

*XV – Let the Heart Speak Its Own Language**Ninon de l'Enclos to Saint-Evremond:*

I learn with pleasure that my soul is dearer to you than my body, and that your common sense is always leading you upward to better things. The body, in fact, is little worthy of regard, and the soul has always some light, which sustains it, and renders it sensible of the memory of a friend whose absence has not effaced his image.

I often tell the old stories in which d'Elbène, de Charleval, and the Chevalier de Rivière cheer up the "moderns." You are brought in at the most interesting points, but as you are also a modern, I am on my guard against praising you too highly in the presence of the Academicians, who have declared in favor of the "ancients."

I have been told of a musical prologue, which I would very much like to hear at the Paris Theater. The "Beauty," who is its subject, would strike with envy every woman who should hear it. All our Helens have no right to find a Homer, and always be goddesses of beauty. Here I am at the top, how am I to descend?

My very dear friend, would it not be well to permit the heart to speak its own language? I assure you, I love you always. Do not change

your ideas on that point, they have always been in my favor, and may this mental communication, which some philosophers believe to be supernatural, last forever.

I have testified to M. Turretin, the joy I should feel to be of some service to him. He found me among my friends, many of whom deemed him worthy of the praise you have given him. If he desires to profit by what is left of our honest Abbés in the absence of the court, he will be treated like a man you esteem. I read him your letter with spectacles, of course, but they did me no harm, for I preserved my gravity all the time. If he is amorous of that merit which is called here "distinguished," perhaps your wish will be accomplished, for every day, I meet with this fine phrase as a consolation for my losses.

I know that you would like to see La Fontaine in England, he is so little regarded in Paris, his head is so feeble. 'Tis the destiny of poets, of which Tasso and Lucretius are evidence. I doubt whether there is any love philter that could affect La Fontaine, he has never been a lover of women unless they were able to foot the bills.