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3648

FRIENDSHIP
 IN
 DEATH.
 IN TWENTY
 LETTERS
 FROM THE
 DEAD *to the* LIVING.

116

To which are added, *Howe (Elij.)*
 THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

*Translated from the MORAL ESSAYS of the
 Messieurs du Port Royal.*

— *Curæ non ipsa in Morte relinquunt. Virg.*



L O N D O N :
 Printed for T. WORRALL, at the Judge's-
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11/11/11



T O

Dr. *YOUNG.*

S I R,

 I H A V E no Design
in this Dedication,
but to express my
Gratitude, for the Pleasure
and Advantage I have re-
A 2 ceived

iv DEDICATION.

ceived from your Poem on
the LAST JUDGMENT,
and the Paraphrase on Part
of the Book of JOB.

THE Author of these
Letters is above any View
of Interest, and can have
no Prospect of Reputation,
resolving to be concealed:
But if they prove a serious
Entertainment to Persons
whose Leisure Hours are
not always innocently im-
ployed, the End is fully
answer'd.

THE greatest Infidel must
own, there is at least as much
Probability in this Scheme,
as

DEDICATION. V
as in that of the FAIRY
TALES, which however Vi-
sionary, are some of them
Moral, and Entertaining.

I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble

Servant,

&c.

T H E





T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Drift of these Letters is, to impress the Notion of the Soul's Immortality; without which, all Vertue and Religion, with their Temporal and Eternal good Consequences, must fall to the Ground.

Some who pretend to have no Scruples about the Being of a God, have yet their Doubts about their own Eternal Existence, though valuable Authors abound in Christian, and Moral Proofs of it.

But

The P R E F A C E.

But since no Means should be left unattempted in a Point of such Importance, I hope endeavouring to make the Mind familiar, with the Thoughts of our Future Existence, and contract, as it were, unawares an Habitual Persuasion of it, by Writings built on that Foundation, and address'd to the Affections and Imagination, will not be thought improper, either as a Doctrine, or Amusement; Amusement, for which the World makes by far the largest Demand, and which generally speaking, is nothing but an Art of forgetting that Immortality, the firm Belief, and advantageous Contemplation of which, this Amusement would recommend.



LETTERS



LETTERS
FROM THE
DEAD to the LIVING.

LETTER I.

*To the Earl of R-----, from Mr. -----
who had promis'd to appear to him
after his Death.*



HIS will find you, my
Lord, confirm'd in your
Infidelity, by your late
Disappointment. It was
not in my Power to give
you the Evidence of a future State,
B which

2 L E T T E R S

which you desired, and that I had rashly promis'd; but since this Engagement was a Secret to every Mortal, but our selves, you must be assur'd that this comes from your deceased Friend, whose Friendship you see has reach'd beyond the Grave.

IN my last Sickness, we fix'd on the Time and Place of my Appearance; you was punctual to the Appointment: For though I was not permitted to make my self visible, I had the Curiosity to know if you had the Resolution to attend the Solemnity of a Visit from the Dead. The Hour was come, the Clock from a neighbouring Steeple struck One, no human Voice was heard to break the awful Silence, the Moon and Stars shone clear in their Midnight Splendor, and glimmer'd through the Trees, which in lofty Rows led to the Centre of a Grove, where I was engag'd to meet you.

I S A W you enter the Walks, with a careless incredulous Air, not the least
Con-

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 3

Concern or Expectation appear'd in your Looks; as if you came there only in regard to your own Word, and a Sort of respect to my Memory: However, the Calmness of the Night induc'd you to walk 'till the Morning began to break, when you retir'd, singing an idle Song, you had got out of the *Fairy Tales*. By the Gayety of your Temper you seem'd pleas'd, my Lord, with a new Proof against a Future Life, and happy to find your self (as you concluded) on a level with the Beasts that perish. A glorious Advantage! and worthy of your Triumph.

BUT we have so often discours'd on this Subject, that I would not tire you with the Repetition of any thing past; only once more to make way to your Reason, by moving your Passions, in recollecting the Manner of your Brother's Death, which was all a Demonstration of the Immortality of the Soul; and to what Heights of Fortitude

B 2

that

that Prospect could raise the *Heart* of Man, at the Hour of Terror, and in the Jaws of Death.

WITH what a ready Composure did he endure the Violence of his Distemper! With what Conviction and full Assurance expect the Reward of his Piety! With what Calmness, with what a graceful Resignation did he receive the Sentence of Death, when (at his Importunity) the Physicians told him there was no Hopes of his Recovery. *Then I have but a few weary Steps, he reply'd, and the Journey of Life will be finish'd.*

THIS was not a Time for Affectation, all was open undissembled Goodness and a true Greatness of Mind: Nothing else could have supported him, when every Circumstance of Life conspir'd to allure him back to Life, to deepen the Shadows of the Grave, and make the King of Terrors more terrible.

