





F I V E

Love-Letters

Written by a

CAVALIER,

in Answer to the

Five Love-Letters

Written to him.

B Y A

NUN.



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes
at the Post-House in Russel-street,
near the Piazza in Covent-
Garden. 1683.

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no 765888

AVALLER

in Answer to the

ive Love - Letters

Written to him

BY A

MINN

LONDON

Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Wilson
at the Post-Office in Pall-Mall
near the Theatre in Great-
Britain, 1784

THE
ANSWERS
OF THE
Chevalier *DEL.*

To the Letters of Gallantry,
from a Nun in *Portugal.*

The First Letter.

I Confess, you express the
Passion you have for me,
in terms so sweet and en-
dearing, that I should be the
B most

most insensate thing in the
 World, not to be touched to
 the Quick; the Testimonies
 you gave me of your love the
 first time I had the Honour to
 see you, were Marks too plain
 and certain for me, not to be
 fully convinced of it.: It may
 be needless for me to repeat
 them by Resentments so ex-
 pressive of your Tenderness,
 that will but afflict a poor mi-
 serable Lover, who thinks of
 nothing but you, who neither
 breaths nor sees (one moment
 of his Life) but for you. You
 are the most sweet delightful
 Idea of his Imagination, which
 continually flatters and pleases
 my Soul and Senses. I sleep
 neither Night nor Day; or if
 it happen, that Sleep close my
 Eyes

Eyes but for one moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by representing you to my Imagination in some pleasant Dreams: Ah! I would to God that those happy Amorous Dreams had either never come into my Fancy, or, that they would continue always with me when awake. But what (unfortunate that I am) do I say! Ah! I betray my Passion, I reprove myself, I am pleased with my Sufferings, I find it pleasant to suffer for the most *Lovely Object*, the most charming Person in the World. These are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and you have always appear'd such to me from the first moment I had the happiness to see you, and to con-

ceive a Passion so violent for
 you, that I have ever since
 happily languish'd in your
 Chains: Judge you then if
 your Love has wanted a Pro-
 phetick Fore-knowledge of
 me; no, no, you are not be-
 tray'd, your hopes are found-
 ed upon a Person, will not be
 wanting to you to the very
 last moment of his Life; I
 know your passion is extream,
 and that my Absence must be
 severe to you, but it cannot
 cause more Torment to you,
 than your Absence causes
 Grief and Unhappiness to me;
 and I hope my Return will not
 give you more satisfaction,
 than your Presence will give
 me Joy and Pleasure. Take
 courage, *Madam*, and mitigate
 your

your Grief, and let it not be too ingenious in tormenting you for a Person who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope I shall see again the charming brightness of those Eyes which makes up all my Pleasures, and the whole Felicity of my Life; let those bright Eyes be *reanimate*, and resume their native Lustre, and cease to obscure themselves with Tears; be assured, they shall see that Person again you have so earnestly wish't for. If my remoteness be grievous to you, yours must be much more to me, since it has made me dye a thousand times a day for you. The present of so fair a Life as yours, is well worth the re-

B 3

ceiving

ceiving, and sufficient to make me extream happy; but, I beseech you speak not of sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit so noble a Sacrifice, unless it be the Quality of being a Lover perfectly and intirely yours; and by vertue of that sweet Title, I presume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice of mine to you. I know well enough you continually send your Sighs towards me, and I send mine to you every moment; yours make me sensible of your uneasiness, and mine declare my Love, which shall last eternally, and should make you hope, that the day will come shall give an end to your Sorrow. Forbear then

(I beseech you *Madam*) to torment your self any longer, and be assured, that the most delicious Pleasures of *France*, are no other than severe Punishments to me when I consider my unhappiness, by being thus distant from you: I know, you are fully perswaded of my tenderness for you, by your acknowledgments, and your repeated remembrances of the very affectionate Passion I have had for you, and the Services I have done you; they are inconsiderable in regard of my Love, which is infinitely beyond any thing I could ever do for you, to express it aright. The least acknowledgment of it from you, is a thousand times of more value, than all the

Cares imaginable the most perfect Lover can undergo to serve you; and let not my past Cares and Sorrows give you any further trouble, but rather let those I am now going afresh to give you Testimony of, have a Room in your Thoughts; neither mind my last Letter, but rather think of this I have now sent you; this you have reason to rejoyce as much for, as the former have occasion'd your disquiet and trouble. For my part, I do assure you, I never was more surprized, than when I had news of you last, and that through the excess of my Joy and Love I fell into a Swound which I continued in for above three hours, in the midst
of

of a great number of the most Beautiful Ladies of that Coun-
 trey; but all that is nothing
 to the Resentments I have at
 this time for your Sufferings
 through my absence; and I can
 assure you, that withal my
 heart I participate of all the
 the Evils, all the different In-
 dispositions and Passions you
 are subject to, which are as so
 many Darts that every mo-
 ment do pierce and tear my
 heart, and the more sweet and
 pleasant the remembrance of
 your Love and Perfections are
 to me, the more am I over-
 whelm'd with grief for the
 trouble you endure. But to
 what purpose do you com-
 plain any longer of the Evils
 you suffer in loving me? What

can I do more, than to adore you all my days, and sacrifice my Life to you, as I continually do? These are the so delightful terms which you make use of to express your Love for me; and as for me, I am extremely troubled that I cannot *in terms more affectionate*, express my tenderness for you. I am resolved wholly to follow your so affectionate Sentiments of Love, and to consecrate all my own to you alone, which no other person living shall partake of; they are all for you, and have not the least regard for any other but your self; and I faithfully assure you, my Soul shall never vent one poor sigh but for you. It is not possible for me to
 love

love a Person more perfect or more accomplish't: The sole merit of your Beauty and your Love should give you all the assurance imaginable, that I never shall have Inclination for any other than your self. Believe me (*Madam*) that when I quitted *Portugal*, it was for the grief I had, that I could not with freedom enough converse with you in your unlucky Cloyster. I made you believe, I should stay some time with you; I know very well, 'twas too short a time; but since you desire it, i'll spend my whole Life there: I will find out the means to accomplish your desires, and to render you all the Respects and Adorations I owe you,

you as the fairest and most
 perfect and absolute Mistres of
 my Soul: I will certainly make
 good this truth, and put an
 end to all the Griefs and Un-
 happiness of us both. I was
 overjoyed he knew that the
 Letter I receiv'd from your
 Brother, has given some respite
 to your Trouble; it has also
 given me a great deal of Com-
 fort. I know your Passion
 was occasion'd by me, but you
 must acknowledge I had no
 less for you, and if I have made
 you unhappy, I have made
 my self unhappy also, by quit-
 ting you; but it shall not be
 for any long time, neither my
 Remoteness from you, nor
 your Cloyster, shall hinder me
 to love you, and to come
 near

near you: That place holds a
Treasure which belongs to
none but my self; this you
shall know at my Return, and
in the mean time you may as-
sure your self of it by my Let-
ters; our unhappy destiny se-
parates us but for a time, but
Love has united our Hearts
for ever. I will write often to
you, to shew you my concern
for the Conservation of your
Life, and that I suffer the
same Torments with you, and
all to give you assurance, that
my Love is come to the high-
est pitch imaginable. Adieu! I
can do no more: I keep your
Letter with more care and
dearness than my Life, I kiss it
a thousand times a day, and I
wou'd to God you could as
well

well embrace yours. I hope
 (one day) it will be, and that
 that Destiny will unite us
 which has thus separated us.
 Adieu! The Pen drops out of
 my hand; I wait for your An-
 swer with Impatience; con-
 serve your Friendship for me,
 and believe I shall not return
 into *Portugal*, but for your de-
 liverance from the Sufferings
 you lie under for my sake,
 who am absolutely yours, and
 a thousand times more yours
 than my own.

