say, maturely considering that it were both a folly and a madness for them to murther him before they first knew he were rich, and that he had some store of Gold about him, he therefore in sweet terms and phrases pathetically adviseth him to write and send for his Son *Du Pont* to come over to visit and comfort him; when likewise, the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleasing and palpable shew of affection, he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himself to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poor sick *De Laurier* taking this Priests kind advice to him in good part, thereupon first thanks him for this his courtesie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than from any true or real affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than imbrace and follow that resolution; but at last weighing and considering his sickness by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as also if he should chance to die or miscarry there, that his Son were then consequently ruined in the loss thereof; he thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to *Dijon* for his Son, and to that end requesteth Father *Justinian* to excuse him, and so prays his *Hoast Adrian* to undertake that journey and business, the which he willingly and chearfully granteth. Now the rest of that day, and the greatest part of the next night *De Laurier* lies ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Son, and no less doth Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, six of the clock having strucken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes this Letter to his Son. An hour after, *Adrian* comes into his Chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom he bade to take and ride his own horse, then gives him four double Pistols to defray his journey, and so seals and gives him this ensuing Letter, and prays him and his Son *Du Pont* to make all possible speed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER to DU PONT.

Some seven weeks since, coming from Franckfort *Mart, I fell sick at* Salynes, *where I still lie very weak in body, and much discontented in mind, in the house of mine Hoast* Adrian (*the bearer hereof*) *whom I purposely send over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all possible speed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns, and (for some private reasons) I fear that neither it nor my life is safe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this Messenger, but trust him not; God prosper my health, and ever bless thy prosperity.*

DE LAURIER.

As soon as *De Laurier* had delivered his *Hoast Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Justinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take horse. But alas these two

lewd Villains do deceive his honeſt hopes, to pertorm their own treacherous intents & purpoſes; for they fly to a low parlour, and then lock and bolt the door to them; where (as if the Devil had thrown them on covetouſneſs, or covetouſneſs on the Devil) they haſtily break up the ſeals of *De Lauriers* Letter to his Son (which we have already ſeen and underſtood) wherein they glut and ſurfet their hopes with joy of this new deſired treaſure, and diſcovered *Indies*, and ſo they preſently ſacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly reſolve to make that very ſame enſuing night to be the very laſt of *De Lauriers* time, and the firſt of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* huſheth himſelf up privately in his houſe from the ſight of all the world, and eſpecially from *De Laurier's* knowledg, and ſo here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Dijon*, before he began it: And he having procured exceeding ſtrong poiſon, therewith that night to ſend *De Laurier* to Heaven, whereof giving a little to his great old Maſtiff-dog in a piece of bread for a trial, he therewith preſently fell dead to the ground; he likewiſe ſends away *Thomas* his Oſtler a days journy into the Country upon ſome feigned buſineſs, to the end he ſhould be no witneſs of this foul and cruel fact of theirs; and then all things being firſt by the Devil, and then by theſe his two execrable agents prepared in a readineſs; Father *Juſtinian* goes up to *De Laurier's* Chamber, and treacherouſly entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haſte of *Adrian's* journey, and conſequently with the ſpeedy return of his Son *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and grief that *De Laurier's* heart & mind is preoccupated with too many obnoxious apprehenſions, and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and deſpair to the contrary: For as moſt ſickneſſes and diſeaſes are moſt commonly devanced and preceded by their ſyptomes, ſo all that day, and all the evening he found a ſwimming in his head, and his ſight obſcured and darkned, as if ſome black ſcarf, or fatal cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewiſe pants, beats and trembles within him, as if it and his ſenſes were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direful departure and fatal ſequeſtration. For ſtill his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehenſions and deſpair prompt him, that either Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, or his Hoaſt *Adrian*, or both of them, had conſpired to murther him, the which he once thought to have revealed to Father *Juſtinian*, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than diſcretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than ſafety; he neither can, nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is ſo inceſſantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he ſhall not out-live the next enſuing night: And now indeed comes that ſorrowful and diſmal night, wherein theſe two bloody Villains have fully reſolved to poiſon him, *Adrian* having in a lower room the poiſon ready, and Father *Juſtinian* above, almoſt ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Laurier's* Chamber burnt dim and obſcure, as diſdaining to ſee, or be acceſſary to ſo cruel a murther; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his ſorrowful diſtracted ſlumbers, and prays Father *Juſtinian* to give him a little ſpoonful or two of warm wine, in a ſmall earthen pot wherein he was uſed to drink; when this monſter of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he ſteps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poiſoned wafer from him, and pours the poiſon from it into this ſmall black pot of wine, and ſo warms it a little by the fire in *De Laurier's* Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many ſtrong convulſions and ſtrugling, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to ſcritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the Bed-ſtaves ram in a great Holland-towel into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly ſtrong poiſon had wrought its operation before, made a full conqueſt of his life, and given up his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As ſoon as theſe two wretched miſcreants have diſpatched this lamentable buſineſs, then they tear off his ſecret Leather-girdle full of Gold from his waſte, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathleſs body was half-cold) they find this aforeſaid great ſum of Gold and Jewels, the which they preſently divide, and equally ſhare between them; when having curiouſly ſearched his Purſe, Pockets, Doubles, Hoſe, they make a great fire, and immediately burn it all, as alſo his Riding-coat, Casket and Leather girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffs, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewiſe turn his Horſe into the open field and high-ways, to ſeek for the fortune of a new Maſter; ſo wiſe (as they thought) were they in their villany, and ſo induſtrious and cautious in this their deviliſh cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps of *De Laurier* grew cold, theſe two Factors of Hell likewiſe begin to provide for his burial; ſo a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrian's* Orchard, next adjoyning to his houſe,

houſe, and ſo giving him no other winding-ſheet or Coffin but his ſhirt, they ſecretly and ſilently carry down his body between them, and there bury him; and to make all things ſure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turffs, that no mortal eye might take ſuſpition or notice thereof This bloody buſineſs being thus acted and perpetrated by theſe two execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, who now ſurfet in Gold, and wallow in Jewels, they preſently dight themſelves into new apparel, and coſtly ſutes, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they wilfully meant to drown themſelves in all ſorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuouſneſs, whereof their Neighbors, yea, all *Salynes* take exact obſervation and knowledg, as wondring at the manner, but far more at the cauſe hereof, or from whence it ſhould proceed,

Some three weeks being paſt over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to ſend home for his Wife *Iſabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth; who much wondring at her Husband's unaccuſtomed bravery, ſhe preſently enquires of him for Monſieur *De Laurier*, as if ſhe had far more cauſe to think and fear of his danger, than any way to aſſure her ſelf of his ſafety and welfare. When, he putting on a brazen face, and ſteeling and tempering his tongue with equal falſhood and impiety, tells her that he departed thence ſafe and well ſome ten days ſince, that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewiſe left her and Father *Juſtinian*, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his Wife *Iſabella* (out of her goodneſs and piety) deeming theſe ſpeeches of her Husband to be as falſe as fatal, and verily ſuſpecting and fearing, that he (with the aſſiſtance of Father *Juſtinian*) had ſent that harmleſs good old man to an untimely death and Grave; ſhe burſts forth into immoderate ſighs and tears; as ſuſpecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and believing nothing leſs, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) ſhe fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conſcience is too prevalent, and her harmleſs heart and ſoul too powerful with God to accept thereof, and therefore ſhe refuſeth it with as much diſdain and diſcontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and deſire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I mean to the preſent memory and well-wiſhes of abſent *De Laurier*, whom ſhe ſilently fears is for ever abſent, both from this life and this world; ſhe never goes into the Chamber where he lay ſick, but ſhe ſacrificeth ſome ſighs to ſorrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehenſion of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either ſhe ſtill ſees his living picture, or his dead ghoſt, and repreſentation, ſuch was her charitable care of him, ſuch her Chriſtian fear for him.

We have ſeen this deplorable and cruel murther committed on the harmleſs perſon of old *De Laurier*, by theſe two members of Satan *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we ſhall not proceed much farther in this their Hiſtory, but we ſhall ſee God's juſt judgments miraculouſly to reſplend and ſhine forth in his puniſhments on them for the ſame: For I may properly tearm murther and puniſhment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the ſhadow doth the body, as the firſt derives its original from Satan, ſo doth the ſecond from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it ſtill crys for reſtauration and ſatisfaction. But nevertheleſs God is ſecret and ſacred in diſpoſing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no falſe axiome in Philoſophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; *That God who made all things, ſees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his ſacred Power and divine Providence.* All the four Elements are the Miniſters of his juſtice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which laſt ſort and nature, the Reader (to God's glory, and his own information and admiration) may here obſerve a lively example, and receive a moſt powerful precedent, but whether more ſtrange for the truth, or rare for the ſtrangeneſs thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the ſame day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and *Juſtinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolf (being lately arrouſed from the adjacent vaſt woods) ſeeking up and down for his prey, came into *Adrian*'s Orchard next adjoyning to his houſe (purpoſely ſent thither by God as a Miniſter of his ſacred juſtice and revenge) who ſenting ſome dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of *De Laurier*, that was but ſhallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his paws and noſe tears up the Earth, and at laſt pulls and draggs it up, and there till an hour after the break of day remains devouring and eating up of the fleſh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undiſ-

figured; When instantly some Gentlemen hunters of *Sa'ynes*, and the Neighbour-Parishes, being ascertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolf was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and so at last find him in *Adrian*'s Orchard, eating as they think of some living beast or dead carrion: But the Wolf being terrified with the noise of the Hunters loud shouts and cries, as also of their Dogs fierce yawling and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peasants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Borespears in their hands, rush into the Orchard to see and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed; when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitiful spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead man's body, miserably devoured and eaten by that savage Wolf, and the which they saw he had digged and torn up, as they fully believed from his untimely Grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with grief, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable sight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and consequently their zeal to God's glory and justice, as confidently believing that he was proditoriously murthered by some inhumane person or persons; that the odious stinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They find the greatest part of the flesh of his body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they see (and extreamly grieve and sorrow to see) that it was a grave old man with a long white Beard, but so besmeared with earth and dust, as they could not refrain from sighs and tears to behold it. Here they ceast to pursue the Wolf, and because neither of them knew this poor and miserable dead carkass, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and there consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable business and accident. But their opinions as so many lines concur and terminate in this center, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and thereby the murtherers privately and silently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and believe, that because it was buried in *Adrian*'s Orchard, that therefore it was apparently probable, it was he with his Wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there; wherefore to keep these suspected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wise and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doors and windows of *Adrian*'s house, that none issue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminal Judges of the Town, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean, our harmless and virtuous *Isabella*, hearing these loud shouts and outcries at her doors so soon in the morning, she in the absence of her Husband (who lay forth of his house that night debauching and revelling with his cups and queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and sorrowful heart, not willing to know that whereof she was infinitely desirous to be ignorant, she lay still bitterly sighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and mind, her suspicions and fears told her, that this unseasonable alarm and noise might descend and reflect from some fatal news which had betided *De Laurier*, and if this storm and tempest fell not on her, yet alas she extreamly fears and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her Husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man. As for *Thomas* her Ostler, and *Graceta* her Maid, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their Beds, and apparel themselves to receive their Mistris commands, how they should bear themselves in this hurly-burly, yet because they were white with innocency, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawful assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Soldiers from *Flanders*, who came to rob their Master's house or Poultry in his absence; wherefore, meer fear hereof kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at the Windows. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the Criminal Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physician *La Motte* (of whom this History hath already made mention) and he of all the rest knows the dead body, and therefore with much passion and sorrow cries out; that it was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, named *Monsieur De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrian*'s house, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the same, and verily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore believing the report of this honest Physician *La Motte*; they cause the remainders of the flesh of this dead body to be searched and visited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheless deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Isabella*, and

their

their Servants,to be the murtherers of this honeſt man;they break open the doors,& miſſing *Adrian*,they ſeize on his Wife *Iſabella*,as alſo on his Oſtler *Thomas*, and her Maid *Graceta*,and then bring them to the ſight of this dead body,with whoſe murther they flatlycharge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himſelf. At this unexpected ſorrowful news and object,*Iſabella* is all in tears,yea ſhe is ſo extreamly perplexed and afflicted,as wanting all other aſſiſtance and comfort, ſhe implores that of God.She tels them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the laſt night; and freely and plainly affirms to them, that that dead body was Monſieur *De Laurier* a Goldſmith of *Dijon*,who lay long ſick in her houſe as he came from *Franckford Mart*,but how he came to his end,or by whom,ſhe takes Heaven & Earth to witneſs ſhe knows not;and with this her depoſition do her Oſtler & Maid concur and agree in all proofs and circumſtances. The Judges likewiſe cauſing a curious ſearch to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*,it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Juſtini*. houſe the Prieſt, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night; and upon the very firſt report they heard of *De Laurier*'s unburial by a Wolf,they both(galled with guilty conſciences)betake themſelves to their heels,and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltineſs of this murther to all the world, eſpecially to the Judges.Who upon knowledg thereof,to find out the truth of this deplorable diſaſter,they adjudg *Iſabella*,*Thomas* and *Graceta* to the Rack:as for *Thomas* and*Graceta*,their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and conſtancy, for they can never be drawn to reveal that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuſe themſelves of that whereof they are not guilty.But for *Iſabella*,the inceſſant prayers and importunate requeſts and ſolicitations of many of her honeſt Neighbors,doth ingrave ſuch deep impreſſions of her virtues and piety, and of her ſweet inclination and diſpoſition in the hearts of the Judges, as they change their reſolutions againſt her,and ſo diſpence with her for that torture:when ſending every way abroad to purſue *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, they content themſelves to keep the Miſtris,the Man and the Maid cloſe Priſoners. They are ſo adviſed in their judgments, and ſo judicious in their advice,as they ſpeedily ſend away Poſt to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Son,with this diſaſterous accident which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who at the firſt alarm of this ſad unexpected news, ſeems now to drown himſelf in his tears thereat,and ſo thereupon rather to fly than poſt away from *Dijon* to *Salynes*, where he confers with the Criminal Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father *Juſtinian* & *Adrian*,as alſo of their impriſoning of his Wife *Iſabella*,of her Maid *Graceta*,& her Oſtler *Thomas*,in whoſe houſe his Father lay ſick. So *Du Pont* viſits the dead ſtinking, mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty preſcribe him ſo powerful a law,as at the ſight thereof, he burſts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable cries and paſſions. When giving him a decent and ſolemn burial in the next Church, he informs the Judges,that to his knowledg, his Father had good ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him; ſo he intreats them, that *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*'s houſe may be curiouſly ſearched for the ſame,which is performed;but finding no part thereof,& both of them fled, he is confident in his heart,that their flight proclaims them guilty of his father's murther,and conſequently that *Iſabella*,her Oſtler and Maid,infallibly were acceſſaries thereunto.Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges,and with many importunities prays them, that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the ſame, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident; the Judges approve of *Du Pont*'s living affection and zeal to his dead Father,but(as impartial Oracles and Officers of Juſtice) they tell him,that they have already cauſed *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they both have ſtrongly juſtified their innocency of his Father's murther,by ſuffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience.And as for their Miſtris *Iſabella*, they tell him, they are fully reſolved and aſſured, that ſhe was abſolutely innocent,as well for that ſhe was many days abſent with her Father in the Country,when by all likelihood and circumſtance, his Father was murthered; as alſo becauſe the general votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very virtuous and religious woman,and that therefore in their hearts and conſciences,they muſt needs exempt and free her from thoſe torments.

But they told him farther,that in honour to juſtice,and to ſee what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Priſon for the ſpace of three or four months, in which mean time concurring with him in opinion, that Father *Juſtinian*, and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murtherers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perſwade him with all poſſible ſpeed and diligence, to purſue them up and down the Country, untill he had detected, apprehended, and brought them to juſtice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with ſuch extraordinary zeal and haſte,that he forgat a ſingular circumſtance, of no mean importance

tance, the omiſſion whereof might very well have made his reſearch of them vain. For he forgat at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures & Effigies whereby to find them out in the Country, with far the more eaſe and facility, whereof he afterwards much repented himſelf.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and conſciences (like ſo many Ghoſts and Blood-hounds) ſo inceſſantly purſued them, and ſtupified their judgments, that reſolving to flie and ſave themſelves, from the free Country, into *Switzerland*, they huſh themſelves up the day for ſhelter in ſome thick Grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithſtanding the next morning (to their unſpeakable fear and vexation) ſaw themſelves again within a little league thereof, & in this manner they for ſome eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown ways and Woods: and yet here let the Reader behold and obſerve the wonderful juſtice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone ſeven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not aſcend the leaſt Hill or hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers and Turrets of *Salynes* were ſtill apparent and conſpicuous to them, as if they purſued and followed them: the which indeed ſtruck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terror and amazement to their foul and trembling conſciences. But this circumſtance of God's wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith ſeconded and followed by another; wherein his divine providence and juſtice miraculouſly appears and ſhines forth (with infinite luſtre and glory) to all thoſe who ſhall read, or hear this Hiſtory. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied & tired with their foot travels (for horſes they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entring into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, ſeeing no body preſent, they at laſt eſpied an erring horſe, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle; which reſolving to ſeize on, thereby to recreat their wearied limbs & bodies, they approach and ſurprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Laurier*'s horſe, which (we have heard) they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the ſame night wherein they murdered his Maſter, they extreamly joyful of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdles and Garters, and ſo caſting their Cloaks under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Town of *Pontarlin* before break of day: But God is here ſtrongly bent againſt them, ſo that this horſe which they took for the cauſe of their joy, will very ſhortly prove the matter of their miſery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their ſafety, will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confuſion. For God (in his revenging juſtice) carrying their horſe, and he them a ſtraying, and masking that night through contrary ways and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unſpeakable grief, do ſee themſelves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foul facts and conſciences make them ſtill ſo trembling fearful, that every buſh they beheld, every bird they heard, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are ſo many Serjeants come to arreſt them; as alſo every tree they ſaw, they confidently believe are ſo many Judges come to ſentence and condemn them to death for this their cruel murthering of *De Laurier*; ſuch was their prodigious deſpair, ſuch was their ominous & fatal fear for the ſame.

But here their horſe (orecharged with this foul & monſtrous burden) begins to fail them; ſo the more he leſſeneth his pace, the more it increaſeth their apprehenſion and fear: And here they conſult what to do, whether to retire with their horſe into the next Wood till night, or elſe to advance toward *Pontarlin*. But their Bread & Meat failing them, & they ſeeing the coaſt clear, they therfore reſolve to ride thither, & far the ſooner do they aſſume and imbrace this reſolution; becauſe as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and conſequently few or no people ſtirring. Now to diſpatch their journey the ſooner, *Adrian* is content to walk on foot, and Father *Juſtinian* to ride, and both of them are equally reſolved to put chearful faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here, as I will not ſay, it was their bad, but their juſt fortune, which conducted them within leſs than one League of *Pontarlin*, without being eſpied or ſeen of any: So it was likewiſe the providence and Juſtice of God, at that very hour and place, firſt to bring *Du Pont* in ſight of them, who in two days was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Town unſought, to find out and apprehend theſe murtherers of his Father; Now as he draws near them, his eyes tell him, that the horſe wheron one of theſe two men rid, was of the very ſame hair and ſhape as was that of his Fathers; which ſtruck ſome ſuſpition and apprehenſion, in his heart, that ſure theſe were Father *Juſtinian* & *Adrian*, and far the more, becauſe by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Prieſt. The better therefore to be fully aſſured hereof, he reſolves to out-ride them, thereby the more narrowly to obſerve both the horſe & them, the which he doth. He paſſeth by them, and views them with his countenance purpoſely compoſed more of neglect than of obſervation towards them. When perfectly knowing

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the horse(by his two white feet,and white star in his fore-head)to be his Fathers,and therefore they by all consequence and appearance to be his murtherers: then I say nature and grace infused a secret reluctation into his heart and soul, whether he should more grieve or rejoyce to see them; Now as he is loth to leave them behind him, so he bethinks himself of a pretty policy. For riding some hundred paces before them,he descends from his horse,ties him up to the branch of a tree,casts down his Sword and riding Coat in the high way, untrusseth his points,and steps within the hedg, as if he purpose y meant to ease himself; but indeed it was to have them pass before him, that so he might incompass them as two murthering Wolves in a Toyl; At his descent from his horse(as guilty consciences are still afraid of all things) Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* first begin to fear this Stranger,as being sent to apprehend them,and so resolve to trust to their heels,and the woods for their safety;but when they see his Sword and Coat in the way,and himself within the hedg with his hose down, then they again take courage and heart at grasse, and so proceed on the way towards the Town, but still they look back on him, as if the foulness of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a soft trot) contenting himself to see them a flight shot before him;as well knowing that his horse was far nimbler and swifter than theirs,and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time they two arrive at *Pontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearful, and their horse weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the sign of the *Tyger*, where thinking themselves free of him who followed them,they recommend their horse to the Ostler,&calling for some Mutton,Bread and Wine,they there privately hush themselves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye & care of *Du Pont* sees where they are entred, so he puts up his horse to another Inn close by,and presently with much silence & celerity,trips away to the *Tyger* Inn where they are,and knowing them to be above the stairs in their Chamber at break-fast,he cals for the Hoast thereof, takes him into a close low room next the door, tells him that the Priest and the other man which entred his house right now, had cruelly murthered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore most courteously and earnestly prays him, to step presently and fetch the Criminal Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their return,that he will give him two of his servants to guard the doors that they escape not away: The Hoast of this house in detestation of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and repu tation of himself and his house, speeds away to the Officers, who presently arrive with him,to whom *Du Pont* sorrowfully and passionately relates, That this Priest named *Justinian* and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes*,and now above,had very lately in his own house murthered his Father *De Laurier*,who was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*,stript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard; and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same,the which they as soon grant him. So they all ascend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, as much devoid and insensible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equal passion and sorrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murther of his Father *De Laurier*,as also for robbing of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But these two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of stout looks,impious oaths, and fearful asseverations,vow and swear the contrary. So the Officers take them aside and examine them severally herein. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials, and prophane execrations.