THERE

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 5

THERE was not, my Lord, among the Race of Men, a more lovely and agreeable Person than your Brother; his Marriage was just concluded with the charming *Cleora*, he had just finish'd a noble Seat, and fine Gardens to receive her: When he was near Death, she came at his Request to take a last and sad farewell: Angels might have sorrow'd to see Tears in the brightest Eyes on Earth, while her Tenderness for you would have disguis'd her Anguish. This, with the Sight of a fond young Sister, fainting in her Woman's Arms; your aged Father sitting near, silent and stupid with his Grief. What could support the Mind of Man in such complicated Distress! The accomplish'd Youth, who had all that was gentle and human in his Disposition, must have betray'd some Weakness, if he had not been assisted by a Power superior to Nature. But how equal, how steady was his Mind! how becoming, how graceful his whole Behaviour!

6 L E T T E R S

Never was the last, the closing part of Life, perform'd with more Decency and Grandeur. His Reason was clear and elevated, and his Words were the very Language of Immortality, and excited at the same time, both *Pity* and *Envy* in those that were near him.

WHEN the cold Sweats hung on his Brows, and his Breath and Speech fail'd, Joy struggled through the Decay of Nature, and a heavenly Smile fate on his Face; a Smile that at once compell'd our Tears, and accus'd us of Weakness in them.

YOU, my Lord, attended him to the last Moment of Life, and when I pressed this Argument of a future State, you confess'd, that tho' you thought Religion a Delusion, it was the most agreeable Delusion in the World, and the Men who flatter'd themselves with those gay Visions, had much the Advantage of those that saw nothing before them but a gloomy Uncertainty,
or

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 7
or the dreadful Hope of an An-
nihilation.

FROM this Uncertainty I was very sollicitous to draw you, while I was in a mortal State; but I have now a more ardent Desire to convince you, tho' I cannot obtain the Permission to give you that Evidence you requested: However, this Letter may satisfy you that I am in a State of Existence, nor is an Apparition from the Dead a greater Miracle than a Variety of Objects that daily surround you, and owe the Loss of their *Effect*, to your Familiarity with them.

HAPPY Minds in this superior State are still concern'd for the Welfare of Mortals, and make a Thousand kind Visits to their Friends; to whom, if the Laws of the immaterial Worlds did not forbid, it would be easy to make themselves visible, by the Splendor of their own Vehicles, and the Command they have on the Powers of material Things, and the Organs

8 L E T T E R S

of Sight: It often seems a Miracle to us that you do not perceive us; for we are not absent from you by *Places*, but by the different Conditions of the *States* we are in.

Y O U ' L L find this in your Closet, and may be assur'd it comes from

Your constant

And immortal Friend

C L E R I M O N T .



L E T -



L E T T E R II.

From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England, giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death.



OUR not hearing from me, my dear *Beville*, has given you too many dismal Apprehensions about the Manner of my Death: And the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguish'd with the Breath of Life, obliges me to give you this Satisfaction.

I MADE a longer Stay at *Constantinople* than I intended, and there it pleas'd Heaven that I should resign my Life, which for some Months gradually declin'd, but without any violent or
painful

painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehension that my Distemper was fatal. But my Days were number'd, and when the destin'd Hour drew near, after a sleepless Night, I rose with the Sun, and as I had never been so ill as to confine my self, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the *Bosphorus*.

AFTER a short Walk I found my Spirits sinking, and retiring to a *Cypress* Shade, I threw my self on a flow'ry Bank for some Refreshment: A gentle Slumber soon clos'd my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call: The Voice perfectly resembled the charming *Almeria's*, whose Death, you know, was the Occasion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listening to hear the gentle Summons again, but found I had neither Strength to rise, nor Power to call Assistance: An icy Coldness stop'd the Springs of Life, and after a little
 Struggle

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 11

Struggle, my Spirit got unburthen'd
of its Clay, the Curtain fell, and the
invisible World appear'd. The first
gentle Spirit that welcom'd me to these
new Regions, was the lovely *Almeria*;
but how Dazling! how divinely Fair!
Extasy was in her Eyes, and inexpres-
sible Pleasure in every Smile! her Mein
and Aspect more soft and propitious
than ever was feign'd by Poets of their
Goddeſs of Beauty and Love: What
was airy Fiction *there*, was *here* all tran-
ſporting Reality. With an inimitable
Grace ſhe received me into her ætherial
Chariot, which was ſparkling Sapphire
ſtudded with Gold: It roll'd with a
ſpontaneous Motion along the Heavenly
Plains, and ſtop'd at the Morning Star,
our deſtin'd Habitation. But how ſhall
I deſcribe this fair, this fragrant, this en-
chanting Land of Love! The delecta-
ble Vales and flow'ry Lawns, the Myr-
tle Shades and roſy Bowers, the bright
Cascades and chryſtal Rivulets rolling
over Orient Pearls and Sands of Gold:
Here

Here they spread their silent Waves into broad transparent Lakes, smooth as the Face of Heaven; and there they break with rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethyst. Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the sparkling Cliffs, and adorn the Prospect with unspeakable Variety.