The

The Second Letter.

YOU do me injury in accusing me of having dealt unkindly by you, and of having quite forgotten you; I cannot believe you have really such thoughts of me; or if it be so, 'tis because you have not yet received my Letter, which when you have, I persuade my self you will be quite of another mind. I can do no less now than endeavour to undeceive you, by declaring always, and by all means the strong Passion I have

have for you. I should be the most perfidious Lover in the World, if (after so great and sweet Testimonies I have given you of my Passion, and you have given me of yours) I should not persevere in my Love. Yes, *Madam*, do me right, and believe I am and ever shall be the same; this distance does but inflame me the more, and causes me so rigorous a torment, as makes me easily judge (by my own Suffering) of the violence of yours; forbear then to afflict your self any longer, and forget that despair you are in, unless you have a mind utterly to kill a poor miserable Creature, who has no other thing in his Thoughts, but your self.

conti-

continually ; whose Grievs you infinitely augment, by the increase of your own, and the complaints you make of me. Ah ! Why did I ever see you ; or having seen you, why had you not less Love and less Beauty ? But what shall I say, unhappy that I am ? No, no, I would not for a thousand such Lives as mine is, have been deprived of the happiness of seeing you, since that view has compleated my Felicity. I am ravish'd with it ; and though I suffer by being thus removed from you, yet it causes Torments so amiable and pleasing to me, that I cannot without injustice complain of them, or if I do complain, 'tis because I am sensible of your Sufferings
and

and of the Complaints you make against a Person, who dedicates to you every moment of his Life. Do not injure me with so shameful Reproaches, that I have abused you, 'tis unworthy an honest Man and a faithful Lover; you ought by the tenderness I have for you, to be perswaded, that my procedure is grounded upon a greater faithfulness and generosity. The excess of my Love should set you above all these mean Suspicions. As you are the most agreeable and the most perfect Lover in the World, so do you merit more Fidelity and Love than is to be found in all the Lovers of the who'e World besides. But to what end do you tell me that

that I betray you? Is that the Justice you do my Love? And will you destroy my Life by means so rigorous and injurious? What have I done to you, that you should have such Sentiments of me? Have I wanted Fidelity towards you? Have you found any indifference or coldness in me? Have I done you any unkindness? I wou'd rather have chose to die a poor Death, than in any manner to have disobliged you in the least degree. You tell me you have not heard from me these six Months; you shou'd rather accuse the Infidelity of the Messenger, since I have written twice to you in that time, and not the easy blind fondness you believe

lieve you were guilty of in-
 loving me. Our Pleasures are
 not yet at an end, or if they
 be interrupted, 'tis but for a
 short season; you shall yet one
 day see me again in *Portugal*,
 and you may rest assured, that
 I will with all my Soul re-
 nounce and quit all my Kin-
 dred, Estate, and my Coun-
 try, to devote my self intirely
 to you. If your Griefs are real
 and true, your Desires and
 Longings shall not be fruitless
 and vain. I hope to have en-
 joyment of your sweetness and
 happy Charms in your Cham-
 ber, sooner than you can be-
 lieve with all the Ardour and
 Passion you can desire from
 my Love ; and that our Plea-
 sures shall continue so without
 inter-

interruption, even to the end
of our Lives. Chear then your
self (*Madam*) with this hap-
py hope of enjoying more than
ever the most gustful and deli-
cious effects of our Love. I
remember you have told me,
that I have made you unhap-
py, that is but for a short sea-
son; for after our being thus
sever'd for a while, our meet-
ing will make us excessively
joyous, and our enjoyments
will be infinitely the more
pleasant and delightful: Let
us not then seek after any other
remedies for our Evils, than
the hope of seeing one the o-
ther as soon as may be. If we
suffer, let us suffer with mutual
consent and agreement: You
tell me, I am more to blame
than

than you, your Love is grown
 excessive but I am not; or if I
 be so, they are not my Mistres-
 ses in *France* that make me
 unhappy, since you are the
 only Mistress I intirely devote
 my self to, and this truth
 which comes from my heart, I
 conjure you to be absolutely
 convinced of; If you have any
 pity for me, you'l believe my
 unhappiness proceeds from the
 Love I bear you, and not the
 indifference whereof you ac-
 cuse me; that were to do in-
 justice to my passion: But 'tis
 with good reason that you
 flatter your self in the belie-
 that my pleasures and enjoy-
 ments cannot but be imperfect
 without you, since I have no
 other than this single Consola-

tion of having all my thoughts, passions, and affections, wholly taken up with you continually, as yours are with me. I am extremely joyed to know that you are become Porter o your Convent: 'Tis a most certain means of bringing our Intentions to good effect, but I enjoyn you to keep your Love more private and secret than you have done hitherto, to the end we may be able to continue it with more assurance and undisturbed. Envy not the happiness of *Emanuel* and *Francisco*; they are but my Lacqueys, whom I shou'd have but little consideration of if they had not been recommended by you; but for your self, you are the true and only

only Mistress of my heart and soul. I wou'd to God that you were with me as they are, how happy shou'd I then be, since my ambition, my whole desire and longing of my soul is no more than to serve you, and to live and die with you. I confess I make use of no other terms, than the same you do to give me *Testimony* and assurance of your Love; for where is it possible for me to find expressions more sweet and more sincere than those which come from your heart? if I repeat them, I do it to assure you, that I do not desire only to have you in my memory eternally, but also to have full possession of you while my Life lasts, in the place where

you

you wish and most desire; I
 sacrifice my self to you with
 the same zeal you declare your
 self towards me; I love you, I
 adore you with all my Soul.
 Do not fancy your self sedu-
 ced, because of my long ab-
 sence, it shall soon be at an
 end, and you shall know the
 contrary of what you have hi-
 therto believed of me. The
 Transports of my passion are
 at least equal with those of
 yours; nor let it trouble you
 at all that you have divulged
 your Love contrary to the opi-
 nion the World have of ho-
 nour and your Religion. —
 On the other side, as it is a great
 perfection to Love, so we have
 this advantage and consolati-
 on, that we have brought our

C

Love

Love to the highest pitch of
 perfection. I conjure you to be-
 lieve my passion is equal with
 yours, and that I (by the same
 measures with you) place a
 my Religion and good Fortune
 in loving you to the utmost
 maugre all hazards or ill opin-
 ions of the World. You afflict me
 when you tell me you would
 not have me write to you un-
 less I did it unconstrain'd. Tell
 me (I beseech you) is it pos-
 sible for me ever to deny my-
 self so much, or put that re-
 straint upon my self as not to
 write to you, and give you
 an account of my self, and as-
 sure you that I adore you as
 the most perfect and accom-
 plisht Person of all Human
 Race? Why do you tell me

you take pleasure in excusing
and pardoning me? If I be
not in condition to do some-
thing for your service. Do
you think 'tis possible for me
to forget you? I am never
better pleas'd than when I
think of you, and take Pen in
hand to write to you, nor
more dissatisfy'd than when I
lay it aside; I am infinitely
obliged to that worthy Gen-
tleman who was so generous
to entertain you so long upon
my account; assure your self
that whenever there is Peace
in *France*, I will give you the
satisfaction you desire from me,
and that you shall see that de-
lightful Country as soon as I
can possibly bring you thither.
Adieu! Comfort your self,
pre-

preserve my health in preserv
 ing your own; as my Pictur
 suplys with you the room
 my Person, so does yours wit
 me hold the place of the Per
 son most dear to me until ou
 happy destiny shall bring u
 together. Adieu! I will neve
 forsake you. Adieu! I mak
 an end; believe me I suffer a
 the evils you do, but I conjur
 you not to share with me (
 any degree) of mine for fea
 you increase your own.