The which *Du Pont* hearing and understanding, he (with much affection to his Father and discretion to himself) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the less time,intreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his Father's Gold and Jewels, which by God's direction they do, the one after the other; when they find quilted up in their doublets and hose, store of Gold, and some rich Jewels and Rings, yet these two bloody Villains deny this murther of theirs with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they found this treasure in a Casket in the high way, a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lie of theirs is as false, as their murther and robbery of honest old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and justice) will briefly bring to light andpunishment far sooner than these bloody miscreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding)constantly assures these Officers,that all this Gold and Jewels,and much and many more were his Fathers,and therefore are now his both by right and propriety,as being his only Son and child, and so demands possession thereof. But these Officers mildly deny this request of his, tell him they must take them by an Inventory,and so together with the two Prisoners to send them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whose juris-

diction,

diction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* to two several Prisons, where they shall find leisure, though not enough, to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked these Officers of *Pontarlin*) sends away a Post to *Salynes*, to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two murtherers of his Father, whom he earnestly besought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two days these two Prisoners are sent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the Criminal Judges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruelty murther and robbery, but the Devil is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and stand firm in their negative resolution and denial; but *De Laurier* being now found and known to have lain some seven weeks sick in *Adrian's* house, as well by the confession of *Isabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maid, and of *Thomas* their Hostler, as also of the Apothecary *La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Justinian* their sudden flight upon the same; and now lastly, his Horse, Gold and Jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Town, and his Son *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparent as the Sun, that (in honour to Justice, and in glory to God, from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Judges of *Salynes*, do reject these denials of *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*, as false, profane and impious, and therefore that very instant adjudg them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which sentence they seem to be appalled and daunted; but they being advertised that *Isabella* his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes suit to the Judges, that she may be permitted to speak with her Husband, and so doth Father *Justinian*, that he likewise may speak with her. But the Judges hold both of these their requests to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is first brought to the Rack, who though he be weak of constitution, yet he is still so strong in his villany, as he will not be perswaded or drawn to confess it, but with much courage of body, and animosity of mind, suffers himself to be fastned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and so first to make trial of Father *Justinian*, to see if these his torments will make him less stout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgments nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the Rack, God is so merciful to his soul, and so propitious to his new conversion and repentance, that he then and there confesseth this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumstances (as we have formerly understood) affirms only himself and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; sweares that *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledg therein whatsoever. Whereupon the Judges send again for *Adrian*, and cause him anew to be brought to the Rack, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father *Justinian*, who boldly affirming, and constantly confirming all his former deposition to him in his face to be sincere and true, *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the sight of the Rack which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devil flying from him, and he casting his heart and soul at the sacred feet of God's mercy, he there very sorrowfully confirmed all Father *Justinian's* confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter sighs and tears) said again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father *Justinian* and himself were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruel murther and robbery of *De Laurier*.

When their Judges, as much rejoycing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detected their perpetrations thereof; they condemn them both to be hanged the next morning; and because Father *Justinian* had violated his sacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Christian Laws of Hospitality, their bodies after to be burnt to ashes.

So as soon as Father *Justinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotal Order and habit, and committed to the secular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their Prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Frier of the order of the *Jacobines* prepare their souls for Heaven against the next morning. It was a grief to *Isabella's* heart to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murther, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to understand that he must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Again, looking from him to her self, as she could not hope for his life, so she thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the courtesie or cruelty of her Husband and Father *Justinian*, for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents

tents and desires to murther *De Laurier*, and she revealed it not. But yet (nevertheless) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her soul, she commits the success both of her life and death to God; and not being able to sleep away any part of that night for sorrow, she (as a religious woman, and a most virtuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightness of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, she preferreth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her self.

Very early the next morning before *Justinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his request) the Judges repair to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of them, to what valew of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father? who tell him, that in a Letter which his Father had written to him to *Dijon*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt, he therein mentioned the valew of one thousand seven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great summe in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingenuously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of Justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third he should find hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confess and aver, that they had since paid some old debts, and bought some new apparel, and spent the rest thereof upon their Whores, and other of their voluptuousness and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* speed away to *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*'s houses where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to some 11, or 1200 Crowns) theef wise and honest Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but, as a good Son, rejoycs far more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, the murtherers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five years before, he had the happiness to receive his life.

Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning, these our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourse of people of *Salynes*, and the Country thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Catastrophe of their lives. The first who ascends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who speaks but little; only he takes it to his death, that his dear wife *Isabella*, his Servant-Maid *Graceta*, and his Hostler *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murther of *De Laurier*, as he himself here again confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prays God to forgive him this foul fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable soul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his handkerchief over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himself, he is turned over. Instantly after him Father *Justinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) seems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prays God to absolve and forgive him; he here again clears *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* of this murther. He much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the sacred order of Priesthood in his crime and person; and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Church-men, either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave Maries*, and often making the sign of the Cross, he was likewise turned over.

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Hoast, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge himself, and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruel and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges set our vertuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her Maid, and Hostler free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the Spectators do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foul crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first. If we make good use of the knowledg of this sorrowful History, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the Glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us. *Amen.*

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippoleto *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Deniſa *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo: Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her own new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged. On the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

HOw eaſily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly do we expel and baniſh it thence? & what doth this promiſe, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched ſign and teſtimony, that the Devil hath more power with us than God; that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, & Earth than Heaven? In many ſins there is ſome pretence or ſhadow of pleaſure; but in Murther there is none, except we deſire that it ſhould bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our conſciences, & miſery and confuſion to our ſouls: which indeed, deſpight of our earthly policy and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both ſhew and bring us. But (to ſhew our wickedneſs in our weakneſs) through the ſlye ſubtilty and treachery of Satan, we think we act & perpetrate it ſo ſecretly, that it cannot be found out of men, nor detected or puniſhed of God. Wherein, what ſottiſh fools, and fooliſh mad men are we, thus to deceive and betray our ſelves with falſe hopes and erroneous ſuggeſtions? For although men may be deluded, and not ſee it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived? Oh no, his decrees and reſolutions are ſecret and

ſacred

sacred,and though invisible to our eyes, yet our designs and actions are transparent to his: For he (in his all-seeing Providence) reserves to himself the manner and time, how and where to punish it.As read we this approaching History, and it will confirm as much, in the lives and deaths of some bloody and inhumano personages, who were born to honour, and consequently to have lived more happy, and yet died more ignominiously.

In the rich and populous City of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*,*Anno* 1492. so famously and fortunately conquered from the *Moors*) there (within these few years) dwelt an ancient Lady,named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*;who was descended of noble parentage,and by her late Husband *Don Petro de Cardinas*(dying a chief Commander in the *West-Indies*) she had two children,a Son and a Daughter; he named *Don Garcia*, and she *Dona Dominica*; he of some twenty years of age,and she of some eighteen; he tall of stature, but somewhat hard-favoured,and she short,but exceeding fair and beautiful. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceased Husband,did yet bring up these her two Children very honourably and virtuously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel;though she clad her self the worse for it,for their sakes.She observes her Son *Don Garcia* to be of a mild disposition, and very witty and judicious; but for her Daughter *Dominica*,she sees with fear,and fears with grief,that her wit will come short of her beauty,and her chastity of her wit:in which regard and consideration,she loves him better than her,and yet bears so vigilant an eye over her actions,that as yet she keeps her within the lists of modesty, and the bounds of obedience,as holding it far truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her,or rather that fear and love by turns might act their several parts upon the Theater of her youthful heart and resolutions.There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly descended,termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly known and named *Don Hippolito*, aged of some threescore and ten years,and much subject to the Gout,a disease better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the frost and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady *Dominica*,and so by the Ladythe Mother seeks her Daughter in Marriage.As for the Mother she loves *Hippolito*'s Gold better than her Daughter doth his age,and affects his Lands as much as she hates his Personage. But *Don Garcia*,at the often requests of his Sister,being at last vanquished by her importunity, soon changeth his Mother's opinion and good esteem of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and denial.But his affection to this delicate fresh young beauty, makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so he will take no answer, for an answer;nor a refusal,for a refusal from them,but (will or nill) frequents their company daily, and their house almost hourly; they are all three tired with his sottish incivility,and doting importunacy,especially *Dominica*,who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be far fitter for his Grave than a Wife,she therefore scorns him as much as he loves her: but yet say she what she will,or do her Mother and Brother what they can,yet they cannot free their house,or shift their hands of him;although they many times make him look upon bare walls,content himself to converse with the meanest of their servants,and so to return without seeing either of Mother, Son or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beauty and years now to be worthy of a Husband,she is so incivil and incontinent,as she prays her Mother to procure and provide her one: For(to use her own words) she saith, *She is weary to lie alone, and live single, and fully resolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to cast away her youth and beauty.* Her Lady Mother (in most virtuous terms) checks her impudency,blames her impudicity,and concludes,that if she forsake those immodest humours and inclinations and so serve and fear God religiously, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodness towards her)will provide her one;when turning from her Daughter,the very tears of sorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes,to see her thus immodest, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatal to her.

But her lascivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this general answer of her Mother; for she is yet so vainly imprudent,and so viciously impudent,as she importunately prays her Brother *Don Garcia*,effectually and speedily to solicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughs, than gives ear. But when again he ruminates and considers with himself this her foolish levity and wantonness, fearing the worst; and to the end she might not hereafter prove a disgrace to her self,a scandal to their house,and a dishonour to their blood,he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her consent than her denial; the which he reports to his immodest Sister *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyful,as before she was discontented.

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monks, and being behind her on her knees at her Beads and Orisons, her devotion was so cold and her zeal so frozen towards God, as seeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewise there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; she as a poor (I may say as a prophane) Christian, beckons her Mother's man to come to her, and whispers him in the ear, that he discreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom she describes to him by his Apparel, and especially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mother's man demanding of the Gentleman's servants, returns speedily to his young Lady, and tels her in her ear, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her lustful affection makes her heart leap and dance within her for joy; for so uncivilly unchast is she in her desires and wishes, that at his very first sight she desires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon she vows, that her Mother shall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of Marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often solicited and provoked by her importunate requests, they consult hereon, and both of them approve and desire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother first to break the Ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Son first to perform that office to him, and so to take a fair occasion to invite him home to her house to speak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performs, and deals herein so effectually with *Don Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and speeches) presents this motion to him. He sees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and witty, he likes and loves her, and so takes time to advise hereon with his Father for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breaks this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleased therewith, seeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poor, and of a weak estate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceased Husband. *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and virtues of *Dominica*, and that her descent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous disposition, will have wealth to oversway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and so is resolute to hear no more of this motion; whereat his Son *Roderigo* bites his lip, and is much discontented. Yet nevertheless, he hath cast his affection so deeply and firmly on the fresh and delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and she the Queen and Phœnix of Beauty, he cannot, he will not refrain, but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella*'s house, and her Daughter's company: To whom (notwithstanding his Father's distaste of her) he yet gives her far more hope than despair, that he will be her Husband, which ravisheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our History invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feast his eyes and surfeit his thoughts and contemplations on the Roses and Lillies of his Mistris beauty, and again to return to speak of our old Dotard *Hippolito*, who now (led by his lust and voluptuous desires, as they are by the instigation of the Devil) comes to perform and act a bloody and deplorable part on the stage of this History. He sees with grief, and grieves to see that he is refused of the Lady *Dominica*, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and understanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth still frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and shall shortly marry her, he thereupon turns his reason into rage, converts his judgment into revenge, and so resolves to murther him by night, as soon as he finds him to issue forth of the Lady *Cervantella*'s house; the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair *Dominica* will fall for his share and Wife. So he is resolute in this his bloody and damnable design, and consults with himself, whether he should do it by himself, or by some second instrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, because he must then commit his life to his courtesie, and seeing that his Gout had now forsaken him, he therefore resolves to do it by himself. But first he thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter: the which he doth in these tearms, and sends it him by one of his own confident servants.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITO to RODERIGO.

WErt thou informed but of the hundredth part of my dear affection to the fair young Lady Dominica, *and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldst (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment) surcease thy suit to her, and not to make thy obstinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her to thy Wife: and although she feed thee with Sugar of many sweet protestations and promises to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou Judgment in thine, to discern the truth hereof, thou hast far more reason to relie upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconstancy of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy Father's sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion: And if this friendly Ambassador of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the usual course of Justice, take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamy and disreputation.*

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, he cannot refrain from smiling and laughing, to see his sottish error and ridiculous ignorance herein; for he perfectly knows that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, are long since resolved to hear no more either of him or of his sute, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his observation, likewise to see, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his lust should yet be so forward, to desire to marry so young and beautiful a Lady as *Dominica*: The which considering, once he thought to return him no other answer but silence; but at last, respecting his age and quality more than his indiscretion or power, after he had shewn his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother *Don Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publick object, as both it and himself were the private cause of their general laughter; he calls for a Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choller) by *Hippolito*'s own servant returns him this answer.

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

I Have as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, *as to believe that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour, or solid ground in Judgment to surcease my sute towards her, much less to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtain her for my wife. And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtful of her fair words, or call in question or suspition her sweet promises and protestations to me, sith that were to prophane the purity of my Zeal to her, and of her true and sincere affection to me, the which yet to do to thee a courtesie, I will rather excuse than condemn in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledg, though not thy fear, and in this behalf and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevail with my Judgment, but that I will more relie upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it so, I will acknowledg it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to me in thinking thereby to make me forsake the conversation and company of that fair and vertuous young Lady, I do rather pity than esteem them, and every way more contemn than care for them. Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refrain from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sense, as to think to be able either to scare me with thy power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making me to forsake her, whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake; resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation, for I will be left to my self to establish mine own content and honour, as I please.*

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and consideration of this peremptory Letter of *Don Roderigo*, is so inflamed and incensed against him; to see that (perforce) he will make him wear a *Willow* Garland, as (without any more delayes or expostulations) understanding him to be that very same night which he received his Letter, with his Lady *Dominica* at her mother's house; the Devil causeth him to gather all his malice, wits & strength together about him that night to murther him as he issueth forth to go home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect & finish, he chargeth a Pistol with three Bullets and he waits his comming thence; but *Don Garcia* accidentally

cidentally iſſuing forth all alone privately to go viſit a friend of his not far off, this wretched old villain *Hippolito* taking him to be *Roderigo* lets fly at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, ſo he fals down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathleſs body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whoſe Mother, Siſter, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and aſtoniſhed at this deplorable diſaſter, and ready to drown themſelves in their tears for ſorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving ſome Neighbors to comfort them, he takes order to find out the murtherers, and goes himſelf ſpeedily throughout the ſtreet to that effect; When the good pleaſure and providence of God directs his courſe to find out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going lirping and limping in the ſtreets, having thrown away his Piſtol, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his) he opened to light him. *Roderigo* meaſuring things paſt by the preſent, and finding *Hippolito* there in the ſtreets all alone, at this undue and unſeaſonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this ſuſpition, that he in likelihood was the murtherer of *Don Garcia*, and ſo lays hold of him, and cauſeth him to be committed to the Priſon, notwithſtanding all the entreaties, means and friends, which he could then poſſible make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and reſounds of this murther, and of the ſuſpition and impriſonment of *Don Hippolito* for the ſame, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminal Judges of the City and accuſeth him for the ſame, and with grief, ſorrow, and paſſion, follows it cloſe againſt him; and although *Hippolito* at his firſt examination denies it, yet being by his clear-ſighted Judg adjudged to the Rack for the ſame, he at the very firſt ſight thereof confeſſeth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, he is ſentenced the next day to be hanged, although he proffered all his eſtate and means to ſave his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was ſuch to the ſacred name of Juſtice, as they diſdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourſe of people repair from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, moſt of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by ſome Prieſts and Friers in Priſon, whoſe Charity and Piety, endeavoured to fortifie his heart againſt the fear of death, and to prepare his ſoul for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devil was yet ſo ſtrong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition, nor would not be either perſwaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveneſs of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, ſo he would die wretchedly and deſperately, for on the Ladder he made a fooliſh ſpeech, the which becauſe it ſavoured more of beaſtly concupiſcence and luſt, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore bury it in oblivion, and ſilence, and ſo he was turned over.

Come we now to ſpeak of *Don Emanuel de Cortez* the Father, who underſtanding of his Son *Roderigo* his continual frequenting of *Dona Cervantella*'s houſe, and her Daughter *Dominica*'s company, and now hearing of this murther of her Son at her door, his own Son being then therein preſent; he is much diſcontented therewith; and becauſe he will ſequeſter him from her ſight, and provide him another Wife, he ſends him to *Aſnallos*, a Mannor-houſe of his, ſome ten leagues off in the Country, with a ſtrong injunction and charge, there to reſide till his farther order to return: *Roderigo* is wonderful ſorrowful thus to leave the ſight of his fair and dear Miſtris *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no leſs is ſhe, ſo he tranſporteth only his body to *Aſnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a month is ſcarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*) wanting a man to conduct and govern her affairs, eſpecially her Law-ſuits, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) ſhe is much incumbred, ſhe thereupon (as alſo at the inſtant requeſt of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this Letter for his return.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tendereſt the proſperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I requeſt thee ſpeedily to leave Aſnallos, *and to return to reſide here* Granado, *for I wanting my Son* Garcia, *who was the joy of my life, and ſhe her* Roderigo, *who art the life of her joy, thou muſt not find it ſtrange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law-ſuites, and her love affections and deſires aſſume this reſolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of reaſon, and his Son ſhall find this to be a requeſt both honourable and reaſonable, except thou wilt ſo far publiſh thy weakneſs to the world, that thou doſt more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou ſhouldeſt once permit thy obedience to him ſo far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy ſelf as unworthy to be her Husband,*

Husband, as I desire it with zeal, and she with passion. She is resolved to second this my Letter, with one of her own to thee; to which I referr thee: God bless thy stay, and hasten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her Mother, and that of her Mother to *Roderigo*, she withdraws her self to her Chamber to write; and knowing her Mother's Messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover *Roderigo*, and to cast the better luster and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond-Ring from her finger, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia, *made me extream sorrowful; so this of thy absence made me infinitely miserable: for as that nipt my joys and hopes in their blossoms, so this kills them in their riper age and maturity. When I first received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly, so soon to leave my sight, and to banish thy self from my company: but now I see with grief, and feel with sorrow, that thou lovest thy Father far better than me; and delightest to prefer his Content before mine: for else thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am (as it were) but entring into the happiness of thy presence. If thou canst find in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requests, then come not to* Granado, *but stay still in* Asnallos; *but if the contrary, then leave* Asnallos, *and come to me in* Granado, *where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kisses for thy so soon return; and as my heart and soul doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mother's affairs doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Judg of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my self, and then thou wilt speedily resolve to see thy* Dominica, *who desires nothing so much under Heaven, as to have the happiness of thy sight, and the felicity and honour of thy Company.*

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives these their two Letters; imputes that of the Mother, to much respect; and this of her Daughter, to infinite affection; so as the very knowledg and consideration thereof, makes him rejoyce in the first, and triumph in the second; and therefore knowing himself to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his Father, so he is not tyed to be commanded by him beyond it; wherefore he resolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughter's sake; and to the Daughter for his own sake; and so by their own Messenger returns them these Answers: That to the Lady *Cervantella*, spake thus:

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I So much tender the prosperity of thy affairs, and thy Daughter's content and joy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my self towards my Father, as very shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeal: for this desire of hers, and request of thine, is so honourable, so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindness to deny the one, and my self of ingratitude not to grant the other: Or if he will yet continue to cross our affections, I will then make it apparent to the world, that I will not fear him the thousandth part so much as I will love her; and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to see her my Wife, and my self her Husband. I have given an answer to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my self every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to *Dominica* was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy sorrows for thy Brother's death, and thy miseries for my absence, and likewise to preserve thy joys in their blossoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos, *to live and dye with thee in* Granado; *and thou dost offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited disparagement to the purity and candor of my affection, to think, that I any way prefer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy self to kiss, not to chide me, for else I will resolve to chide, and not to kiss thee at my return. My best endeavours shall wait on the*

prosperity

prosperity of thy Mothers affairs and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and commands, and judg thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my self sith Earth is not so dear to me, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

He hath no sooner dispatched these two Letters to his Mistris and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a resolution with himself; that he shall not do well so soon to disoblige and disobey his Father, by so speedily precipitating his return from *Asnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgment, that *Dominica*'s affection and beauty can difficulty make him rich, but that his Father's discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poor: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no sin if a little longer he dispence with his content, and presume to temporize for his discretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this presuming infallibility, that his Lady and Mistris *Dominica* is as chast as fair, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautiful in her self. But she is a woman, and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and propheſie (to his grief and sorrow, and to her shame and misery) we shall shortly see made true and verified: the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastly and lasciviously enclined, she finding *Roderigo*'s stay in *Asnallos* to exceed his promise and her expectation; she cannot live chaste, she will not remain constant in his absence, but hath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom she many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which she acteth not so closely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious observer of her actions (hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaim her from this foul sin of fornication and whoredom, which threats no less than the ruins of her fortunes, and the Shipwrack of her reputation; she first attempteth to perswade her by fair means with tears and prayers; but seeing she could not thereby prevail with her, then she gives her many sharp speeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Father's portion, and either to make her spend her days in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That she is not worthy to tread upon the face of earth, or look up to Heaven, because this her foul crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite shame and scandal to all her Parents and friends in general, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities sake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevailes not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which she perceiving, and to prevent her own scandal in that of her Daughters, she (as a careful Mother and a wise Matron) meweth her up in her Chamber, where *Dominica* (for meer grief and coller) to see her self thus debar'd of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty, she grows very sick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and so keeps her Bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occasion and opportunity again effectually to write to *Roderigo* to hasten his return to *Granado*, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her mind, and represented her desires to him in these terms.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou dost thy self no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from Granado, *in regard it is contrary to thy promise, to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits: for her affection is so intire and fervent to thee, because she conceives and hopes that thine (in requital) is so to her, that she hath this many months languished in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to despair, that despair hath struck her into so dangerous a Consumption, that I fear it will shortly prove fatal to her: for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks are grown thin; and those sparkling stars, her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory: wo is me, thy affection will not, yet pity should move thee to hasten thy return, to see and comfort her, especially sith thou wilt scarce know her when thou seest her; in regard I may (almost) justly affirm, that she is no longer* Dominica, *but rather the living Anatomy of dead* Dominica. *How thou canst answer for this her sickness to thine honour (which is occasioned by thy unkindness) I know not; but sure I am if she go to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canst never sufficiently answer it to*

thy

thy conscience, nor thy conscience to God. In her sick-bed thou art the only Saint to whom she offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in thee to permit her to dye thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and perusal of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely sorrowful, especially when he considereth, that it is only *Dominica*'s dear affection to him, and his long stay from her, which hath occasioned her sickness: whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God; he conjureth the Messenger to return speedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to assure them, that all business of the world set apart, he will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their Letters himself; whereat, at the Messenger's return, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promise) comes to *Granado*, visiteth *Cervantella*, and his sick Mistress *Dominica*; salutes the one with complements, the other with kisses. *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, dissembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her than all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwise, *Roderigo* intends as he speaks, and speaks as he intends; yea, he is so sincere and real in his affection to her, as she is counterfeit and treacherous to him. So, glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Father's consent, and marries her; their Nuptials being solemnized in *Granado* with state and bravery, answerable to their descents and qualities: but he will find a wanton *Lais*, for a constant *Lucrece*; and a lascivious *Phryne*, for a chast *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himself more respectfully, loving, and courteously to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinks that her fare cannot be too curious, nor her Apparel costly enough for her; yet such was his tender respect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where she would, and to come when she pleased; contrary to the custom of *Spain*, and generally of most *Spaniards*, who hold it far more folly than affection, to give this licentious freedom and liberty to their Wives, which we do in *England* and *France*; the which we shall see verified in our young Bride *Dominica*; for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more she slights him; and the more he respects her, the more she neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother-in-law *Cervantella* storms, and his own Father, *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vain to think to make an *Ethiopian* white; so all of them cannot reclaim *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor scarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds him a lingring Consumption in earnest, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly possessed of one in jest: whereat she the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his sickness and weakness, will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her: but she need not care, much less grieve thereat, for she takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her dear sick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to dye at home. He bewails his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he will not speak ill of her himself, nor suffer any other to do it, either in his presence, or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though his be still constantly and fervently inflamed to her, as she difficultly sees him once in three days, nor yet speaks two words with him when she sees him; and yet when he is so happy to obtain her sight and company, he so exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it seems to him his pain for that time gives him peace, his sorrows truce, his sickness ease, his heart comfort, and his thoughts consolation. But *Dominica* hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much less will she requite it to him hereafter, except in a most ingrateful and bloody manner; which is thus:

The Devil resolves to trouble the harmony or serenity of their marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath hellishly derived and drawn this resolution from the Devil, to poison her Husband; and the sooner she fixeth her mind upon this infernal ingredient, and setteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devillish Drug, because the violence of his Consumption having already made almost an Anatomy of his body, she therefore flattereth her self with this opinion, that no suspition at all can seize upon the belief of any, that he is poysoned, much less of his Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poyson her self, and therefore albeit she be unwilling to acquaint or employ any other herein, yet she is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, she thinks she may more safely entrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber-maid *Denisa*: for having formerly made her accessary to her sins of Fornication

and Adultery, ſhe thinks ſhe may with leſs difficulty, and more eaſe, now draw her to conceal and participate in this Murther with her; the which the better and ſooner to effect, ſhe gives her fifty Duckats, and adding thereunto many ſweet perſwaſions, and ſugred promiſes, of her continual care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miſerable Wench yields her conſent thereto. So they give their hands, and ſwear ſecreſie each to other, the Devil laughing at this their bloody compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are reſolute in their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a month, and every day a year, before they have finiſhed and perpetrated this lamentable buſineſs. So this Fury, this She-devil *Dominica*, being as impatient in her laſcivious luſt to her ſelf, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honeſt Husband *Roderigo*, ſhe makes *Deniſa* ſecretly to procure ſome ſtrong poyſon from ſome remote unknown Apothecary, and not only cauſeth, but ſees her to put it into ſome white-broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Miſtris gives to her Husband in the morning, before he was out of his bed, under pretence and colour of ſome comfortable Broth, and hot Meat; whereof (O grief to think it! O pity to report it!) before night he died thereof. And *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of *Sevil*, in the Province of *Andouleſia*, about ſome important buſineſs of his, ſhe (taking the opportunity and advantage of his abſence, thereby the better to overveil this her foul and bloody fact) doth ſpeedily cauſe this his breathleſs body to be encoffined, and ſo buried ſomewhat privately, but not in that ſolemn manner as was requiſite) either for his quality, or her reputation; yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, who much grieved and feared at this ſudden death of her Son-in-law *Roderigo*, in doubting leſt her Daughter, his Wife, had too haſtily and untimely ſent him to Heaven in a bloody Winding-ſheet. This mournful Tragedy thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a diſcontented Wife, is now become a joyful and frolick Widow: and now her exorbitant luſt, and laſcivious deſires, break pail, and range both beyond the bounds of chaſtity, and the limits of diſcretion: for ſhe will hearken to no advice, nor follow any counſel from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forſakes her houſe and her ſight the greateſt part of the day; and, which is worſe, many whole nights, to keep company with thoſe vicious Gallants, and debauched young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom ſhe delighteth to loſe her honour, to caſt away her chaſtity, and to ſhipwrack her reputation, if not her ſoul; when neither thinking of God or her Conſcience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering Self, or murthered Husband, ſhe ſo inceſſantly (without any intermiſſion or repentance) abandons her ſelf to her prophane and beaſtly Whoredoms, that in a very ſhort time ſhe makes her ſelf the laughter of the worſt, and the pity of the better and moſt vertuous ſort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are ſo devoid of Grace; and repleat of Impiety, that her own Mother is aſhamed to ſpeak with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father-in-law, to ſee her.

And here, Chriſtian Reader, let me requeſt thy curioſity to obſerve, and thy piety to remark, how (by degrees) the Indignation and Juſtice of God falls upon this debauched young Lady, for the foulneſs of theſe her Crimes, the very cry and ſent whereof hath pierced the Windows of Heaven, and are now aſcended to the ears and noſtrils of the Lord of Hoſts, to draw down condign vengeance on her for the ſame; yea, and at thoſe times when ſhe leaſt dreams or thinks thereof, and when ſhe is in the very prime of her prophaneneſs, and the chiefeſt ruff of her laſcivious jollity, and voluptuous ſenſuality. The manner whereof is thus:

Two months are ſcarce expired ſince ſhe ſent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senſes, her Reaſon and Judgment, yea, her Heart and Soul, in the Ocean of her beaſtly luſts, and luſtful deſires and pleaſures, (but to her own ſhame, to the grief of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father-in-law *De Cortez*) ſhe marrieth *Don Lewes de Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours; for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not term him: a very proper Gentleman of his perſonage, but every way as debauched and vicious as her ſelf; and therefore a fit Husband for ſuch a Wife. That ſhe was honeſt, he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth ſhould ſupply his wants, and repair the ruins of his decayed fortunes, was that which ſolely induced him to become her Husband. But at laſt, when he ſaw her wealth to come ſhort of his expectation, and her luſtful deſires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wiſe, in not imitating the example of his Predeceſſor *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards this his laſcivious Wife *Dominica*; ſo he holds a ſtrict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Priſoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her

Book

Book and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchast thoughts are now bounded in her new Husband's jealousie,& pent and immured up in her own grief and discontent: For thus he reasoneth with himself,that although formerly he made her his Curtizan,yet now he wil not permit that she make him a Cuckold; then he was her Friend, now her Husband; and then she was answerable for her own life and actions,to God;but now he is,both for his own, and for hers. But this her present affliction and misery, is but the shadow and least part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it; he, the better to curb her incontinency, and to debar her from any more returning to her former leud pranks, and debauched life and conversation, he keeps her very short of money,takes from her most of her best Apparel,and all her Rings,Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicity.

Dominica is amazed,yea all in tears,to see this strange alteration of her fortune,and difference of her two Husbands; and now (though too late) she sees *Roderigo*'s love, in *Andrada*'s hardness towards her: she speaks to her Mother to reconcile her to her Husband; but having shut up this her second Match without her knowledg or consent,she rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to seek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the Blood which Nature, and the Education which God and her self had given her. She was cruel to her first Husband,and therefore no marvel if the second prove unkind to her;yet he doubting of her secret malice towards him,he apprehends her revenge,as much as he condemns her lubricity. He wil not add faith to her dissembling promises,nor hazzard belief to her treacherous tears and kisses;but keeps her stil rather as a prisoner than a wife,and more like a criminal than a companion: and yet as close and retired as he kept her in his house, his vigilancy and jealousie was enforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that she was no sooner abroad,but she had another Friend or Ruffian at home, with whom he very often and very dishonestly familiarized; insomuch, that she had infallibly murthered her second Husband, as she had formerly done her first, if God (out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodness) had not prevented her rage, and dissappointed and dissipated her bloody design and revenge, by another accident as mournful as miraculous, and wherein the Justice and Providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth unto us for our instruction, with a most divine power and heavenly influence.

For we must here know and understand, that the fifty Duckats which *Denisa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for consenting to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, gave her new apparel, and they likewise procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart,named *Hugo*(who made shew to marry her, but intended it not), with whom she wantonized so often, as in a short time she became guilty of a great belly, the which she concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the Father of her unborn child; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of present punishment, or of future danger, or that he should be constrained to marry her, and so to maintain her and her child, when he had not means to maintain himself; he fled from *Granado* to *Muricia*, without taking his leave of *Denisa*, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late,this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertain, his affection to her doubtful, her self poor,and her Lady and Mistress *Dominica*,as then not able to maintain her or her child, she assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as she was formerly accessary to the poysoning of her Master, so she now will be principal actor in murthering and making away of her own child as soon as it shall be born, and neither conscience nor her fear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpose. For being provoked thereunto, first by her shame, then by her necessity, but chiefly and especially by her fatal Counsellor and Instigator the Devil, she being delivered (almost a Month before her time) of a fair young Son, as soon as he had cryed once (to bewail his own misery, and his inhuman Mother's cruelty) she as an execrable Fury of Hell, strangles it,giving him his mournful and untimely death in that very same hour and instant which God and her self gave it life; and the very same evening wrapt it in a clean white linnen cloth, and with a pack-thred ties a great stone thereunto,and(the Devil giving her strength) the very same night carries it half a mile off to a Pond without the East-gate of the City, where seeing no body present to see her, she (not as a Mother,no not as a Woman, but rather as a Fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence, presently sunk to the bottom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderful mercy and judgment of God, in so speedily revealing this deplorable and cruel murther of this harmless and innocent little new-born Babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pi-

tileſs Mother, ſhe maliciouſly caſt into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the inſtant of *Deniſa*'s delivery, and her murthering and throwing of this her Infant-babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foul and bloody fact of hers) deprived her of diſcretion and judgment to return for that night to her Maſter's houſe: for ſhe thinking to make ſure and ſound work for her own reputation and ſafety, ſhe that very night takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the Sign of St. *John*'s Head, where to the Hoſt and Hoſteſs ſhe preteuds lameneſs by the receit of a fall. But God will give her but ſmall time to reſt and repoſe her ſelf in the guiltineſs of this her cruel ſin of murthering her own innocent new-born Babe; for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horſe in the ſame Pond, his horſe ſnuffeth and ſtarts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore-foot, and many time thruſts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the ſpurr and ſwitch to bring him off, but in vain: for the horſe the more paweth with his foot, and ſnuffeth with his noſe; yea, ſo long, till at laſt (it ſeems) the Pack-thred being broken, the white Cloath appears and floats upon the water; which the Groom, upon the ſtrange behaviour of his horſe (but indeed by the immediate Providence and Pleaſure of God, who then and there was well-pleaſed to make this reaſonleſs Beaſt an inſtrument of his glory, in the detection of this cruel murther) cauſeth to be fetched a-ſhore; where opening the Cloth in preſence of ſome others who flock thither to the Pond-ſide to ſee what this may be, they find a ſweet young Infant-boy, whoſe body was as white as the ſnow, with a flaxen-coloured hair, a cheerful look, a cherry-lip, and ſome blackneſs about his throat and neck, whereby they gueſſed it to be newly horn, and ſtrangled of ſome Strumpet, his Mother; whom to detect and find out, they ſearch all the adjacent houſes, and at laſt find out *Deniſa* in her Inn: when the Officers of Juſtice, ſetting a Midwife, and ſome three or four elderly women, to ſearch her; they (deſpight of her reſiſtance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence againſt her, that ſhe was that day delivered of a child: ſo ſhe is impriſoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatned with the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth the ſtrangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond; for the which foul and inhuman fact of hers, ſhe is the next day condemned to be hanged; when deſirous to ſave her ſoul, though (through the inſtigation of Satan) ſhe hath miſerably caſt away her body, ſhe entreateth that Father *Euſtace*, a Prieſt of her acquaintance, may be ſent to her in priſon, to prepare her ſoul for her ſpiritual journey to Heaven, who is accordingly ſent her; who, after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, That ſhe ſhould do well to disburthen her conſcience of any other capital crime, which in all the whole courſe of her life ſhe might have committed; as affirming, that the revealing thereof exceedingly tended to God's glory, and the felicity of her own ſoul: ſhe (with tears and ſighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in priſon.

Now the next morning ſhe is brought to the place of Execution, where a great number of people flock together to ſee her end; & there, on the Ladder, after ſhe had again confeſſed the ſtrangling of her Infant, and the throwing of it into the Pond: ſhe likewiſe then and there confeſſed, That ſhe was acceſſary, and conſented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhe affirmed they both effected in the ſame manner as we have formerly underſtood. The confeſſion of this her other foul murther, as alſo of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors, and atoniſh her Judges; who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cauſe her to deſcend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her ſaid Lady *Dominica*, who by this time, in the midſt of her ſecurity, is likewiſe apprehended and brought before the criminal Judges; where, contrary to her expectation, being enforced to underſtand the effect and tenor of her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*'s confeſſion & accuſation againſt her for the poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, ſhe with much paſſion and choler terms her Witch and Devil, and curſeth the hour that ever ſhe foſtered up ſo peſtilent a Viper in her houſe, to eat out her own heart & life: when with more confidence and boldneſs, than contrition and repentance (being firſt by her Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf likewiſe to be guilty of murthering her firſt Husband *Roderigo*. So *Deniſa*'s ſentence is altered; for ſhe is condemned to be hanged for her firſt Murther, & her dead body after to be burnt to aſhes for her ſecond; & the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poyſoning her Husband; which news ſo reſounds and rattles through all the ſtreets and corners of *Granado*, that almoſt all the people of that City flock the next morning to the place of Execution, to ſee this cruel Miſtreſs, and her bloody Chamber-maid, take their laſt farewell of this World: for the Lady *Dominica* muſt likewiſe dye, notwithſtanding her Mother *Cervantella*'s tears, and her Husband *Andradi*'s importunate requeſts, and paſſionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And

And first *Denisa* is caused to ascend the Ladder (who was a tall and comely young woman), to whom God was so merciful to her soul, that there with many bitter sighs and tears she was wonderful sorrowful for these her two foul Murthers, especially for that of her poor Infant babe, whom she had almost as soon dispatched out, as she brought into the world. She earnestly besought all her auditors and spectators, to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be merciful unto her soul: she affirmed, that her Lady *Dominica*'s enticements and gold, first drew her to be accessary to the poysoning of her Master *Roderigo*, the which again and again from her heart and soul she prayed God to pardon her; when intreating all young people, especially all young women, to be more wise and religious, and less prophane and bloody minded, by her example; and now recommending her soul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, she is turned over. When immediately after this, our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewise brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and profaneness of her soul, had purposely dighted in her best dress, and richest apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown, and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things else suitable to it; but, which is lamentable to see, and fearful to consider, she was as careless of her soul, as curious of her body; for the Priests and Fryers in her Prison, could not abate or beat down her impiety; but as there, so here on the Ladder, she enters into many deep execrations and curses, as well against her second Husband *Andrada*, as against her Chamber-maid *Denisa*, who she said was now rather gone to the Devil, than to God: but no spark of grace, nor shew of sorrow, nor sign of repentance, could appear in her looks, or be heard in her speeches, for poysoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choler and vehemency she there uttered many other lewd and lascivious speeches, the which grieved her Christian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Reader's religious and chast heart, with the knowledg thereof: so this miserable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death answerable to the foulness and enormity of her life, being not so happy in her death, as her bloody Chamber-maid *Denisa*; and I fear me, as exempt of grace and goodness as the Devil could wish her. But God is the Lord of Justice, and Father of Mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruel and inhuman Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foul fact abhorred and detested of all who were present at her death: May we who read her History, cherish her virtues by the sight and knowledg of her vices; and fortifie our souls with Religion and Piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

GOD's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctifiore *(upon promiſe of marriage) gets* Urſina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marrieth* Bertranna. Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth her ſelf in a Fryer's habit, and with a Caſe of Piſtols kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields; for the which ſhe is hanged.*

IT is a poor profit, a wretched pleaſure, for the ſatisfaction of choler and revenge, to embrue our hands in the innocent blood of our near kindred, ſith in ſeeking to wound him, we more properly kill our ſelves in ſoul and body; ſtriking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we preſumptuouſly ſtab at the Majeſty of God himſelf, by whom our ſouls muſt, without whom they can never be ſaved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and believe as we are Chriſtians, that Revenge and Murther are the two prodigious twins of Satan, the laſt being engendred and propagated of the firſt, and both from Hell: for Revenge is not half ſo ſweet in the beginning, as bitter in the end; nor Murther by many degrees ſo pleaſing, as it proves pernicious to its Authors; as this enſuing Hiſtory will verifie and make apparent unto us.

Let your thoughts be carried over thoſe high hills of *Europe*, the *Alps* and *Appennines*, to the noble and famous City of *Naples*, the head and capital of that flouriſhing Kingdom (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination); a City exceeding rich, populous, and fair, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatſoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of *Oſſuna* was Viceroy thereof) there

there dwelt two rich & beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named *Donna Ursina Placedo*, the only Daughter and Child of *Seignior Augustino Placedo*, and the other, *Donna Bertranna de Troes*, likewise the only child and daughter of *Seignior Thomaso de Troes*, the first native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the second of *Miterana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well-descended Gentlemen, who with their Wives & Daughter, for the most part, built up their residence in *Naples*, but especially all the winter-time. Now because these two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will term by their Christian, and not by their Sirnames) are two of the chiefest Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, superficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations. *Ursina* was past the twentieth year of her age, and *Bertranna* entring into her eighteenth. *Ursina* was tall and slender, *Bertranna* short and somewhat crook-backed. *Ursina* was the fairer of the two; but *Bertranna* by far the subtiller and wiser. *Ursina* was of a deep Amber hair, but *Bertranna* of a coal-black: and, to conclude this point, *Ursina* was affable and courteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here inform us, That although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants who were suitors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearly and passionately loved *Ursina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Noble man, but far more proper than wise; and withall, far more lascivious than rich: nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the said Baron; neither was it possible for her Father *De Troes* to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband, than him. Thus we see *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Ursina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Ursina* is assured of *Sanctifiore*'s love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwise, by her self and her friends, makes it her chiefest care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake *Ursina*, and to love and marry her self; but she will find more opposition and difficulty therein, than she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedo*'s house, and his Daughter *Bertranna*'s company; yet understanding and considering with himself, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himself in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her, than himself; where, albeit that her policy to her self, & her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistris *Ursina*; yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despair of his love and affection to her, in requital of hers to him; and upon these and no other terms stand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Ursina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiore*'s affection to her, sails on with a more pleasing and joyful gale of wind: for she loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her self his, and he hers; as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive, by four Love-letters of theirs, which secretly and interchangeably past between them; the which, for the Reader's better satisfaction, I thought good here to insert and publish; whereof his first to her spake thus:

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

THE sweetness of thy Beauty, and the excellency of thy Virtues, have so fully taken up my thoughts and so firmly surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee. Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me, as I am faithful to thy self, then return me thy heart, as I now give and send thee mine; and assure thy self, that my affection is so infinite and intire to thee, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteem my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my Law; and as there is a God in Heaven, so Ursina *hath not so fervent a Lover or constant a Servant on Earth as her.*

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursina's Answer hereunto was couched in these terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I should then have as just cause thankfully to believe that, as now I have to suspect and fear this: For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples, do prompt and tell me, that most men love more with their tongues,

tongues, than with their hearts; and that they all know far better how to profeſs than preſerve their affections and fidelity to their Miſtreſſes. As for me, judg with thy ſelf how courteous and loving I am to thee: for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambaſſador and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart, I would both ſay and promiſe thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my ſelf thy Wife, when and as ſoon as thou wilt pleaſe to be my Husband: for in life and death I here now promiſe thee to be more thine, than mine own. Reſolve me of this doubt, and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with diſcretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of *Sanctifiore*'s ſecond Letter to her, contained this Language.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, ſo I am not anſwerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as juſtly deteſt and ſcorn, as you unjuſtly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and ſacred, and ſhall be inviolable to thee, be God my Judg, and my heart and conſcience my witneſſes. Therefore to reſolve thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, I vow by the pureneſs of thy beauty, and the dignity of thy virtues, that both my former Letter, and alſo this, are the true Ambaſſadors and Eccheos of my heart, and, which is more, of my ſoul. I will ſhortly kiſs thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kiſſes, and after embrace and thank thee for both; and when I fail of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my ſelf: I will make my ſelf thy dear Husband, and thee my ſweet Wife, when thou pleaſeſt to crown and honour me with that ſweet joy, and to raviſh my heart with this deſired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Urſina's Anſwer hereunto, was traced in theſe terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preſervation and performance of thy conſtancy to me, for the which thou haſt invoked God for Judg, and thy heart and conſcience as witneſſes thereof, I now freely acknowledg my ſelf to be thy Wife by Purchaſe, and thou to be my Husband by Promiſe, and do therefore wholly take me from my ſelf, eternally to give my ſelf to thee. I deſire the enjoyance of thy company and preſence, with as much impatiency as thou longeſt for mine, and thou ſhalt find, that I will make it my chiefeſt care and ambition to love thee, and my greateſt glory to honour and obey thee: and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other; for God will aſſuredly puniſh it with juſtice requite it with revenge, and revenge it with miſery, on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the peruſal and conſideration of theſe four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firm promiſe, and ſecret contract, there was paſt between the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and the Lady *Urſina*, and how fervently and ſweetly they had given themſelves each to other in the promiſe and aſſurance of marriage, ſo not contented to have gotten the Daughter's good will, he in very honourable faſhion and terms likewiſe ſeeks her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s conſent thereto, whom though for ſome few months he found to be averſe & oppoſite to his deſires therein; yet upon *Sanctifiore*'s importunate entreaties, & his Daughter *Urſina*'s frequent tears, he at laſt conſenteth to this their marriage, only he delay'd the conſummation thereof for ſome ſecret reaſons & conſiderations beſt known to himſelf, the which I cannot publiſh, becauſe I could never gather or underſtand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remains in *Naples*, his long ſtay, great train, prodigal expences there, & his abſence from *Capua*, where his lands and means lay, made him be in ſome diſtreſs and want of money; and not knowing how to procure it there, therby to ſupport his fame & reputation with his pretended Father-in-law, and alſo with his intended Wife, his Daughter; it greatly perplexed & troubled him: but at laſt he ſaw himſelf reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one *Nobleman* and *Gentleman* of his friends, to pay another; a courſe which he well ſaw could not long endure and ſubſiſt, without clamorouſly calling his reputation in queſtion: The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to be a hide-bound and cloſe-fiſted old Gentleman, who loved his Gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would abſolutely refuſe and deny to lend it him; and that it was not impoſſible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetouſneſs of the other, might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage; he therefore, as a deboſhed and vicious young Nobleman, deſpairing of the Father's love, reſolves to make ſure work with the Daughter's affection, who with a thouſand amorous ſpeeches, and laſcivious lures, dalliances, and temptations, ſeeks to draw her to his luſtful deſires; and ſo by uſurping on her chaſtity (which is the

honour

honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnal knowledg of her before he were married to her. *Ursina* (who loved her Sweet-heart *Sanctifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chastity a thousand times more deer and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chast and virtuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears lays before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soul, the leudness of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulness and odiousness of this fact, both to God and man, the loss of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the world, and that in the end, it would assuredly prove the break-neck of their Marriage, and consequently the ruin of both their contents and fortunes; as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwrack her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happiness and glory, very worthy both of her self, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chast and virtuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Sanctifiore*, seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuosity thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himself with her loss of that inestimable and irrecoverable Jewel her Virginity; so that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he follows her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oaths and feigned sighs and tears, doth bewitch or rather minstralize into her ears and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her; and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large & so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot & discretion will not permit me to relate it, as well knowing, that the expression & publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, & no way pleasing but displeasing to God: when this weak and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his sworn affection and fidelity to her, which he so passionately and so often had reiterated to her; she so rashly & foolishly permitted her self to be weighed down, overcome and vanquished with the importunancy of his requests and oaths that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self; but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body.