O H my *Beville*, could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and soft Recesses where Pleasure keeps its eternal Festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested Freedom! What-ever can raise Desire, what-ever can give Delight, what-ever can satisfy the Soul in all the boundless Capacities of Joy is found here! Every Wish is replenish'd with full Draughts of vital Pleasure, such as elevate angelick Minds, and gratify the noblest Faculties of immortal Spirits. Oh *Beville*! my *Almeria* is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth.

ALTAMONT.
L E T.



L E T T E R I I I .

*To the Countess of -----, from her only
Son, who died when he was two Years
old.*



O U R Grief is an Allay to my Happiness. The only Sentiment my Infant State was conscious of, was a Fondness for you, which was then pure Instinct and natural Sympathy, but is now Gratitude and filial Affection. As soon as my Spirit was releas'd from its uneasy Confinement, I found my self an active and reasonable Being. I was transported at the Advantage and superior Manner of my Existence. The first Reflection I made was on my lovely Benefactor, for I knew you in that Relation in my Infant State : But I was
fur-

surpriz'd to see you weeping over the little breathless Form from which I thought my self so happily delivered, as if you had lamented my Escape. The fair Proportion, the Agility, the Splendor of the new Vehicle that my Spirit now inform'd, was so blest an Exchange, that I wonder'd at your Grief; for I was so little acquainted with the Difference of material and immaterial Bodies, that I thought my self as visible to your Sight as you was to mine. I was exceedingly mov'd at your Tears, but was ignorant why, unless because yours was the most beautiful Face next my Guardian Angel I had ever seen, and that you resembled some of the gay Forms that used to recreate my guiltless Slumbers, and smile on me in gentle Dreams. I was then ignorant of your maternal Relation to me, but remembered that you had been my Refuge in all the little Distresses of which I had but a faint Notion. I left you unwillingly in the Height of your Calamity,

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 15

lamity, to follow my radiant Guide to a Place of Tranquility and Joy, where I met thousands of happy Spirits of my own Order, who inform'd me of the History of my native World, for whose Inhabitants I have a peculiar Benevolence, and can't help interesting my self in their Welfare: But as I never discern'd between Good and Evil, nor experienc'd the Motives that govern'd the Race of Men, I am, I confess, astonish'd at their Conduct, and find their Joys and Sorrows to be all strange and unaccountable. I have made Visits to the lower World since my Decease; the first that I made was from a tender Curiosity to know if you was satisfied with the Disposal of Heaven in my early Fate; but I was surpriz'd to find after several Months were past, your Grief oppress'd every Thought, and clouded all the Joys of your Life, which made me very inquisitive into my own History. I ask'd the Cælestial who was your Attendant, why I was so much
lamented

lamented, and of what Consequence my Life would have been to the Publick or my own Family, since those fair Eyes were yet drown'd in Tears for one that had made such a short and insignificant Appearance below.

As for the Publick, the gentle Minister told me there was a Hazard, I might have prov'd a Blessing or Curse; but that I was the only Hope of an illustrious Family, and Heir to a vast Estate and distinguish'd Title; and pointing to a Coat of Arms, told me that was the Badge of my Dignity, and the noble Seat we had in View, with the Gardens, Fields, the Woods and Parks that surrounded it were all my entail'd Possession.

A GOODLY Possession! I reply'd, and proper for the four-footed Animals that I beheld feeding on the verdant Pasture, but of what Use these Fields and Woods had been to one that had an immortal Spirit I cannot conceive: And for a Title, what Happiness could
an

an airy Syllable, an empty Sound, bring with it? The Coat of Arms I took for such a Toy, that if Burlesque had not been beneath the Dignity of an Angel, I should have thought the mentioning it a Ridicule on mortal Men. I cannot conceive wherein the Charm, the Gratification of these Things consist. If I were possess'd of the whole Earthly Globe, what Use could I make of this gross Element, the Dregs of the Creation? I have no Dependance on Water or Fire, or Earth or Air. 'Tis unintelligible to me, that Hills and Vallies, Trees and Rivers, the Mines and Caverns under their Feet, any more than the Clouds that fly over their Heads, should be the Wealth of reasonable Creatures. They may keep their Possessions unenvy'd by me: I am glad I did not live long enough to make so wrong a Judgment, nor to acquire a Relish for such low Enjoyments. I am so little concern'd for the Loss of such an Inheritance, that if the black Prince of

the airy Regions claim'd my Share,
I would not dispute his Title, tho' he
is my Aversion, and your Foe.

So superior, Madam, are my present Circumstances, to that of the greatest Monarch under the Sun, that all earthly Grandeur is Pageantry and Farce, compar'd to the real, the innate Dignity which I now possess. I am advanc'd to celestial Glory, and triumph in the Heights of Immortal Life and Pleasure, whence Pity falls on the Kings of the Earth.

