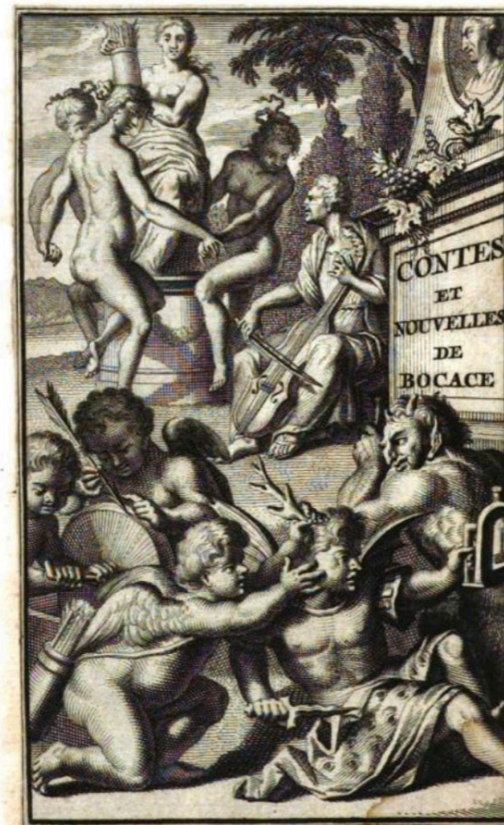


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THE
DECAMERON,
OR
TEN DAYS ENTERTAINMENT
OF
BOCCACCIO.



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DECAMERON
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TEN DAYS ENTERTAINMENT
OF
BOCCACCIO.

Translated from the Italian.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

To which are prefixed,
REMARKS ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BOCCACCIO,
AND
AN ADVERTISEMENT,
BY THE AUTHOR OF OLD NICK, A PIECE OF
FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

VOL. II.



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1804.

THE DECAMERON
OF
BOCCACCIO.

THE FIFTH DAY.

THE sun now darted forth his golden beams over the face of our hemisphere, when Flammetta, awaked by the sweet music of the birds, who from the first notice of day, had been merrily chanting among the trees, arose, and had all the company called up; when they walked leisurely together upon the dewy grass, into a pleasant meadow, until the sun was a little higher, conferring by the way upon many agreeable subjects. At last, when the heat grew a little intense, they retreated to their former station, where they refreshed themselves with wine and sweetmeats, and diverted themselves afterwards in the garden, till dinner time: every thing being provided at that hour, in the neatest manner by their steward, they had a song or two, and then sat down: and dinner being ended, they were entertained again both with music and dancing. After that was over the queen gave them their liberty; when, accordingly, some went to lie down, and others amused themselves in the mean time in the garden: But at the usual hour they all met by her order at the fountain's side. When being seated on her throne, and casting her eye upon Pamphilus, she smiled, and desiring him to begin, he immediately complied in this manner.

VOL. II.

A

NOVEL I.

Cymon becomes wise by being in love, and by force of arms wins Ephigenia his mistress upon the seas, and is imprisoned at Rhodes. Being delivered from thence by Lysimachus, with him he recovers Ephigenia, and flies with her to Crete, where he is married to her, and is afterwards recalled home.

A GREAT many novels come now fresh into my mind, for the beginning of such an agreeable day's discourse as this is likely to be; but one I am more particularly pleased with, because it not only shews the happy conclusion which we are to treat about, but how sacred, how powerful also, as well as advantageous the force of love is; which some people, without knowing what they say, unjustly blame and vilify, and which I judge will rather be had in esteem by you, as I suppose you all to be subject to the tender passion.