Thus *Sanctifiore* bereaves and unparadiseth his Mistris *Ursina* of the most precious Jewel which ever Lady-Nature gave her; I mean, her chastity and honour: but both of them shall shortly pay dear for these their bitter-sweet pleasures, (or rather sins) of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeem and ransom them with no less than shame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus defloured and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautiful Mistris, & stayed an hour or two Complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her; when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other: he within a week or two after, again makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as he three or four times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him; as not contented to stain and blemish, but wholly to defile & pollute themselves in this their beastly sin of concupiscence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and misery: For, (as a base Nobleman) he forgetting his oaths and promises to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himself, and his soul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freeze in his affection to her, visiteth herseldom, and then but faintly and coldly; and when (with equal blushes & tears) she mentioneth him to Marry her, he is either deaf to her requests, or else answereth her so impertinently & ambiguously, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) she begins to suspect and doubt with her self, that she hath more reason to fear, than cause to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her fear vain, or her judgment and apprehension deceived of him herein: for as men love Nose-gays in the morn, and throw them away ere night, so this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctifiore*, after he had surfeited and satiated his desire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Ursina*, he in less than three months after, is so ingrateful and treacherous towards her as in a manner he abandoneth her Father's house, and forsakes her sight & company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her sighs, tears, and repentance; and which is worse, a growing great Belly, as the true seal of her present grief and sorrow, and the undoubted pledg

and preſager of her future ſhame and miſery, which torments and terrifies her heart and ſoul, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not. And now (with as much ſpeed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctifiore* to his other ſecond Sweet-heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Father's great wealth, and his own preſſing wants, he now ſeems to affect and court a thouſand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof ſhe is infinitely glad and joyful. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore deſiring nothing ſo much under Heaven, as to ſee him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her ſecret eyes and ſpies every where abroad upon his life and actions, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is ſome great diſtaſte and difference fallen out between him, and the Lady *Urſina*, as alſo that being far from his home, he wanteth Monies to defray his Port and Expences in *Naples*; ſhe being of a ſharp wit and deep judgment, thinks that the laſt of his defects was the cauſe of the firſt, and that peradventure *Sanctifiore* having attempted to borrow ſome Mony of her Father *Seignior Placido*, and received the repulſe, he therefore was fallen out and become diſpleaſed and diſcontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgment miſſed of the truth herein, yet the better to eſtrange *Sanctifiore* from *Urſina*, and conſequently the more powerfully and ſtrongly to unite and tye him to her ſelf, ſhe well knowing that her own Father *de Tores* exceedingly loved him, and deſired him for his Son in Law, as much as ſhe did for her Husband: ſhe therefore as much in love to him, as in diſdain and malice to *Urſina*, doth under hand deal ſo politickly, and yet ſo ſecretly with her Father to lend *Sanctifiore* ſome Monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his houſe, he takes him aſide in his ſtudy and told him, that in regard of his abſence from *Capua*, and his long ſtay and great Expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impoſſible that he might want ſome Monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double Piſtols: adding withal, that if he needed more, he ſhould have what he pleaſed, and repay it him again when he pleaſed, and that if he would honour him ſo much as to Marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and Wealth he had.

This great courteſie of *De Tores* to the Baron of *Sanctifiore* he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him ſo freely and undemanded, as alſo for that it came ſo opportunely and fitly to pay his Debts, and ſatisfie his wants, as after a long and reſpective Complement between them, *Sanctifiore's* neceſſity ſo eaſily prevailes with his modeſty, that he moſt thankfully takes this Gold of *De Tores*, and likewiſe gives him more hope than deſpair to his motion of Marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one reſts well ſatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courteſie being thus performed between them, *Sanctifiore's* joy thereof was ſo great, I may ſay ſo boundleſs, as he preſently finds out his new Miſtris *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and chearful voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him, and from point to point, what had paſt between them, and immediately after no leſs doth her Father; the Muſick of which news was ſo pleaſing to her mind, and ſo ſweet to her heart and thoughts, that ſhe hereupon flatters her ſelf with a confident hope, that he will ſhortly Marry her: and in this hope doth he ſtill feed and entertain her, being ſeldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiſſing, drowning his judgment ſo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming ſo fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Father's great wealth and eſtate; that he hath not the grace, no nor which is leſs, the will or good nature once to think of his poor deſolate and forſaken *Urſina*, of whom in her turn I come now to ſpeak.

We have formerly underſtood with ſorrow, and our ſorrowful and unfortunate *Urſina* hath to her grief too too ſoon ſeen, how unkindly *Sanctifiore* hath uſed, and how baſely and treacherouſly abuſed her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithſtanding, her love and affection is ſtill ſo dear and conſtant to him, and her hopes ſo confident of him, that all this diſcourteſie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that conſidering what familiarity hath paſt between them, it is impoſſible for him to be ſo cruel-hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewiſe acquainted him, that ſhe is with Child by him, and when all other reaſons and perſwaſions fail, ſhe hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pitty of her, and compaſſion of his unborn Babe within her. But to refell and diſſipate all theſe her flattering and deceitful hopes, and which is worſe, to make her loſe all hopes of this her deſired happineſs and good fortune from him, his new contracted and inceſſant familiarity between him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not ſo privately carried and huſhed up in ſilence between them, but ſhe hath ſecret and ſorrowful notice thereof; which ſo inflames her mind with hot jealouſie, and likewiſe afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehenſion, that ſhe hath ſeduced and drawn his affection from her to her ſelf, as alſo that he will utterly forſake her to Marry *Bertranna*, that ſhe fully

fully believes that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knows, but far more that which she knows not of this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of *Sanctifiore* are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed & weighed down with bitter grief and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much less her Father; and her looking on her great belly, doth but infinitely augment her sorrows, & increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have been the cause of her joy and glory, she now knows will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea, I may truly say as many times as hours, she wisheth she had been more chast & less fair, and not so easily to have hearkned to *Sanctifiores* sugred oaths and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes, in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him: she would fain draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet she knows not from whom, except from her *Sanctifiore*; when presently she checks her folly, & reproves her ambition for terming him hers, when she believs she hath far more cause to fear than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertranna*'s Husband. And yet again, because excess of her sorrows hath more eclypsed her joys than her judgment, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a Master-piece of her policy, if she can sequester and reclaim her *Sanctifiore* from *Bertranna*, and so retain him to her self in marriage; she to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her Father's Coachman (whom she knew to be faithful to her) and taking off a rich Diamond-Ring from her finger, which *Sanctifiore* well knew, she bade him find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, & to tell him, that she infinitely desires him to honor her with his presence at her Father's house sometime in the forenoon. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistris Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Ursina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowful *Ursina* (betwixt hope and fear, grief and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Father's servants attending for him, conduct him up to her Chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which answereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one slight kiss, and she absenting her Father's servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldness of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oaths and vows to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tells him he may better see than she conceal, but especially of his deep promise to marry her, praying him to set down the time and place when he will perform and consummate it, and that he would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgat himself, his honour, and conscience, to forsake her and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom she affirms to him with tears, that she understands is the Mistris of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruel-hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, & his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches & complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundring and heart-killing answer: Know *Ursina* that I have used all lawful and possible means with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, & without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superior in virtues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine; when with a look (which savoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her, or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her self, and her muzes; and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himself as he went forth the doors, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all virtuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true-hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judg, if this *Sanctifiore* did not shew himself a most base Nobleman, and a cruel-hearted Tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her self, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oaths and promises to be her Husband, of the loss of her honour and fortunes; yea, sith the sight of her lean and thin cheeks, wherein the Roses and Lillies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrows and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth & quality, and the infiniteness of her sighs, prayers, sobs & tears, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight & consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her,

her very heart and ſoul is wounded and pierced thorow with ſorrow; and now it is that ſhe looks back on her former folly and error, and on her preſent affliction and grief, and on her future ſhame and miſery, and now it is, that deeming him loſt to her for ever, and on her ſelf conſequently ruined without him; that her ſorrows and miſeries are ſo great, ſo infinite, that ſhe is ready to drown her ſelf in her tears, and moſt willingly deſirous to forſake this life and this world, to fly up to Heaven and to God, upon the wings of her ſighs and prayers. But alas poor ſoul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet ſo happy, becauſe theſe thy afflictions and ſorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou muſt prepare and arm thy ſelf to ſuffer them with patience, and to end them in leſs paſſion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Urſina*, and ſo ſpeedily poſte away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps & laments thereat; yet (according to order) I muſt again ſpeak of our ſorrowful *Urſina*, who hath other more mournful parts, and lamentable paſſions to act upon the ſtage of this our Hiſtory. Who having thus received the repulſe and refuſal from her treacherous lover *Sanctifiore*, ſhe (within a month after) with a ſorrowful heart and courage, reſolves (as well as ſhe may) to diſpence for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation, ſhe hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctifiore* with the diſgrace of her great belly, for neither her Kinſfolks, Friends, Neighbors, Father, or his Servants, do as yet know it; ſhe is of a weak body and feeble conſtitution, and therefore to conceal this ſcandal from her Father, as alſo from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, ſhe holds it requiſite to diſcover this great and important ſecret but only to one, and ſo to crave the aid and aſſiſtance of this confident boſom friend. To which end, ſhe thinks none ſo fit for her purpoſe, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Siſter, named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wiſe and rich widdow woman, dwelt at *Putzeole* ſome ten ſmall miles diſtant from *Naples*: a place ſo famous for its ſubterranean Grots, Vaults and Water-works, when inventing an excuſe to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy, as ſhe was every way unworthy of theſe her croſſes and afflictions; ſhe tels him, that it is not unknown to him, how ſhe hath a long time been weak and ſickly, that the air of *Naples* is neither wholſome for her, nor pleaſing to her; and becauſe ſhe hath often dreamt ſhe ſhall in a little time recover her former health in *Putzeole*, ſhe humbly beſeecheth him, that he will ſpeedily ſend her thither, to live ſome ſmall time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*. Her Father *Seignior de Tores*, whoſe age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, proſperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and deſire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the diſtaſte that had paſt between his Daughter and the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*; he demanded of her, when you are at *Putzeole*, what ſhall become of the Baron of *Sanctifiore?* to whom (rather from her apronſtrings than her heart) ſhe returns this witty and ſpeedy anſwer; if *Sanctifiore* love me, he wil then leave *Naples* and viſit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleaſed her Father ſo well, that he cauſeth her to fit up her Apparel and Baggage, and within three days after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a man of his) ſends her away to *Putzeole* in his Coach to his Siſter *Mellefanta*; where being arrived, ſhe ſpeedily and privately with this great ſecret of her great belly, which ſo much imports her reputation, or diſgrace, and alſo with all the circumſtances thereof, and ſo prays her beſt love and aſſiſtance to her herein, the which ſhe faithfully promiſeth her, adding withal, that becauſe ſhe is of her own blood, ſhe will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her, that ſhe highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet ſhe could not chuſe but blame her for the cauſe thereof, in ſuffering her ſelf to be thus abuſed and betrayed, by ſo baſe a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; but then again ſhe excuſeth that error of this her Neece upon the freſhneſs of her youth and beauty; and bids her fear nothing, but to reſolve to be here cheerful, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we ſee our beautiful *Urſina* ſafe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and far off from the eyes of the known or ſuſpected rejoycing enemies of her diſgrace; lodged in a dainty houſe, a delicate air, having variety of curious ſweet garments, & dainty ranks and groves of Orenge and Lemon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and faring moſt delicieuſly; and who therefore would believe, that ſhe would not now quite abandon her former ſorrows and tears, and wholly reject and caſt off that baſe Baron of *Sanctifiore*, who ſo ungratefully had ruined, and ſo treacherouſly had firſt forſaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we ſhall ſee her perform nothing leſs; for although ſhe yet hold him to be intangled

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in the lures of *Bertrannas* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Tores* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and measuring him by her self, she still loves him so dearly that she nevertheless believes he cannot hate her so deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the said *Bertranna*; when the more to fortifie her belief and resolution thereof, she very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and seen, and therein finding, that by his conscience and soul, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himself to marry her, and to live and die her faithful Husband; she then believes that no man, much less a Nobleman, and least of all a Christian, will be so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great Oaths and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attest unto God; wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctifiore* were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, she therefore (in consideration of the premises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her self, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspition and diffidence of him, that she yet flatters her self with a conceit, that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that he will marry her self, and none but her self. Again, considering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, she thinks her self a very unkind and unnatural mother, if she should not love him for her Child's sake as well as for his own, and that God would neither bless her nor her burthen, if she should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truly and courteously laid by her, but so falsly and treacherously by him) she thinks it a good way, and an excellent expedient, for her to seek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof since his defection from her, she had not as yet practiced or experienced, but as she began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despair of *Sanctifiore*, and yet her love and affection to him make her meet and fall on a doubtful scruple, whether she should write kindly or cholerickly to him; but at last her affection to him, declining and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love and courtesie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, she holds it more behoveful for her desire, and his return, to write to him passionately and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and fair way which she desired, but not the sharp and bitter which he deserved: when flying to her Closet, she (full of grief and tears) writes him this ensuing Letter, the which, without the knowledg of her Aunt *Mellesanta*, she sends him to *Naples*, by her trusty messenger *Sebastiano* her Father's Coachman.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

TO preserve thine own honour, and pervent mine own disgrace and shame, I have left Naples *to sojourn here for a time in* Putzeole *with the Lady* Mellesanta *mine Aunt, where thy presence will make me as truly joyful and happy, as I feel and know my self infinitely miserable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knows, I know not) it hath pleased thee to exercise my affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchase, sith thou art my Husband by promise, whereof the copies of thy former Letters will inform and remember thee, that thou madest God the judg, and thy soul and conscience the witnesses, I cannot believe that thou art so irreligious, or that thou beareſt me so little love, or so much malice, to make thy self guilty of such foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all, if my tender and untainted affection to thee, have not every way deserved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee, I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didst likewise bereave me of my honour; and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any way fade or die in thy memory, yet rest confident, that the Original lives still in Heaven, as the pledg and seal thereof doth now in my unhappy Womb here on earth. Mistake me not my dear* Sanctifiore, *for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end, that thou mayest thereby seriously consider, and religiously remember with thy self, what I am to thee, thou to my self, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn Babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy Wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my self thy handmaid, and with a world of sighs and tears, throw my self at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poor beauty which once thou didst so much admire and adore; by the memory of my lost Virginity, which thou wrestedst from me with so many amorous sighs and tears; by all thy deep oaths, vows, and promises which thou so religiously gavest me to remain still loving to me; by thine honour which should be dearer to thee than thy life; by thy conscience and soul, which ought to be far more precious to thee, than all the lives and honours of the world; yea for thy poor Infants sake; and lastly for Gods sake, abandon thy unjust displeasure and immerited discontent conceived against me; and my dear* Sanctifiore *come away to me to* Putzeole, *and there make me thy Wife in the sight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I*

say again, come away to me my sweet Sanctifiore, *for thy sight will delight my heart, and thy presence and company ravish my soul with joy. It is impossible for* Bertranna, *either to love or honour thee the thousand part so dearly as thy* Ursina *doth, and till death resolve to do; I will freely forget all thy former escapes and discourtesies towards me, and do attribute them more to her foolish vanity, than any way to thy unkind disposition or inclination; yea, I will not knit my brows when thou comest to me, but will chearfully and joyfully prepare my self to feast thee with smiles, and to surfet thee with kisses: But if contrariwise thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard these my requests and sorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conscience herein, in speedily repairing to me, to make me thy joyful Wife: then what shall I do or say, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithstanding still resolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curse me; yea, I will then leave thee to God, and religiously beseech his divine Majesty, to be a just Judg between both of us, of my firm affection and constancy to thee, and of thy cruel ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy constant* Ursina *knows that without thee, she shall assuredly live sorrowfully and die miserably.*

URSINA.

Her Messenger *Sebastiano* arrives privately at *Naples*, and finds out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at first (knowing from whom it came) stood a pretty while musing and consulting with himself, whether he should read or burn it; but at last he breaks up the seals thereof, and with much ado affords himself the time and patience to peruse it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive so sweet and loving a Letter from *Ursina*, yet not blushing for shame, but looking pale with envy & malice thereat, he darting forth a disdainful frown, and tearing the Letter in pieces, throws it into the fire; when turning himself hastily towards *Sebastiano*, who stood near him, and saw all that he had done, he in great choller spake to him thus; *Tell that proud and foolish gigglet* Ursina, *that I disdain her as much as she writes she loves me, and that as now, so ever hereafter, I will return no other answer to her and her Letters, but contempt and silence*; when to expres his greater fury, *Sebastiano* was no sooner forth his Chamber, but he very hastily throws fast the door after him; and in this furious and chollerick manner doth this base *Sanctifiore* receive the love, and entertain the Letter of our sweet and sorrowful *Ursina*.

Sebastiano as much grieving as admiring at the uncivil choler and rage of *Sanctifiore*, presently leaves *Naples*, and carries home this poor news and cold comfort to his young Mistris the Lady *Ursina* at *Putzeole*, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing less but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to understand this his disdainful, barbarous, and cruel answer, and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he should first tear, then burn her Letter; and for converting his pen into *Sebastiano*'s tongue for his answer thereof; But above all, that word of his gigglet, kill'd her very heart with sorrow, to think, that for all her former courtesies shewed him, he should now at last repay her with this soul ingratitude and scandalous aspersion; at the sorrowful thought and consideration whereof, resolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty, she could not refrain from bedewing her roseat cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evapourating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the center of her soul: God forgive the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and be merciful to me *Ursina*, a great and wretched sinner; had she continued in this godly mind and resolution, she had done well, but alas (notwithstanding the wholsome comfort and counsel of her Aunt *Mellefanta*) we shall shortly see her run a contrary course and career.

It is a common phrase and Proverb, that misfortune seldom comes alone, which we shall now see our sorrowful *Ursina* will verifie by her deep sighs, and confirm by her bitter tears, for this discourtesie of *Sanctifiore* towards her, for she hath so deeply nailed it in her mind, and rivited it in her heart, that it begins to impair her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body; so that whereas her poor unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, she now finds so many sudden throws, and unaccustomed convulsions, that she is speedily constrained to betake her self to bed, when calling upon her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and with all possible haste sending away for the Midwife, she after many sharp torments, and bitter crys and groans (to the great peril and eminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little son, which God sends into the world dead born: now although she want no curious care, comfort, & attendance from her Aunt, in this her sickness & extremity, yet she weeps bitterly & pitifully, for the abortive birth & untimely death of her

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poor innocent Babe and Infant; and because her Aunt sees, that this last affliction and sorrow of her Neece, doth infinitely encrease and revive her former, and that she also also conceives a wonderful fear in her heart and scruple in her conscience, that it is only her immoderate grief and sorrow which hath killed her Child; therefore as a discreet Matron and wise Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Neeces belief and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that she is extreamly deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her sorrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her false Lover *Sanctifiore* to her self, which kill'd her Child within her. A tart, and yet a true speech, which *Ursina* neither will so soon, nor can so easily forget, as her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath spoken it. But shall I here term this to be affection in *Ursina* towards *Sanctifiore*, or a needless vanity, or superfluous ceremony in her self, for she desires to kiss her breathless innocent Babe for his sake, which she doth; when giving it a thousand kisses, then washing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that she could not breathe life into it with her sighs, she recommends it again to her Aunt, and she the same night to its secret and decent burial.