IF you could conceive my Happiness, instead of the mournful Solemnity with which you interr'd me, you would have celebrated my Funeral Rites with Songs, and Festivals: Instead of the thoughtless Thing you lately smil'd on and caref'd, I am now in the Perfection of my Being, in the Elevation of Reason: Instead of a little Extent of Land, and the Propriety of so much Space to breathe in, I tread the starry Pavement, make the Circuit of the
Skies,

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 19
Skies, and breathe the Air of Paradise.
I am secure of eternal Duration, and
independent but on the Almighty,
whom I love and adore, as the Foun-
tain of my Being and Blessedness.

PARDON me, Madam, 'tis you
now seem the Infant, and I repay you
that superior Regard and Tenderneſs
which you lately beſtow'd on me.

NARCISſUS.



C 2

LET-



L E T T E R I V .

*To my Lord -----, from a young Lady
who was in a Convent in Florence.*



Y Lord, finding Materials in your Closet, I took the Opportunity of your Absence to give you this Intelligence of my Death: The Hand will convince you that it comes from your once lov'd *Ethelinda*.

I LIV'D but a few Weeks after you left *Italy*, such was the Excess of my Grief, tho' a strict Modesty still forc'd me to conceal my unhappy Passion from the most intimate Companion I had. After I had discover'd it to you, I durst confess the guilty Secret to none but the compassionate and forgiving

giving Powers above, who assisted my Weakness, and confirm'd my Resolution never to comply with any of those Schemes you propos'd to free me from my Confinement. You had indeed convinc'd me that the Vows I had made were rash and uncommanded; but oh! 'twas past; Saints and Angels heard it, the all-seeing Skies were invoc'd to witness the chaste Engagement; 'twas seal'd above, and enter'd in the Records of Heaven. Thus hopeless was my Passion, Perjury and Sacrilege stood in all their Horrors before me, Ruin and eternal Perdition were betwixt us: And yet that I lov'd you, my Lord, I had too often subscrib'd to that soft Confession to leave you any Doubt of it; nor was the tender Frailty without Excuse, if all the Merit Man could boast, if every Grace that Nature could give or gentle Art improve deserv'd Distinction, it had been a Crime to have been insensible in any Circumstance but mine. Strange Circumstance! that

could make it *Virtue* to look coldly on you.

T H E R E was the Emphasis of my Misery, mine was a Heart devoted to superior Ardours, and sacred to Heaven alone; that Heaven which is my impartial Judge and Witness how sincerely I strove to blot you from my Soul. But neither Reason, nor the nicest Sense of Honour, nor even Devotion could assist me; still you return'd on my Imagination triumphant in all your Charms. Hopeless of the Conquest, I gave my self up to Grief and Despair, resolving never to attempt my Escape from the Holy Retreat to which my Vows had confin'd me, but rather to fall a Victim to the sacred Names of Chastity and Truth. Heaven accepted the Sacrifice, and Death my kind Deliverer, at once releas'd me from Misery and Mortality. The chrystal Gates open'd a spacious Entrance, and the blest Immortals received me to the Mansions of Life and Bliss.

W H A T

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 23

WHAT ever was feign'd of *Elysian* Fields and *Cyprian* Groves, is here without Delusion surpass'd: These are the imperial Seats, the native Dominions of Love: Here his holy Torch Flames out with propitious Splendor, and his golden Shafts are dip'd in immortal Joys. Here are no Vows that tear us from our Wishes, no Conflict 'twixt Passion and Virtue; what we like we admire, what we admire we enjoy, nor is it more our Happiness than Commendation so to do.

THAT unhappy Passion which was my Torment and Crime is now my Glory and my Boast. Nothing selfish or irregular, nothing that needs Restraint or Disguise mingles with the noble Ardour. 'Tis all calm and beneficent, becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Grandeur of an immortal Mind, and is as lasting as its Essence. When the Lamps of Heaven are quench'd, when the Sun has burnt out its Splendor, this Divine Principle shall shine with

undiminish'd Lustre, the Joy and Triumph of the Heavenly Nations: The Substance of Love, my Lord, dwells in Heaven, its Shadow only is to be found upon Earth.

ETHELINDA.



L E T



LETTER V.

To

YOU remember as we were on on a clear Summer Evening gazing on the Beauty of the Stars, I promis'd, if you surviv'd me, to give you an Account of the Planetary Worlds and their Inhabitants. I have not made half the Tour of the Skies, but will, if I can, describe to you the last of these Novelities in which I entertain'd my self. 'Twas in a Region immense Spaces distant from that System which is enlighten'd by your Sun, and created numberless Ages before the Foundations of the Earth were laid, and the Measure thereof describ'd before the Day-Spring knew
its

its Place, and the Bounds of Darkneſs were determin'd. Before Man was form'd of the Duſt of the Ground, and the Almighty breath'd into him a living Soul; an unmeaſurable Duration before this, the unlimited Creator had made and peopled Millions of glorious Worlds. The Inhabitants of this which I am deſcribing, ſtood their Probation, and are confirm'd in their original Rectitude, but will never be admitted into the Emphyrean Heaven, being uncapable of that ſupream Degree of Happineſs which Angels and the Spirits of juſt Men attain. However, they are exempt from all Evil, bleſt to the Height of their Faculties and Conceptions: and are priviledg'd with Immortality; their Reſidence may properly be call'd the enchanted World: What-ever you have heard fabled of Fairy Scenes, of vocal Groves, and Palaces riſing to Magick Sounds, is all real here, and perform'd by the eaſy and natural Operations