According to the ancient histories of Cyprus, there lived sometime in that island, one of great rank and distinction, called Aristippus, by far the wealthiest person in all the country; and if he was unhappy in any one respect, it was in having, amongst his other children, a son, who, though he exceeded most young people of his time in stature and comeliness, yet was he a perfect natural; his true name was Galeo, but as neither the labour nor skill of his master, nor the correction of his father was ever able to beat one letter into his head, or the least instruction of any kind, and as his voice and manner of speaking were strangely harsh and uncouth, he was, by way of disdain, called

only Cymon; which, in their language, signified *beast*. The father had long beheld him with infinite concern, and as all hopes were vanished concerning him, to remove out of his sight an object which afforded constant matter of grief, he ordered him away to his country-house, to be there with his slaves. This was extremely agreeable to Cymon, because people of that sort had been always most to his mind. Residing there, and doing all sorts of drudgery pertaining to that kind of life, it happened one day, as he was going, about noon-tide, with his staff upon his shoulder, from one farm to another, that he passed through a pleasant grove, which, as it was then the month of May, was all in bloom; from whence, as his stars led him, he came into a meadow surrounded with high trees, in one corner of which was a crystal spring, and by the side of it, upon the grass, lay a most beautiful damsel asleep, cloathed with a mantle so exceedingly fine and delicate, as scarcely to conceal underneath the exquisite whiteness of her skin; only from her waist downwards she wore a white silken quilt, and at her feet were sleeping likewise two women and a man servant. As soon as Cymon cast his eye upon her, as if he had never seen the face of a woman before, he stood leaning upon his staff, and began to gaze with the utmost astonishment, without speaking a word. When suddenly in his rude uncivilized breast, which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the least impression of politeness whatsoever, a sudden thought arose, which seemed to intimate to his gross and shallow understanding, that this was the most agreeable sight that ever was seen. From thence he began to examine each part by itself, commending every limb and fea-

ture ; and being now become a judge of beauty from a mere idiot, he grew very desirous of seeing her eyes, on which account he was going several times to wake her ; but as she so far excelled all other women that he ever saw, he was in doubt whether she was a mortal creature. This made him wait to see if she would awake of her own accord ; and though that expectation seemed tedious to him, yet so pleasing was the object, that he had no power to leave it. After a long time she came to herself, and raising up her head, saw Cymon stand propt upon his stick before her, at which she was surprised, and said : “ Cymon, what are you looking for here at this time of day ? ” Now he was known all over the country, as well for his own rusticity, as his father’s nobility and great wealth. He made no answer, but stood with his eyes fixed upon hers, which seemed to dart a sweetness, that filled him with a kind of joy to which he had hitherto been a stranger ; whilst she observing this, and not knowing what his rudeness might prompt him to, called up her women, and then said : “ Cymon, go about your business.” He replied, “ I will go along with you.” And though she was afraid, and would have avoided his company, yet he would not leave her till he had brought her to her own house ; from thence he went home to his father, when he declared, that he would return no more into the country, which was very disagreeable to all his friends, but yet they let him alone, waiting to see what this change of temper could be owing to. Love thus having pierced his heart, when no lesson of any kind could ever find admittance, in a little time his way of thinking and behaviour were so far changed, that his father and friends were strangely

surprised at it, as well as every body that knew him. First of all then, he asked his father to let him have cloaths, and every thing else like his brethren ; to which the father very willingly consented. Conversing too with young gentlemen of character, and observing their ways and manner of behaving, in a very short time he not only got over the first rudiments of learning, but attained to some knowledge in philosophy. Afterwards, his love for Ephigenia being the sole cause of it, his rude and rustic speech was changed into a tone more agreeable and civilized : he grew also a master of music : and with regard to the military art, as well by sea as land, he became as expert and gallant as the best. In short, not to run over all his excellencies, before the expiration of the fourth year from his being first in love, he turned out the most accomplished young gentleman in every respect that ever Cyprus could boast of. What then, most gracious ladies, shall we say of Cymon ? Surely nothing less than this ; that all the noble qualities, which had been infused by heaven into his generous soul, were shut up as it were by invidious fortune, and bound fast with the strongest fetters in a small corner of his heart, till love broke the enchantment, and drove with all its might these virtues out of that cruel obscurity, to which they had been long doomed, to a clear and open day ; plainly shewing from whence it draws those spirits that are its votaries, and whither its mighty influence conducts them. Cymon, therefore, though he might have his flights like other young people, with regard to his love for Ephigenia ; yet when Aristippus considered it was that had made a man of him, he not only bore with it, but encouraged him in the pursuit

