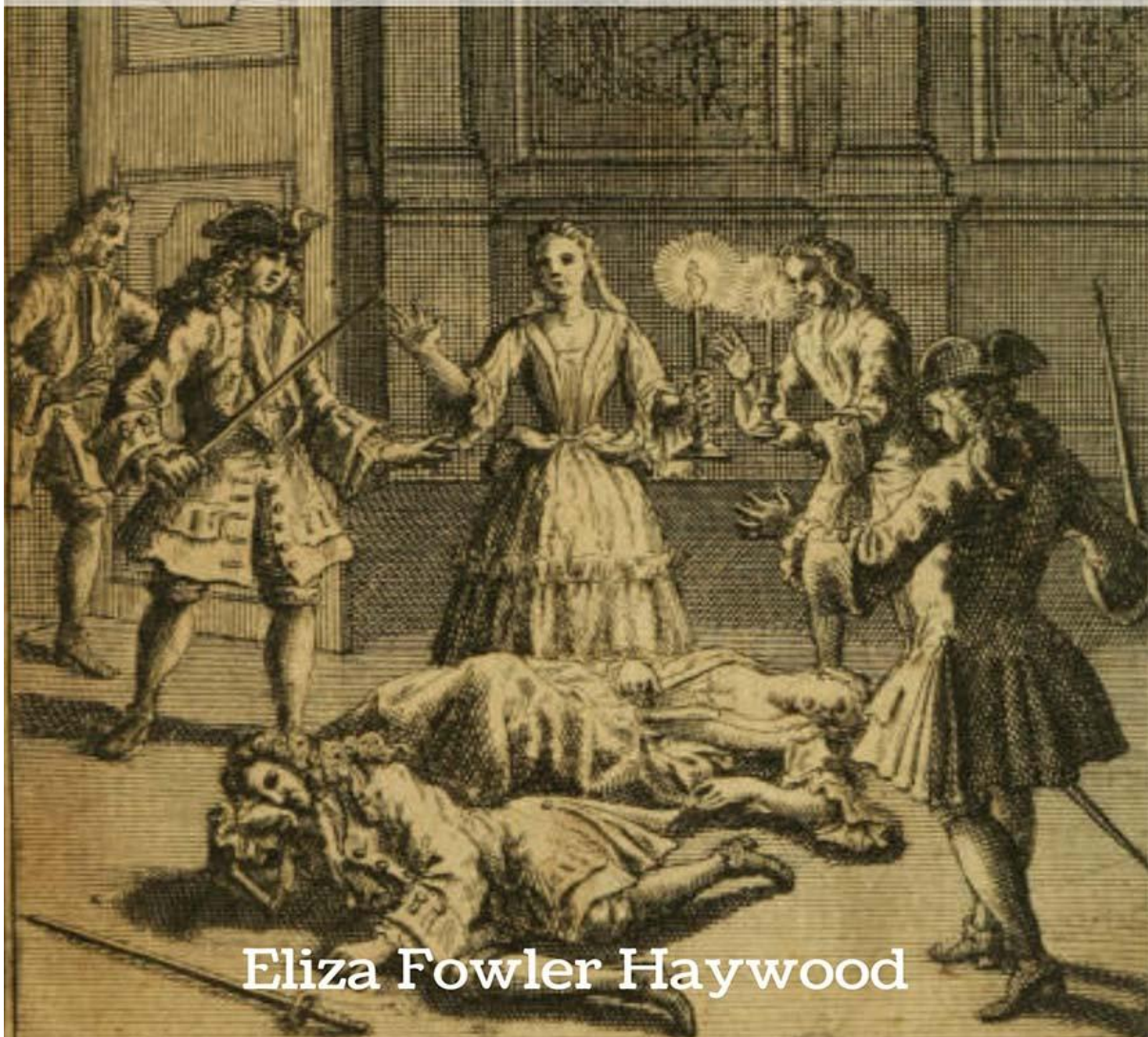


LOVE IN EXCESS

OR, THE FATAL ENQUIRY



Eliza Fowler Haywood

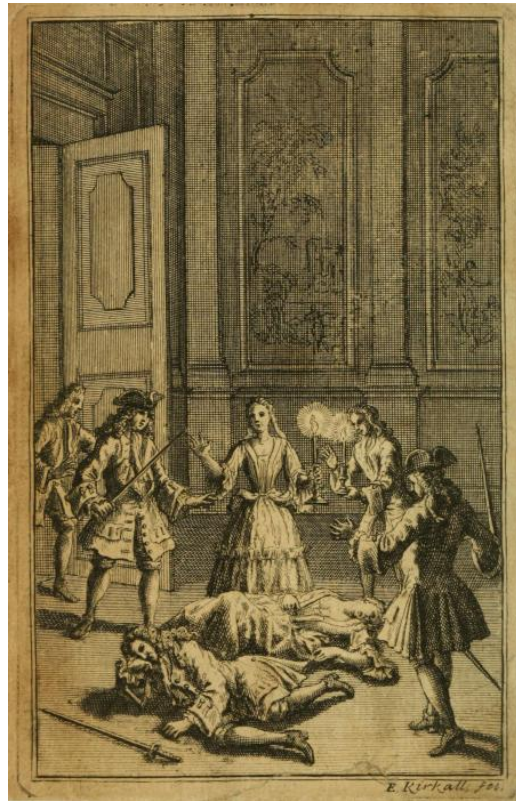
**Love in Excess
or the Fatal Enquiry**

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E. Kirkall fec.

LOVE in Excess;
OR THE
FATAL ENQUIRY,
A
NOVEL.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Mrs. HAYWOOD.

*---In vain from Fate we fly,
For first or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first or last, we all must Love.*

LANSDOWN.



TO
Mrs. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,
ON HER
NOVEL
CALL'D
Love in Excess, &c.

*FAIN wou'd I here my vast Ideas raise,
To paint the Wonders of Eliza's praise;
But like young Artists where their Stroaks decay,
I shade those Glories which I can't display.
Thy Prose in sweeter Harmony refines,
Than Numbers flowing thro' the Muse's Lines;
What Beauty ne'er cou'd melt, thy Touches fire,
And raise a Musick that can Love inspire;
Soul-thrilling Accents all our Senses wound,
And Strike with softness, whilst they Charm with sound!
When thy COUNT pleads, what Fair his Suit can flye?
Or when thy Nymph laments, what Eyes are dry?
Ev'n Nature's self in Sympathy appears,
Yeilds Sigh for Sigh, and melts in equal Tears;
For such Descriptions thus at once can prove
The Force of Language, and the Sweets of Love.
The Myrtle's Leaves with those of Fame entwine,
And all the Glories of that Wreath are thine?
As Eagles can undazzl'd view the Force
Of scorching Phæbus in his Noon-day Course;
Thy Genius to the God its Luster plays,
Meets his fierce Beams, and darts him Rays for Rays!
Oh Glorious Strength! Let each succeeding Page
Still boast those Charms and lunate the Age;
So shall thy beamful Fires with Light divine
Rise to the Sphere, and there triumphant Shine.*

RICHARD SAVAGE.