The Third Letter.

NOW it is that I am lost in despair, finding my Letters have not been delivered you. My God, what shall I do? Or what will become of me? If my last Letter came not to you? How comes it that I receive yours, and that you receive not mine? I confess that you are happily removed from all (the mischief) you have foreseen; but, if one (at least) of my Letters can have fallen into your hand, it will be some comfort to you

for my so much regretted absence? Doubt not (I beseech you *Madam*) but that I have answer'd with all fervent and passionate expressions of my Love, all your Letters I receiv'd; and believe me, I will not fail for the future to write by such hands as shall not deceive me, and give you all assurance of my passion; no, no I shall never forget you, I love you with too much ardour to be guilty of it; do not you put an end to your Love sooner than I shall to mine; put an end rather to your languishing disquiets, and assure your self, that at my Return you shall enjoy all those sweet Delights you expect from my Conversation.

Vex

Vex your self no longer, I am endeavouring to clear and dis-embarrass my self of all my most pressing affairs, that I may hasten to your succour. Ha! Why do I complain to you, whom I know to be so uneasy upon my account, and my self am so extream unhappy, and that you have no knowledge of all those Tortures and Grievs which ravage my Soul, and as so many darts mortally wound me. Bless me! What a rack and torture it is to me to be unhappy to this degree that my Letters never come at you. It makes me die with grief, 'tis unsufferable, I cannot bear it; my unhappiness is come to the height, and I know now very

well, 'tis not without reason that you question my Fidelity; lay what you please to my Charge, I am content, and you may treat me with all sorts of rigour since I have nothing to say, and cannot justify my self; in the meantime God is my Witness, I have never betray'd you, and that I never enjoy'd more pleasure and satisfaction than when I have been alone with you; reproach me not with saying all my cares to serve you proceeded from your Importunities.—You owe them wholly to your own Merit and to the true Love I have for you: I never loved or esteemed you otherwise than as the most perfect and most accomplish'd
 Person

Person in the World, and when I inflamed and made a slave of your heart (as you tell me) I did no more than you have done by me; if you have made me happy in giving me infinite pleasures, I still hope I shall one day find the very same grace and favour from you, with the same height of satisfaction, and with Transports as sweet and ravishing as those you formerly were pleased to *express*. Have patience and suffer not your self to be agitated with so many various Passions and Disturbances; if you love me to extremity with a most passionate Love, I love you beyond all expression. 'Tis you only that wholly and solely possess my

C 5

heart,

heart, and I dare not tell you, that I am continually agitated with the like Transports and Passions with you, for fear I should drive you to utter despair. I know very well your Anxiety and Grief is excessive, by reason of my absence; but should not the hope I give you of my coming to you very speedily diminish and mitigate your sadness and anxieties? Call to mind the Promise and Protestations of constant Love and Fidelity I have made you, and you cannot but live with more satisfaction and joy. I approve of, and love your Jealousy, 'tis an infallible mark of your Tenderneſs and Love for me; though you may be jealous upon a wrong ground,
for

for I never was in Love with any but you: I dare not tell you, you have brought me into a Mortal despair, to find you reduced to so sad an extremity by vilifying the zeal I have for you; nevertheless I am sure you will change your note when you shall have understood my procedure. Put an end to your Afflictions and repent you not of having loved a man who is wholly your acquisition and property. Your Reputation is not lost by loving me; nor shall the severity of your Parents nor the rigour of the Laws of your Countrey ever be able to hinder me from making you as happy for your whole Life, as your own heart can wish. I know

know the means for me not to appear ungrateful to you hereafter for the Love you bear me: if you have hazarded all for my sake, I will also abandon all for yours. Have patience then but for a little while, and please and support your self with the hope I give you, you shall find in the issue that the aim and end of my Promises will succeed to your Wishes. I believe (because you tell me so) that the despair you are in for me is much greater in your heart than you can express by your Letters ; is this the reason that you will not conceal your Love from me; because you believe I have not discharged my self of my duty in writing to you ? But I
hope

hope this Letter will disabuse
and free you of the ill opinion
you have of me. The love and
respect I have for you tells me
continually, that I intirely be-
long to you, and that Heaven
has made us one for the other.
The Sentiments I have for you,
are the most kindest and ten-
der that any one can possibly
have for the dearest and most
faithful constant Mistress ;
preserve your self then for my
sake, that we may mutually
enjoy the sweetest and most
pleasant delights, when I shall
become so happy as to possess
you : Allay those miserable
Transports wherewith you
are agitated. Oh ! Tell me
no more of that Tragical end
you expect by my means ; that
thought

thought destroys me out-right,
it makes me die with horreur
and amazement ; I am not ca-
pable of having Sentements so
cruel ; the Passion I have for
you is so strong, that I cannot
but love you to all extremity
till Death. Destroy not your
self then by afflicting your self
thus ; but preserve that happy
and fair life which is so dear to
me, and by that means you
will also preserve mine ; af-
flict me no longer and take
compassion on me in having
pitty for your self. I am so sen-
sibly touch'd for you, that if
you shall die for my sake, I
wou'd not survive you one
moment. The violent Passi-
on you express for me, gives
me aversion and disgust to all
things,

things, embitters all my enjoyments, for fear any ill shou'd by that means happen to you. Fear not that I shall ever quit you for any other Mistress; 'tis a sort of ill Nature, indeed Cruelty, that I am not capable of. I can make no other use of your Passions than to animate me the more to love you, and not to triumph and glorify my self in the advantage you pretend I have over you, to the end I may render my self more amiable to some other Mistress. No, I love you not for ostentation or any such unworthy purpose; I am not so proud, nor am I so ill natur'd, or ill bred, to become so base, none but Fools deal so; Your sweet Disposition,
your

your Virtue, and other Perfections, merit a treatment the most tender and respectful: You know I always endeavour'd all I could to hide our Love, least I should offend or disoblige you; I never have more satisfaction and joy than when I read your Letters, I find nothing so charming: you believe them long and tedious, but I find them so short that I conjure you to lengthen them a great deal for the future. Say not you are beside your self, you are too discreet in your Love, and too prudent in every thing else to give your self that ill quality; and since I am thus infinitely happy in having your Letters come safe to me, I beseech you continue
that

that happiness to me in writing often, that I may have a fellow-feeling and share with you in your griefs, and dismiss that despair you tell me I have caused in you, that you may live in tranquility for the future. Adieu ! If your Love increases every moment, mine is come to the highest degree of passion and violence. Adieu ! I shall die of grief if you do not as soon as possible let me know those many things you have to say to me ; I pray God with all my Soul, this Letter may be safely deliver'd you, to testify the ardour of my Passion for you. Adieu !