rations of these active Spirits. I have in an Instant seen Palaces ascend to a majestic Height, sparkling as the Stars, and transparent as the unclouded Æther. I might describe them like the Courtly Prophet; *Their Walls were fair Colours, their Foundation Sapphire, the Windows of Agate, and the Gates of Carbuncle.* Their Materials here are all glittering and refined, not like the Earthly Globe, dark and heavy. These Ætherials are the nicest Judges of Symmetry and Proportion, and by the Disposition of Light and Shade, and the Mixture of a thousand dazzling Colours form the most charming Prospects: They have such a Command and Knowledge of the Powers of Nature, that in an Instant they raise a Variety of *Sylvan* Scenes, and carry the Perspective thro' verdant Avenues and flow'ry Walks to an unmeasurable Length; while living Fountains cast up their silver Spouts, and form glittering Arches among the Trees, of
Growth,

Growth and Verdure not to be expressed.

THEY are acquainted with all the utmost Mysteries of Sound, and are possess'd with the very Soul of Harmony. Art is theirs in all its changing Notes, its Blandishments and Graces. Whatever Nature can boast in her wild licentious Charms is govern'd by them. The winding Vales, the Streams and Groves breathe Musick at their Command. The Nightingal and dying Swan seem to complain to gentle Zephyrs whispering through the Trees, while a Thousand airy Songsters warble to the measur'd Fall of high Cascades; which by Intervals sinking into a deep Silence, after a graceful Pause, shrill Recorders and silver Trumpets sound, while harmless Thunders roll above, and break with a glorious Solemnity: Still the blisful Tempest rises, and swells the Mind to sacred Grandeur and seraphick Elevation; till subdued and melted

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 29

ed into Softness by the Melody of tuneful Reeds, warbling Lutes, and sweet enchanting Voices, of the *Lydian* Strain.

THE Language of this charming Region is perfectly musical and elegant, and becoming the fair Inhabitants, who are fresh and rosy as the opening Morning, clear as the Meridian Light, and fragrant as the Breath of Jessamin or new-blown Roses. How exquisitely proportion'd their Shapes! Their Aspect how transporting! How gentle, how charming beyond all the Race of Mortal Men! Never did the Eye-lids of the Morning open on such Perfection, never did the Sun since first it journey'd thro' the Skies behold such Beauty, nor can human Fancy in its most inspir'd Flights conceive such amiable Wonders. Perhaps in all my Planetary Rambles I shall not be able to give you an Account of any Objects more surprizing. But while I am permitted, I shall continue

tinue my Intelligence to the most agreeable Friend I had on Earth, and be assur'd when you are releas'd from Mortality you will meet, in spite of distance of Time and Place, (those mortal Foes to Love upon Earth.)

Your constant

And unchang'd

JUNIUS.



LET-



LETTER VI.

To



Y dear Sister, tho' the Engagements of Nature are cancell'd, the superior Obligations of Virtue remain in their full Force. You have been faithful to my Memory, and the strictest Rules of Piety, tho' it has prov'd of fatal Consequence to the unhappy Man who was lately my Husband, and by that Relation a Brother to you. With inward Grief and Compassion I saw the guilty Inclination, but never utter'd the least Complaint, nor gave him one uneasy Moment. I knew your Mind as faultless as your Form, and saw you govern'd in all your Conduct by conscious

scious Honour, and unblemish'd Virtue: Envy it self could not have reproach'd you with the least Deviation from Modesty, and Truth; nor was the Promise I would have extorted from the guilty Youth on my Death-bed, the Effect of Jealousy, but a kind Design to reclaim him, and free you from his Importunity, if I could have engag'd him, as I desir'd, not to converse with you after my Decease; but he was sincere enough to refuse me, and as soon as a slight Formality would suffer him, he pursued his incestuous Passion. Your obstinate Repulses have at last the tragical Effect I expected. From the Moment that he heard the Day of your Marriage with the illustrious *Montandre* was set, he resolv'd on the unnatural Fact; and never was Self-murder perform'd in a more calm and deliberate Manner: He spent part of the Evening with two of his Friends, Men of Wit and Learning; his Discourse with them was all intended to prove
the

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 33

the Right a Man has to dispose of his Life, and put an end to his Being, when it was rather his Burthen than Happiness. He return'd to his House in a more early Hour than usual, and retiring to his Chamber, call'd for a young and only Daughter that I had left him; taking her in his Arms, while the lovely Infant smil'd on him, Tears drop'd from his Eyes: When he would have bless'd it, the unbelieving Prayer falter'd on his Tongue; and delivering the Child to its Nurse, he order'd his Servant to deny him to all Company. As soon as he was alone, he wrote that moving Letter, which you receiv'd: When he had finish'd and seal'd it, he took a *Lucretius* from the Table, and read and paus'd by Intervals; at last looking on his Watch, just at *Two* he fasten'd his Chamber Door, and drew his Sword, repeating the following Lines, which I wish had never been writ, as I assure you does the Author of them too.