By an unknown Hand.
To the most Ingenious Mrs HAYWOOD,
on her NOVEL Entitled,

Love in Excess:

*A Stranger Muse, an Unbeliever too,
That Womens Souls such Strength of Vigour knew!
Nor less an Atheist to Love's Power declar'd,
Till YOU a Champion for the Sex appear'd!
A Convert now, to both, I feel that Fire
YOUR Words alone can paint! YOUR Looks inspire!
Resistless now, Love's shafts new pointed fly,
Wing'd with YOUR Flame, and blazing in YOUR Eye.
With sweet, but pow'rful Force, the Charm-shot Heart
Receives th' Impression of the Conqu'ring Dart,
And ev'ry Art'ry hugs the Joy-tipt Smart!
No more of Phœbus, rising vainly boast,
Ye tawny Sons of a luxuriant Coast!
While our blest Isle is with such Rays replete,
Britain shall glow with more than Eastern Heat!*



VERSES
Wrote in the Blank Leaf of
Mrs. *Haywood*'s NOVEL.

*Of all the Passions given us from above,
The Noblest, Truest, and the Best, is Love;
'Tis Love awakes the Soul, informs the Mind,
And bends the stubborn Temper to be kind,
Abates the Edge of ev'ry poi'nant Care
Succeeds the Wishes of the trembling Fair,
And ravishes the Lover from Despair.
'Tis Love Eliza's soft Affections fires,
Eliza writes, but Love alone inspires;
'Tis Love, that gives D'Elmont his manly Charms,
And tears Amena from her Father's Arms;
Relieves the Fair one from her Maiden Fear,
And gives Melliora all her Soul holds dear,
A generous Lover, and a Bliss sincere.
Receive, my Fair, the Story, and approve,
The Cause of Honour, and the Cause of Love;
With kind Concern, the tender Page peruse,
And aid the Infant Labours of the Muse.
So never may those Eyes forget to shine,
And bright Melliora's Fortune be as Thine;
On thy best Looks, an happy D'Elmont feed,
And all the Wishes of thy Soul succeed.*



LOVE in EXCESS:
OR, THE
FATAL ENQUIRY.
PART THE FIRST.