of his pleasures. Cymon, nevertheless, who refused to be called Galeo, remembering that Ephigenia had styled him Cymon, being desirous of bringing that affair to an happy conclusion, had often requested her in marriage of her father, who replied that he had already promised her to one Pasimunda, a young nobleman of Rhodes, and that he intended not to break his word. The time then being come, that was appointed for their nuptials, and the husband having sent in form to demand her, Cymon said to himself: O, Ephigenia, the time is now come when I shall give proof how I love you! I am become a man on your account; and could I but obtain you, I should be as glorious and happy as the gods themselves; and have you I will, or else I will die. Immediately he prevailed upon some young noblemen who were his friends, to assist him; and, fitting out a ship of war privately, they put to sea, in order to way-lay the vessel that was to transport Ephigenia; who, after great respect and honour shewed by her father to her husband's friends, embarked with them for Rhodes. Cymon, who had but little rest that night, overtook them on the following day, when he called out, "Stop, and strike your sails; or expect to go to the bottom of the sea." They, on the other hand, had got all their arms above deck, and were preparing for a vigorous defence. He therefore threw a grappling iron upon the other ship, which was making the best of its way, and drew it close to his own; when, like a lion, without waiting for any one to second him, he jumped singly among his enemies, as if he cared not for them, and love spurring him on with incredible force, he cut and drove them all like so many sheep before him, till they soon threw

down their arms, acknowledging themselves his prisoners; when he addressed himself to them in the following manner. "Gentlemen, it is no desire of plunder, nor enmity to any of your company, that made me leave Cyprus to fall upon you here in this manner. What occasioned it is a matter, the success of which is of the utmost consequence to myself, and as easy for you quietly to grant me: it is Ephigenia, whom I love above all the world; and as I could not have her from her father peaceably, and as a friend, my love constrains me to win her from you as an enemy, by force of arms. Therefore I am resolved to be to her what your Pasimunda was to have been. Resign her then to me, and go away in God's name." The people, more by force than any good will, gave her, all in tears, up to Cymon; who seeing her lament in that manner, said: "Fair lady, be not discouraged; I am your Cymon, who have a better claim to your affection, on account of my long and constant love, than Pasimunda can have by virtue of a promise." Taking her then on board his ship, without meddling with any thing else that belonged to them, he suffered them to depart. Cymon thus being the most overjoyed man that could be, after comforting the lady under her calamity, consulted with his friends what to do, who were of opinion that they should by no means return to Cyprus yet; but that it were better to go directly to Crete, where they had all relations and friends, but Cymon especially, on which account they might be more secure there along with Ephigenia; and accordingly they directed their course that way. But fortune, who had given the lady to Cymon by an easy conquest, soon changed his immoderate joy into most

sad and bitter lamentation. In about four hours from his parting with the Rhodians, night came upon them, which was more welcome to Cymon than any of the rest, and with it a most violent tempest, which overspread the face of the heavens in such a manner, that they could neither see what they did, nor whither they were carried; nor where they able at all to steer the ship. You may easily suppose what Cymon's grief must be on this occasion. He concluded, that heaven had crowned his desires only to make death more grievous to him, which before would have been but little regarded. His friends also were greatly affected, but especially Ephigenia, who trembled at every shock, still sharply upbraiding his ill-timed love, and declaring that this tempest was sent by Providence for no other reason, but that as he had resolved to have her, contrary to the will and disposal of heaven, to disappoint that presumption; and that seeing her die first, he might die likewise in the same miserable manner. Amongst such complaints as these, they were carried at last, the wind growing continually more violent, near the island of Rhodes; and not knowing where they were, they endeavoured, for the safety of their lives, to get to land if possible. In this they succeeded, and got into a little bay, where the Rhodian ship had arrived just before them; nor did they know they were at Rhodes till the next morning, when they saw, about a bow shot from them, the same ship they had parted with the day before. Cymon was greatly concerned at this, and fearing what afterwards came to pass, he bid them put to sea if possible, and trust to fortune, for they could never be in a worse place. They used all possible means then to get out,