D

Here's

— Here's a quick Relief,
 To all thy vain, imaginary Grief.
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And quitting Life, shalt quit thy living Pain.
 The worst than can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.

THEN directing the Point exactly at his Heart, he fell on his Sword, and immediately expir'd; and left a tender Orphan friendless and expos'd.

THIS is the Motive of my writing to you, that you would take the Charge of her Education, and protect her Infant Innocence. Be sure to perform this generous Office, as you would prosper, and be your self protected in any of the Calamities of human Life. By desiring you to make all possible Provision for her Happiness, I present you with an Opportunity of promoting your own.

A M A N D A.

L E T -



LETTER VII.

To

MY dear *Emilia*, 'twill be impossible for me to give you the Intelligence I promis'd from the invisible Regions, unless I could translate the Language of Paradise into that of Mortals: For here are a thousand Beauties un-reveal'd, and a thousand Delights un-nam'd among the Race of Men. We drink at the Fountain Head of Happiness, and bathe in the Rivers of immortal Pleasure: The sprightly Hours dance along, crown'd with Love, and unutterable Extasy.

YOU were witness to my dying Agony, I saw your last kind Tears, and gave up my Breath in your Arms. But

how chang'd was the Scene in a Moment, from the Gloom and Horror of a Death-bed, to the Smiles and Songs of Angels, who conducted me to the Ætherial Heights; a thousand dazzling Wonders met my View; the Heavens in Pomp unfolded their Glories; the Paradise of God open'd before me, in all its blissful and transporting Scenes; the happy Groves stood crown'd with unfading Verdure; the lucid Currents danc'd along, o'er Sands of Gold; the charming Bowers display'd their ever-blooming Pride, and breath'd *Ambrosia*; the Palaces of the Heavenly Powers ascended with exquisite Magnificence, sparkling far beyond all the Glories of the lower Skies, and resounded with the Voice of Festivity and Joy.

THE first gentle Spirit that welcom'd me to these happy Mansions, was your charming Brother, gay as a *Cherubim*, the heavenly Loves and Graces triumph'd in all his Form, vital Pleasure
danc'd

danc'd in his Eyes, Life and Celestial Bloom sat smiling on his Face, a Wreath of unfading Flowers circled his Head, and a golden Lute was in his Hand, whose Harmony join'd to his melting Voice, far surpass all Description. That tender, innocent Passion I had long conceiv'd for him, kindled at the first Interview, and has taken eternal Possession of my Soul.

BUT how shall I make you sensible, of what an Angel's flowing Song, in all the Pomp of Heavenly Harmony would not fully describe. In what Figures of Celestial Eloquence, shall I relate the Loves of Immortal Spirits; or tell you the Height, the Extent, the Fulness of their Bliss! All the soft Engagements on Earth, the tender Sympathies, and the most holy Union that Nature knows, are but faint Similitudes for the Sanctity and Grandeur of these Divine Enjoyments. Hope and languishing Expectation are no more, and

all Desire is lost in full and compleat Fruition.

LOVE reigns in Eternal Triumph, here it governs every Heart, and dwells on every Tongue.

*They tune their golden Harps to the
great Name
Of Love, victorious Love, their darling
Theme.
Ten thousand Ecchoes thro' the lightsome
Plains
Repeat the clear, the sweet melodious
Strains.
The Fields rejoice, the fragrant Groves
around
Blossom afresh, at their enchanting Sound:
The Heaven of Heav'ns from dazzling
Heights above
Returns the Name, and hails the Power
of Love.*

BUT oh! when the fair Face of
Eternal Love unveils its original Glo-
ries, and appears in the Perfection of
un-

uncreated Beauty, how wondrous, how ineffable the Vision! Fulness of Joy is in his Presence, Rapture and expressless Extacy. The fairest Seraph stops his Lute, and with a graceful Pause confesses the Subject too great for his most exalted Strain. How does the blissful Tempest rise! How impetuously do the Streams of Immortal Joy roll in, and enlarge the Faculties of every heavenly Mind!

YE sacred Mysteries un-reveal'd to Men, Ye Glories unprophan'd by mortal Eyes, forgive the bold Attempt that would describe you! — The only Description that Mortals can receive of you is, that you are not to be describ'd.

DELIA.

D 4

LET.



L E T T E R VIII.

To



W H E N you had just made me happy, and rewarded the most tender Passion in the World with the Possession of your Charms, I was compell'd to make a Voyage to *Spain*.