IN the late War between the *French* and the *Confederate* Armies, there were two BROTHERS, who had acquir'd a more than ordinary Reputation, under the Command of the great and intrepid LUXEMBOURGH. But the Conclusion of the Peace taking away any further Occasions of shewing their Valour, the Eldest of 'em, whose Name was COUNT D'ELMONT, return'd to PARIS, from whence he had been absent two Years, leaving his Brother at St. OMER's, 'till the Cure of some slight Wounds were perfected.

THE Fame of the *Count's* brave Actions arriv'd before him, and he had the Satisfaction of being receiv'd by the KING and COURT, after a Manner that might gratify the Ambition of the proudest. The Beauty of his Person, the Gayity of his Air, and the unequal'd Charms of his Conversation, made him the Admiration of both Sexes; and whilst those of his *own* strove which should gain the largest share in his Friendship; the *other* vented fruitless Wishes, and in secret, curs'd that Custom which forbids Women to make a Declaration of their Thoughts. Amongst the Number of these, was ALOVISA, a Lady descended (by the Father's Side) from the Noble Family of the D' LA TOURS formerly Lord of BEUJEY, and (by her Mothers) from the equally Illustrious House of MONTMORENCY. The late Death of her Parents had left her Coheiress (with her Sister,) of a vast Estate.

ALOVISA, if her Passion was not greater than the rest, her Pride, and the good Opinion she had of her self, made her the less able to support it; she sigh'd, she burn'd, she rag'd, when she perceiv'd the Charming D'ELMONT behav'd himself toward her with no Mark of a distinguishing Affection. What (said she) have I beheld without Concern a Thousand Lovers at my Feet, and shall the only Man I ever endeavour'd, or wish'd to Charm, regard me with Indifference? Wherefore has the agreeing World join'd with my deceitful Glass to flatter me into a vain Belief I had invincible Attractions? D'ELMONT sees 'em not! D'ELMONT is insensible. Then would she fall into Ravings, sometimes cursing her own want of Power, sometimes the Coldness of D'ELMONT. Many Days she pass'd in these Inquietudes, and every time she saw him (which was very frequently) either at Court, at Church, or publick Meetings, she found fresh Matter for her troubled Thoughts to work upon: When on any Occasion he happen'd to speak to her, it was with that Softness in his Eyes, and that engaging tenderness in his Voice, as would half persuade her, that, that God had touch'd his Heart, which so powerfully had Influenc'd hers; but if a

glimmering of such a Hope gave her a Pleasure inconceivable, how great were the ensuing Torments, when she observ'd those Looks and Accents were but the Effects of his natural Complaisance, and that to whomsoever he Address'd, he carried an equality in his Behaviour, which sufficiently evinc'd, his Hour was not yet come to feel those Pains he gave; and if the afflicted fair Ones found any Consolation, it was in the Reflection, that no Triumphant Rival could boast a Conquest, each now despair'd of gaining. But the impatient ALOVISA disdain'd to be rank'd with those, whom her Vanity made her consider as infinitely her Inferiors, suffer'd her self to be agitated almost to Madness, between the two Extreams of Love and Indignation; a thousand *Chimeras* came into her Head, and sometimes prompted her to discover the Sentiments she had in his Favour: But these Resolutions were rejected, almost as soon as form'd, and she could not fix on any for a long time; 'till at last, Love (ingenious in Invention,) inspir'd her with one, which probably might let her into the Secrets of his Heart, without the Shame of revealing her own.

THE Celebration of Madam the Dutchess of BURGUNDY's Birth-day being Solemniz'd with great Magnificence; she writ this *Billet* to him on the Night before.



To Count D'ELMONT.

RESISTLESS as you are in War, you are much more so in Love; Here you conquer without making an Attack, and we Surrender before you Summons; the Law of Arms obliges you to show Mercy to an yielding Enemy, and sure the Court cannot inspire less generous Sentiments than the Field. The little God lays down his Arrows at your Feet, confesses your superior Power, and begs a Friendly Treatment; he will appear to you to morrow Night at the Ball, in the Eyes of the most passionate of all his Votresses; search therefore for him in Her, in whom (amongst that bright Assembly) you would most desire to find Him; I am confident you have too much Penetration to miss of him, if not bypass'd by a former Inclination, and in that Hope, I shall (as patiently as my Expectations will let me) support, 'till then, the tedious Hours.

Farewell.