but in vain; the wind was strongly against them, and drove them to shore in spite of all they could do to prevent it. They were soon known by the sailors of the other ship, who had now gained the shore, and who ran to a neighbouring town, where the young gentlemen that had been on board were just gone before, and informed them how Cymon and Ephigenia were like themselves driven thither by stress of weather. They, hearing this, brought a great many people from the town to the sea-side, and took Cymon and his companions prisoners, who had got on shore, with a design of fleeing to a neighbouring wood, as also Ephigenia, and brought them all together to the town. Pasimunda, upon hearing the news, went and made his complaints to the senate, who accordingly sent Lysimachus, who was chief magistrate that year, along with a guard of soldiers, to conduct them to prison. Thus the miserable and enamoured Cymon lost his mistress soon after he had gained her, and without having scarcely so much as a kiss for his pains. In the mean time Ephigenia was handsomely received by many ladies of quality, and comforted for the trouble she had sustained in being made a captive, as well as in the storm at sea; and she remained with them till the day appointed for her nuptials. However, Cymon and his friends had their lives granted them (though Pasimunda used all his endeavours to the contrary) for the favour shewed to the Rhodians the day before; but they were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, where they remained sorrowfully enough, as they had no hopes of obtaining their liberty. Now whilst Pasimunda was making preparation for his nuptials, fortune, as if she had repented the injury done to Cymon,

produced a new circumstance for his deliverance. Pasimunda had a brother, beneath him in years, but not in virtue, called Ormisda, who had been long talked of as about to marry a beautiful lady of that city, called Cassandra, whom Lysimachus was also in love with, and had for some time been prevented marrying her, by diverse unlucky accidents. Now as Pasimunda was to celebrate his own nuptials with great state and feasting, he supposed it would save a great deal of expence and trouble, if his brother was to marry at the same time. He consequently proposed the thing again to Cassandra's friends, and soon brought it to a conclusion; when it was agreed by all parties, that the same day that Pasimunda brought home Ephigenia, Ormisda should bring home Cassandra. This was very grating to Lysimachus, who saw himself now deprived of the hope which he had hitherto entertained of marrying her himself; but he was wise enough to conceal it, contriving a way to prevent its taking effect if possible; none however appeared, but that of taking her away by force. This seemed easy enough on account of his office; still he thought it not so reputable as if he had borne no office at all at that time; but in short, after a long debate with himself, honour gave way to love, and he resolved, happen what would, to bear away Cassandra. Thinking then what companions he should make choice of for this enterprise, as well as the means that were to be taken, he soon called Cymon to mind, whom he had in custody, as also his companions; and thinking he could have nobody better to assist him, nor one more trusty and faithful on that occasion than Cymon, the next night he had him privately into his

chamber, where he spoke to him in this manner:—
 “Cymon, as the gods are the best and most liberal givers of all things to mankind, so are they also the ablest judges of our several virtues and merits: such then as they find to be firm and constant in every respect, them do they make worthy of the greatest things. Now concerning your worth and valour, they are willing to have a more certain trial of both, than it was possible for you to shew within the scanty limits of your father's house, whom I know to be a person of the greatest distinction; for first then, by the pungent force of love, as I am informed, have they, from a mere insensible creature, made a man of you; and afterwards by adverse fortune, and now by a miserable imprisonment, are they willing to see if your soul be changed from what it was, when you appeared flushed so lately with the prize you had won. If that continues the same, I can propose nothing so agreeable to you, as what I am now going to offer; which, that you may resume your former might and valour, I shall immediately disclose. Pasimunda, overjoyed with your disappointment, and a zealous promoter, as far as in him lay, of your being put to death, is now about to celebrate his marriage with your Ephigenia, that he may enjoy that blessing, which fortune, when she was favourable, first put into your power, and afterwards snatched away from you, but how this must afflict you, I can easily suppose by myself, who am like to undergo the same injury, and at the same time, with regard to my mistress Cassandra, who is to be married then to his brother Ormisda. Now I see no remedy for either of us, but what consists in our own resolution, and the strength of our arms: it will be necessary, therefore, to make our way with our