Whiles thus *Ursina* remains very weak and sick in her bed, yet still her heart and affection looks constantly on *Sanctifiore*, as the needle of the compass doth to the North, notwithstanding all his base ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time shewed towards her; and because it is a thousand griefs and pitties that ever he set his eyes on her, or she on him, and as many shames for him, first to seduce, and then to betray her; therefore who would any way commends her for continuing of her love to him, or rather, especially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit and judgment, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him. And yet this silly young Lady is so bewitched to him, as in the very midst of her sickness and sorrows, and contrary to all sense and reason, here breaks forth a sparkle and flash of her policy in her self, and of her affection towards him. She neither can, nor dare trust any other but *Sebastiano* her Coachman, with this great secret, which so much imports her honour or disgrace, or with this her message with *Sanctifiore* from whom, (though in vain) she expects some hope and content; when exempting all from her Chamber, she cals him to her Bed-side, and swearing him to secresie, for want of strength to write, chargeth him presently to ride post to *Naples* again, to find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and to tell him from her, That she her self is extream sick, and not like to live, that she is deliverdd of his and her Son who is dead born, and therefore she begs him, that for God's sake he will speedily come over to her, because for his good, and her content, she infinitely desireth to discharge her mind and conscience to him before she go to Heaven. So *Sebastiano* (in discharge of his duty, and his Ladies command) seems rather to fly than post to *Naples*, where arriving to *Sanctifiore*'s house, and finding him within, he sends him his name by one of his men, as also, that he most earnestly desires to speak a word with his Lordship: but *Sanctifiore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebastiano* back this answer, that he will neither speak with him, nor see him. *Sebastiano* is perplexed with this his short and sharp reply, but because his Message is of great importance, as also for that he exceedingly respecteth and honoureth his young Lady and Mistris, he resolves not to return to her as a fool, to which end, at the foot of the stairs, he enquires of another of his servants, when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tells him, he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof *Sebastiano* being exceeding glad, he thinks it best to stay for him in the streets, where (with much vigilancy and impatiency) he attends his coming; so at last he sees him issue forth his gate, when presently *Sebastiano* placeth himself betwixt him and his Coach, and with his Hat in his hand, very resolutely and orderly delivereth him his Mistris her Message at full, the which *Sanctifiore* understanding he at first smiles thereat, but then presently again entring into choler, he rounds *Sebastiano* this answer in his ear, Tell that Strumpet thy Mistris *Ursina* from me, that I wish she were buried with her Bastard, and that they were both with the Devil; and so without speaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and disdain, he throws himself away from *Sebastiano* into his Coach, and speedily hurries away to his Sweet-heart *Bertranna*, from whom he is seldom or never absent, to whom he revealed all that had past in this passage, endeavouring as much as in him lies, to make it to be her laughter, as his own contempt and scorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Christian whatsoever but that his very heart and soul will yearn within him, at the reading of these cruel, barbarous, and hellish speeches of this base-hearted Nobleman, against our sorrowful and unfortunate *Ursina*, and her poor harmless deceased Babe, and no less doth *Sebastiano* in hearing, and my self in penning and relating them. Do I term him Nobleman? O let me (with respect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctifiore*, and to give him his due, let me term him, as he is, a

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monster of men, or if he will, a noble debauched villain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or else a Devil in the shape of a man, to use such ingrateful cruelties, and hellish actions and speeches against these two innocent persons, who contrariwise in the highest degree, deserved from him all manner of affection, respect, charity, piety and compassion; but let him look to himself, as well as he can, yet (God being as just as merciful) it is not impossible for him in the end, to pay dear for these his foul infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebastiano*, who (by this time) is returned to *Putzeole*, whereof he presently sends up notice to his young Lady and Mistris *Ursina*, who still keeps her bed through discontent and sickness; but at the news of his arrival, or rather hoping that he had brought her some good news from her *Sanctifiore*; she without any regard to her weakness and sickness) riseth from her bed by the fire, & calls her Chamber-maid for her night-Gown, which having drawn on, she bids her for a while to absent her self, and to send up her Coach-man *Sebastiano* to her; and although in his sorrowful looks and countenance she may already tacitely read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctifiore*, yet she cals him to her, and bids him speak on; but alas he speaketh too soon for her, for (with a faltring & trembling voice) he tels her the harsh entertainment which *Sanctifiore* gave to him, and his message in *Naples*, and the inhuman and cruel answer which he bad him return to her in *Putzeole* without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof; the which as soon as she understood she for the extremity of her grief and sorrow hangs down her head, and crossing her arms, uttereth this passionate speech: Good God, is it possible that *Sanctifiore* will thus abuse me? or is this the favour which I must expect of him, in requital of those extraordinary courtesies he hath received from me? when walking up and down her Chamber, she thanks *Sebastiano*, and giving him some Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to send up her Aunt *Mallefanta*, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up hastily to her, her Aunt chides her for that little care she had of her own health, but more for her foolish tears and indiscreet sorrows: Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that *Ursina* had purposely sent away her Maid, she prays her Aunt to shut her Chamber-door, and then to sit down by her beds side, for that she had some secrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thousand sighs and tears, bedewing the Roses and Lillies of her fresh and lovely Cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now again past between *Sanctifiore* and her self, in this second journey of *Sebastiano* to him at *Naples*. Her Aunt *Mallefanta* laughs as much at this folly of her Neece *Ursina*, as she her self weeps at her own sorrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weakness, she makes bold to call her sot and fool, to care for him, who contemned and scorned her, and for setting that to her heart, which he did at his heel, yea, she advanced further in this her passionate choler to her, and said, fie, fie Neece, sell your sorrows to buy more courage and wit, and so because that base Baron *Sanctifiore* detests and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him: a sharp and bitter speech, which *Ursina* (amidst her sorrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we shall hereafter see her to remember it, when her Aunt *Mallefanta* hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, she being as it were depressed and weighed down, with the multitude of *Sanctifiore*'s affronts and disgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, she hath wept so much, as she yet weeps because she can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as *Sanctifiore* was born to hate her, so was she notwithstanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Ursina*; It is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries and cruelties of *Sanctifiore* to thee, are causes enough of all thy tears and sorrows; but yet the consideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; That I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy scorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea, the number is so great, and their nature so foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a smaller, nor their repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; he hath betray'd his love, violated his faith, and falsified his oaths and promises to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginity, torn and burnt thy Letters, disdained to see thee, called thee giglet & whore; thy innocent Babe bastard, and which is worst of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the Devil; so judg with thy self *Ursina*, if all these be not fair motives for thee still to love *Sanctifiore*, or rather if they be not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and establish this metamorphosis in thee. Have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to effect and finish it; for now whiles

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her Aunt *Mellefanta* is rating and ratling her for not caſting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctifiore*, and *Urſina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt becauſe ſhe cannot endure that ſhe ſhould eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after ſhe had prettily recovered her health and ſtrength) which we ſhall preſently ſee will work and produce ſtrange effects both in her heart and mind, as alſo in her affections and reſolutions towards her *Sanctifiore*, for as yet (privately to her ſelf) ſhe many times ſo terms and ſtiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of Heaven) had in his fiery gliſtring Chariot taken leave of the South, and was poſting towards the Weſt, to view the *Atlantick* Seas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* carried her Neece *Urſina* forth in her Coach to take the air, and to recreate her ſorrowful ſpirits, in a great walk of Orenge-trees, orderly and pleaſantly growing upon the banks of a fine Cryſtal Brook, about a mile from *Putzeole*, they afar off (in the Boot of the Coach) eſpied two Horſmen galloping directly towards them, when *Urſina* flattering her ſelf with hope, and therefore bluſhing for joy, that it was her *Sanctifiore*, who was purpoſely come from *Naples* towards *Putzeole* to ſee her, ſhe therefore crys out to her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* to ſtay the Coach, and to attend and expect them; when preſently ſhe ſees her hopes deceived, and her joys ended as ſoon as began, for the one was a ſervant of *Mellefanta*'s, who from *Putzeole* conducted thither to *Urſina* a ſervant of her Father *Placedo*'s who came from *Naples* with a Letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondring, and the Neece far more, what this ſudden buſineſs might be, they both deſcend the Coach, and *Urſina* taking her Father's Letter from his man, ſhe ſteps a little aſide from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the ſeal thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and deſires) finds theſe lines therein.

PLACEDO to URSINA.

HOping that by this time the ſweet air of Putzeole *hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou ſpeedily return home to me to* Naples, *(in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purpoſely ſent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country abſence hath loſt thee a good fortune here in the City, for yeſterday morning the Baron of* Sanctifiore *was (in the* Auguſtines *Church) married to* Dona Bertranna, *Daughter to* Seignior de Tores, *with great ſtate and ſolemnity, whom I had well hoped ſhould have been thy Husband. I remember my beſt reſpects to my Siſter, thy Aunt* Mellefanta, *and my beſt prayers to God for thy virtues and proſperity, as being thy loving Father*

PLACEDO.

Urſina hath no ſooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her ſorrows are ſo great, as ſhe cannot ſpeak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt *Mellefanta* ſteps to her aſſiſtance, and ſo do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to ſupport her up, when at laſt wringing her hands, and looking up ſtedfaſtly to Heaven, ſhe throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation againſt *Sanctifiore*; And hath this baſe Nobleman at laſt requited all my love with this monſtrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to ſuffer it? and O wherefore ſhould he live for offering it to me? Her Aunt reads her Letter, & in deteſtation of *Sanctifiore*'s baſeneſs, ſhe adds fuel to the flame of her Neeces choler againſt him, but ſhe needs not for this very laſt act of his Marriage with *Bertranna*, ſets her all in fire & revenge againſt him, yea her heart is abſolutely diverted, & taken away from him, as heretofore ſhe never loved him ſo much as now ſhe hates him; ſhe ſwears to herſelf, that ſhe will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no leſs than his death for ſo baſely abuſing & deceiving her, ſhe but now threw away his Letter for ſorrow; but now ſhe again takes it up for joy, becauſe it cals her home to *Naples*, where as ſoon as ſhe arrives, ſhe again and again reſolves and vows with her ſelf, that ſhe will murther him her ſelf, or cauſe him to be murthered by ſome others: her Aunt *Mellefanta* by all ſweet means and perſwaſions ſeeks to pacifie her diſcontent and fury, & ſo to appeaſe and cool the raging tempeſts of her heart; but ſhe ſpeaks to a deaf woman, who is not capable either of counſel, conſolation or reaſon, for her malice & revenge againſt *Sanctifiore*, have ſo fully taken up her heart and ſoul, & ſo abſolutely ſurprized her thoughts, and poſſeſſed her reſolutions, that ſhe neither reſolves nor thinks of any thing elſe, but how & in what manner ſhe may murther him; to which end ſhe takes Coach for *Putzeole*, there packs up her baggage, conceals her bloo-

dy intents and resolutions towards *Sanctifiore* from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof she affirms she will bear to her Grave, and from thence to Heaven, & so within three days takes leave of her, and returns to *Naples* to her Father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrows of her brows; but she dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so bears her self fairly, modestly, and temperately towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her disgraceful great belly, as also of the birth and burial of her Infant-Child. She is no sooner come to *Naples*, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctifiore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the Devil, and both of them against God, to dispatch him to Heaven; so now from the matter she falls to the manner, and from her consultation to the practice thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poysoned, to which end within ten days after her arrival to *Naples*, she sends for her own Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworn him to secrecy, profers him two hundred Duckatons to poyson her mortal enemy the Baron of *Sanctifiore*; but *Romancy* is too honest a man, and too religious a Christian to undertake it, and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavoureth to diswade her from this foul and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind, or to a deaf woman, for she is resolute not to retire, but to advance in this her cruel and inhuman design, only she here again strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemnly promiseth.

Ursina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against *Sanctifiore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuosity, when she (by her secret spies) is given to understand, that he triumphed in her affliction and scandal, and reputes it his chiefest content and felicity, to have erected the Trophees of his joy upon the ruins of her Honour, and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her disgrace is now become the publick laughter and private scorn and glory of his proud and ambitious Wife *Bertranna*: so she cannot endure the thought, much less digest the remembrance and consideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, & to try another experiment and conclusion thereof She in a pleasant morning, somewhat sooner than accustomed, walks alone with her Waiting-Maid in her Father's curious and dainty Garden, but not to please her eyes with the delicious sight and fragrant smell of the great variety, of rare and fair Flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diaperd; or to recreate and delight her ears with the mellifluous Ditties and Madrigals, of those sweet Quiristers of the Air, the Nightingals, Thrushes, and Lennots, who sate Chanting of some sweet Division in some Trees of this Garden, and on some branches of these Trees; or to preserve her self from the intemperate heat of the scorching Sun-beams; and therefore to pass her time either in some shadowed Walks and Arbours, or to sit her self down by some curious Crystal Fountain, with all which Delights and Rarities, this her Father's Garden was deliciously inriched & embellished; O no, nothing less, for she was resolute to make her self more miserable, and not so happy, because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her resolutions on the murther of *Sanctifiore*, at what price or rate soever. Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyson him, she else knows not any so fit or proper to dispatch him, as her trulty Coachman *Sebastiano*, who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an ear witness, of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her; wherefore she by her Waiting-Maid, sends for him into the Garden to her, and with many ruthful looks, and sorrowful sighs, having first commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then sworn him to secresie to what she should now relate and deliver unto him; she tells him, that she cannot live except that base Lord *Sanctifiore* die, and therefore she profereth him an hundred Spanish double Pistols of Gold, if he will either murther him by night in the Streets with his Rapier, or Pistol him to death abroad in the Fields, at his first seeing and meeting of him, to the which she very earnestly prays and requests him. *Sebastiano* was amazed at this bloody proposition and entreaty of his young Lady *Ursina*, whom he ever held to be more charitable, and not so cruel-hearted to any one of the world; and although he be poor, yet he is so honest, virtuous and religious, as he highly refuseth to distain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood, for any Silver or Gold whatsoever. So in humble (and yet in absolute) terms, he gives her the denial, and (with tears in his eyes) prays her to desist from this her cruel purpose, because he affirms to her, that the end of murther proves most commonly but

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the beginning of shame, repentance, misery, and confusion to their authors; so she bites her lip, and hangs her head for sorrow at this his repulse and refusal; and yet is so cautious and wary in her actions, as she makes him again swear secrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this business; the which he faithfully promiseth her, provided, that her command and his service, be every way exempt of the effusion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which he constantly vows to her, it is impossible for him ever to be seduced or drawn, and so he takes leave of her, and leaves her solitary alone in the Garden to her muzes; but yet as he was issuing forth, she again calls him to her, and strictly chargeth him, first carefully and curiously to inform himself, and then he her, of *Sanctifiore*'s most frequent haunts and walks without the City, the which he likewise promiseth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengeful *Ursina* is not contented to receive the denial from her Apothecary *Romancy*, and the repulse from her Coachman *Sebastiano*, about the finishing of this deplorable business, but without making any good use of their honest and religious dissuasions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of Heaven or Hell, she as a fatal member and prodigious agent of Satan, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is still so strong with her heart, because her faith & soul are so weak with God, that she sees not her self so often in her Looking-glass with delight, as she both sees, & finds *Sanctifiore* in her heart and mind with detestation; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reason, & banished all charity and piety in her self, and consequently now made her memorative and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurps every point, both of her time, and of her self, and works so strange (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if she were now wholly composed of one, or both of these two impious and diabolical vices; so that every moment seems a year, and every day an age to her, before she hath dispatched him for Heaven: she now sees that she cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her self, and therefore day by day, calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him, where *Sanctifiore*'s usual haunts and walks were out of the City, he at last tells her, that he is fully assured, that most mornings and evenings, he takes his Coach, and sometimes his Page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the City, beyond the Gate which looks towards St. *Germains*, and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orenge Trees (near a small River side) he with his Book in his hand, and his Spaniel-Dog at his heels, passeth an hour or two alone in his private contemplation, his Coach being sometimes out of his sight from him, and sometimes returns to the City, and so comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Ursina* from her Coachman, but she receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; she is therefore so cruel in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in resolutions, as she will protract no time, but she speedily bethinks her self of a hellish stratagem and policy (no less strange than cruel) which the Devil himself suggested, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice and infernal revenge in murthering of *Sanctifiore*; the manner whereof is thus;

She very secretly provides her self of a Frier's compleat Weed, as a sad Russet-Gown and Cowl, with a Girdle of a knotty Rope, and Wooden Sandals, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a false negligent old Beard, and hair for his head suitable to the same, and in one of the Pockets of this Frock, she put a small Begging-Box, such as those Frier's use to carry in City and Country, when they crave the Charitable Alms and Devotion of well disposed People; as also a new Breviary (or small Mass-Book) of the last Edition and Form of *Rome*, bound up in Blew Turky-Leather richly Guilt: but in the other Pocket thereof, she puts a couple of small short Pistols which she had secretly purloined out of her Father *Placedo*'s Armoury, and had Charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, fast rammed down, with Priming-Powder in the Pans, and all these fatal Trinkets, she (with equal silence and treachery) packs and tyes up close in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruel and lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctifiore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody Banquet his old Love, and now his new Enemy *Ursina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with grief, that it was the Tuesday after Palm-sunday, (a time and week which the blessed Passion of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, makes sacred and famous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, & not to pollute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine Monster, rather our femal fury *Ursina*, being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctifiore* was that day about three of the Clock

after Dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforeſaid uſual place of Walking, a Mile off the City in the Fields; ſhe infinite glad of this deſired occaſion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebaſtiano* make ready his Coach, and ſilently to leave him without the Poſtern-Gate of her Father's Garden, and ſo preſently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he as ſoon performs; to whom ſhe now (prophanely and treacherouſly ſays) *Sebaſtiano*, by the favour and mercy of God) I have exchanged my cruelty into courteſie, towards the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and do therefore preſently reſolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce, and laugh heartily at the ſight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleaſing news to *Sebaſtiano*, to whom ſhe then gives this little Fardel, and ſo purpoſely leaving her Waiting-Maid behind her, ſhe cheerfully and ſpeedily follows him to the Coach, wherein being ſeated, and the little Fardel likewiſe within by her, ſhe bids him drive away with all ſpeed to find out *Sanctifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight ſhots of him, *Urſina* bids *Sebaſtiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the Coach into ſome cloſe ſhadowed place out of the high way, where they might ſee *Sanctiofiore*, but not (as yet) to be either ſeen or eſpied of him; which accordingly he doth, where ſhe deſcends her Coach, draws off her own Apparel, and ſo puts on her falſe Frier's Apparel, as alſo the Hair and Beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before; and here likewiſe ſhe foldeth up the Treſſes and Tramels of her own Hair under it and hath purpoſely ſhaved away the Hair off a little part of the Crown of her Head; and all this whiles her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* turns her Chamber-Maid here in the Fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly ſmiling and laughing to ſee what a ſtrange metamorphoſis this now is, that his young Lady *Urſina* is here become an old Frier, but ſtill he hides and conceals her two Piſtols carefully in her Pocket from him, as alſo her bloody deſignes and intents towards *Sanctifiore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as ſhe her ſelf and only her ſelf is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readineſs, ſhe out of her other Pocket, takes her Alms Box, and holds it in one of her hands, and her Hours (or Breviary) in her other, and ſo taking leave of her Coachman, and (with a diſſembling chearful countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and ſpeedily to bring up her Coach to her, as ſoon as ſhe ſees her wave her white Handkerchief towards him, ſo, as a jolly old Frier, away this ſhe-Devil ſoftly trips toward *Sanctifiore*, having piety in her looks, but prophaneſs and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as ſhe goes, *Sebaſtiano* cannot refrain from laughing to ſee this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and Miſtris, but directly believing, that ſhe in merriment went a Maying or Masking; ſuch was his ignorance, that he leaſt thought or dreamt, that ſhe went to commit Murther, or what a Devil was here vailed and ſhrouded under this Frier's Weed.

So (with more aſſurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) ſhe goes on towards *Sanctifiore*, who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, ſhe holding up her begging-Box, and counterfeiting an old Frier's voice, prays him for the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*'s ſake, and alſo for holy St. *Francis* ſake, to beſtow ſomething on him for their Society and Order; which *Sanctifiore* (being alone, as having ſent back his Coach to the City, (reſolving to do; he ſeeing that fair new Breviary in the Frier's hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruſeth it, which being that which *Urſina* aimed and looked for; ſhe for manners-ſake (but indeed purpoſely and maliciouſly) ſteps behind him, and very ſoftly drawing out one of her Piſtols out of her Pocket, which was already bent, ſhe levels it at the very Reins of his Back, and ſo lets fly at him, whereof he preſently was falling to the ground; when (the Devil making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, ſhe whips out the other Piſtol out of her Pocket, and to make ſure work with him, likewiſe diſchargeth it in his breſt; and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conſpicuous and apparent to all the world, as near as he could gueſs to his very heart; of which mortal wounds made by her four Bullets, *Sanctifiore* fell immediately dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happineſs to ſpeak a word; and ſhe pulling off her falſe Beard, diſcovered her ſelf to him, as he was dying, and ſpurning him moſt diſdainfully and maliciouſly with her foot, gave him this cruel farewel; Such death ſuch Villains deſerve, who triumph and glory to betray harmleſs and innocent Ladies: which having acted and ſaid, ſhe waving her Handkerchief to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as ſwift as the Wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold the woful accident and ſpectacle; for deſcending ſpeedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctifiore* dead, and his ſoul already fled and aſcen-

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ded from Earth to Heaven; to whom his Lady *Ursina* in a graceless insulting bravery) says, Rejoyce with me *Sebastiano*, that I have now so bravely and fortunately revenged my self on this base and treacherous Barn *Sanctifiore*; but honest *Sebastiano*, (being as full of true grief, as she was of false joy) replies and tells her, Oh Madam! what have you done? for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce, but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to dissemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatal Frier's frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reason to fear than cause to doubt, that your murthering of the Baron of *Sanctifiore* will prove the ruine and confusion of your self, except God be graciously pleased to be more merciful to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your safety; which as soon as he had said, he (in the Frier's Weeds) speedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shaddowed thicket from whence she came, where she casts off her Frier's Apparel, Beard, Hair, Box and Book, as also the two Pistols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch, or Precipice, and so he helps her to put on all her own Apparel and Attire, and then with more haste than good speed drives home amain toward *Naples*; and it was a disputable Question, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Ursina* more rejoyced, or her honest Coachman *Sebastiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

We have seen with what a malicious courage, and a desperate and prophane resolution, this cruel hearted Gentlewoman *Ursina* hath (in the habit of a Frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctifiore*, and the Reader shall not go much further in this History before (if not in the same moment, yet in the same hour) he see the sacred Justice of God will surprize and bring her to condign punishment for the same, as if the last (as indeed it is) were co-incident and hereditatory to the first, or as if it were wholly impossible for her to rejoyce so much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

God's Judgments are as just as sacred; and as miraculous as just: so that all people should rather admire it with awful reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane presumption. But our wretched *Ursina* will not make her self so happy to be of the first, but rather so miserable to be of this second rank; for she wholly despiseth God's Justice, and so absolutely forgets God himself, as she neither thinks of what she hath now done, what she now is, or which is worst of all, what hereafter she may be; but rather as an inconsiderate and wretched Gipsie) laughs in her sleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctifiore* of his life, who so lately and so treacherously had bereaved her of her honour and chastity. Whiles thus sorrowful *Sebastiano* is hurrying away his joyful murtherous young Mistris the Lady *Ursina* in her Coach towards her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s house in *Naples* (as thinking to make his way the shorter and securer) he drave his Coach on a narrow path by the side of a hill; it so pleased God (in his sacred Providence) as of his two Coach-horses, that on the outside fell shear over the path, and drew his fellow-horse, the Coach, the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* down the hill after him; with which sudden terrible fall the Coach was shattered and torn in pieces, she brake her right arm (wherewith she had discharged these two Pistols) and he his left leg, so that she had the power, but not the will, and he the will, but not the power to step to her assistance; only he leaps from the Coach-box to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts off the stays and trappings of his horses, that they in their amazed fury might not draw the Coach and themselves after them; and yet such is her impenitency and his affliction, as she here was not half so much terrified, as he perplexed and astonished at this their misfortunate disaster, the which though she slighted, as only looking down to her self, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no less than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatal Omen, portending some dismal calamities and afflictions which were immediately to surprize and betide them.

As thus distressed *Ursina*, and her lame and sorrowful Coachman *Sebastiano*, sate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to see their Coach lie torn on the Sea-side and shore of the Hill, and their two Coach-horses (without hurt or fear) licentiously playing their frisks and figaries below in the valleys, neither he nor she knew what course to take for their present consolation and safety, and so to prevent the eminency of their danger; but at last she taking some ten double Pistols of *Spanish* Gold out of her pocket, & giving it him, she again makes him swear

secrecy, never to reveal what he had seen her perform to *Sanctifiore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingness) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by some loud crys and holla's should call in some contadines (or Country-labourers) to their assistance, whom they saw a good distance off very busily working in the Vines: the which as he was about to do, so God (in his sacred Providence) so ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctifiore*'s Coach came ratling above them, where they two sate comfortless and sorrowful upon the ground: and in the Coach was his Page *Hieronymo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his Master, who perfectly seeing and knowing the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*; and seeing her Coach lie by her all reversed, and shattered and torn to pieces, grieving at this her disaster, he for the respect he bore her for the Baron his Master's sake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Coachman with him; and so descends down to her assistance, where being more fully acquainted, with the breaking of her arm, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*'s leg; he very humanely and courteously proffers her his Lord's Coach, and his best service to conduct and carry them both home to her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s house in the City; little thinking or dreaming, that she came from so cruelly murthering his kind Lord and Master *Sanctifiore*, or that his breathless body lay now exposed as a prey to the Fowls of the air in the field.

Sebastiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Ursina* infinitely more at this unexpected incounter, and ominous meeting of *Sanctifiore*'s Page, Coach and Coachman, which threatned her no less than fear, and this fear no less than eminent danger and confusion, especially to her self, if not to him; when looking wistly and sorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themselvs in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare she accept, or well knows how to refuse this proffered courtesie of the Page *Hieronymo*. But at last (despight of her self) she is inforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a virtue of necessity, she (though much against her will) is constrained very thankfully to accept, and make use of this kindness of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Ursina* by her left arm, and his Coachman, hers by his right, they softly bring them up the hill to the Baron their Master's Coach, and so convey her home to her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s house in the City, who was then gone forth to sup with the Prince of *Salerno* (who by the Mother's side was his Cousin German) where *Ursina* (setting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatons for this their courtesie; so they take leave of her, and speedily return with their Coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Master, to whom they resolve at full to relate this accident; when *Ursina*'s fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what tickliſh terms and dangerous points both her self and her life now stood, she (in the absence of her Father) speedily resolves to provide her a swift Coach and so to fly from *Naples* to her Aunt *Mellesanta*'s house in *Putzeole*, where she promiseth her self far more safety and less danger than here at home with her Father; but contrariwise we shall see that God is now resolved to deceive both her hopes, and her self herein, to her utter shame and confusion.

The Page *Hieronymo* being sorrowful for this Lady *Ursina*'s misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that he had the happiness & good fortune to perform this fair office, and friendly courtesie to her, he now bids his Coachman drive away o're the fields to that pleasant Grove to find their Lord and Master *Sanctifiore*, where being arrived he descends his Coach, and with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath scarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and most lamentably all gored, & ingrained in his own blood; at the sight whereof he bursts forth into many bitter tears and out-crys; yea, he throws away his hat, and tears his hair for grief and sorrow hereof, and no less doth his Coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with grief & astonishment, & with sorrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or say hereof, as whether this their Lord and Master had here killed himself, or were murthered and robbed by Thieves; but at last this sorrowful Page *Hieronymo*, will stay alone weeping by the breathless body of his Lord & Master, and so send away the Coachman in his Coach speedily to *Naples*, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her Father *Seignior De Tores*, with this sad and sorrowful news, whereat she almost drowns her self in tears, and he very bitterly laments and sorroweth for it; so (being incapable of any hope, comfort or consolation) they do both of them take Coach and drive away into the field, where she almost murthereth her eyes with her tears, to see her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here see none in sight of him, neither do they know any body but themselves that hath seen him; so by

whom

whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagin, when the Father leaving his Daughter to wash and bedew her dead Husbands cheeks with her tears, he himself gallops away in his Coach to *Naples*, and brings thence along with him the Criminal Officers of Justice, first to know, and then to be eye-witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and sight whereof (in nature and justice) they cannot refrain from equally wondring and grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themselves) they cause the Coachman to spread his Cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and so they make a Chyrurgion (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unapparel and search his body for wounds, who finds and shews them, that he was shot with two Pistol-bullets in his back, and other two in his breast; when missing likewise of his purse, they all of them do confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murthered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to discover, the Judges sent their Serjeants and Servants, and *De Tores* likewise sends the Page and his Coachman searching and scouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they find there; who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged boy (of some twelve or fourteen years old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a few Cows (which yielded milk to the City) and him they find sitting within a hedg in a ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he sees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor silly boy he shakes and trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tels them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*: they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwels: who replies, that his father is a poor Butcher, named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwels at *Naples* in St. *John*'s Suburbs (which the Judges afterwards find true) then these grave Judges perceiving the poor boy to be bashful and timerous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him, if he saw any one to come near and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and rustick terms he answered them, that from the hedg within which he kept his Father's Cows, he saw this Gentleman walk alone by himself at least an hour, with a Book in his hand reading, and that then he saw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged some alms of him, whom he saw did shoot off two Pistols to him, and therewith killed him, for he then, and thereupon presently saw the Gentleman fall to the ground: They again demand of him, what afterwards became of this Frier; who tels the Judges, that a Coach came up instantly to him, and carried him away, but where, he knows not. They ask of him, why he had not cried out against the Frier, when he saw he had killed this Gentleman? to whom he makes answer, That he dared not do it, for fear least he would then likewise have killed him with his Pistols. The Judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black, or a gray-Frier; to whom he answers, that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or sad russet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him, how many horses this Coach had, & of what colour they were? to whom he affirms, that they were two black Coach-horses. When the Judges to conclude this query, and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tels them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought some white laces upon it: The which this pregnant poor little boy *Bartholomeo* had no sooner pronounced and spoken, but *Sanctifiore*'s Page *Hieronymo* crys out and relates to the Judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores*, where, and in what manner and accident he some two hours since found the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom he seriously affirmed wore a red Cloak with white laces, & that her two Coach horses, which they saw straying below in the valley were coal black, right as *Bartholomeo* had described them; adding further, that her Coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of respect and pity to her, he had carried both her, & him home to her father *Seignior Placedo*'s house, but he affirmed he saw no Frier either in their sight or company: all which relation of his, was likewise there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of *Sanctifiore*'s own Coachman, who was also there present; the which evidence of theirs as soon as the Lady *Bertranna* over-heard, she with a world of sighs and tears (as if she were suddenly inspired and prompted from Heaven) passionately crys out first to her Father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtless *Ursina* was this devillish Frier, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* the very same damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murthered her Lord and Husband, when throwing her self on her knees to their feet, she very earnestly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here most seriously and solemnly promise it her.

To

To which effect, theſe Reverend Judges, leaving her Father, her ſelf, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her Husband's dead body home to their houſe in *Naples*, they themſelves make great haſte thither before, and preſently ſend their Officer and Serjeants to *Seignior Placedo*'s houſe, there to apprehend the Lady *Urſina* his Daughter, and their Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom they both opportunely find iſſuing forth his Gate in a freſh Hackney-Coach, ſpeedily flying to *Putzeole* to her Aunt *Mellefanta*, for protection and Sanctuary; ſo theſe fierce and mercileſs Serjeants do preſently divert and alter their courſe, yea, they furiouſly and ſuddenly ruſh upon them, apprehend and conſtitute them cloſe Priſoners in the Common Goal of that City, placing them in two ſeveral Chambers, to the end they ſhould not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they ſhall find more leiſure than time, both to remember what they have done, and likewiſe to know what hereafter they muſt do.

Whiles thus all *Naples* generally reſound and talk of this mournful fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at theſe his Daughter's unexpected croſſes and calamities, as alſo of thoſe of his Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, the which he fears, he can far ſooner lament than remedy; our ſorrowful Widdow *Bertranna* (with the aſſiſtance of her Father *De Tores*) gives her Husband the Baron of *Sanctiſiore* a ſolemn and ſtately burial in the *Fucillantes* Church of *Naples*, correſpondent to his Noble Degree and Quality. And then within two days after, at her earneſt and paſſionate ſolicitation to the Judges; *Urſina* and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, are ſeverally convented before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Juſtice, and there ſtrongly accuſed by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murther, committed on the perſon of *Sanctiſiore* her Husband, the which both of them do ſtoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence; and when the little Boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in Evidence againſt them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly depoſed to them in the fields, but ſays he thinks not that this Lady was that Frier; nor can he truly ſay, that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his Cloak was ſhewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it; but *Bertranna* having now ſecretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the paſſages that had formerly paſt between *Urſina* and her Husband *Sanctiſiore*, as his getting of her with Child, and then (contrary to his promiſe) refuſing to marry her, they do therefore more than half believe, that it was her diſcontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as alſo (that in favour of ſome gold) ſhe had likewiſe ſeduced and drawn her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* to be conſenting and acceſſary herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him; and ſo they adjudg him to the Rack; the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, ſo that (remembring his oath of ſecrecy to his Lady *Urſina*) he cannot thereby be drawn to confeſs any thing, but denies all, whereof ſhe having ſecret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and inſult thereat; now the very next enſuing morning, *Urſina* her ſelf, is likewiſe adjudged and expoſed to the Rack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as ſoon as ſhe ſenſibly feels, God proves then ſo propitious and merciful to her ſoul, that her dainty body, and tender limbs cannot poſſibly endure or ſuffer it, but then and there ſhe to her Judges and Tormentors, confeſſeth her ſelf to be the ſole author and actor of piſtolling to death, the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, in the ſame manner and form, as we have already underſtood in all its circumſtances, but in her heart and ſoul ſhe ſtrongly affirms to them, that her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* was not acceſſary with her herein; upon which apparent and palpable confeſſion of hers, her Judges (in honour to ſacred Juſtice, and for expiation of this her foul crime) do pronounce ſentence of death againſt her, that ſhe ſhall the next morning be hanged at the place of Common Execution, notwithſtanding all the power and tears of her Father, and Kinſfolks to the contrary.

So ſhe is returned to her Priſon, where her Father (not being permitted to ſee her that night) ſends her two Nuns, and two Friers, to prepare and direct her ſoul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through God's great mercy, and their own pious perſwaſions, they found to be wonderful humble, repentant and ſorrowful. She privately ſends word to her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, that ſhe is thankful to him for his reſpect and fidelity to her on the Rack, and wills him to be aſſured and confident, that ſhe being to die to morrow, her Speech at her death, ſhall no way prejudice, but ſtrongly confirm the ſafety and preſervation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulneſs of her crime, than at the infamy and ſeverity of her puniſhment, ſhe ſpends moſt part of the night, and the firſt part of the morning in Godly Prayers

and

and religious Meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her ſorrowful old Father Seignior *Placedo*, by his noble Kinſman the Prince of *Salerno*, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Oſſuna*, the free gift of all his Lands to ſave this his Daughters life, yet the ſtrong ſolicitation of the firſt, and the great proffer of the laſt proved vain, and fruitleſs, for they found it wholly impoſſible to obtain it.

So about Ten of the Clock in the Morning, our ſorrowful *Urſina*, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution-place; clad in a black wrought Velvet-Gown, a green Sattin-Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dreſſed up with Tuffs and Roſes of green Ribbon, with ſome artificial Flowers, all covered over with a white Cipres-Vail, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her hands: when aſcending the Ladder, ſhe, to the great confluence of people who came thither to ſee her take her laſt farewel of this life, and this world (with a mournful countenance, and low voice) delivered them this ſorrowful and religious ſpeech.

Good People, I want words to expreſs the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and ſorrow of my ſoul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, although not to diſſemble, but to confeſs the pure truth, he betrayed his promiſe to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chaſtity without it, whereof I beſeech Almighty God, that all men, (of what degree or quality ſoever) may hereafter be warned by his example; and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I do likewiſe here confeſs to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all who are here preſent, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murther, and that my Coachman *Sebaſtiano* is no way conſenting or acceſſary with me herein; and that albeit I once promiſed and proffered him a hundred double Piſtols of *Spaniſh* Gold to perform it, yet he honeſtly and religiouſly refuſed both me and it, and ſtrongly and pathetically diſſwaded me from it, whoſe good and wholſome Counſel, I now wiſh to God (from the depth and center of my ſoul) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I die miſerable. And becauſe it is now no time, but bootleſs for me, either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God or man, the worſt of his crime, I being his Miſtris, which (after with my hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Father's houſe, and for aſſiſting me to caſt the Frier's Frock, the falſe Beard and Hair, the Almſ-box, Breviary, and two Piſtols, into the next deep Pit, or Precipice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they ſtill lie; for this my hainous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto me), I ask pardon firſt of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*: and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beſeech you all in general, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my ſins in his favour, and hereafter ſave my ſoul in his mercy; the which as ſoon as ſhe had ſaid, and uttered ſome few ſhort prayers to her ſelf, ſhe (often making the ſign of the Croſs) takes leave of all the World; when pulling down her Vail, in comely ſort over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, ſhe was turned over. Now, as ſome of her Spectators rejoyced at the death of ſo cruel and bloody a Female Monſter, ſo the greateſt part of them, in favour of her Birth, Youth and Beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pity her, but all of them do highly deteſt and execrate the baſe ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctifiore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cauſe and chiefeſt motive which drew her to theſe deplorable and bloody reſolutions.

As for her honeſt Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, although his own torments on the Rack, and now this ſolemn Confeſſion of his Lady *Urſina* at her death had ſufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *Sanctifiore*; yet ſuch was his Widdow *Bertranna*'s living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebaſtiano*, for thinking him to be guilty, and acceſſary hereunto with his Lady *Urſina*, that her power and malice ſo far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further diſquiſition of this truth, as they now again ſentence him to the double torments of the Rack, the which he again likewiſe endureth with a moſt unparallel'd patience and conſtancy, without confeſſing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to ſee, and admiring to underſtand, and having no ſubſtantial proofs, or real and valuable Evidences againſt him, they now fully abſolve and acquit him of this his ſuſpected crime, when being moved in Charity, Juſtice, and Conſcience to yield

him some reward and satisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his health by these his sharp and bitter torments, they therefore adjudg the Plaintiff Widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof she cannot possibly exempt or excuse her self.

And thus lived and died our unkind Baron *Sanctifiore*, and our cruel-hearted young Lady *Ursina*, and in this manner did the sacred Justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their History, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Baron's levity, and from our souls to abhor and detest this Ladies cruelty and impiety. *Amen.*

God's

30

God's Revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly killeth* Palura *in a Duel with two Piſtols. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman-Uſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhe marrieth, and then murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his bed: ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes thrown into the Air for the firſt.*

IN the general depravation of this Age, it is no wonder that many ſinful ſouls are ſo tranſported by Satan and their own outragious paſſions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian brethren; and it were a great happineſs and felicity to moſt Countrys and Kingdoms of *Europe*, if they were not ſometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying ſin, which with a preſumptuous hand ſeems to ſtrike at the Majeſty of God himſelf, in killing man his creature; but becauſe wiſhes avail little, and for that examples are more powerful and prevalent, and prove the beſt precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one; of ſo inhumane a condition, that by the knowledg and conſideration thereof, we may know how to deteſt the like, and to avoid the temptations in our ſelves.

In the famous Kingdom of *Portugal*, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the ſweeteſt and faireſt Cities thereof, there (within theſe few years) dwelt a noble Gentleman of ſome fifty ſix years old, named *Don Alonſa De Mora*, iſſued and deſcended from one of the beſt

and famous houſes of that Kingdom,as being Nephew to that great and wiſe *Don Chriſtopher De Mora*,of whom the Hiſtories of *Spain* and *Portugal* make ſo often,and ſo honourable mention:and although he were by his Anceſtors and Parents left very rich in Lands and Poſſeſſions,yet his ambition and generoſity carried him to ſerve his King,*Philip* third of *Spain*, in his wars of *Affrica* and *Flanders*; wherein he ſpent the greateſt part of his time and of himſelf, won many renowned Laurels and Marſhal Trophees of honour,and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and teſtimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally conſtant in unconſtancy, and ſubject and co-incident to mutations,and that the world ſtill delights to pleaſe us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprizes and reſolutions) ſo our *De Mora* at laſt, cals home his thoughts and himſelf from war to peace,& now reſolves to ſpend the remainder of his age in as much eaſe and pleaſure as formerly he had done,the heat and ſtrength of his youth in tumults and combuſtions;he now ſees that there is no life nor pleaſure comparable to that of the Country, for here the ſweetneſs of the imbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamel'd fields,the unparalleld paſtim of hawking and hunting,and the free and uninterrupted acceſs which we have to Arts in our ſtudy,and to God in religious prayers and meditations,makes it to be no leſs,then either an earthly Paradiſe,or a Heaven upon Earth. For the Camp (deſpite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of inſolencies and impieties, the City(deſpite of Magiſtrates)with all ſorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetouſneſs and pride,and the Court (deſpite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocriſie, perfidiouſneſs and vanity. To his own great Mannor-houſe near *Stremos*, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a reſolution for ever, there to erect and build up his reſidence, making it his greateſt delight to have his Hounds and Grey-hounds at his heels, and ſee his Hawk on his fiſt.Now the Alarms of War no longer take up his thoughts and time,neither do the Drums and Trumpets,and the ratling peals & thunder of Muskets and Cannons, diſtract his days-pleaſures,or cut his nights ſweet ſleeps and ſlumbers in pieces.He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men;he ſpurns at love, and (in a diſdainful contempt thereof) terms *Venus* Whore;and her ſon *Cupid* a boy,and which is worſe a Baſtard:in a word he profeſſeth himſelf to be as great, and as mortal an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chaſtity, and never thinks himſelf happy, but when either he is out of womens Company,or they not in his. He is ſo far from effecting any marriage, as he pitieth it in others,and for ever abjures & deteſts it in himſelf, he compares ſingle life to Roſes & Lillies, and wedlock to briers and thiſtles, and therefore in the higheſt and ſublimeſt degree, ſcorns to have any Wife or Miſtris in his houſe, to over maſter him.

But it is not for men to preſume to point out their own deſtinies: ſith we are but the ſlaves of time,as the ſervant of God,and therefore(in this regard) our actions are ſubject to Heaven,not to earth,and to God's appointment,rather than to our purpoſes:and to preſuppoſe and think the contrary,is a preſumption,every way unworthy of a man,but far more of a Chriſtian,ſith nature is ſubject to grace, and our earthly paſſions and reſolutions muſt ſtill ſtoop to a ſacred power, and ever ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to a Divine Providence and ſupernatural Predominancy:It is therefore folly,not wiſdom and ſimplicity nor diſcretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to women,for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and diſdain marriage,in regard he is the fruit and off-ſpring of marriage: for thus to violate and pull down the Temples and altars of Love, is obſtinately to oppoſe nature, and prophanely to ſubvert the inſtitution of God himſelf in Paradiſe, but he ſhall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a clear and ſweet morning (as ſoon as *Aurora* lept from the watry bed of *Thetis*, and purpoſely retired her ſelf to give way to approaching *Phœbus*,(who in his fiery Chariot,with his gliſtring beams began to ſalute and guild the tops of the higheſt Woods and Mountains) *De Mora* attended by half a dozen of his domeſtick ſervants,goes into the fields to hawk and hunt,where having killed one Hare,and ſet up another, all his ſervants left him alone, and with the Hounds purſue the Hare, who tripping through the lanes and thickets, the Hills and Valleys, at laſt leads them ſuch a dance, that in leſs than an hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a little league out of his ſight; whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, for that he was left all alone, he not knowing how to paſs or delude away the tediouſneſs of the time, ſate himſelf down upon the ſide of a fair Hill, or the foot of a pleaſant Grove of Beech and Cheſnut-trees, whoſe curled tops ſheltred him from the ſcorching rayes of the Sun; and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning Meanders, the Neighbouring Cryſtal River made in that pleaſant Valley, as alſo to ſee how ſweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly

ruffled

ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein, in their Majestical and stately bravery; and how many malicious Fowlers, both in Boats and on the Banks of that sweet River, were curiously watching with their fiery pieces to murther those innocent watry-guests who frequented there; and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmless Fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his solitariness) listening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voices of his Hounds, or else the shril rebounding Echoes of his Servants hunting Horns, He looking up toward the Sky, beheld a *Heron*, softly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Gos-hawk which he held on his fist, and consequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdaining that his Hawk and himself should be thus out-braved by so ill-shaped and unmannerly a Sea-fowl; he speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets fly his Hawk at her: But the *Heron* stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered sails so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the Air, sometimes descending, and still looking back with scorn on the Gos-hawk, as if she purposely took delight and sport, to see what infinite toyl and pain this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to surprize and devour her; so the swifter the *Heron* flew from the Hawk, the swifter the Hawk redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being unpossible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hola's or Lure, at last both Hawk and *Heron* flew quite out of his sight, and which is worse, he was so unfortunate, as never after he could see either of them again.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his Servants and Hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loss of his Gos-hawk, and therefore curseth the *Heron* for thus seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himself to run from hill to vale to have news of her; and in the end, seeing both his labour and Hawk lost, he betakes himself to the aforesaid Grove, and (with much discontent and choler) first casting his Hat and Lure to the ground, he then likewise casts himself thereon to repose him, still attending and expecting his Hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but close by him passed an aged Country Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautiful young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a Crimson Taffeta Petticoat and Waste-coat, trimmed with silver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimson Ribbon, covered with a black Cypres-vail, having a rolling amorous eye, (the true Index of desire and lust); her Snow-white painted brests open, but only a little hidden and over-vailed with curious Tiffeny, whose white purity, her pure white paps (interveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her waiting-Maid attending on her, and he a serving-man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning went some three Leagues from his own house to take the fresh Air in that pleasant and delicious Grove, without the hedg whereof he had left his Coach; this Country-Gentleman, I say, passing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the other merits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewise gave him a low and graceful courtesie. *De Mora* surprized with the suddenness of their arrival, and the sweetness of these their salutations, riseth up, and having first saluted him, and kissed her, he prays his name, who tels him that he is a Gentleman that dwelt some three Leagues off, termed *Emanuel de Cursoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinswoman or his Daughter? who tels him she is his Daughter: when *De Mora* again enquires of him, if she be married or no, and what name and age she is of; *Cursoro* replies that she is unmarried, of some twenty years of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* again tels him, that he is very happy in having so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father smileth for joy, and the Daughter blusheth for bashfulness and modesty. *De Mora* again questioneth *Cursoro*, if any business brought him thither that morning; who tels him he had no business, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the Air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedg; so they walk together some turns in this pleasant Grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes, on the Roses and Lillies of *Bellinda*'s sweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Cursoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his Men, his Hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there

left alone, and had no news of them, they together make many walks, turns and returns. When *De Mora*, led by the lustre of *Bellinda*'s lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arm, the which *Cursoro* modestly and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his Daughter to receive: Here *Cursoro* proffereth *De Mora* to lend him his Coach to carry him home to his house, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtesie, proffereth *Cursoro* and his Daughter to accompany and conduct them to their Coach, the which undeserved kindness, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtesie) they a long time stand striving and complementing, till at last *De Mora* hearing the cry of his Hounds, his importunity vanquisheth *Cursoro*'s modesty, and so, will or nill, he conducts him to his Coach, and likewise leads his Daughter *Bellinda* by the arm and hand, and by the way doth at least usurp, and steal many amorous kisses from the Cherries of her sweet lips, and damask Roses of her pure and delicate Cheeks, whereat she is more admired than pleased. As they are thus going towards *Cursoro*'s Coach, *De Mora*'s Hounds and Servants arrive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requital of their long stay) do present their Lord and Master with a brace of Hares, and a wild white Fawn which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully bestows the Hares on *Cursoro*, and the white Fawn on his fair Daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he swears shall be his mistress, and his Love; *Cursoro* is too modest, and his Daughter too bashful to accept hereof, so they a long time refuse these his presents, with many dilatory and complemental excuses.