THIS she sent by a trusty Servant, and so disguis'd, that it was impossible for him to be known, with a strict Charge to deliver it to the *Count's* own Hands, and come away before he had read it; the Fellow perform'd her Orders exactly, and when the *Count*, who was not a little surpriz'd at the first opening it, ask'd for the Messenger, and commanded he should be stay'd; his Gentleman (who then was waiting in his Chamber,) told him he ran down Stairs with all the speed imaginable, immediately on his Lordship's receiving it. D'ELMONT having never experienc'd the Force of Love, could not presently comprehend the Truth of this Adventure; at first he imagin'd some of his Companions had caus'd this Letter to be wrote, either to sound his Inclinations, or upbraid his little Disposition to Gallantry; but these Cogitations soon gave Place to others; and tho' he was not very vain, yet he found it no difficulty to perswade himself to an Opinion, that it was possible for a Lady to distinguish him from other Men. Nor did he find any thing so unpleasing in that Thought as might make him endeavour to repell it; the more he consider'd his own Perfections, the more he was confirm'd in his Belief, but who to fix it on, he was at a Loss as much as ever; then he began to reflect on all the Discourse, and little Railleries that had pass'd between him and the Ladies whom he had convers'd with since his Arrival, but cou'd find nothing in any of 'em of Consequence enough to make him guess at the Person: He spent great

part of the Night in Thoughts very different from those he was accustom'd to, the Joy which naturally rises from the Knowledge 'tis in one's Power to give it, gave him Notions which till then he was a Stranger to; he began to consider a Mistress as an agreeable, as well as fashionable Amusement, and resolv'd not to be Cruel.

IN the mean time poor ALOVISA was in all the Anxiety imaginable, she counted every Hour, and thought 'em Ages, and at the first dawn of Day she rose, and calling up her Women, who were amaz'd to find her so uneasy, she employ'd 'em in placing her Jewels on her Cloaths to the best Advantage, while she consulted her Glass after what Manner she should Dress, her Eyes, the gay; the languishing, the sedate, the commanding, the beseeching Air, were put on a thousand times, and as often rejected; and she had scarce determin'd which to make use of, when her Page brought her Word, some Ladies who were going to Court desir'd her to accompany them; she was too impatient not to be willing to be one of the first, so went with them immediately, arm'd with all her Lightnings, but full of unsettled Reflections. She had not been long in the Drawing Room, before it grew very full of Company, but D'ELMONT not being amongst 'em, she had her Eyes fix'd towards the Door, expecting every Moment to see him enter; but how impossible is it to represent her Confusion, when he appear'd, leading the young AMENA, Daughter to Monsieur *Sanseverin*, a Gentleman, who tho' he had a very small Estate, and many Children, had by a partial Indulgence, too common among Parents, neglecting the rest, maintain'd this Darling of his Heart in all the Pomp of Quality. The Beauty and Sweetness of this Lady was present-Death to ALOVISA's Hope's; she saw, or fancy'd she saw an usual Joy in her Eyes, and dying Love in his; Disdain, Despair, and Jealousie at once crowded into her Heart, and swell'd her almost to bursting; and 'twas no wonder that the violence of such terrible Emotions kept her from regarding the Discourses of those who stood by her, or the Devoirs that D'ELMONT made as he pass'd by, and at length threw her into a Swoon; the Ladies ran to her assistance, and her charming Rival, being one of her particular Acquaintance, shew'd an extraordinary assiduity in applying Means for her Relief, they made what hast they cou'd to get her into another Room, and unfasten her Robe, but were a great while before they could bring her to herself; and when they did, the Shame of having been so disorder'd in such an Assembly, and the Fears of their suspecting the Occasion, added to her former Agonies, had rack'd her with most terrible Revulsions, every one now despairing of her being able to assist at that Night's Entertainment, she was put into her Chair, in order to be carry'd Home; AMENA who little thought how unwelcome she was grown, would needs have one call'd, and accompany'd her thither, in spite of the Intreaties of D'ELMONT, who had before engag'd her for his Partner in Dancing; not that he was in Love with her, or at that time believ'd he cou'd be touch'd with a Passion which he esteem'd a Trifle in it self, and below the Dignity of a Man of Sense; but Fortune (to whom this Lady no less enamour'd than ALOVISA) had made a thousand Invocations, seem'd to have allotted her the glory of his first Addresses; she was getting out of her Chariot just as he alighted from his, and offering her his Hand, he perceiv'd hers trembled, which engaging him to look upon her more earnestly than he was wont, he immediately fancy'd he saw something of that languishment in her Eyes, which the obliging Mandate had describ'd: AMENA was too lovely to make that Belief disagreeable, and he resolv'd on the Beginnings of an Amour, without giving himself the trouble of considering the Consequences; the Evening being extreamly pleasant, he ask'd if she wou'd not favour him so far as to take a turn or two within the Palace-Garden; She who desir'd nothing more than such a particular Conversation, was not at all backward of complying; he talk'd to her there for some time, in a manner as could leave her no room to doubt he was entirely Charm'd, and 'twas the Air such an Entertainment had left on both their Faces, as