swords, for each of us to gain his lady: if then you value (I will not say your liberty, because that without her, would be of little weight with you; but, I say, if you value) your mistress, you need only follow me, and fortune has put her into your hands." These words spoke comfort to the drooping soul of Cymon, who immediately replied, "Lysimachus, you could never have a more stout, nor a more trusty friend for such an enterprise than myself, if it be as you seem to promise: tell me then what you would have me do, and you shall see me put it nobly into execution." Lysimachus made answer, "Three days hence the ladies are to be brought home to their espoused husbands, when you, with your friends and myself, with some people whom I can confide in, will go armed in the evening, and enter their house whilst they are in the midst of their mirth, where we will seize on the two brides, and carry them away to a ship which I have secretly provided, killing all that shall presume to oppose us." This scheme was entirely to Cymon's good liking, and he waited quietly till the time appointed. The wedding day being now come, and every part of their house full of mirth and feasting, Lysimachus, after giving the necessary orders at the time fixed, divided Cymon and his companions with his own friends into three parties, and putting arms under their several cloaks, and animating them boldly to pursue what they had undertaken, he sent one party to the haven to secure their escape, and with the other two they went to Pasimunda's house; one they stationed at the gate, to prevent any persons shutting them up in the house; whilst he, along with Cymon, went up stairs with the remaining part.—Coming then into the dining room, where the two

brides, with many other ladies, were seated orderly at supper, they advanced up to them, and throwing down all the tables, each seized his lady, and giving them into the arms of their followers, ordered them to carry them away to their ship. The brides, as well as the other ladies and the servants, cried out so much, that immediately there was a great tumult. In the mean time, Cymon and Lysimachus, with their followers, all drew their swords, and came down stairs again without any opposition, till they met with Pasimunda, having in his hand a great club, whom the noise had drawn thither, when Cymon, at one stroke, laid him dead at his feet, and whilst Ormisda was running to his assistance, he was likewise killed by Cymon: many others also of their friends, who came to their relief, were wounded and beaten back. Leaving the house then all full of blood and confusion, they joined parties, and went directly on to their ship with their booty, without the least hindrance whatever; when putting the ladies on board, and they with all their friends following them, the shore was soon filled with crowds of people who came to rescue them, upon which they plied their oars, and sailed joyfully away for Crete. There they were cheerfully received by all their friends and relations, when they espoused their ladies, and were well pleased with their several prizes. This occasioned great quarrels afterwards between the two islands of Cyprus and Rhodes. At length, by the interposition of friends, every thing was amicably adjusted, and then Cymon returned along with Ephigenia to Cyprus, and Lysimachus in like manner carried Cassandra back to Rhodes, where they lived very happily to the end of their days.

THE FIFTH DAY.

NOVEL II.

Constantia is in love with Martuccio Gomito; and hearing that he was dead, out of despair, goes alone into a boat, which is driven by the wind to Susa: finding him alive at Tunis, she makes herself known; whilst he, being a great favourite there of the king's, marries her, and returns home with her to Lipari, very rich.

THE queen seeing that Pamphilus's novel was at an end, after praising it highly, she ordered Emilia to follow, who began thus:—We are all of us justly pleased with such things as we see attended with rewards, according to our wishes; and because love is more often deserving of happiness than misery, I shall therefore obey the queen with a great deal more pleasure, by treating on the present subject, than I did the king, in discoursing of that of yesterday. You must know then, ladies, that near to Sicily is a little island called Lipari, in which, not long since, lived a lady of a worthy family, named Constantia, with whom was in love, a young gentleman of the same island, called Martuccio Gomito, one of an excellent character, and very eminent in his way. She also had the same regard for him, so that she was never easy but when she saw him. He therefore, desirous of marrying her, asked her father's consent, who replied, that as he was in poor circumstances, he would never give it. Martuccio, grieved to see himself rejected on account of his poverty, fitted out a little vessel, with some of his friends and relations, and made a resolution never to return to



