
Jealousy Out-witted:

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A Gentleman named *Gualdini*, that he might not fear the Misfortunes to which all Husbands are subject, determined to live a Batchelor. Sensible however of the Attractions of Love, he had a most violent Inclination for the fair Sex; which he found very little Difficulty in gratifying. An engaging Ease and Sprightliness, joined to a most delightful Figure, rendered him so very amiable to the Ladies, that he was never so unfortunate as
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to fight in vain. Each Day he made new Conquests. And what did not a little contribute to his Successes, was, that he exercised great Dexterity in concealing his amorous Intrigues. No Stratagems that could be put in Practice to seduce a Wife, and cheat the Vigilance of the Husband, was he a Stranger to; nor did he fail to employ them with Success. How numerous therefore must have been the poor contented Cuckolds, who were the Dupes of his Ingenuity?

He passed his Days in this Manner till he attained the Age of fifty Years, and even then he was so perfectly satisfied with his way of Life, that he had no Thoughts of changing it. At length he beheld the fair *Eliza*, a young Lady of about twenty, which made a great Alteration in his Sentiments. He thought, however, that without loading himself with Chains, to which he had

a great Averſion, it would not be impoſſible to captivate the Heart of this young Lady. But *Gualdini* was now become an antiquated *Adonis*; his Conqueſts were now at an End. He perceived that in order to make his Declarations hearkened to, he muſt proceed upon Terms of Honour. He had already ſpoke of Love, but ſhe pretended not to underſtand him; he ſpoke of Hymen, and he was answered. In ſhort, *Gualdini* ventured into a State of Life, which had formerly appeared ſo very dangerous to him. Now we ſhall ſee whether he will avoid the Miſfortunes which he had heaped upon many others.

About a Fortnight after they were married, his Wife, of whom he had not yet conceived the leaſt Jealouſy, received a Letter from one of her Relations, of whom ſhe was a Confident. This Letter incloſed a Billet, which ſhe was to convey
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to a young Lady, who was the Object of her Relation's Passion. It is necessary that I should recite this Letter, that the Reader may judge of *Gualdini's* jealous Fury, when this Letter fell into his Hands.

The following is the Billet from *Eliza's* Relation, to his Beloved.

My adorable Angel,

Shall we for ever meet with Obstacles to our tender Loves? Shall we never be happy enough to have it in our Power to overthrow the Vigilance of your troublesome Husband? What Pangs do I not endure, to think that you should be confined within the Arms of a Man so unworthy of your Tenderness? How must your Delicacy be offended at his nauseating Embraces? It is not in his Power to set a just Value upon the Favours which you bestow. Alas! shall I lose those rapturous Pleasures for ever? No, I cannot survive so terrible

rible a Misfortune. I promise myself Success from the Dexterity of her who remits you this Letter. I have animated her Endeavours by my Liberality. She promised me that she will shortly facilitate the Means of an Interview. Gods! with what Impatience do I not wait the happy Moment, when I can give you the most convincing Marks of my most ardent Tendernefs. Convinced alfo of the Vivacity of your Passion, I doubt not but you will espouse the Measures which I fhall take to fatisfy your juft Revenge againft your odious Husband's Jealoufy.

I am, &c.

The unhappy *Eliza* had unfortunately torn to Pieces the Letter which her Coufin had wrote to her; and only preferved the Billet which was inclofed in it. This Billet *Gualdini* found, without any Address; whereupon he immediately concluded it muft have been written to his Wife. Though transported with
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the most furious Rage, he had the Conduct to conceal it, that she might not escape the Vengeance he meditated. He began to have a strict Eye upon her Actions; and when he had concerted the Measures which he intended to execute, he acquainted her with his Intention of quitting his Residence in the City, and retiring to one of his Estates in the Country, the Solitude of which was pleasing to him.

Though this young Lady had no great Inclination for retiring into the Country, she made however no Objection to comply with his Command. But she did not suspect the Snare that was set for her. She was no sooner arrived at the Mansion-House to which she was conducted, but she was led up Stairs and confined in an high Tower. She threw herself at her Husband's Feet, watered them with her Tears, and begged, at least, that she might have
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the Consolation of being told what Crime she had been guilty of, to merit such Disgrace.