The

The Fourth Letter.

I Am extremely satisfied to find my Lieutenant had been to wait on you from me, and has given you an account of me ; I am infinitely obliged to you for the care and tenderness you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have the same reciprocally for you. Do not apprehend that any ill befel me in my Voyage *by Sea*, it was very pleasant to me, and I suffer'd very little by it ; I had written to you as well as to my Lieutenant, but I was
affraid

affraid that what I shou'd then write as well as what I had formerly writ might not come safe to you, and for that reason I deferr'd it. I hope you will certainly receive this I now send you, for the Gentleman that carries it is my very good Friend; if I have notice by the next of yours that you have not heard from me, I will not stay one moment but come away and comfort you. I never fail'd writing to you, and answering your Letters whenever I had opportunity so to do. I must own and look upon my self as the most unhappy of all Lovers (though the most faithful) since you never receive my Letters; I know not what more to do
than

than still (as formerly) declare and give you all assurance possible of *my most fond and tender Love for you*. But to what end do you write so often to me, since my Answers never come at you? It is necessary, and I will continue writing to you, for I am never better satisfied, nor do I breath with so much ease at any time as when I have a Pen in hand to write to you; but I become heartless and miserable, and seem ready to die as soon as I lay it aside. When you write to me I am even ready to die both for Grief and Joy, without being able to die out right; I die for grief to find you so afflicted by your not receiving my Letters, I die for joy when-

ever

ever I receive yours: I preserve your Letters with more care and tenderness than I do my own Person, as the proper gages of your Love, which I shall give you a faithful account of when I shall be fully happy to see you. I acknowledge you have reason to treat me as ungrateful since you receive no answer from me; but I perswade my self you will have other thoughts of me when I have undeceived you. I have always conserved the same fondness I ever had for you, and have given you proof of in your Chamber. My Life, my Estate, my Honour, my All is yours, and depend of you; I sacrifice all to you, I love you, believe me, I adore

adore you with all my Soul; I conjure you not to question it in the least. Complain not for the future of my want of concern or any passionate affection for you; I have the same extream fondness for you as formerly; how unhappy am *I* that *I* cannot tell you my thoughts face to face. What sure Testimonies wou'd you then have of my Love? but then there would be no need of any; my languishing eyes and countenance full of Love would make you easily read the passion which has thus inflamed my heart. Spare all these disquiets you give your self upon my account, and know that my procedure is the very same with that *I* made
 appear

appear to you in the most happy days of our first conversation. You are not abused: My affectionate concern and passion for you have always been sincere, and shall ever be so during my life. Do not suspect my Fidelity, *I* love you most tenderly: *I* can make you no excuse for the negligence you charge me with, *I* am no ways too blame in that matter: *I* love you with too much fervency to be guilty of it; and you have reason to justify me upon that occasion your self. *I* acknowledge that my assiduous Attendances, my Transports, Complaisance, my Oaths, my violent inclination to you, and my so agreeable and happy beginnings may
have

have altogether charmed and
 inflamed you ; but notwith-
 standing you are not seduced.
 'Tis vain for you to shed so
 many Tears since *I* persevere
 and am still the same, your most
 faithful and constant Lover.
 If you have tasted abundance
 of pleasure in loving me, *I*
 hope you shall for the future
 enjoy as much, and much more.
 End then your Grievs and al-
 lay those passionate emotions
 which distract your Soul.
 Have some pitty on me. *I* find
 my self dying with despair
 when you assure me you suf-
 fer so much for me. You
 need not tell me you stood
 not out nor resisted my love
 with any stubbornness; *I* know
 very well you did not, you ne-
 ver

ver gave me the least occasion
 of Chagrin or Jealousie to in-
 flame me the more, or make my
 passion the more earnest; that
 is an assured mark of the free
 and natural kindness and ten-
 derness you have for me; and
 'tis that does oblige me to love
 you, and to adore you eter-
 nally: *I* at once both admire
 and love that ingenious free-
 dom without artifice, and
 that most obliging conduct of
 your love towards me with-
 out disguise. Ah! How hap-
 py am *I*? A Sweetness so great
 and delightful; an *Inclination*
 so tender, free, and natural;
 a *Love* so perfect, and a *Beauty*
 so accomplish't; how infinitely
 am *I* your Debtor for so ma-
 ny great and fair perfections
 D which

which concenter in you ?
 Since you were pleased to sa-
 crifice them to me every day
 with so much tenderness and
 ardour, *I* should be the most
 ungrateful and perfidious of
 all *Lovers*, if *I* had not a due
 sence, and should not make
 due Acknowledgments of
 them ; *I* am throughly sensible
 of them, and if you were
 perswaded thereof during the
 time *I* had the honour of your
 Conversation, you will find
 your self much more perswa-
 ded thereof for the future.
 How sweet are the marks of
 your Love and Favour to me ?
 When you tell me *I* appear'd
 lovely to you, before ever *I*
 had told you *I* loved you, and
~~that~~ you were inclin'd and
 even

even rap't to love me, even to the utmost degree of Passion, how great the zeal, how great the Complacense, or rather what excess of Love was it in you? And how great was my happiness and good fortune to know so excellent a Person was so passionately in Love with me. What returns of thanks do I not owe you, and what expressions can I possibly use to declare a Passion answerable to yours? you confound me — and my Love, though never so ingenious, cannot find terms expressive enough of the ardour of my zeal to answer these, whereby you declare your affection for me. I shall only say this, that the Transports of my Passion are

inconceivable, and that I love
 you infinitely. Though these
 Expressions speak a great deal
 I know well they say but little
 to what you deserve; never-
 theless you may thereby be as-
 sured, that you have not been
 deceived, as you believe, since
 I love you with an equal and
 Reciprocal kindness, with all
 my Soul. Those tender Pas-
 sions of yours have always ap-
 pear'd to me so sweet and a-
 greeable, that I have always
 been charmed with them. I
 believe I have made a worthy
 choice in *Portugal*, when I
 prefer'd you before any other
 Person, for the *Object of my*
Love, and for all your other
 Perfections, having always re-
 solved after my return to live
 and

and dye with you. Do not then accuse me any more of Cruelty, and call me no longer a Tyrant ; I exercise no Rigour towards you; all you can pretend, is but imaginary, caused by your not receiving my Letters; it is true, you made but little resistance to my Love, and by a particular and most endearing goodness you were easily willing to close with, and fasten your self to me : However, complain not that I have quitted you ; I had pressing Reasons at that time to part with you, but as strong as they were, I should not have done it, unless you had consented ; neither the Vessels then bound for *France*, nor my Family, nor my Honour,