Lipari till he should be rich. Parting from thence, he cruised on the coasts of Barbary, taking every thing of less force than himself that came in his way. And fortune was favourable enough to him, could he have set bounds to his desires: but not being satisfied, he and his friends, with being very rich, and willing still to be more so, it happened that they were taken by some Saracen ships, after making a most obstinate defence, when being plundered of all they had gotten, and the greatest part of them slain, after sinking the ship, he was carried prisoner to Tunis, where he suffered a long and miserable confinement. In the mean time, news was brought to Lipari, from divers hands, that they were all drowned; which was such an affliction to the lady, that she resolved not to survive it; and not having a heart to make away with herself by any violent means, she chose to lay herself under a necessity of meeting with her death: accordingly she went privately one night to the haven, where she found by chance a small fisher's boat, at liberty from the other ships, and furnished with sails and oars. Getting into this, and having rowed a little way into the sea, she threw away her oars and rudder, and committed herself entirely to the mercy of the winds, supposing of necessity, that as the boat was empty, and nobody to steer it, either that it must overset, or else dash against some rock, and so break to pieces; and that, in either case, she could not escape if she would. Wrapping her head then in a mantle, she laid herself down, weeping, at the bottom of the boat. But it happened differently from what she imagined; for it being a gentle north wind, and no sea, the boat rode it out all that night, and till the following evening, when it was

brought within an hundred miles of Tunis, to a strand near a town called Susa. Whilst the poor lady thought nothing either of her being near the land, or upon the wide sea, having never looked up from the time of her laying herself down, nor meaning ever to do so.— Now it happened, just as the boat struck against the shore, that a poor woman was taking away some nets which had been drying in the sun, who perceiving the boat coming full sail against the shore, and supposing the people to be all asleep in it, stepped into it, and finding only this lady, she called several times to her before she could make her hear, she being fast asleep, and seeing by her dress that she was a Christian, she enquired of her, in Latin, how it happened that she had arrived there in the boat all alone. The lady hearing her talk in Latin, was apprehensive that a different wind had driven her back to Lipari; and getting up, and looking all around her, without knowing any thing of the country, she then enquired of the good woman where she was? who replied, “Daughter, you are near to Susa, in Barbary;” which the lady hearing, was in great concern that she had not met with the death she had coveted; fearing also, with regard to her modesty, and not knowing what to do, she sat down, and began to weep. The good woman, seeing this, had pity on her, and after much persuasion brought her to her little hut, where she told her at length in what manner she had come thither. The good woman then finding that she was fasting, set her coarse bread, with some fish dressed, and water before her, and prevailed upon her to eat a little. Constantia now enquired of the good woman who she was, that she talked Latin so well? Who told her,

that she was of Trapani, that her name was Carapresa, and that she was servant to some Christian fishermen. The lady hearing that name, full of grief as she was, began to conceive some hope from it, yet could she give no account why, only that she thought she had heard the name before. Her desire to die was now much abated; and without telling her who she was, or from whence she came, she begged of her to have pity on her youth, and give her such counsel as might enable her to avoid any injury that should be offered to her. The good woman left her in her hut, till she had taken care of her nets, when she covered her with her mantle, and conducted her to Susa, saying to her: “Constantia, I will bring you to the house of an old Saracen lady whom I work for sometimes; she is very charitable, and I dare say, on my recommendation, will receive you, as though you were her own child; you must study then to oblige her as much as possible, till it shall please Heaven to send you better fortune.” Accordingly she did as she had promised. The old lady, upon hearing the poor woman’s account of Constantia, looked earnestly at her, and began to weep; she afterwards led her into the house, where she, and some other women lived together, without any man amongst them, employing themselves in embroideries, and other kinds of needle-work. In some few days she had learned to work in the same way, and behaved herself in such a manner that they were extremely delighted with her company; and at length she made herself mistress of their language. In this manner she continued at Susa, being given over at home for lost. In the mean time it happened that one called Mariabdelá, being in possession of the kingdom