Hold, Madam, said he, shewing her the Billet, which I have before spoken of, Read and see whether I am not sufficiently informed of your Infamy and my Shame.

In vain did she endeavour to justify herself! His blind Jealousy had shut his Eyes to every Thing that she could say in her Defence. He left her, swearing she should never depart from the Place he had shut her in, but to descend into her Tomb.

Such was the severe Edict which his Cruelty extorted from him. Thus the unfortunate *Eliza* became condemned to a continual Flood of Tears. But Love interested himself in her Favour. He produced a Person to revenge the jealous Fury
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of her Husband; and this Person was a Friar, of a most tender and compassionate Disposition, who was about to convince *Gualdini* that he was not acquainted with all the cunning Artifices that might be practised to elude the Vigilance of a jealous Husband.

This Friar, named Don *Bennet*, resided with a religious Brother in a Priory about forty Yards distant from *Gualdini*'s House. They made frequent Visits to each other, and generally dined and supped together.

Gualdini, who had for a long Time made a Secret of the Cruelty which he exercised towards his Wife, at length acquainted Don *Bennet* with it, he being a Bosom Friend. A Glass too much made him divulge the Secret. But what chiefly whet the Edge of Don *Bennet*'s sensual Appetite was, that this noble *Vene-*
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tion, whom the Liquor had rendered incapable of considering the Consequence of the Things which escaped him, drew a Portrait of his Wife in such beautiful Colours, as could not but excite the utmost Curiosity. Therefore the cunning Prior, in order to get an Opportunity of seeing this young Beauty, declared to *Gualdini* that he could not believe him, because, says he, if your Wife is really as beautiful as you represent her, you could not possibly have so long omitted to perform conjugal Duty. Confess then, Sir, continued he, that it is only an imaginary Picture which you have just now drawn.

Indeed, Sir, answered *Gualdini*, it is a real one; and, I could presently convince you of it; for were you to see her, you could not but confess that the Original exceeds the Copy. Suffer me then to see her, resumed the Friar. With all my Heart,

Heart, replied *Gualdini*; To-morrow you shall visit her.

Behold a Bargain struck ; and we shall see who will become the Dupe of it. Don *Bennet*, who was shewn the Tower wherein *Eliza* was confined, observed that there was one narrow Window to it, which look'd over a little River belonging to the Priory, and which washed the Walls of this Tower.

He had no sooner parted from *Gualdini* but he shut himself up in a Closet, to study Measures to revenge the fair Prisoner of the cruel Treatment she received from the Jealousy of her Husband.

After various Reflections, he determined to begin with writing her a Letter, to know whether she was disposed to assist his Endeavours to soften the Pangs of her Confinement. The following is the Letter, which
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you will find he had Art enough to convey into her Hands, even in the Presence of *Gualdini*.

Madam,

Could I bear the Recital of your Misfortunes, without endeavouring to relieve you, I must be of a savage Disposition. I am so extremely affected with your cruel Fate, that I would freely venture my Life to tear you from the Misfortunes which overwhelm you. How happy should I think myself if you would but deign to accept the Services of a Man who would glory in giving himself up entirely to your Interest; and who would delight to employ himself to release you from the Tyranny of a barbarous Husband. If you will honour me with a Line of Answer, be so kind as to tie the Letter at the End of a long piece of Pack-thread, and let down into a little Boat, which I will take care to place at the Bottom of the Tower wherein you are confined,

confined, about Eleven o'Clock this Evening. On receiving an Answer to this Letter, I shall contrive proper Means to break your intolerable Chains.

Yours, &c.

When Don *Bennet* had written this Letter, he sealed it; and doubted not but he should be able the next Day to deliver it himself; nor was he disappointed in his Expectations. He gave Orders to the young Friar, his Inferior, to ask to speak in private with the noble *Venetian*, about a Quarter of an Hour after he was gone to his House; and under pretence that he had a great Favour to beg of his Superior, and that it was only through *Gualdini's* Intercession that he could hope to obtain it.