no, nor the Service of my King's (whom I revere) should ever have obliged me to absent my self from you, if your self had not permitted me so to do. Did not you know that I am wholly yours? Why did you not then stay me? You had no more to do than to agree to the offer I made you of staying, I should have consented to it with all the joy imaginable: But we have this to comfort us both, that the time of my Return draws near, and that you shall see the fears and affrightments you are in, lest I should never come to you again, soon dissipated. Never let such Apprehensions trouble you, and since you love with so much Passion, let it be with-

with-

without Grief and Anxieties. Quit the Aversion and Disgust you have to every thing ; torment your self no longer ; let your Kindred, Friends and Convent, serve to comfort you, and convert every thing, that (through your excess of Melancholy) you have made matter of Affliction to you, into matter of Recreation and Comfort, and not of Torment and Suffering ; assure your self, that if you employ all the moments of your life for me, I do the very same for you ; as your heart is full of Love, let not the dislike and aversion you have for every thing, cohabit there ; live in all Tranquillity, and Repose, and let not your Life be miserable

rable and languishing any longer ; keep your Passion close and undiscoverable till my return, that your Mother, your Relations, and your fellow-Nuns, may be disabused. If all the World is concern'd for your Love, I conjure you to believe that I think my self much more interested and concern'd than all the World besides. My Letters are not so cool and indifferent as you take them to be ; 'tis because your mind is prepossess'd with excess of Love, that you imagine so. If they are not so long as you wish't to have them, 'twas because I believ'd I had said a great deal in a few words: I assure you, I never had more pleasure, than

than when I was writing to you; loving to perfection as you do, you ought not to afflict your self. Divert your spirit then from all anxious imaginations, and give truce to your Grievs: Let that Balcone where *Dona Brites* and you used sometimes to walk together, be a subject of Joy to you, since 'twas there the Passion which inflames you, had it's birth, which I have always by all Testimonies possible answer'd, with all tenderness. You were in no mistake when you believed I had from that very time a design to please and ingratiate myself with you, it was indeed all my desire, I took special notice of you above the rest

of the Company, I considered you attentively and earnestly, and was so forcibly taken with your beauty, and all other your perfections, that I suffered my self to slide easily into a Resolution of loving you : 'Twas then I understood by Gestures, so amorous and most pleasing to me, that you had an Inclination for me, and that you took a singular pleasure in every thing I did, as if my love had suggested to you, and prompted you to believe that all my Actions had no other aim, than solely to please you. But all those beginnings of our Love should not transport us into Despair, and make me pass for a Criminal with you, since all I did was for a good
good

good end, and that I love you as faithfully, as you love me. You may expect from me, all that is possible for me to do to satisfy you. I cannot be ungrateful, for all those endearing tenderneſſes your love expreſs'd towards me. My Body, my Soul, my Life, my Honour, and my Eſtate are all yours; my Procedure is better than you believe. Be not apprehenſive, that I abandon you. 'Tis a ſort of baſeneſs and ingratitude ſo odious to me, that it never ſhall prevail over me. If you are perſwaded, that I have any Charms, or any agreeable good Qualities, I make a Sacrifice of them to you. I never will devote my ſelf to any other but you,
and

and since you find merit in me, I am satisfied, all the fair Ladies of the World are nothing with me, in comparison with you; nor will I ever love any of them, but your fairest best self. And provided, I be always in your Favour and good Opinion, I am then come to the height of my wishes, and compleatly happy. Do not then wish me so much Favour and Kindness from the fairest Ladies of *France*. You shall find in the issue, that I am not subject to change, and that the most charming Objects, shall never be able to make me forget the Love I have for you. I do not make it my business, to find out specious Pretexts to make you appear culpable,

culpable, and to make you unhappy. 'Tis not my design to stay long in *France*; I cannot enslave my self there to lose you. Neither the Fatigue of a long Voyage, nor the greatest dangers, the regard I have for my Relations, my Estate, my Honour, nor any Convenience or Advantage whatever, shall be able to divert me from coming to render you my Adorations. I answer with all my Heart and Soul all your Transports of Love; nor can your Passion be greater than mine is. I would to God I were eternally fix'd in one certain place near you, where I might always have the pleasure of viewing and contemplating
of

of you, of serving you, of loving you, and of adoring you. I say not this to flatter you, I am so enchanted with your Charms and Favours, that I live but half a Life, with the Despair and Misery I am in, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing you again soon enough, as I wish. I am so far from being touched with the Rigor and Severity of any other Mistress, that the kindest and most sweet Treatments, the most charming Caresses, the most advantageous Favours, the fairest Promises, and all from the fairest and most agreeable Lady in the World, shall not be able to draw me off (but for one moment) from loving you.

you. Stifle then that vain and fruitless fear, never have it in your thought, that I shall quit you for any other. What is there in or about you, that is not most amiable? And what can be more charming than your Beauty? More sweet and pleasant than your Discourse and Entertainment? What more agreeable than your Conversation? More tender and affectionate than your Love? What more attractive than your Pleasures? What more affecting than your sight? More firm than your Promises? Or more fervent than your Zeal? After so many extraordinary Qualities and Perfections, can you harbour the least thought of
my

my being able to quit you, to make my self miserable in the slavery of some other Mistress? No, Madam, do not imagine I can be so inconstant. I have too much Love and Esteem for you, to use you at that rate. 'Tis true, I told you in confidence, that some time since I had once loved another Lady in *France* : But her Merit is nothing in value compar'd to yours, her Charms are but shadows to your Perfections. Her Discourse flat and insipid, her Conversation is nauseous to me, and to tell you all in a word, I am so distasted with her, that I never saw her since. To confirm this Truth to you, I will send you one of her Letters, with

with her Picture. You may by them judge of her Beauty, Wit and Conduct. I believe you will not be jealous when you shall know all I tell you; and when I have the happiness to see you, I will entertain you with the Discourses I have had from her. I will be a Subject of much diversion to comfort you; and since you are interested so much in all that is dear to me, I'll bring you the Pictures of my Brother and Sister-in-Law. You are pleased to say, that at some Seasons, you think you could have humility enough to attend as Servant to the Woman I love. That thought is extremely obliging; but since you have so much kindness
for

for me, I conjure you to employ that good service for your self. For you are the only Person I ever will adore and serve as long as I live. Be not perswaded that I use you ill, that I vilifie and despise you in any degree; Far be it from me to have any such thoughts. I am too well acquainted with your Merit, and have too much respect and zeal for you to be guilty of any such matter. You do me much wrong to be jealous of me, and to reproach me in this manner. I approve with much ardour, the most sweet Sentiments and happy Affections of your Soul; and intirely consecrate to you all the movements of my Heart.