But at last *De Mora* finds out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and desire; for he peremptorily swears to *Cursoro*, and his Daughter *Bellinda*, that they shall receive these poor presents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his house, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and terms *Cursoro* thankfully receives the Hares, and likewise causeth his Daughter *Bellinda* to do the same by the Fawn, the which (with a very low and observant courtesie) she doth: So he conducts them on to their Coach, and by the way wrings her by the Lilly white hand, plays with the loose tresses of her sweet hair, her blushing cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaster neck, when taking leave of *Cursoro*, and a solemn congee of his Daughter *Bellinda*, which he again seals and confirms with many new kisses, they take Coach and away, and *De Mora* with his Servants and Hounds returns home to his house.

Thus in a little time we see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphosis in *De Mora*, but whether more strange or sudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night comes home a slave and a captive. Heretofore he spurned at love, and disdained beauty, and now the very first sight of our fair *Bellinda*, sets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart, so that his old blood is passionately and amorously inflamed with this new beauty; formerly he (in derision) termed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheism, and repents himself of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her Deity, and terms her a coelestial and sacred Goddess; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects Altars to the first, and consecrates all his vows to the second. The small and strait wast of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheeks and blushes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and casts his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) seem to make his age young, and to give the lie to those infinite number of white hairs, which time had snowed on his head, and showred on his beard. He a thousand times repents himself of his former error and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kisses and imbraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay down all his Lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteems both of them too poor, for the purchasing of so inestimable a jewel; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraign Empress of his soul, and the sacred Goddess of his desires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequal difference,

ference and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and six, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between such a *January* and such a *May*, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea, he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyful Father of many pretty Children by her, so that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he upon his first sight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth and raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly say, in nothing else but in feasting his eyes, and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His Hawks and Hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himself, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind how *Macarius* was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his case alone to be so deeply plunged and tormented in love, but that the greatest Captains, Philosophers, and Kings of the world; and as Poets affirm, the gods themselves have been subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorn the Temples and Altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighs, and the sacrifices of theirs tears.

Thus our *De Mora* being at the first wholly inflamed with love towards his fair and beautiful intended Mistris *Bellinda*, he to seem far younger than he is, he is so vain in his affection, as (contrary to his custom) he shaves his Beard, delights himself in an ash colour satin suit and cloak, with a white Beaver-hat, and a hat-band of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green silk stockings, with garters & roses laced with silver, suitable thereunto, and so to perform his promise to *Curforo*, takes Coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much to taste of his good cheer, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his Daughter *Bellinda*'s beauty; where he finds his entertainment & good cheer, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank & expectation; but this is not the end and object of his visit, nor the sum and period of his desires; Dinner being ended, he acquaints *Curforo* with his affection to his Daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seek and obtain her for his wife. *Curforo* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his Daughter in mariage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest, and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately inamoured of her youth and beauty; he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his Daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and assurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, he now seeks that of the Daughter, he takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, he plays the young Orator and Lover. and in sweet terms and sugred phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his wife; but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatness of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip, & hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his research and pursuit. Her Father lays his commands on her to imbrace this match and no other; he conjures her now to confirm, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his Daughter, if she disobey him herein: so he conducts her into the Arbour of his Garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the desired happiness to kiss her; but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance, rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her Father, gives no absolute or peremptory denial to *De Mora*, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great business, which (she saith) so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction; which answer and request of hers, both her Father and *De Mora* finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant, and jointly consent to give her; but in all this interim, such was *De Mora*'s dear and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach

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in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take poſſeſſion, both of her body and of her ſelf.

But before I proceed further in the Narration and Progreſs of this Hiſtory, I muſt here, unlock and reveal a ſecret myſtery to the Reader of no ſmall conſequence and importance; for he muſt underſtand, that our *Bellinda* is not ſo chaſt as fair, nor ſo honeſt as her education, youth and beauty preſuppoſe and promiſe her to be; for her Mother being dead, and her Father giving her too much liberty, and too little virtuous counſel and exhortation, ſhe for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and reſolute young Gentleman, of ſome twenty-five years of age, being a neighbour of her Father's, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply inamoured of her, had lain ſo cloſe, ſo conſtant, and ſo ſtrong a ſiege to her chaſtity, as (not to conceal the truth) firſt unknown to her Father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadiſed her of her Maiden-head, and under colour and hope of Marriage, had very often tane his luſtful uſe and pleaſure of her body; but his means being very ſmall, & her belly not growing great, ſhe was not yet fully reſolved, but therefore ſtill delayed to marry him: True it is, that her Father *Curſoro* was formerly acquainted with *Palura*'s affection and deſire to marry his Daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his ſon in law, ſo now the conſideration of *De Mora*'s great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to diſdain him, and commands his Daughter likewiſe to do the ſame. But ſhe not conſidering the premiſes, and loving *Palura*'s youth, as much as ſhe hated *De Mora*'s age; ſhe was nevertheleſs ſo inconſtant by nature, and ſo proud and ambitious by ſex, as ſhe could find in her heart and reſolution, rather to be a rich Lady than a poor Gentlewoman, and ſo to leave *Palura*, to eſpouſe and marry *De Mora*: but firſt her crime and her conſcience makes her ſend for *Palura*, and ſeriouſly to conſider and debate hereon with him, which they do; ſo *Palura* perceiving by *Bellinda*'s looks, and obſerving by her ſpeeches that *De Mora*'s wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty, and that ſhe notwithſtanding ſtill aimed to keep him for her Husband, and himſelf for her friend; he at laſt tels her, That he will conſent and content himſelf that ſhe ſhall marry *Don Alonſa De Mora*, conditionally that ſhe will firſt faithfully promiſe him, to grant and perform him three Requeſts and Articles. So ſhe bids him propoſe them to her, the which he doth to this effect: Firſt, That he ſhall ſtill have the uſe and pleaſure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaſeth: Secondly, That from time to time ſhe ſhall beſtow ſome competency of *De Mora*'s wealth on him, to ſupport his weak eſtate and poverty: And thirdly, That if *De Mora* die before him, that within three months after his death, ſhe ſhall then marry him.

Which three unjuſt demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura*'s, his ſweet heart *Bellinda* (betwixt ſighs and ſmiles) immediately grants him; yea, ſhe ſeals them with many Oaths, and confirms with a world of kiſſes, and to add the more piety (I may truly ſay, the more prophaneneſs) to this their contract and attonement, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witneſſes hereof; they with their hands and kiſſes, again ratifie and confirm it: But poor ſinful ſouls, how doth Satan abuſe you, and your intemperate and laſcivious luſts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by theſe your blaſphemies and impieties, for you ſhall in the end ſee with grief, and feel with repentance, that this vicious league, and obſcœne contract of yours, will produce you nothing but ſhame, miſery and confuſion of all ſides.

By this time is *Bellinda*'s moneth expired, which ſhe gave her Father and *De Mora* for her reſolution of Marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to underſtand and receive it: when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and diſpoſed her tongue, than her affection, ſhe (as if ſhe were a pure Virgin, yea, a *Diana* for chaſtity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great reſpectful courteſie to *De Mora*, delivers her reſolution to them in theſe terms: That in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonſa De Mora*, God hath now ſo diſpoſed her heart and mind, that ſhe is reſolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand-maid and wife, whenſoever he ſhall pleaſe to make himſelf her Lord and Husband. This anſwer of *Bellinda* is ſo pleaſing to her Father, and ſo ſweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptation of her love, and requital of her conſent, he gives her many kiſſes, and then claps a great chain of Pearl, interlaced with ſparks of Diamonds about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond-Ring on her finger, and ſo moſt ſolemnly contracts himſelf to her, and within eight days after, in great pomp, ſtate and bravery marries her, whereat her Kinsfolks and Friends, and all the Nobility

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and Gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder; some condemning his folly, in-marrying so poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applausing her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we see the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not go far before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea, here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirm, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold and brave a Cavalier as she expected, in regard his best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his rest, so doth she to her repentance, but she knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her Husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her Husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old Husband cannot. Now within less than two months of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much less to requite the Dainties of his Wifes youth and Beauty; and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and slight him, and yet she is very pleasing and pleasant to all Gentlemen who abrood and frequent his house; as first he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himself, that he curseth all those who (in right of the Laws of Hospitality, Civility and Honour) comes to kiss her, but more especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his young Lady, as at last his suspition makes him jealous, and his jealousie confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonesty, he usurps upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his Wife; the which to discover, he begins to restrain her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her self to be in a manner as much her Husbands Prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many Sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himself, his jealousie gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity past between her and her Sweat-heart *Palura*, *Bellinda*, takes this discourtesie and hard measure of her Husband in very ill part at his hands, yea, she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seem to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vows to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearful that she plays false play with him, that as soon as ever *Palura* comes to his house, he carryes his eye and ear every where, to see if he can espy and hearken out, his and his Wifes Love-tricks together; yea, he is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent in this his research and disputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof, it were his happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as mild and sweet perswasion is ever more capable and powerful to prevail with women than constraint, so our fair *Bellinda* is so distasted with the Lunacy, and the phrenzy and madness of this her Husbands jealousie, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* arrive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his suspition and fear) sheis so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seek pleasure, and extreamly delighteth to seek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wise as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happy, and that secresie is the true touchstone, yea, the very life and soul of love, they therefore esteem and keep the secrets thereof, as if they were sacred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can see or know it; But yet notwithstanding all this, *De Mora's* jealous fears in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof; for the very next night after *Palura's* departure from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and causing the door to be shut, he then and there, (with lightning is his looks, and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young strumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected news, dissembles so artificially with her Husband, and so prophanely with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into tears, she purgeth her self hereof, with many strong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep asseverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monster jealousie, (which for the most part, we can seldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the brains, and ingraven such extravagant Chimæra's in the heart and belief of old *De Mora*, that (notwithstanding his Wifes oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he still vows to himself, and her,

that she is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her, that henceforth she dare not see him, or to receive him into her house or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her Husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extream apparition and exterior appearance of grief: she sends for her Father *Cursoro*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prays him to interpose his Authority and judgment with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himself solicited and sought to by his own blood, and by his Daughters hypocrisie, believes her to be as innocent as her Husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and so undertakes to solicit and deal with his son in law *De Mora* to that effect; which he doth, but with no desired success; so that finding it to be a knotty and difficult business, and upon the whole no less than a *Herculean* labour, because of *De Mora's* wilful obstinacy and perverse credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate terms doth old *Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense, or exempt of judgment, but she will speedily provide for the one, and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her self; wherefore by a confident messenger she sends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, & is confident that I love thee far better than himself: wherein as he is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelity & honour, to forbear my house and sight for some two months, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calm the storms and tempests that jealousie hath raised in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, & albeit my Husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.*

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep sighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reason to condemn *De Mora's* jealousie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and constancy to himself; and because he resolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will dispence with his lustful and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever; so in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own messenger) returns her this kind and courteous answer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as sorrowful that thy Husband De Mora *hath discovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou lovest me far better than himself; wherefore to prevent his jealousie and equally to preserve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know sweet and dear* Bellinda, *that my requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply ingraven in my thoughts, and imprinted in my soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will add my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death to languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think every moment a month, and every hour a year, before we again kiss and imbrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the world, with as much care and secresie, as I send it thee with fervent zeal and tender affection.*

PALURA.

The perusal of this Letret, and the affection of *Palura* demonstrated in this his resolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealousie of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* sorrowful, and now seeing his rage so reasonless, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards he, her

he abandoneth her ſighs and tears, reſolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, and ſo under a female face, aſſuming a maſculine courage and reſolution, ſhe ſlights him and his jealouſie, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her ſelf more highly and imperiouſly towards him than ever ſhe did heretofore; but this animoſity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which ſhe expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from ſome bad counſel given her by her *minion Palura*, it doth the more enflame his jealouſie, and exaſperate and ſet fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* ſtands upon theſe terms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as ſo many wheels and ſphears) are inceſſantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealouſie, to find out the marrow and myſtery of this laſcivious league between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as ſecret, as ſhe ſimple and inconſiderate, his Policy is to find out any Letter or Letters of *Palura* to her, and her Cloſet and Casket are the only places as he ſuppoſeth, for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Munday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Pariſh Church to hear Maſs, he purpoſely ſtays at home to effect this his ſecret intent and purpoſe, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealouſie makes him ſo induſtrious of Lock-ſmith's-hooks, and inſtruments to open any lock: So he firſt reſolves to try and open that of her Cloſet, which when he was on the very point to do, caſting aſide his eye, he ſees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to ſearch and rifle the Pockets thereof, for her keys. Now *Bellinda*'s haſte and devotion to the Church was ſo great, as both ſhe and her Waiting-Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keys of her Cloſet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the Pockets of her ſaid Gown, where her Husband *De Mora* finds them; whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and inſtruments, and (with equal jealouſie and haſte) opens firſt her Cloſet, then her Cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unſearched, he at laſt finds the very ſame Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly ſeen and underſtood, the which (as the richeſt relique of her heart, and the moſt precious jewel of her content and affection) ſhe had ſecretly enſhrined and treaſured up in a ſmall Crimſon Satin Purſe Embroydered with Gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which ſaid, I ſhall think every moment a month, and every day a year, before we again kiſs and embrace; this line I ſay, his extream jealouſie makes him to read over, at leaſt as often as it hath ſyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealouſie, and now makes him fully aſſured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a ſharp and ſpeedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand, lays the Velvet Purſe again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as alſo her Cloſet and Chamber door, having firſt left the keys again in the Pocket of his Ladies Gown, and ſo comes down into the Hall among his Servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his miſery, becauſe he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he Dines with her, and yet he cannot diſſemble his diſcontent and malice againſt her ſo artificially, but that ſhe obſerves ſome diſtemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his ſpeeches, but ſuch is her pride, as ſhe is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once ſurmiſeth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as ſoon as ſhe betakes her ſelf to walk in the Allies and Arbours of her delicate Garden, her Husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody reſolutions are walking a contrary way; he is ſo netled with jealouſie, and ſtung to the heart with malice and revenge, as he aſcends to his Armoury, takes down an excellent Sword and Belt, a Caſe of Pocket-Piſtols, each whereof he chargeth with two Bullets, calls for *Emanuel de Ferallo*, his Ladies Gentleman-Uſher, who was a very proper young man, both of his perſon and hands, bids him to cauſe two of his beſt great Saddle Horſes ſpeedily to be made ready, and wills him to accompany him to the Town of *Arrialos*. *Ferallo* performs this order of his Lord, and then tells him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Miſtris with his abſence, and to receive her commands before his departure; but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to ſee or ſpeak with her, ſo they take horſe and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and underſtanding of their departure, (in regard of the ſuddenneſs and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to ſay or think thereof, or whither, or about what buſineſs they are gone; but ſhe neither once dreams nor conceives ſo much as a thought, that her Husband *De Mora* had found her Sweet-heart *Palura*'s Letter, much leſs, that he had any malicious or deſperate attempt, ſo ſuddenly to put in execution againſt

him for her regard and cause, as to ride to *Arraiallos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousie, and this jealousie with irreconcileable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his Body and Life pay dear for it, rides away towards his house near *Arraiallos*, and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green Meadow, sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prays him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good; *Ferallo*, (knowing least of this quarrel whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out *Don Palura* at his house, and in respectful tearms, delivereth him his message; which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora*'s intention and resolution herein; but his lustful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, than the old Lord *De Mora* her Husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the Meadow, where *De Mora* (on horse-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* observes in *De Mora* to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful) *De Mora* calls his Man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a Meadow or two off, and not to dare offer, either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see pass betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeys, but with much wonder and admiration, what this business might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his Wife *Bellinda*; the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul scandal, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answer to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his Wife the Lady *Bellinda*'s chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oaths and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfie, but rather the more incense the jealousie, and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him; whereupon he shews him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency, demands him if that his own handwriting do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter, so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat; nevertheless, he will not be so ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda*, to think that she hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he believes with confidence, that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof; whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and clear his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth his Letter to be false, suborned, none of his; and that it was written by some Witch or Devil, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his virtuous, chast, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned palliating excuses of his, cannot pass currant with the jealousie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tells *Palura*, that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his Sword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of *Bellinda*'s honour, and his own life, (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws, as highly disdaining to have his youth and courage out-braved by this old Cavalier; but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many strong reasons, and pathetical perswasions, again and again prays *De Mora* to desist from the combate, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellinda*'s honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the Wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their Combat on horseback is, that in two several meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly, as he begins to dispair of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little distance off to breathe. When *Palura* reining his Horse a little too strait, and his Horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye, taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily pulls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him thorow the head, and with the second into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he presently, fell off from his Horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent

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his sins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the salvation of his own soul; and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura*.

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead, and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cause and manner thereof, he waves his Handker-chief to his man *Ferallo* to come to him, (who was an eye-witness, and spectator, and co-mate) which he presently doth, to whom he speaks thus; First, Acquaint *Palura*'s Servants in his house, that I have slain their Master in a Duel; then ride home, and tell my Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within six days after come away to me at *Lisbone*, whither I am now posting; when throwing him some Gold for his journey, he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dresseth his wounds, which prove hopeful and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission and order) inform *Palura*'s Servants of his death, and of his said Lord and Masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceals that he basely and treacherously kild him with his Pistols: they are extreamly sorrowful for this his misfortunate end: so whiles they fetch home his breathless body, and prepare for his decent Burial; *Ferallo* returns home, and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Mora*'s speeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom poor Lady is all in tears for the death of her Lover *Palura*; and well she might, in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life. So upon the receit of this sorrowful news, she shuts her self up in her Chamber, and for many days together, her grief and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counsel, or consolation whatsoever; she considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation and therefore vows to requite *Palura*'s death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable, to see him return to her from *Lisbone*. She exceedingly wondreth at his secret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the Compass, or part of Hell this furious Wind should proceed; when at last, having nothing else capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the sight of *Palura*'s aforesaid Letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, she for his sake had so often perused and kissed; she therefore passionately and pensively flies to her Closet, and with affection and sorrow to her Cabinet, to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusal thereof; when (contrary to her expectation) she finds the Letter taken away, her other Papers displaced, and her Jewels reversed in her Cabinet, and then she knows for certain, that it is her Husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her Cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this sweet Letter, which (next to *Palura*'s sight and presence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her mind; the which considering, she therefore absolutely believes, that the detection and perusal of this Letter, was the the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealousie, as that of her sweet *Palura*'s death; wherein indeed she is nothing deceived, for some six weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbone*, where (in favour of his Noble Birth and Descent, of his many great Friends, and of a huge Sum of Money) he (in absence of the Viceroy) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt or choller) was thus:

Minion (quoth he) how many Prayers and Orayſons hast thou said for the soul of thy Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura*? when she being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his scandalous speeches, she yet to justifie her own honour and innocency, dissembles her grief for *Palura*'s death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and insults thereat, and so frames him this short reply; That *Palura* was not her Adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore she beiought God to forgive him his own heynous sin and execrable crime for so foully and basely murthering of him. *De Mora* netled with this his Ladies Apology and justification, which he knew to be as false as her, and *Palura*'s crime of adultery was true; he produceth this Letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury, immediately tears and burns it before her face. now although the sight and knowledg of this Letter, as also her Husbands burning thereof, doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet she was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tells him; that she cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and send her a Letter; and although in the

conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and sinisterly mentioned kisses and embaces, yet she peremptorily vowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the laws and rules of honour; so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so false and hypocritical in her justification towards her Husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustful age, yet still doting on the freshness of the youth and beauty of this his young Wife, seeing that *Palura* (who was the cause and object of his jealousie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation, in that of his Ladies, doth content himself so far, as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousie against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* Grave; and to that end he affords her his Table still, and his Bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaim her lascivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour; nevertheless, the better to effect and compass it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever, that come to his house. A peevish Custom, which the Husbands of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Italy*, tyrannically use towards their Ladies; whereas contrariwise the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, because more chast and honourable towards their Husbands, in using, and not abusing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart, observes these passages and comportments of her Husband *De Mora* towards her, and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious mind incessantly tells her, that there is no Hell to that of a discontented Bed; therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, she forthwith resolves to make choice of another Lover, and at what rate soever, not to trifle away her time, and her youth idly, but to pass it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuousness and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen, (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of necessity) she forgetting her self and her honour, makes choice of *Ferallo*, her own Gentleman-Usher, a man every way as proper as she is fair, and as well timbred as she is beautiful, and near of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore she freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives, and as joyfully and amorously entertains both her and them: so that to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shoostrings, and takes up her Mask and Gloves for her; and many times when the old Nobleman is asleep, then this ignoble couple of unchast Lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to lustful *Venus* the Mother, but they shall find Wormwood intermixed in this Honey, and Gall in this Sugar.

For three months together our *Bellinda* the Mistris, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themselves in the impiety of these their carnal delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practice and profession thereof; but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledg by an unexpected accident and means; for the Reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his *Bellinda's* waiting-Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of Marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure; so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her self to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he slighteth and disdaineth her, to embrace and adore the other; she is so inraged with jealousie at the knowledg and consideration thereof, as she calls a counsel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her self; and she is so inflamed with jealousie towards them, as she can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart, before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, she at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her Lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outragious, as with infinite malice and celerity she performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcome news, our old Lord *De Mora*, hath now his heart anew set on fire with jealousie and malice, both towards his Lady, and her Usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soon believes as understands this their adultery, without ever making a stand, either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof; whereupon, to make short work, and

to

to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster and disease; he without speaking a word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddenly cashiereth him from his house and service, and in such disgraceful manner, as he will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see or take leave of his Lady and Mistris; and from thenceforth *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealousie. For it galls him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour and dishonesty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her own domestick Servant and Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*; wherefore he again restrains her of her liberty, and his jealousie so far exceeds the bounds of judgment, and the limits of reason, as he will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her; but as Rivers stopped do still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuosity, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousie of her old Husband, and this sudden exile and banishment of *Ferallo* her Lover and Gentleman-Usher in extream ill part; and (after she hath wept and sighed her fill thereat) she then believes the prime and original cause thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealousie of her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her; she (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her Husbands courtesie, very discourteously turns her away, and for ever banished her, her house and service; and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go, although *De Mora* banished *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day, and many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret Agents or Ambassadours of love) do in the Arbours of the Gardens, and in some other out-Rooms of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kiss and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and mind, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and separation bitter; they so much forget their selves and their souls, and so much flye from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth, before *De Mora* be first sent to Heaven, now upon this bloody design they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and link fast this foul business is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly after Marry her Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity she chearfully consenteth; when they are so prophane, as they Seal this their ungodly contract with many Oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kisses: and then of all violent Deaths, they resolve on that Drug of the Devil, Poyson; so without either the fear or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the Poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in Diet-Drink and Broath, administreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languishing virtue and operation, he within less than four months dies thereof; when with much cost, and a wonderful exterior shew of grief and sorrow, she gives him a stately Funeral, very answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the Mask of this her monstrous hypocrisie, and infernal prophaneness. Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the dust of his untimely Grave; his joyful sorrowful Widdow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promise, to the grief of her Father *Cursoro*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, Marries with this her Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*; but such lustful and bloody Marriages, most commonly meet with miserable ends.