Measures so well concerted, could hardly fail of Success. Don *Bennet* went to *Gualdini's* House, where he beheld

beheld the beautiful *Eliza*. His Insensibility could not support the Sight of such powerful Charms. The young Friar *Bernardin* called *Gualdini* aside to whisper to him, according to his Lesson; which afforded *Don Bennet* an Opportunity of delivering his Letter to *Eliza*, for whom he had now conceived the most violent Affection; but he had however too much Cunning to suffer his Passion to appear.

When he was alone with *Gua'dini*, he did not fail to tell him that his Wife was not possessed of those Charms which he had so liberally bestowed upon her; nay, he even pretended that she was almost Beauty's opposite. This cunning Proceeding, so very necessary to the Execution of his Projects, succeeded to his Wish: By that Means he avoided all manner of Suspicion: But this was no more than a single Step towards Success. What Artifices

fices had he not to employ, to procure the Happiness he wished for? But let us return to *Eliza's* Answer, which was such as he could wish it.

She returned him a thousand Thanks for the Compassion he had shewn her.---Begged, that in the Measures which he should take to revenge her Injuries, that he would not forget the Preservation of her Honour; and ended her Letter, with Assurances of a perpetual Acknowledgment.

The Word Acknowledgment, was alone sufficient to animate this zealous Friar. He therefore, the very next Day began to labour about the Execution of his amorous Project.

He invited *Gualdini* to dine with him; and requested of two or three Topers, his Companions, to endeavour

your to make him so drunk, that he might not be able to walk Home, and that he might go thither and supply his Place. But this cunning Stratagem was employed in vain. The sober *Gualdini* was able to resist their strongest Importunities, and left them with as cold a Head, and as steady a Brain, as when he went into their Company. We shall now see whether he escaped so happily from the next Trap that was set for him.

A few Days afterwards, he was again invited to dine with Don *Bennet*, who had given Orders that the Plates which were served him, should be first rubbed with a certain Drug, that would communicate its Bitterness to all the Meat which was laid thereon. They sat down to Dinner : All the Company made an Elogium upon the Repast by the Quantity they eat. *Gualdini* was the only idle Person there. He complained that every Thing which

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was offered him had an exceeding bitter Taste. The Wine which was presented to him had also a remarkable ill Taste. The Murmurs however of his Appetite, which he had abused by an Abstinence of two or three Days, (for it must be observed, by the bye, that this illustrious *Venetian* had as much Avarice as Jealousy) I say, the Murmurs of his Appetite made him very desirous of Eating; but his ardent Wishes could not be satisfied. A new *Tantalus*! he was dying with Hunger in the Midst of a delicious Abundance. The Company persuaded him to believe that he look'd exceeding pale: A Physician, who was present at this Repast, assuming an Air of Gravity, felt *Gualdini's* Pulse, advised him to go immediately to Bed, and charged him not to venture out of his Room for the Space of fifteen Days.

Don *Bennet* now flattered himself that while this sick Husband was confined, and wholly occupy'd in
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the Recovery of his Health, he could embrace that Opportunity of making Donna *Eliza* an amorous Visit. But these were delusive Hopes ! The jealous *Venetian* gave Orders that a Bed should be prepared for him in the Tower wherein his Wife was confined. But here it, is necessary to be Observed, that since she had lost the Honour of his Esteem, he had sworn never to perform the Duties of an Husband. But the young Lady found Means to console herself, and to bestow upon the unhappy *Gualdini* the glorious Name of Father ; a Title which he was very certain he had not merited from her.

But what compleated Don *Bennet's* Despair, was, that the *Venetian* had declared that he would not receive any Visits during the Course of his imaginary Illness. He even ordered all the Doors of his House to be lock'd; and would have none of his Domesticks

ticks to attend him, but an old decrepit Fellow of about Seventy, who had nothing so tempting about him as to be able to seduce his Wife.