produc'd those sad Effects in the jealous ALOVISA. She was no sooner led to her Apartment, but she desir'd to be put to Bed, and the good natur'd AMENA, who really had a very great kindness for her, offer'd to quit the Diversions of the Ball, and stay with her all Night; but the unfortunate ALOVISA was not in a Condition to endure the Presence of any, especially her, so put her off as civilly as her Anxiety would give her leave, chusing rather to suffer her to return to the Ball, than retain so hateful an Object (as she was now become) in her sight; and 'tis likely the other was not much troubled at her Refusal. But how, (when left alone, and abandon'd to the whirlwinds of her Passion,) the desperate ALOVISA behav'd, none but those, who like her, have burn'd in hopeless Fires can guess, the most lively Description wou'd come far short of what she felt; she rav'd, she tore her Hair and Face, and in the extremity of her Anguish was ready to lay violent Hands on her own Life. In this Tempest of Mind, she continu'd for some time, till at length rage beginning to dissipate it self in Tears, made way for cooler Considerations; and her natural Vanity resuming its Empire in her Soul, was of no little Service to her on this Occasion. Why am I thus disturb'd? Mean Spirited as I am! Said she, D'ELMONT is ignorant of the Sentiments I am possess'd with in his favour; and perhaps 'tis only want of Incouragement that has so long depriv'd me of my Lover; my Letter bore no certain Mark by which he might distinguish me, and who knows what Arts that Creature might make use of to allure him. I will therefore (persu'd she, with a more cheerful Countenance) direct his erring Search. As she was in this Thought (happily for her, who else might have relaps'd) her Women who were waiting in the next Room, came in to know if she wanted any thing; yes, answer'd she, with a Voice and Eyes wholly chang'd, I'll rise, one of you help me on with my Cloaths, and let the other send CHARLO to me, I have instant Business with him. 'Twas in vain for 'em to represent to her the Prejudice it might be to her Health to get out of her Bed at so unseasonable an Hour, it being then just Midnight: They knew her too absolute a Mistress not to be obey'd, and executed her Commands, without disputing the Reason. She was no sooner ready, than CHARLO was introduc'd who being the same Person that carry'd the Letter to D'ELMONT, guess'd what Affair he was to be concern'd in, and shut the Door after him. I commend your Caution, said his Lady, for what I am now going to trust you with, is of more concernment than my Life. The Fellow bow'd, and made a thousand Protestations of an eternal Fidelity. I doubt it not, resum'd she, go then immediately to the *Court*, 'tis not impossible but in this hurry you may get into the Drawing Room; but if not, make some pretence to stay as near as you can 'till the Ball be over; listen carefully to all Discourses where you hear COUNT D'ELMONT mention'd, enquire who he Dances with, and above all, watch what Company he comes out with, and bring me an exact Account. Go, continu'd she hastily, these are all the Orders I have for you to Night, but to Morrow I shall employ you farther. Then turning to her *Escritore*, she sat down, and began to prepare a second Letter, which she hop'd wou'd be more lucky than the former. She was not long writing, Love and Wit, suggested a World of passionate and agreeable Expressions to her in a Moment: But when she had finish'd this so full a Discovery of her Heart, and was about to sign her Name to it; not all that Passion which had inspir'd her with a Resolution to scruple nothing that might advance the compassing her Wishes, nor the vanity which assur'd her of Success, were forcible enough to withstand the shock it gave her Pride; No, let me rather die! Said she, (starting up and frighted at her own Designs) than be guilty of a Meanness which wou'd render me unworthy of Life, Oh Heavens! To offer Love, and poorly sue for Pity! 'tis insupportable! What bewitch'd me to harbour such a Thought as even the vilest of my Sex wou'd blush at? To pieces then (added she, tearing the Paper) with this shameful Witness of my Folly, my furious Desires may be the destruction of my Peace, but never of my Honour, that shall still attend my Name when Love and Life are fled. She continu'd in this