For six months together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correspondency in the performance of his affections to old Lady and Mistris, and now his new Wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiss and imbrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectful, and which is worse contemptible thereof, (a base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferior rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often pays dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and sometimes for fifteen together, he never kissed or imbraced her; which unkind ingratitude of his, and respectless unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means, makes the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and

love

love towards her. But to aſcend to the head-ſpring of this his diſcourteſie towards her, and ſo to fetch and derive it from its own proper original, we muſt know, that *Ferallo* was ſo vitious, inconſtant, and baſe, as now he is deeply in love with a new Waiting-Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Chriſtalina*, a ſweet young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, tall of ſtature and ſlender of body, and whoſe beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name; and yet whoſe Maiden-head (with a few rich preſents, and many poor flattering oaths and falſe promiſes) he had ſecretly purchaſed and gotten from her; yea his affection was ſo fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his luſtful deſires, but he forgets himſelf ſo far, as before his Ladies noſe, and almoſt in her ſight, he muſt lye with her whole nights, and which is worſe, almoſt every night, without ſo much as once thinking ſo his own Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what ſhe cared for, or caring for what ſhe loved.

But *Bellinda* eſteems her ſelf too good a Gentlewoman, and to great a Lady too be thus out-braved and diſgraced by a Taylors Son (for ſo was *Ferallo*) and therefore conſequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and ſeated in the degree of her high Deſcent, thus to receive and ſuffer an affront, by a man of ſo low a beginning, and ſo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom ſhe had raiſed from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection and bed, and of her Servant made him her Husband; when for the ſpace of ſix months together, having continually uſed the beſt of her art, and the chiefeſt of her power, her ſweeteſt perſwaſions, and her moſt fugred prayers and ſolicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and ſo again to reclaim him and his affecton from her to her ſelf; but ſeeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, ſhe at laſt (conſulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to aſſume bad thoughts and revengful malice againſt him, for this his foul diſloyalty, and baſe ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but firſt before ſhe attempts it, her turbulent and reſtleſs jealouſie, makes her reſolve to try another concluſion, which is to put off this her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Chriſtalina* from her ſervice and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her Husband would then thereby likewiſe put off himſelf and his affections from her, but this project and reſolution of hers reaps no ſucceſsful iſſue according to her deſires, but receives end, as ſoon as beginning. For he is ſtill ſo deeply enamoured, and ſo conſtantly affected to *Chriſtalina*, as he will neither permit nor ſuffer it; but in deſpight of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, and (cuſtom now making him licentiouſly bold and impudent) he in this his ſottiſh familiarity with her, ſets her at Table with himſelf and his Wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, tearms her his dear, his love, and his ſweet-heart: a diſgrace of ſo unkind a nature, and diſcourteous a quality, as ſhe highly diſdains long to ſuffer or digeſt it at his hands. So that ſeeing no hope of amendment, and therefore deſpairing of any reformation thereof in him, ſhe reſumes her former bad and bloody thoughts againſt him, and ſo peremptorily and definitively reſolves to murther him. Her jealouſie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengeful, and her revenge thus bloody-hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but ſhe will ride poaſt to her confuſion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murther to murther; ſhe hath formerly poyſoned her firſt Husband *De Mora*, and now ſhe reſolves to Ponyard to death *Ferallo* her ſecond, as if one of theſe two bloody ſins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miſerable, as ſhe falſely thinks her ſelf happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But theſe are the bitter fruits of jealouſie, and the ſharp effects of choler, malice and revenge, which moſt commonly ſtream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her *quondam* Gentleman-Uſher, and now her unkind and diſloyal Husband *Ferallo*, (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beaſtly pleaſures and ſenſuality with his Strumpet *Chriſtalina*, this his ungodly Wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much ſecreſie as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing of him a bloody Banquet; yea ſo haſty is ſhe, in her rage, and ſo outragious in this her revenge towards him, as ſhe will no longer be abuſed or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before ſhe have diſpatched him for Heaven. She will no more be controled and over-maſtered by him who was formerly her ſervant, and who firſt reputed it his greateſt happineſs to kiſs her hand, before ſhe vouchſafed him the honour to kiſs her lips, or which is more, the felicity to embrace her in her bed. She now ſees with grief, that he hath betrayed her, in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and therefore although ſhe hath caſt away her favours on him, yet of the two, ſhe vows rather caſt away him than her ſelf. No grace, no religion, not her

conſcience

conscience, not her soul, nor the consideration of Heaven or Hell, can disswade or keep her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murther; but the very first night that he leaves her maid *Christalina*, and lies with her self, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen Razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her Pillow) at break of day, as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a Devil incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him strugling in the Bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, or speak to God.

Thus we have seen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentable and cruel murthering her first and old Husband *De Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledg hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunal of God; therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartial in his judgments, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpned his sword of Justice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, speedily to inflict, and give her condign punishment for the same, yea, and far sooner than either she thinks or dreams thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody business, and seeing her Husband *Ferallo* lie breathless in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead Husband's Knife out of his Pocket, and goring it all in his blood, she leaves it on his Pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocrisie as treachery) to insinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered himself, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his deplorable death; which having performed, she takes on a fine clean Holland-Smock, and puts off her Cambrick one that she wore, which as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious Banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her Husband's blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envellops and enwraps her bloody Razor, and also a two pound brass Weight, thereby the better to make it sink, for she resolves that very morning to throw it into a Pond: so secret is she in contriving, and so politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morne advancing to six of the Clock, which was dark, cloudy and obscure, as if (by the secret appointment, and sacred providence of God) the Sun (with his glistering beams) abhorred to behold so pittiful and lamentable a Spectacle. *Bellinda* hath no sooner apparelled her self, but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murthered body of her Husband a farewell, composed of many curses and execrations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody Smock and Razor in her Pocket, the which (to make sure work) she had tied fast with one of her blew Silk Garters, then locks the Chamber-door, and very secretly and surely conveys and throws in the Key within side, and then descends to the Garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her Waiting-Gentlewomen to her) she bids her fetch her Prayer-Book; and thus away she goes towards their Parish-Church of St. *Julian's* on foot, which by computation was some half a small League off their house, and forbids any Man-servant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a Furlong off, but the more closely to finish her design, she there purposely sends away her Maid *Hellena* to the Parish-Church before her, with this invented and colourable errand; to seek out her own Priest, Father *Sebastian*, and to prepare him then to say Mass to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now in the midway between her house and the Church, is a great deep Pond, by the which she is to pass; but a little before she draws near it, a poor old maimed Soldier, being cashiered from the Garrison of the Castle of *Castcayes*, (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and seeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetness of her beauty, and the richness of her Apparel and Attire, his poverty inforceth and incourageth him to request and beg an Alms of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda's* heart and thoughts, were so much surprized and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity; and therefore having other business and Windmills in her head, she is offended with *Roderigo's* begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any Alms, she forgets her self so far, as instead thereof, she gives him many harsh words, and at last sends him away with some unkind and foul speeches; the which poor *Roderigo*, took so ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Soldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her Person, or her Apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be some great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her followers to take the sweetness of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he

abandoneth that cholerick and insolent resolution of his; when taking his leave of her, he some two Butts length from her, betakes him to sit down at the foot of a great Pine-Apple-Tree, where he might see her, but not she him; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent and indignation, he bewails his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurateness of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him; and enquiring afterwards of a Milk-Maid which passed by what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady *Bellinda*, Widdow to the dead *Alonso de Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuel de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arrived to the Pond, looking about her, and believing that no mortal eye had seen her, she therein throws her Smock and Razor, (which as formerly I have said, she tyed fast together with one of her blew silk Garters) and the ponderosity of the brass Weight made it instantly to sink to the bottom; whereof she being infinitely joyful, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there hears Mass, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries* and *Pater Nosters* to her self; but the whole World in general, and the Reader in particular, may imagine with what a foul conscience, and ulcerated soul, she then and there performs this her Devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her second Husband *Ferallo*, with wonderful secresie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the Pond, with such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the Earth to reveal it; loe if Earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here before I proceed further, let me in the Name and Fear of God, request the Christian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodness, and at the providence and pleasure of God, in his miraculous detection, and condign revenge and punishment thereof; for he must know and understand, that it seems God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poor, old, weary, maimed Soldier *Roderigo*, at the foot of this Pine-Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinel and discoverer, both for his sacred justice and divine honour; for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power and cœlestial influence), *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eyes from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the Pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discerns the whiteness and redness thereof; when considering and thinking with himself, that this gallant and proud *Bellinda* might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was fair, and as vicious as she was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her self, or some one of her Waiting-Gentlewomen had had some Bastard, and that she had murthered it, and now thrown it into the Pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and belief, that neither day or night, nor nothing under Heaven could possibly beat him from it, but for a while he resolves to conceal this conceit to himself, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the Order of our History calls us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as soon as Mass is done, (with her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is Nine of the Clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinful soul) she presently inquires for her Husband *Don Ferallo*, her servants make answer, that they have not seen him to day, and that they think he is still in bed, whereat she musing and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleep at so high an hour, she therefore sends some of her servants to his Chamber to see if he be stirring: but finding his Chamber-door locked, and calling aloud to him, they can get no answer from him; the which they return and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, she (far more perplexed in countenance than in heart) ascends with them again to her Husband's Chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the Door to him, and she far louder than them all, but in vain, for still they hear no news either of him, or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and fear, and so commands them to force open the Door of his Chamber, which they instantly do, where they see their Lord, and she her Husband *Ferallo*, to lie breathless in his Bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warm Blood, with his Throat cut; whereat his Servants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for false sorrow, make a lamentable cry, and a pittiful out-cry in his Chamber,

Chamber, which is over-heard in all the house, but especially the Lady *Bellinda* her self, who so artificially dissembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extream grief and affection, for this deplorable death of her Lord and Husband, both to her Servants and to God, that she is all in tears, and cannot, because she will not be comforted thereat: they find the Chamber Door locked, the Key within-side, and his own bloody Knife on his Pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude, that this their Lord and Master *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himself away, and is undoubtedly the Author of his own death; which opinion and resolution of the Servants, their Lady and Mistris *Bellinda* (secretly to her self) relisheth with much applause and approbation; and to make her afflictions and sorrows the more apparent to them, and in them consequently to the worsd, she doth not refrain from excessive weeping and sighing. They leave the dead Corps untouched in the Bed, to acquaint the criminal Corrigadors of *Stremos* with this pittiful accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of *Ferallo*; they viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the sorrowful complaints and exclamations of his Servants, as also considering their several depositions and examinations; and seeing they found his Chamber Door fast locked, the Key within-side, and his own bloody Knife by him on his Pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do absolutely believe and affirm, that he hath desperately made himself away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent Parishes and Country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda*'s youthful affections, and wanton disposition) speak very differently hereof. And now doth this our sorrowful young Widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her second Husband *Ferallo* with all requisite ceremony and decency.

But as the justice and judgments of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times go on slowsly, but still soundly and surely; so we must here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the Stage and Theater of this History. He is still the same man, and still retains his former same opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead Child or Bastard which he saw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the Pond, and his heart incessantly prompted by his suspition, doth still confidently suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloath of hers contained some secret, and invelloped some shameful mystery towards her, which he thinks all the Water of the Pond could not deface or wash away: so that he now understanding of her Husband *Ferallo*'s disasterous bloody end, doth no way diminish, but rather every way augment this his suspition and jealousie hereof. We must further understand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refresh his body, to repleniish his Purse, and to repair his Apparel) stays some three weeks in *Stremos*, and although he be a Souldier, and have his Sword by his side, yet being out of action and Pay, he is not ashamed to beg the Alms and Courtesies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and near about that City. Amongst the rest understanding of the Lady *Bellinda*'s great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new sorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her Husband, will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repairs thither to her, but for three days together, he is not so happy to speak with her, or to see her, but being still prest by his poverty, and again emboldned by the consideration of what he saw her cast into the Pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next Meadow adjoyning to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting-gentlewomen, all clad in Mourning Apparel: when (with a boldness worth of a poor distressed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and distracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much observance, again begs some charity of her; whereat she being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young Husband, she very cholerickly disdains him and his request, and with much passion and indignation (to use her own words) commandeth her Servants to see this bold beggerly Souldier depart and pack away, both from her and her house. *Roderigo* hearing these her harsh and discourteous speeches, and seeing her Servants unkind usage and enforcement towards him, he with much discontent and choler leaves her house, but in requital thereof, vows that his revenge

shall

shall not so soon leave her: for this her second affront to him, puts him all in choler and fire towards her, so that he vows to God, and swears to himself to use the best of his power, and to work the chiefest of his Wits to perpetrate her disgrace. When secretly and effectually informing himself from others, that *Don Gasper de Mora*, who was Nephew, and general heir to her first Lord and Husband *Don Alonso de Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in Suit of Law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about some Lands, and much rich Moveables and Utensils, which she unjustly detained from him; and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or proposition whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and secretly (yet constantly) acquaints him, that some three weeks since, and the very morning that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his Bed, he saw the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife to throw a white and bloody Linnen Cloath into the Pond, which was some half quarter of a League from her house: wherein God and his conscience told him, she had wrapt and drowned some Bastard-Infant, either of hers, or one of her Waiting-Gentlewomans, adding withal, that he could not possibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corrigadors) of *Stremos* to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gasper de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and because his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda*, perswades him rather to believe than doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other business, rides over to *Stremos*, and acquaints the Corrigadors herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewise along with him, he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them; which these wise and grave Judges understanding, they in honour to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred Justice, (without any delay or procrastination) take *Don Gasper de Mora*, the Souldier *Roderigo*, and some three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with haste and secresie speed away to the Pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this Cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the rest, sees and finds it, and Swimming with his left hand, brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corrigadors, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they find no dead child, but (as we have formerly understood) a Cambrick Smock, as yet spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew Silk Garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody Razor, with a brass weight tyed in all this, purposely to sink it in the Pond. The Corrigadors, *Gasper de Mora*, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little Linnen Fardel into that Pond, the very same morning that her Husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gasper de Mora*, here finding the very two first and last Letters of her name in the Cambrick Smock: the Corrigadors then concur in one opinion, (as so many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murthered her Husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon, taking this bloody Smock, Razor, and Garter with them, they with much zeal and speed, poast away to the Lady *Bellinda's* house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther, where cruel hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any fear, as she fears none, and which is worst of all, not the power and justice of God himself; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lustful in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black Mourning Attire and Apparel) that her first Husband was but lately dead, and now her second not yet cold in his Grave, yet (with great variety of Musick) she is here now in her house singing, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers and Gallants, both of the City and Country, as if she had no other care, thought or business, but how to make choice of a third Husband, who might amorously please her lustful eye and heart, and of no less than a pair of Paramores and favourites who should lasciviously content her wanton desires and affections.

But these wanton vanities, and vain and lascivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive

deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for theſe her two horrible Murthers committed on the perſons of her two Husbands, his divine and ſacred Majeſty is reſolved to pour down his puniſhments, and to thunder forth his judgments upon her, to her utter ſhame and confuſion. The Corrigadors reſolutely enter her houſe, and then and there, cauſe the Sergeants to apprehend her Priſoner, whereat being ſuddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, ſhe weeps, ſighs, and cries extreamly. But thoſe Cavaliers (I mean thoſe her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favourites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can or dare either aſſiſt, or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea, her muſick is turned into mourning, her ſinging to ſighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime cauſe theſe Officers of juſtice, to ſee her conveyed to priſon, without any reſpect of her beauty, or regard of her ſex and quality, where ſhe hath more leiſure given her to repent, than means how to remedy theſe her misfortunes.

The next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her Husband *Don Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths ſhe ſtoutly denies: then they ſhew her thoſe bloody evidences, her Cambrick Smock, the Razor, her blew Garter, and the Braſs Weight, and alſo produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he ſwears, he ſaw her throw this bloody Linnen Fardel into the Pond, the very morning that her Husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the ſight and knowledg hereof, ſhe is at firſt wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is ſo ſtout, as ſhe again denies it with many prophane and fearful aſſeverations, and delighteth to hear her ſelf make a tedious juſtification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But thoſe grave and prudent Magiſtrates of juſtice, (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the ſweetneſs of the Lady *Bellinda*'s youth, or to the ſugar of her ſpeeches and proteſtations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudg her the very next morning to the wrack, where (ſuch is her female fortitude) as ſhe permits and ſuffers her ſelf to be faſtned thereunto, with infinite conſtancy and patience, as diſdaining that the torments thereof, ſhould extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the ſhipwrack of her ſafety and life; but herein ſhe reckons too ſhort of God, and beyond her ſelf, for ſhe conſidereth not that theſe torments are truly ſent her from God, and this her courage falſly lent and given her from Satan; for at the very firſt wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impoſſible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of thoſe tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many ſighs and tears, ſhe prays her Judges and tormentors to deſiſt, and ſo publickly confeſſeth that it was ſhe, and only ſhe, who had murthered her Husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very ſame Razor.

Upon which confeſſion of hers, her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murther) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudg and ſentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Caſtle, which is the deſtined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, ſo ſhe being by them then again returned to Priſon, that night (in Chriſtian charity) they ſend her ſome Prieſts and Nuns to direct and prepare her ſoul to Heaven, for this her bloody and unnatural crime was ſo odious to men, and ſo execrable to God, that ſhe could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her ſorrowful old Father *Curſoro*, with a world of tears threw himſelf to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very ſhirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremos* and the Country thereabouts reſound and talk of this cruel murthering of *Ferallo*, as alſo of his Lady *Bellinda*'s condign condemnation to death for the ſame, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Caſtle-wall to ſee this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the laſt ſcene and cataſtrophy of her life; ſhe is conducted thither by a St. *Claires* Nun on her right hand, and a St. *Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to diſburthen her conſcience and ſoul before ſhe dye, of any other capital crime whereof ſhe knows her ſelf guilty, the which ſhe ſolemnly and religiouſly promiſeth them: about nine of the clock ſhe is brought to the ſtake, where ſhe ſees her ſelf empaled and ſurrounded, firſt with many fagots, and then with a very great concourſe and confluence of people; here ſhe is ſo irreligious in her vanity, that ſhe had caſt off, her blacks and mourning, and purpoſely deighted her ſelf in a rich yellow Sattin Gown, wrought with flowers of ſilver, a large ſet Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeny Vail, laced and wrought with rich Cut-work, as if ſhe cared

more for her body than her soul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to Heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal cost and lustre thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very sight of her sweet youth, and pure fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foul crime, for murthering her own Husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and passions, some pittying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past and blown over, and that both the Frier and Nun had tane their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of Snow-white Gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faltering and fainting voice spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to see me a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye Miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me, to dissemble either with God or the world, therefore to save my soul in Heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite sorrow) do truly and freely confess both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second Husband *Ferallo*'s throat; so I was so vile and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and Husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda*, (in regard of the greatness of her Lord *De Mora*'s descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with grief and sorrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat; and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pitty than before. But she being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cryes, now again cried down, and well-nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, she again very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foul and cruel murthers of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of Heaven, and in the midst of these my miseries, I have this consolation left me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and sinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beseech you all who are here present, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will beg and implore of you. Now because example is powerful, and no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living; therefore (to Gods glory and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you, that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foul murthers, as they have now justly brought me hither to suffer death for committing them: First, My neglect of prayer, and omission to serve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, The affecting and following of my lascivious and lustful pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soul; and the performance and practise of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoyned and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much misery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happiness and prosperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwrack your safety. As I bear not hypocrisie in my tongue, so I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gasper de Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the Pond. I also forgive *Gasper de Mora* for informing the Corrigadors thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death. I also pray my Father and Parents to forgive me these my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandal which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my soul to receive salvation in his blessed Kingdom of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pitty and compassion in the heart, and caused a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death. Here she takes off her Rings from her fingers, and her Pearl Bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Helena*, who is present and not far from her, most bitterly sobing and weeping, because we can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Mistress, who now repeats many private prayers and *Ave Maries* to her self; when taking a solemn and sorrowful farewell of all the world, she pulls down her Vail over her Snow-white Cheeks, and then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last *in ma-*

nus tuas, the Executioner (with a flaming torch) ſets fire to the ſtraw and faggots, wherof ſhe preſently dies; and in leſs than an hour after, her body is there conſumed and burnt to aſhes; at which all that great concourſe of people and ſpectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and deteſt the cauſe thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more ſorrow than joy give a great ſhout and out-cry. When the Judges of that City now upon knowledg of this Ladies firſt horrible crime of poyſoning her firſt Lord and Husband *Don Alonſa de Mora*, they in deteſtation thereof, being not able to add either worſer infamy, or more exquiſite and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead aſhes, do cauſe them curiouſly to be gathered up, and ſo in the ſame place (by the common Hang-man) before all the people, to be ſcattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoyce and praiſe God, to ſee the world ſo fairly rid of ſo foul and bloody a femal monſter.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deſerved) end of this laſcivious and cruel-hearted Lady *Bellinda*; and in this ſharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and Earth triumph in his juſt revenge and puniſhments againſt her, for theſe her two foul and inhumane crimes of murthering her two Husbands. May God (of his beſt and divineſt mercy) make this her Hiſtory and Example, to ſerve as a cryſtal mirror for all men, and eſpecially for all women, (of what condition and quality ſo ever.)

And now Chriſtian Reader, having by God's moſt gracious aſſiſtance and providence here finiſhed this entire and laſt Volume of my ſix Books of Tragical Hiſtories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy ſoul any ſpiritual benefit by the reading and peruſal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beſeech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Chriſtian Religion and duty we are bound, ſo for the ſame, we may joyntly aſcribe unto God, all poſſible power, might, majeſty, thankſgiving, dominion, and glory, both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

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