

L E T T E R XXXIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DO not stiffen with amazement,
nor let the blood be chilled in
your veins with horror; she is not worth
it. I have been deceived; she is gone.
Yes, my Lord, much as I relied upon
her, she is false; she is fled. I am not the
first that has been deceived by woman,
It is not strange! Who would not, like
me, have been deceived? Oh! ask
me not where she is fled, nor with
whom; it matters not, nor can I even
resolye