of Tunis, a young lord of great birth and power in the kingdom of Grenada, laid claim also to it, and assembled a powerful army to drive him out of the country. This coming to the ears of Martuccio Gomito, who was still in prison, and well acquainted with the Barbarian language; understanding also that the king made great preparations for his defence, he said to one of his keepers: "Could I but speak to his majesty, my heart forebodes that I could give him such counsel as should assure him of victory." The person reported this to his master, who immediately informed the king; he then sent for him, and demanded what counsel it was that he had to give him? He replied: "My lord, if I am sufficiently acquainted, since I have been in this country, with your manner of fighting, it should seem to me as if you depended principally upon your archers: now if I can contrive a way whereby your enemies would want arrows, at the time that you had plenty of them, I suppose you will think then the battle would be yours."—"Without doubt," replied the king, "if you can do that, I shall make no question of being conqueror." Martuccio then added: "My lord, it may easily be done, if you please, and I will show you which way. You must have much finer cords made for your archers bows than are commonly used; you must also have the notches of your arrows made to suit these small strings; but this must be done so privately that the enemy hear nothing of it, because they would then provide accordingly. Now the reason is this: after your enemies shall have discharged all their arrows, and likewise after your own bow-men shall have made an end of theirs, you know that they then gather up, and shoot back your own darts upon

you, at the same time that your archers are obliged to make use of theirs: but your arrows will be useless to them, because those small notches will not suit their great strings; on the contrary, the slender cords of your archers will very well receive the large notches of their arrows; and thus your people will have plenty of darts, when they shall be entirely unprovided." The king, who was a most wise lord, was pleased with the advice, and followed it, by which means he got the victory; Martuccio was consequently in high favour, and soon attained to great power and wealth. These things were soon noised over the country; till at length Constantia heard that her lover, whom she had thought to be dead, was yet alive; the flame of her love, which had been so long extinct, now broke out afresh, and with greater vigour, and with it revived her hopes; insomuch that she related all that had happened to her to the good lady, acquainting her that she desired to go to Tunis, there to satisfy her eyes with beholding what fame had long rung into her ears: the lady commended her design, and, as she had been hitherto a sort of a mother to her, embarked with her; when arriving there they were entertained together at one of her relations houses: here they sent Carapresa, whom they had carried with them, to learn what she could about him, who reported that he was alive, and in great repute. The lady then resolving that she would be the person to acquaint him with his Constantia being there, went one day to his house, and said to him: "Sir, one of your servants from Lipari is now a captive in my house, and has a desire to speak to you in private; for which purpose, that nobody might be entrusted with the secret, he desired

that I would go myself to tell you." Martuccio gave her thanks, and followed her thither. As soon as the young lady saw him she was perfectly overcome with joy, and, being unable to refrain, threw her arms about his neck; whilst calling to mind her long sufferings and present transports, she burst out into a flood of tears. Martuccio stood some time in amaze, till at last he said, with a sigh: "O, my Constantia, are you alive? It is some time since I heard you were lost; nor have there been any tidings of you since. And having said this, he embraced her with a great deal of tenderness and affection. She then related to him all that had befallen her, as well as the respect with which she had been honoured by the good lady; when, after much discourse together, he went straight to the king, and made him acquainted with the whole story, adding, that, with his consent, he intended to espouse her according to the manner of our laws. The king was greatly surprised with the narration, and sending for her, received the same account from her own mouth. He then said, "Lady, you have well earned your husband;" then ordering many rich presents to be brought, he gave part to her, and part to him, and desired them to do what was most agreeable to themselves. Martuccio was very thankful to the lady, who had entertained Constantia, and made her a suitable acknowledgment; and taking their leave of her, not without many tears, they embarked (having Carapresa along with them) for Lipari, where they were received with inexpressible joy; and the nuptials being celebrated with the greatest magnificence, they lived long together in the utmost tranquillity and comfort, enjoying the fruits of their mutual loves.