Temper (without being able to compose herself to rest) till Day began to appear, and CHARLO returned with News which confirmed her most dreaded Suspicions. He told her that he had gain'd admittance to the Drawing Room several Times, under pretence of delivering Messages to some of the Ladies; that the whole Talk among 'em was, that D'ELMONT, was no longer insensible of Beauty; that he observ'd that Gentleman in very particular Conference with AMENA, and that he waited on her Home in his Chariot, her own not being in the way, I know it, said ALOVISA (walking about in a disorder'd Motion) I did not doubt but that I was undone, and to my other Miseries, have that of being aiding to my Rival's Happiness: Whatever his Desires were, he carefully conceal'd 'em, till my cursed Letter prompted a Discovery; tenacious as I was, and too, too confident of this little Beauty! Here she stop'd, and wiping away some Tears which in spight of her ran down her Cheeks, gave CHARLO leave to ask if she had any more Commands for him. Yes (answer'd she) I will write once more to this undiscerning Man, and let him know, 'tis not AMENA that is worthy of him; that I may do without prejudicing my Fame, and 'twill be at least some Easement to my Mind, to undeceive the Opinion he may have conceiv'd of her Wit, for I am almost confident she passes for the Authoress of those Lines which have been so fatal to me; in speaking this, without any further Thought, she once more took her Pen, and wrote these Words.



To Count D'ELMONT.

If Ambition be a Fault, 'tis only in those who have not a sufficient stock of Merit to support it; too much Humility is a greater in you, whose Person and Qualities are too admirable, not to render any Attempt you shall make justifiable, as well as successful. Heaven when it distinguish'd you in so particular a Manner from the rest of Mankind, design'd you not for vulgar Conquests, and you cannot without a manifest Contradiction to its Will, and an irreparable Injury to your self, make a present of that Heart to AMENA, when one, of at least an equal Beauty, and far superior in every other Consideration, would Sacrifice all to purchase the glorious Trophy; continue then no longer in a wilful Ignorance, aim at a more exalted flight, and you will find it no difficulty to discover who she is that languishes, and almost dies for an Opportunity of confessing (without too great a breach of Modesty) that her Soul, and all the Faculties of it, are, and must be,

Eternally Yours.

This she gave to CHARLO, to deliver with the same Caution as the former; but he was scarce got out of the House before a new Fear assaulted her, and she repented her uncircumspection. What have I done, cry'd she! Who knows but D'ELMONT may shew these Letters to AMENA, she is perfectly acquainted with my Hand, and I shall be the most expos'd and wretched Woman in the World. Thus Industrious was she in forming Notions to Torment herself; nor indeed was there any thing of Improbability in this Conjecture. There are too many ungenerous enough to boast such an Adventure; but D'ELMONT tho' he would have given good Part of his Estate to satisfy his Curiosity, yet chose rather to remain in a perpetual Ignorance, than make use of any Means that might be disadvantageous to the Lady's Reputation. He now perceiv'd his Mistake, and that it was not AMENA who had taken that Method to engage him, and possibly was not disgusted to find she had a Rival of such Merit, as the Letter intimated. However, he had said too many fine Things to her to be lost, and thought it as inconsistent with his Honour as his Inclination to desist

a Pursuit in which he had all the Reason in the World to assure himself of Victory; for the young AMENA (little vers'd in the Art of Dissimulation, so necessary to her Sex) cou'd not conceal the Pleasure she took in his Addresses, and without even a seeming reluctance, had given him a Promise of meeting him the next Day in the *Tuilleries*; nor could all his unknown Mistress had writ, persuade him to miss this Assigment, nor let that be succeeded with another, and that by a third, and so on, 'till by making a shew of Tenderness; he began to fancy himself really touch'd with a Passion he only design'd to represent. 'Tis certain this way of Fooling rais'd Desires in him little different from what is commonly call'd Love; and made him redouble his Attacks in such a Manner, as AMENA stood in need of all her Vertue to resist; but as much as she thought her self oblig'd to resent such Attempts, yet he knew so well how to excuse himself, and lay the Blame on the Violence of his Passion, that he was still too Charming, and too Dear to her not to be forgiven. Thus was AMENA (by her too generous and open Temper) brought to the very brink of Ruin, and D'ELMONT was possibly contriving Means to compleat it, when her Page brought him this Letter.



To Count D'ELMONT.

SOME Malicious Persons have endeavour'd to make the little Conversation I have had with you, appear as Criminal; therefore to put a stop to all such Aspersions, I must for the future deny my self the Honour of your Visits, unless Commanded to receive 'em by my Father, who only has the Power of disposing of

AMENA.