I conjure you to write often to me. Your Letters are so dear to me, that I conserve them as the most precious things in the World; you cannot make them large enough for me. Your Passion is so pleasing and agreeable to me, that I never have more joy, than when I see it pour-tray'd upon Paper. That gives you comfort and me also. And my unhappiness is, that I am not with you to give some respite to your Troubles. I know, 'tis a year now since you last gave me the most sweet and delightful Favours and kind effects of your Love. I shall with pleasure remember that happy day while I live. How delightful were the
 Trans-

Transports? How sweet Emotions of Passion? What Ardour, Fire and Spirit? With what endearing kindness did you express your Love-form. What inconceivable pleasures did you make me partake of and enjoy? My Soul was like to flee away with the height of Joy and Pleasures it received. Your other Favours, and the sincerity wherewith you used to express all, have so charm'd me, that I could not leave you without an unparalled regret to undertake a Voyage, which has caused me infinite hazards and sufferings. When I think of those happy moments, wherein I enjoyed so many delights with you, I often call to mind
that

that amiable modesty which appear'd so graceful in your charming Countenance. If any confusion happen'd to appear there, it serv'd only to heighten my Passion, and inflame me the more. I wish to God, the Officer you speak of had not left you so soon, I had had the satisfaction of being entertained longer with the sweet Pleasures of your Letters. Adieu! If you had much ado to put an end to your Letter, I had an extreme regret and difficulty to close mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you; I have too much tenderness for you to do it. I give you thanks with all my Heart for the Love you have for me, I conjure you to
be-

believe I have an equal Passi-
on for you. Those Names of
tenderness which you would
have given me, how agreea-
ble would they have been, if
you had expressed them in
your Letter? But 'tis no great
matter ; it suffices that you
have them in your heart, since
you had not time to write
them. I give your dear Per-
son the like. I give my self up
wholly to you ; my Soul, my
Body, my Estate, my Ho-
nour, all depend of you, I
make a Sacrifice to you of all
that is dear to me : How I love
you ! How I esteem ! How I
adore you ! What Transports
of love, what affectionate
movements have I for you ! O
how dear you are to me ! How
cruel

cruel Fortune is to remove me to this distance from you! What Compassion do you move me to! What unhappiness do you occasion me! Compassion for all the tender kind Sentiments you have for me, and unhappiness because I cannot make a Reciprocal return of the kindness you have for me, nearer to you, and by being present with you. What Respects, what Submissions, what affectionate tenderneffes would I not shew you! How sincere a Soul, how open and clear a Heart should you find! O what joy, what pleasures, what satisfaction, what consolation should we not mutually receive and enjoy? Adieu! Write more largely

largely to me for the future.
I take infinite pleasure in the
sweetness of your Letters, A-
dieu. Comfort your self, I
shall have the good Fortune
to see you shortly, and give
you all assurance of the Fide-
lity and Constancy of my
Love. Adieu. Have some
pity for me.

The

The Fifth Letter.

.....

HOW rigorously and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me! Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindness have I done you? What assurance have you that I love you no longer. My Passion for you is at this time greater and more Ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw my self at your feet. I conjure

E jure

jure you to continue your
 Friendship for me, and to con-
 serve those pledges of my
 Love I left with you. Do
 not give them away, nor shew
 them to any one. Have my
 Picture always before your
 Eyes, consider it attentively ;
 wear those Bracelets for my
 sake ; send them not back to
 me, and employ not *Dona*
Brites, who was our Confi-
 dent, and privy to our great-
 est, our sweetest secrets, to
 give me so grievous a trouble.
 Let not your Despair trans-
 port you thus, to be so much
 my Enemy : Moderate your
 Hatred. I am innocent of a-
 ny thing you charge me with.
 Burn not those precious Pled-
 ges you have of mine : But if
 you

you will consume them, let it
 be with the Fire of your Love.
 Do not persecute me with so
 much hatred; 'tis a sort of
 Cruelty and Impotence your
 great Soul was never guilty
 of. Love is a Virtue so dear
 to you, that you cannot be
 unconstant; and you have too
 much Generosity to treat me
 ill. Whence then comes this
 Rigor. Have not I subjected
 my self to you, even to the
 last breath of my Life? What
 reason have you to become
 my Enemy? What have I
 done to you? What satisfac-
 tion can you desire of one
 that never has offended you,
 and though I were never so
 innocent, I am willing to ap-
 pear culpable, because you

wish to have me so. But of what Crime do you accuse me? Are you inflexible towards me? Who make it my glory, to sacrifice my all entirely to you. But miserable that I am! What do I say? What means shall I use to appease you? You are so incensed against me, that I know not what will come of it? What shall I do? Who shall I apply my self to? Who shall make my Peace with you, now I am absent from you? Who shall assure you of my Constancy, since you are perswaded to the contrary? And to remove this Aversion from your Heart, I conjure you often to remember the delicious pleasures we have enjoy-
ed

ed together, and the Pledges and Assurances I have given you, that I never will abandon you. Do you and *Dona Brites* frequently entertain one another with the remembrances of those sweetnesse and delights. Comfort ye one the other. Consider the excess of my Passion and your own. Bethink you of all those Difficulties and Violences you speak of. Oppose with all your might, those Inclinations you seem to have of forsaking me; and be convinced you will find inducements infinitely more agreeable and just, to continue your Love for me constantly for ever, than ever you will find to forsake me. Wherefore would you de-

E 3. stroy.

stroy a Lover so constant and faithful, who has been but lately so dear to you, one you have loved with so much tenderness, a Lover, who has been the sweetest, most delightful Object of your Passion, whom you have often given so earnest and endearing Testimonies of it. A Lover you have embraced with so much Ardour and earnestness of Affection, and one who by all sorts of Caresses has done you right, in returning your Love with the utmost height of Passion. Love has too well united our Hearts; and though you endeavour it, I do not believe you will be able to overcome so strong and so agreeable a Passion. Your man-
ner

ner of writing thus, is only to make tryal of me. Or if you are real in it, your Hatred and Rigor are so ill founded and groundless, that they cannot last long. Accuse me not of indifference towards you, or shewing any sort of Contempt of you, I dare invoke Heaven to witness the Esteem and constant Passion I have always had for you. If I have by my Letters made Protestations of Friendship for you, I did so with veritable respects and submissions, suitable to the reality of my Passion. You would believe so, if you had received all I writ to you, and would be fully perswaded of the contrary, of what you have now written to me, I
be-

believe your Relations and your Abbess (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correspondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters in the room of the Answers I sent to all the Letters I received from you, with so much joy and pleasure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of some such Accident I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in *Portugal*. After this Promise I have made you of seeing you again very speedily, I conjure you to become your self again, and let your Love surmount your Hatred. If you are convinced of your doubts, you must needs be satisfied of the Esteem, Respects

spect and Love I have for you. I never had so great inclination to any thing, as to love, to serve, and to adore you. If I could have been so ingrateful as to quit you after all your favours to me, I should have given you some Proof of my inclination to it before I left you, either by dropping some odd words by some indifference or coldness towards you, to make you understand it, or I should have dealt with *Dona Brites*, or some other Confident to have obliged you not to write to me. Or I should have endeavoured to undeceive you by not sending any Answers to your Letters. Or by some specious Pretexts. I would have pretended, I was obliged to

continue in *France*, so as never to be able to come and see you again. Have I ever used any such finesses as these? Have I ever deceived you by my discourses? Have you ever found any coldness or indifference in me? Have I ever dealt with any body to endeavour to divert your Passion from me? Have not you frequently written to me, and have I not as often answered you? Have I sought out occasion to stay in *France* without you? Have I said, I never would return into *Portugal*? Have I ever given you any ground of displeasure toward me? Have I not with all sincerity discovered to you the real sentiments of my Soul? Have I ever fail'd to
pay