You saw the inward Struggle of my Soul, and that I must suffer the anguish of Death in leaving you, when you surpriz'd me with the unexpected generous Offer, to follow me through all the Dangers of the Seas. Charm'd with the Proposal, I took you at your Word, and rashly ventur'd my darling Treasure to the Hazards of a Voyage. I lost my Life in your De-
fence

fence against an *Algerine* Corsair. The Cause was just, and met with its Approbation in the Seats of Peace and Happiness. For my own Lot, I could not wish it more advantageous, and for yours, such Virtue in Distress will be the peculiar Care of Heaven. The Barbarian that made you his Prize, treated you with an unaccustomed Gentleness; nor has the illustrious *Bassa*, that ransom'd you out of his Power at an immense Price, given you the least Occasion of Reproach. In the Height of his Passion he has always observ'd even the Sanctity of the Christian Rules, and treated you with a Submission very different from the Principles and Customs of his Country. Though he has courted you to encrease the Number of his Wives, he seems to have such an absolute Command of himself, even in the Warmth of his youthful Desires, that you need fear no Violence from the generous Infidel: But should the worst you imagine arrive, Heaven has

a Thousand Ways to protect your Innocence. Depend on that, and let not the Extravagance of your Grief persuade you, that 'tis lawful to free your self by the fatal Opiate which you keep for that Design. The heavenly *Genii* that attend you have made a thousand Impressions on your sleeping Fancy to warn you from the desperate Attempt. Sometimes you have been led through the desolate Shades where unhappy Ghosts complain, the gloomy Caverns, the Abodes of eternal Horror have been open'd to your View. Sometimes the Rewards of Patience and constant Virtue have display'd their Glories to your pleas'd Imagination, and by the soft inspiring Whispers of celestial Beings, your restless Thoughts have been compos'd, while the Realms of Joy have unfolded their Delights in visionary Prospects to you. By heavenly Scenes and gentle Slumbers your Grievs were calm'd, the Tempest of your Passions suspended. Then quietly attend the
Event,

Event, and the gentle *Calicara* will find a way to free you. 'Till *Abubecar* saw you, she was his darling Slave, and as he is handsome to Admiration, she lov'd, and renounc'd the Christian Faith for him; but still the fair Apostate in her Heart adores the Name which her Tongue has deny'd. This, tho' you are her Rival, fills her Soul with the softest Compassion for you, and makes her abhor the Task that her insolent Master has impos'd, of persuading you to quit the Possession of the heavenly Truth, which is your Happiness and Glory. But she is so far from giving you that infernal Council, that she has with Tears and Intreaties persuaded you to die, rather than abandon your glorious Hopes and Title to Immortality. Nor will she rest, till she has by some Means or other secur'd you from *Abubecar's* Importunity; of complying with which, she has experienc'd the delusive and bitter Consequence.

Y O U R

YOUR Coldness and Aversion, with the Ascendant her Wit and Vivacity has on his Temper, will soon recover the youthful Wanderer, and restore her to an absolute Empire over him ; and then you are secure of a guiltless Protection, till you can give your Friends in *England* Intelligence of your Circumstances, who will soon pay your Ransom; which no one can for Virtue lost.

- IN the mean time, if you love my Memory, moderate the Excess of your Grief for my Death, which however tragical it appear'd, was glorious and happy for me. I fell in the Ardour of a brave Action, in the Defence of your Beauty and Liberty, and my own Life. The Wounds I received gave a free Passage to my Soul, which took its Flight with no other Regret, but that of parting with you, if it may be call'd a Separation, for I have been your constant Attendant in my invisible State, your unseen Companion in the beautiful Walks and Bowers where you so frequently spend your Hours of Retirement.

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 45

Retirement. I should with Pleasure hear you repeat my Name, as I often do, and in the softest Language express the Constancy of a virtuous Passion, could you restrain those Floods of Tears, and be more resign'd to the Will of Heaven. But let this assure you, that I am in the Heights of Happiness, and when your own Life is finish'd, we shall meet to part no more; which Circumstance, though you through your Partiality for me may too highly value, believe me, you will find it by much the smallest Blessing of this Place.

AMINTOR.



L E T-



L E T T E R IX.

To SYLVIA.



FROM the fragrant Bowers,
the ever-blooming Fields,
and lightsome Regions of the
Morning Star, I wish Health
and every Blessing to the charming *Syl-*
via! the Blessing of the Earth.

I HAVE a Secret to reveal to you,
of the greatest Importance to your pre-
sent and future Happiness. You are
as much a Stranger to your own Rank
and Circumstances, as I was to mine,
till I came here, where I met a fair
Spirit, who inform'd me, that when she
was a Mortal, I was her Son, and not
the Heir of the Earl of *** as was
suppos'd; and that the Lord *** is your
own

own Brother. 'Tis necessary that you should know and discover this to him, which will prevent that innocent Fondness, which he now indulges for you, from growing into a guilty Passion.