THE Consternation he was in at the reading these Lines, so very different from her former Behaviour, is more easily imagin'd than express'd, 'till casting his Eyes on the Ground, he saw a small Note, which in the opening of this, had fallen out of it, which he hastily took up, and found it contain'd these Words.

I guess the Surprize my lovely Friend is in, but have not time now to unriddle the Mystery: I beg you will be at your Lodgings towards the Evening, and I will invent a Way to send to you.

'Twas now that D'ELMONT began to find there were *Embarrassments* in an Intrigue of this Nature, which he had not foreseen, and stay'd at Home all Day, impatiently expecting the clearing of an Affair, which at present seem'd so ambiguous. When it grew a little Duskish, his Gentleman brought in a Young Woman, whom he immediately knew to be: ANARET, an Attendant on AMENA; and when he had made her sit down, told her he hop'd she was come to make an *Eclaircissement*, which would be very obliging to him, and therefore desir'd she wou'd not defer it.

MY Lord, said she, 'tis with an unspeakable Trouble I discharge that Trust my Lady has repos'd in me, in giving you a Relation of her Misfortunes; but not to keep you longer in suspence, which I perceive is uneasy to you; I shall acquaint you, that soon after you were gone, my Lady came up into her Chamber, where, as I was preparing to undress her, we heard Monsieur SANSEVERIN in an angry Tone ask where his Daughter was, and being told she was above, we immediately saw him enter, with a Countenance so inflam'd, as put us both in a mortal Apprehension. An ill use (said he to her) have you made of my Indulgence, and the Liberty I have allow'd you! Could

neither the Considerations of the Honour of your Family, your own Reputation, nor my eternal Repose, deter you from such imprudent Actions, as you cannot be ignorant must be the inevitable Ruin of 'em all. My poor Lady was too much surpriz'd at these cruel Words, to be able to make any Answer to 'em, and stood trembling, and almost fainting, while he went on with his Discourse. Was it consistent with the Niceties of your Sex, said he, or with the Duty you owe me, to receive the Addresses of a Person whose Pretensions I was a Stranger to? If the Count D'ELMONT has any that are Honourable, wherefore are they conceal'd? The Count D'ELMONT! (cry'd my Lady more frighted than before) never made any Declarations to me worthy of your Knowledge, nor did I ever entertain him otherwise, than might become your Daughter. 'Tis false (interrupted he furiously) I am but too well inform'd of the contrary; nor has the most private of your shameful Meetings escap'd my Ears! Judge, Sir, in what a Confusion my Lady was in at this Discourse; 'twas in vain, she muster'd all her Courage to perswade him from giving Credit to an Intelligence so injurious to her; he grew the more enrag'd, and after a thousand Reproaches, flung out of the Room with all the Marks of a most violent Indignation, But tho' your Lordship is too well acquainted with the mildness of AMENA'S Disposition, not to believe she could bear the Displeasure of a Father (who had always most tenderly lov'd her) with indifference; yet 'tis impossible for you to imagine in what an excess of Sorrow she was plung'd, she found every Passage of her ill Conduct (as she was pleas'd to call it) was betray'd, and did not doubt but whoever had done her that ill Office to her Father, wou'd take care the Discovery should not be confin'd to him alone. Grief, Fear, Remorse, and Shame by turns assaulted her, and made her incapable of Consolation; even the soft Pleas of Love were silenc'd by their Tumultuous Clamours, and for a Time she consider'd your Lordship in no other view than that of her Undoer. How! cry'd D'ELMONT (interrupting her) cou'd my AMENA, who I thought all sweetness, judge so harshly of me. Oh! my Lord, resum'd ANARET, you must forgive those first Emotions, which as violent as they were, wanted but your Presence to dissipate in a Moment; and if your Idea had not presently that Power, it lost no Honour by having Foes to struggle with, since at last it put 'em all to flight, and gain'd so entire a Victory, that before Morning, of all her Troubles, scarce any but the Fears of losing you remain'd. And I must take the Liberty to assure your Lordship, my Endeavours were not wanting to establish a Resolution in her to despise every thing for Love and you. But to be as brief as I can in my Relation; the Night was no sooner gone, than Monsieur her Father came into the Chamber, with a Countenance, tho' more compos'd, than that with which he left us, yet with such an Air of Austerity, as made my timorous Lady lose most of the Spirit she had assum'd for this Encounter. I come not now AMENA, said he, to upbraid or punish your Disobedience, if you are not wholly abandon'd by your Reason, your own Reflections will be sufficiently your Tormentors. But to put you in a way, (if not to clear your Fame, yet to take away all Occasion of future Calumny,) you must write to Count D'ELMONT.