pay you all sorts of Civility and Respect, or been any way wanting in my Love? Why then do you make these Complaints? What do you accuse me of? And what have I done to you, that you should be thus cruel to me? Disabuse your self (Madam) at length, and do not believe I can ever be so unworthy as to quit you. Do not render me so ill a man, guilty of such ill Qualities as you speak of, and do me right to believe me worthy of all the kind Passions and sweet Habits of love your Soul is possess'd with for me. Never believe that I can give you any occasion to forget me. The favour you desire of me serves at the same time, both to afflict

flict and inflame my Passion
 the more. 'Tis true, I was ex-
 tremely troubled when I read
 your Letter. But the Cause
 was your Reproaches, your
 Menaces, your scorn of me,
 and your very unkind Treat-
 ment of me every way ; toge-
 ther with the Despair you
 thereby threw me into. Bate-
 ing these Regrets : Ah ! How
 much joy ; what contentment,
 what ravishing satisfaction
 should I not have in hearing
 from you. Well ! Notwith-
 standing all this Rigour you
 treat me with, I will still com-
 fort myself with the Hope of
 pacifying your Choler. I will
 patiently bear your Contempt
 and Anger, till your Reason
 shall one day bring a calm into
 your

your Soul, and make you acknowledge (when I shall be with you) that you have wrong'd an innocent. Why do you write to me that I should not concern my self with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right, or is more interested to take care of you than my self? Do you Question my Discretion? Do not you know how far I have been interested in all your Concernments? How I have partaked in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wise, that you manage your Affairs with all prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemish or reproach. If I have inform'd my self of your Actions, 'twas only that I might

might have occasion to admire
 the wisdom of your Counsels,
 the Prudence of your Con-
 duct, and your happy Address
 in all you undertake, which
 you succeed in with a Facility
 so marvelous, that 'tis equally
 surprizing and wonderful. Yet
 when I consider how you are
 choak'd, I could find in my
 heart, to disengage my self. But
 what can I do more, to render
 my self better in your Opinion?
 To make you more favour-
 able to my Passion, and conti-
 nue your tenderness for me.
 Command me, and I am ready
 to satisfy you, in order rather
 to the removing the evils you
 endure than to terminate my
 own. I am pleased to suffer all
 that comes from you : Your
 most

most severe Rigors are no other than Charms to me. I am extremely obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have received from you ; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more sprightful and lively. I am content to suffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live satisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having express'd so great an Aversion to me, you afterwards profess you do not hate me, which is very obliging : But I must take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Justice in continuing your Passion for me,

me, as formerly having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I will not say, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my self, but I am certain, you never will find one so faithful and constant as I am. Your Passion predominates altogether over me; it has inflamed, has taken full possession of me, as of you; holds me altogether a slave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witness of all this your self, because you confess, one cannot forget that which causes all the violent Transports one is capable of, that all the Affections and Movements of the Heart, tend to the closing with, and enjoying the Object beloved, that

that the first Ideas and Impressions cannot be effaced, that the first wounds are incurable, that all sorts of Passions, all the most luscious and delightful Pleasures a man can without any check or obstruction find out, are vain and insufficient, to withdraw a man from that he loves most, and serve to make one acknowledg, that nothing is dearer or more sweet, than the remembrance of the Sufferings undergone upon the Account of ones Love. That such Expressions are sweet in the Mouth of a faithful Mistress; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in despair? Ah! How they comfort me, how they

they give me assurance, that I still am lodged within your Heart, since I find your Sentiments for me are still so full of tenderness and sweetness. But why should not I hope yet to be more in your Favour, since you must know that my Affection is most sincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been misled or seduced, and that you have settled your Affection upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the days of his Life.

I know very well (Madam) you have so much sweetness and Compassion, that you would not bring either my self, or any body else into the deplorable condition you say you are reduced

duced to. That unwillingness in you is a certain sign of your good Nature. I conjure you, to believe that it is as well my Inclination also ; and that if you suffer, I have not in any manner contributed to it.

Take no pains in endeavouring to find out Excuses for me, upon that score you do. I am not guilty at all of what you accuse me. I am of the belief, that a Nun so perfect as you are, must be infinitely lovely : The Reasons you give to make out, that Beauties under such confinement, merit more of our esteem & love, than those abroad in the World are most powerful and convincing. But without further Regard to the fair demonstrations you lay

lay before us. I tell you in few words, that in loving you, I had no other consideration then for your own proper Merit. The manner of proceeding Ladies abroad in the World use, I do by no means like. They are for the most part fickle, and given to change; they cannot confine their Affection to one place, and when they love, 'tis not without Diffimulation, or 'tis for Complaisance or for Interest. The Rigor they use, the Scorn, the Difficulty, the several sorts of Tricks, the Diffimulations give their Lovers a hundred times more Trouble and Anxieties, than Pleasure or Joy. I know you alledge not these Reasons to make your self beloved. You
have

have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the most stubborn Hearts, and your Charms are so powerful as none can resist. Your Beauty, Constancy, Fidelity and Sweetness of Disposition, make all that have the honour to know you, to admire, serve and adore you. All other Beauties are nothing in comparison to you; and I dare affirm it to be a high Crime to imprison within a narrow Convent, a Person of your excellent Accomplishments. If you are unhappy, it is by reason of your Captivity there, which you may free your self of whenever you please. Your apprehension was groundless, because I could not see you every

ry

ry day, that I proved unfaithful to you. Do not you know it was neither in my power, nor in yours, that we should see one the other often, by reason of your being kept close up, and of the danger I incurr'd if I came within your Monastery. If I left you to go to the Army; I had first your own consent to it. And nothing but your worth only could ever have kept me from it. If you had commanded me to stay, I had with all my Heart quitted the service of my Prince, and had wholly engaged my self in yours only, without fearing either the displeasure of your Relations, or the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey. I never fail'd to give you proof
suffici-

sufficient of my Passion, while I was in *Portugal* : if my Letters came not safe to you, I was not to blame, and could not help it. I should have been extremely troubled, if you had left the Convent to have come and found me out in *France* ; not but that I should have been overjoyed to have embraced you in that fair Country ; But for the Peril you had by such an enterprize exposed your self to, and the Fatigue you had undergone by such a Journey. If you are of the mind to hold that design still, I can tell the means to make it succeed to your wish, when I shall be happy to see and speak with you. I venture to write thus freely to you, since your Ab-
bess

bes and Relations are acquainted with our intrigue. In the mean time, the moderateness of your Love, your coldness, contempt, and your so sudden change give me so great trouble, that I am in the depth of Despair : Well ! 'Tis no great matter, I give my self comfort still, and am perswaded, your native Sweetness and Love will predominate, and am assured, and that as soon as ever you receive this Letter, or see me but one moment, you will change your Resolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greatest Obligations to you of any Person living, you have loved me to extremity of Passion, to death you have for my sake sacrificed your Honour,

and

and your Life to the hatred and scorn of your Parents, and to the severity of your Religion, and the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey, what acknowledgments do not I owe for a Passion so great and excessive? Do you believe it is possible for me to forget you, or to quit you after so great Proofs of your Love? Madam, you would have had reason to complain of me, if I had proved so ungrateful, as not to have answered your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal Testimony of my Love, and that with the same Ardour you express'd towards me: That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the most ungrateful Lover in the World; on the other side, God is my Witness, I