It was not for Don *Bennet's* Interests, that *Gualdini's* Illness should be of long Duration. He knew his avaritious Disposition; and doubted not but he would receive with Thanks, some delicate Food. He sent him some; of which he made so hearty a Meal, as to make up for his Deficiency the preceding Day. Thus, believing himself perfectly recovered, he immediately quitted the Company of *Eliza*, of whom, however, he continued the Goaler. This was what disconcerted all the Measures which his Rival put in Practice to obtain the desired Happiness.

But it is usual with Friars, to compleat what they take in Hand;
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they are not discouraged with a few Disappointments: If one Artifice fails of Success, another is immediately put into Execution. We shall now see our holy Father employ'd in a third Stratagem to obtain Success. He intended to send *Galadini* from Home, and thought he had invented a Scheme which would answer that End.

He had been informed that a Law Suit was depending between this *Venetian* and a Tradesman, who, for want of Money, was unable to support his Right. He therefore sent for this Tradesman to his Benefice; and, under pretence of an extreme Love for Justice, furnished him with a Sum of Money to carry on his Process.

The poor Citizen, delighted with such unexpected good Fortune, after returning Thanks to Don *Bennet*, his generous Benefactor; and testi-
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fyng the Height of his Acknowledgment, returned with Speed to *Venice*; where he was no sooner arrived, than he ran to his Judges to sollicit a decisive Decree. *Gualdini* received a Letter, informing him, that his Cause was coming to be heard; and intreating him to come immediately where his Interest call'd him. But his Jealousy triumphed over his Avarice; and he rather chose to hazard the Loss of his Suit, than lose, for a single Moment, his Post of Goaler.

He was, however, weary of it some Time after; and at the earnest Request of *Don Bennet*, he gave up to another this troublesome Employ.

One Day, when they were conversing together, *Don Bennet* said to him, I am far from blaming the wise Precautions which you exercise to preserve your Honour; and if all

Husbands followed your Example, we should not see so many of them become the Dupes of their Credulity; nothing is weaker or more wavering than a Woman's Virtue; and my Opinion is, that they cannot be too much suspected. I am also of Opinion, that the Title of a jealous Husband is less dishonourable than that of a contented one. It must however be confessed, to the Shame of the Age we live in, that these are the fashionable Husbands. Oh! let me alone for that, reply'd the *Venetian*, I shall take very good Care not to be one of that Number. I know the Use that I have formerly made of their Faith; how many Tricks have I play'd, in my Youth, upon the Credulity of those courteous, good-natured Husbands? And I will heartily forgive any Person that shall be able to play the same Tricks against me. I really do not think, resumed the Friar, that any Person intends to cheat your Vigilance; but

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suffer me, notwithstanding, to tell you, that it is not so great as I could wish. For let us reason a little about it. It is true indeed, that you never part from the Keys of the Tower wherein your Wife is locked, but do you also take the Locks with you? And while you are in your own Apartment, or when you do me the Honour to come and see me, how do you know but they may embrace the Opportunity of your Absence to dishonour you?

True, Father, replied he, your Observation is very just; and I will this very Day convince you, that I know how to make a proper Use of good Advice, given me by so zealous a Friend as you are. Believe me then, Sir, replied Don *Bennet*, I would advise you, to have a Guardian for your Wife, to accompany her, and to observe her Actions. A very good Thought! replied the noble *Venetian*; and I will immediately

ately provide a Woman whom I can confide in, for that Purpose.

But this Woman did not long enjoy the Post which was allotted her. The artful Don *Bennet* knew very well how to proceed.

He wrote a Letter to Donna *Eliza* (here it is proper to observe, that by the Help of a String, and the little Boat, which I have before mentioned; there had been an epistolary Correspondence carried on between them); I say he wrote a Letter to Donna *Eliza*, wherein he acquainted her, that it was he himself that had advised her Husband to set over her the troublesome Companion which she was about to have; but he begged of her to be satisfied, promising her, that in a few Days she should have another, who would be entirely devoted to their joint Interests. Nor was he worse than his Word; for before a Week had elapsed,

lapsed, he found out a Woman, whose Abilities were known to him, and who was very capable of doing him infinite Service in his Intrigues.