I will have no denials continu'd he, (seeing her about to speak) and leading her to her Escritore, constrain'd her to write what he dictated, and you receiv'd; just as she was going to Seal it, a Servant brought word that a Gentleman desir'd to speak with Monsieur SANSEVERIN, he was oblig'd to step into another Room, and that absence gave her an Opportunity of writing a Note, which she dextrously slip'd into the Letter, unperceiv'd by her Father at his return, who little suspecting what she had done, sent it away immediately. Now, said he, we shall be able to judge of the sincerity of the Count's Affections, but till then I shall take care to prove my self a Person not disinterested in the Honour of my Family. As he spoke these Words, he took her by the Hand, and conducting her, thro' his own, into a little Chamber (which he had order'd to be made ready

for that purpose) shut her into it; I follow'd to the Door, and seconded my Lady in her Desires, that I might be permitted to attend her there; but all in vain, he told me, he doubted not but that I had been her Confident in this Affair, and ordered me to quit his House in a few Days. As soon as he was gone out, I went into the Garden, and saunter'd up and down a good while, hoping to get an Opportunity of speaking to my Lady through the Window, for I knew there was one that look'd into it; but not seeing her, I bethought me of getting a little Stick, with which I knock'd gently against the Glass, and engag'd her to open it. As soon as she perceiv'd me, a Beam of Joy brighten'd in her Eyes, and glisten'd thro' her Tears. Dear ANARET, said she, how kindly do I take this proof of thy Affection, 'tis only in thy Power to alleviate my Misfortunes, and thou I know art come to offer thy Assistance. Then after I had assur'd her of my willingness to serve her in any command, she desir'd me to wait on you with an Account of all that had happen'd, and to give you her Vows of an eternal Love. My Eyes, said she weeping, perhaps may ne'er behold him more, but Imagination shall supply that want, and from my Heart he never shall be Absent. Oh! do not talk thus, cry'd the Count, extremely touch'd at this Discourse. I must, I will see her, nothing shall hold her from me. You may, answer'd ANARET, but then it must be with the Approbation of Monsieur SANSEVERIN, he will be proud to receive you in Quality of a Suitor to his Daughter, and 'tis only to oblige you to a publick Declaration that he takes these Measures. D'ELMONT was not perfectly pleas'd with these Words: he was too quick sighted not to perceive immediately what Monsieur SANSEVERIN drove at, but as well as he lik'd AMENA, found no inclination in himself to Marry her; and therefore was not desirous of an Explanation of what he resolv'd not to seem to understand. He walk'd two or three turns about the Room, endeavouring to conceal his Disgust, and when he had so well overcome the shock, as to banish all visible Tokens of it, I would willingly said he coldly, come in to any proper Method for the obtaining the Person of AMENA, as well as her Heart; but there are certain Reasons for which I cannot make a Discovery of my Designs to her Father, 'till I have first spoken with her. My Lord, reply'd the subtle ANARET (easily guessing at his Meaning) I wish to Heaven there were a possibility of your Meeting; there is nothing I would not risque to forward it, and if your Lordship can think of any way in which I may be serviceable to you, in this short Time I am allow'd to stay in the Family, I beg you would command me. She spoke this with an Air which made the Count believe she really had it in her Power to serve him in this Occasion, and presently hit on the surest Means to bind her to his Interest. You are very obliging, said he, and I doubt not but your Ingenuity is equal to your good Nature, therefore will leave the Contrivance of my happiness entirely to you, and that you may not think your Care bestow'd on an ungrateful Person, be pleas'd (continu'd he, giving her a Purse of *Lewis-Dor's*) to accept this small Earnest of my future Friendship. ANARET, like most of her Function, was too mercenary to resist such a Temptation, tho' it had been given her to betray the Honour of her whole Sex; and after a little pause, reply'd, Your Lordship is too generous to be refus'd, tho' in a Matter of the greatest Difficulty, as indeed this is; for in the strict Confinement my Lady is, I know no way but one, and that extremely hazardous to her; however, I do not fear but my Perswasions, joyn'd with her own Desires, will influence her to attempt it. Your Lordship knows we have a little Door at the farther End of the Garden, that opens into the *Tuillerys*. I do, cry'd D'ELMONT interrupting her. I have several times parted from my Charmer there, when my Entreaties have prevail'd with her to stay longer with me than she wou'd have the Family to take notice of. I hope to order the Matter so, resum'd ANARET, that it shall be the Scene this Night of a most happy Meeting. My Lady unknown to her Father, has the Key of it, she can throw it to me from her Window, and I can open it to you, who must be walking near it, about Twelve or One a Clock, for by that time every

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