always persevered to adore you,
 and to love you much better
 than I love my self. I never want-
 ed either Respect or Love for
 you when I writ to you, I al-
 ways did it with all the Ardour
 and Civility possible : I have gi-
 ven you proofs of a Passion, the
 most perfect and excessive that
 any man could have for the most
 lovely and accomplish'd Person
 in the World. In this state, and
 with those Sentiments I always
 persevere : What can I do more?
 What can you desire more of
 me? I have made an intire Sa-
 crifice to you of all that I am,
 and of all that belongs to me. I
 am ready to abandon all for you,
 to undertake a tedious Voyage,
 to pass the Seas, and to expose
 my Life to the mercy of the
 Waves, to come and find you
 out,

out, even at your Monastery. There's nothing more remains after so great Testimonies of my Passion (If I shall be so happy as to survive all these Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of my self to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happiness of seeing you, I will throw my self at your Feet (how guiltless and innocent soever I am of all you accused me) as a Victim to the heat of your Courroux and Fury, without the least resistance to your Will and Pleasure. All these Proofs of my Passion for you are (methinks) far from being the Effects of that natural Aversion you believe I have for you; so far that I love you infinitely, you are infinitely dear to me, and I am wholly yours, and at your Devotion. I

know well enough, I have no Qualifications fit to recommend me to, or in any degree to merit your Love, but that of a faithful Lover, though in that point you seem to do me the injury to distrust me. You demand of me what I have ever done to oblige or please you, what Sacrifice I have made you, and if I had not always a greater regard to my own pleasure and satisfaction than to yours. And now in answer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obey'd you in all things you had a mind to, or would have me? If I have not sacrificed my all to you, all that I am, and all that I have? Or if I have sought after any other pleasures, than those you were pleased to allow. If I gamed, or went a hunting,
did

did not you approve of these
 Recreations? When I went to
 the Army, did not you consent
 and give me free leave? If I was
 one of the last in leaving it, I was
 detain'd by force. If I expos'd
 my self to the danger of Shot, I
 did it with all the Prudence and
 Caution I could possible; but
 always with a due regard to my
 Honour, that I might become
 the more worthy of you, and
 your Favour. And if upon my
 return into *Portugal*, I did not
 settle my self there, 'twas because
 I found not an occasion favour-
 able enough for our Love. 'Tis
 true, a Letter from my Brother
 made me leave that Countrey,
 but 'twas upon an occasion so
 urgent, as would not admit of
 any delay. Your self agreed to
 it also; and if you had com-



manded me to have put off my
 Voyage, and to have staid with
 you, I would have obey'd you.
 I thought I should have dyed by
 the way for grief and longing
 for you: And if I strove with my
 Melancholy, and cherish'd my
 self a little, it was only with de-
 sign to preserve my self for you.
 After all this, what should I
 have done? What Reason have
 you to hate me mortally, as you
 do, except what proceeds from
 your own vain imagination:
 What misfortunes have you
 drawn upon your self, but such
 as your own wilfulness has occa-
 sioned? If you bestowed your
 Love upon me with great Passi-
 on and Faithfulness, I never did
 abuse it, but on the contrary,
 took all Care to make a right use
 of it, and to render you the like
 with

with all Fidelity. You say, you never used Artifice towards me. Have not I been as sincere towards you? You say, there must be means used with skill and good address to create Affection. Did I ever oppose your Passion? And why are you not of Opinion, that your Love created Love in me, since the true sympathetick secret is, to love, is to make one be beloved?

You tell me, that I would have you Love me; I confess it, but before ever I had any such design, you loved me; for you have owned to me, that you were in Love with me, before ever I gave you Reason to believe I loved you. If without your consent, I gave my self up to your Love; had I not abundant Reason, since I could find

nothing in you but what was amiable. 'Tis true, I believed you of a Complexion amorous enough, however I loved you nothing the less for that, it rather raised my Passion to the highest degree : Therefore I could never be perfidious towards you. I never deceived you. I do not fear your menaces, and am perswaded, that when you shall have considered my Reasons, you will be more just, than to deliver up your Lover (who is innocent) to the Vengeance of your Relations. If you think you have lived in a state of Desertion, and 'dolatry in loving me, can you think I have not done the same in loving you? The difference between us is but in three points; to wit, That you are changed, and I am
 con-

constant, that you repent you ever loved me, which I do not for my loving you; That you are ashamed of your Passion, which you would have pass for a Crime: And I cannot be ashamed of mine, for I am certain, 'tis an excellent Virtue to be in love. The violence of your Passion has not hindred you to discover the Enormities of it, for there are none. Wherefore then is your heart thus torn and divided? What Oppression is it that thus torments you? I am no way the Occasion of all these troubles to you. I always loved you and served you faithfully. Nor have you Reason to wish me harm, but to resolve to let me live happy; which with much ease I may if you please to allow it; for I never wanted generosity
to-

towards you. I hope you will make no difficulty of writing another Letter to me, to let me know you are in a more settled quiet state of mind; but I shall be arrived in *Portugal* before that, where my presence will bring you the Tranquility you wish for, and will undeceive you, as to the unjust proceedings you believe me guilty of, and for which you reproach me. Then Instead of Scorn you will give me Praises, instead of accusing me of Falshood, you will own my Fidelity, and instead of forgetting your Pleasures, you will have them in your thoughts and designments continually. And I know I shall be more in your mind and favour, than ever I yet have been. If you believe I have any advantage over you by
 knowing

knowing how to make you love me, believe it, I am not at all vain, I know I owe that good Fortune, neither to your Youth nor your Credulity, nor to the Commendations you please to give me, no, nor to any of those Reasons you alledge; but to your sole Bounty. Though all People spoke well to you of me, and your self commend me, yet I never had the Temerity or Arrogance to attribute it to my own Merit. All I have done has not been (as by way of Filtre) to deceive you; but really to give you my faithful honest Love; for I have always had a generous Passion for you. I conjure you to preserve all my Letters, and to read them often for the establishing your Love; but not to withdraw it. 'Tis a happiness

pinefs to me, and pleasure incomparable to be beloved by a Person fo perfect and accomplifh'd as you are. I befeech you to believe that I will love and adore you in this manner for my whole Life. Forget the reproaches you are forward to revile me with. You will find the contrary when you fee me in *Portugal*, and will then choofe rather to remember than forget me. And refolve to perfevere always in your Love, for I fhall difabufe you of that false belief you have concerning me. Adieu! I conjure you once more, never to quit me, but inceffantly to think of the Ardent Paflion I have for you. And write no more to me; poffibly your Letters, while I am in my Voyage, may not come fafe home. Adieu! I will give you an exact account of all my Movements, you fhall give me the fame of yours, when I fhall have the happinefs to fee you. Adieu.

F I N I S.

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Pa.	line	pro	read.
1	4	Del	de C.
12	7	he knew,	to know.
13	22	you could,	I could.
14	1	yours,	your self.
19	13	poor death,	a thousand deaths.
21	7	dele have.	
21	8	dele have.	
25	18	your Religion,	to your Religion.
25	20	to love,	only to love.
31	10	dele and	
35	14		Acquisition.
54	2	Kings,	King.
60	6	dele of them.	
65	9	I,	It.
68	5	love-form,	love for me.
86	10	choaked,	shocked.

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