

I find the country more delightful, the verdure fresher and livelier, the air more temperate and serene than ever I did before ; even the feathered songsters of the sky seem to tune their tender throats with more harmony and pleasure ; the murmuring rills invite to love-inspiring dalliance, while the blossoms of the vine regale me from afar with the choicest perfumes. Some secret charm enlivens every object, or raises my sensations to a more exquisite degree. I am tempted to imagine that even the earth adorns herself to make a nuptial bed for your happy lover, worthy of the passion which he feels, and the goddess he adores. O, my Eloisa, my dearer better half ! let us immediately add to these beauties of the spring, the presence of two faithful lovers. Let us carry the true sentiments of pleasures to places which comparatively afford but an empty idea of it. Let us animate all nature which is absolutely dead without the genial warmth of love. Am I yet to stay three days, three whole days ? Oh what an age to a fond expecting lover ! Intoxicated with my passion, I wait that happy moment with the most melancholy impatience. Oh how happy should we be, if heaven would annihilate those tedious intervals which retard the blissful moment !

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