His next Business was to dislodge her whom *Gualdini* had made choice of.

He conveyed a Purse with a hundred Crowns, by his usual Passport, to *Eliza*, and with it a Letter, wherein he desired her to employ that Sum of Money in bribing her Inspectress to make a quick Retreat. This was so brilliant a Fortune for her, that she could not have the Heart to refuse any Thing that might be exacted from her Obedience. She therefore took her leave of the desolate *Gualdini*, who went the very same Day to his dear Friend *Don Bennet*, to communicate the Misfortune that had befallen him.

Well, replied the Friar, to whom he had made his Complaints, this Loss is not irreparable. You are sensible I have a very great Friendship for you ; and I will this Day give you a most convincing Proof of it. A Friend of mine has an old Domestic of experienced Fidelity, who is a very proper Person for you : I doubt not but I can procure her for you ; for I flatter myself that my Friend will not refuse me any Thing. Suffer me then to part from you, Sir. I will take Horse and ride to her, and you shall presently be informed of my Success.

It need not be doubted but the Friar was able to perform his Promise ; for he had already brought a Woman from *Venice*, who was to be the Assistant in his private Pleasures.

A long Experience had made her very perfect in her Business; she had therefore very little need of Instruction; she went to the credulous *Venetian*, and offered herself to him, as recommended by Don *Bennet*. Her Services were gladly accepted, and from that Moment she began to exercise herself in her new Employ. The Presents which Don *Bennet* had made her, and the large Gratuities which he promised, caused her to apply immediately to give him Proof of her Zeal to serve him.

She make use of all her aukward Eloquence to persuade *Eliza*, that she could not do better than strive to revenge herself, from the cruel Treatment of her barbarous Husband; and promised her, that she would facilitate the Means. She then expatiated upon the Merit of Don *Bennet*, of whom she drew

the most advantageous Portrait. Her Discourse was persuasive; she perceived that *Eliza* was sufficiently disposed to embrace the Opportunity she had of giving Don *Bennet* the most affecting Proofs of her Acknowledgment, and to hasten the Moment of his Happiness; she asked the young Prisoner if she would consent to receive a Visit from her Protector?

Supposing I should consent to it, replied *Eliza*, it would be to no Purpose, since we can propose no Advantage from it. Believe me, Madam, replied the intriguing *Mariane*, I propose nothing to you but what may be easily expected; and, if you will be generous enough to permit it, To-morrow Don *Bennet* will have the Honour of coming here, to assure you of his tender Attachment. But do not fear, added she, that your Honour will be in any Danger. I am a Confidant
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of the Measures that he will take, and am assured of their Success. But may not I be acquainted with these Measures? resumed *Eliza*. Suffer me, Madam, to keep them a Secret, replied *Mariane*; because I would give you the Pleasure of an agreeable Surprize.

The happy Don *Bennet* was soon after informed by a Letter from his Confidant, of the favourable Dispositions of his fair Mistress. He had before taken care to provide some Rope-Ladders, and the next Day he made use of them to ascend to the Chamber of his beautiful Prisoner. *Mariane* fastened them to the Window by which he was to enter; and the grateful *Eliza*, who did not think she was married to occupy a separate Apartment from her Husband, did not think proper to oppose him. Whether she was pleased with this first Visit of Don *Bennet*, may be easily conjectured,

jectured, since it was presently followed by a second.

Nothing could be more delicious than these private Interviews ; the fleeting Moments were wished to be prolonged, by these happy Lovers. As soon as Night had drawn her Veil, the amorous Don *Bennet* employ'd his Ladder, and never parted from his amiable Mistress till an Hour before Sun-rising. This tender Commerce lasted above seven Months, without any manner of Impediment. The credulous *Gualdini*, Keeper of the Keys of the Tower wherein his chaste and virtuous Wife was confined, could not suspect that any Body would undertake the charitable Task to console her every Night, for his unjust Indifference. Besides, had he not placed over her a Governess, whose Fidelity his good Friend Don *Bennet* had so much vaunted of ? And how could he think that his Friend would de-
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ceive him? This Friend too was clad in a Habit of Sanctity, and continually discoursed of heavenly Things, in the most affecting Manner. Could it then be supposed that this devout Friar would suffer any sensual Desires to lurk beneath his pious Harness?

But let us leave the *Venetian* in his Error, and proceed to shew, that notwithstanding his utmost Vigilance he knew not how to guard against the Artifices of a cunning Friar.

I have already said, that *Gualdini* had sworn never to merit the Name of Father. He did not indeed merit it, but he was however obliged to bear it; notwithstanding his scrupulous Exactness in accomplishing the Oath he had made never to make his Wife any dangerous Visits, contrary to the Engagement, the Moment approached, when he was to
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receive all the Honours due to a real Father.

His officious Substitute was very willing to resign the Glory which was due to him alone. His Commerce with the fair *Eliza* was not unfruitful. She carried about her sufficient Proof to the contrary. But how grievous would have been her Fate, if she had become a Mother in the miserable Place of her Confinement? Therefore the tender Don *Bennet* would not suffer the Health of a Person so dear to him to be exposed to any Danger. His Love interested him in the Preservation of the Mother and Child. It was to his Relations that *Eliza* was to go to be delivered of her Burthen. He made her the Proposition; she accepted it. She escaped in the Night, with *Mariane*, by the Help of the Rope-Ladders which had been the Instruments of Don *Bennet's* Happiness.

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His Relations received her joyfully. The Recital which she made of the Sufferings she had endured from the jealous Fury of her Husband, made them burst into Tears. But let us return to the unfortunate *Gualdini*.

How great was his Surprize, when the Domestic who had the Care of supplying the Prisoner with Provisions, came to acquaint him, that she was escaped from the Tower, with the Woman who was appointed her Guardian !

Transported with Rage, he came to discharge his Heart in the Bosom of his faithful Friend Don *Bennet*, and asked his Advice. Ah ! it is all over with me, said he, almost distracted ! I am the most unfortunate Man that ever breathed ! What's the Matter, Sir, said Don *Bennet* ? in a sympathizing Tone,
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What terrible Misfortune has happened? My Wife, cried he, my perfidious Wife! —Here Sighs cut assunder the Thread of his Discourse.

Well, resumed Don *Bennet*, be comforted, she is dead I suppose? What then? We must all die. Dead! no, replied *Gualdini*, the Traitors, by a Flight, which I could not suspect, has stolen herself from my Vengeance. I have beheld, with my own Eyes, the Ropes by which she made her Escape. Most astonishing! cried the Friar; what surprizing News is this you acquaint me with! But where do you imagine she is gone to seek an Asylum? If she should happen to be retired to her Kindred, believe me, Sir, it might be of a terrible Consequence to you!

Why, Father, said *Gualdini*, can any body blame me for the Precautions

tions I have taken to defend myself from the Outrages that might be committed upon my Honour. But have you any satisfactory Proofs of it? resumed the Friar. You have mentioned to me a Billet, which you surpris'd her with; but, to be plain with you, I do not think that a sufficient Evidence of her Guilt. Besides, have you been prudent enough to avoid the Hazard of becoming a Father? Yes, I can make Oath of it, replied the good Man, and I have always kept her so narrowly watch'd, that no Person can have had it in their Power to bestow that Favour upon me.

He presently found, however, that he was grossly mistaken. Donna *Eliza* reported her Case to the Judges; her Beauty interested them in her Favour. She solicited a Separation from her Husband, which she obtained; together with a considerable Annuity. But what compleated

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Gualdini's Misfortunes was, that he was declared the Father of the Child, which his Wife had been delivered of.

Nothing but an Accident of this Kind could sufficiently have corrected his jealous Humour. He afterwards was reconciled with his dear *Moiety*; and if he was afterwards called by the Name of Father, he neglected nothing that might entitle him to it; and it is probable he was no longer indebted to the charitable Endeavours of any pious Father.