YOU have been educated only as a Dependant on the noble Family you are in, and as a Companion to the young Ladies, who are really your Sisters. The Mystery is this: My Lord, your Father, had several Daughters successively by the Countess your Mother, but no lawful Heir, which made him fond of a natural Son that he had by a Mistress. His Affection for him was so extravagant, that he contriv'd to settle his Estate on him: This gave your Mother such Anxiety, that her Jealousy and Aversion to the Youth, put her on this rash Design, when she was with Child to exchange it, if it prov'd a Daughter. My Mother, who was married out of her Service, and in whom she could entirely confide, was with Child of me at the same time.

Their

Their time of Delivery was very near together ; my Mother had a Son, and you prov'd a Daughter. The Affair was manag'd with such Dexterity, that I was exchang'd, and, past without Suspicion for the Countess's Son, and you was received by my Mother, and was suppos'd to be her Daughter : But within a Year the Countess had really a Son, but she dying as soon as she was deliver'd, the Secret was undiscover'd.

I LIV'D a guiltless Impostor till I was ten Years old, when a sudden Decay wither'd my tender Bloom ; but as I had been bred in the strictest Notions of Piety and Truth, without any childish Prejudices or slavish Fears, I expected my approaching End, whilst Death made his Advances arm'd with a golden headed Dart. I had no Notions of Misery, all my Expectations were bright, tho' imperfect, of some Paradise beyond the Grave ; and closing my Eyes, I fell a-sleep, and wak'd to immortal Life and Happiness. All that was past
look'd

look'd like a Dream, like an airy Image, of I know not what. Some Notion I had of a God, and my Dependence on him; but how different from the Illumination that broke in on my Soul, the Moment it threw off its mortal Veil. 'Twas then I began to live and reflect: 'Twas then I found my self a rational Being, and look'd back with Contempt, on the insignificant Part I had been acting. The Memory of my original Follies, the childish Baubles and Toys that had just before been my Diversion, would have given me some Confusion, if my Case had been singular; but I met thousands of gay Spirits newly releas'd, who had perform'd their short Task, and finish'd their trifling Farces of Life; at the same time transported at their present superior Circumstances, they made the most agreeable Reflections on their past State. What Grandeur, what Vivacity, what Enlargement of their intellectual Powers! How sparkling,

E ling,

ling, how resembling the Angels of God their Forms! While a perfect Consciouſness, and exact Remembrance of what they were but a few Moments past, rais'd their Joy and Gratitude to the Height, and recommended Heaven it self.

T H E R E was one Circumſtance in my early Death, that makes me look on it as a peculiar Favour, in that I was remov'd by the juſt Diſpenſation of Heaven, from the Poſſeſſion of what is, in the ſtricteſt Equity, your Brother's Right. This Reflection, from a Principle of Juſtice and Truth, gave me an ineffable Satisfaction; ſince if I had liv'd, I had been the unhappy, tho' innocent Uſurper of a Rank and Inheritance, to which I had not the leaſt real Title. This, with a thouſand other Advantages, makes me bleſs the Period that free'd me from Mortality; that happy Moment that deliver'd me from Ignorance and Vanity; from the Errors, the Guilt, the Miſeries of
human

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 51

human Life; of which, tho' I had but little Experience, I am now fully inform'd of the State of my Fellow Creatures, and with what Toil and Hazard a longer Course of Years had been attended.

I REMEMBER no Engagement to the World, but my Affection for you; nor has Death effac'd the tender Impression, but what was then a natural Sympathy, is now a rational Esteem. I view with Pleasure your growing Virtue, and frequent my native World for your sake. There was something perfectly engaging in the guiltless Sorrow you express'd in my Sickness; and when my Eyes were clos'd in Death, you would have watch'd the breathless Clay, in hopes to wake me from the fatal Slumbers again; nor could the gloomy Solemnity of a Room of State, deter you from paying your Visits to the silent Relicks. If any thing could have tempted me to wish my self a Mortal again, it would have been the

tender Tears you shed for me. The only Intervals of human Life I review with Pleasure, are the Hours I spent with you : This gentle Passion was the Stamp of Heaven on my Soul, the first soft Impression it receiv'd, and it gains new Energy in these happy Regions, of pure Benificence and Love. This gives me a constant Sollicitude, while I see you on the Borders of such a Temptation. You are yet perfectly guiltless, and have done nothing unbecoming the Sanctity of Nature, and the chaste Affection of a Sister for a Brother ; but you are on the very Limits of Danger, a Step farther, the least Advance, involves you in Sin and Destruction. I know this Discovery will give you a secret Horror, and quench every kindling Desire. The Purity of your Virtue will start at the enchanting Error, that might have led you on to certain Perdition ; for young as you are, the contagious Spark is ready to kindle, and the lovely Boy
ap-

appears more alluring. Your mutual Conversation, and the early Dawning of superior Merit in both, endear'd you to each other, by such Sentiments, as only noble and virtuous Minds experience. But as a more late Discovery might have been fatal to your Innocence and Peace, I impatiently attended an Opportunity and Method to make you sensible of your Danger. I know, (tho' I have been dead four Years) you still remember me, and I have often heard you name me, and seen you with Delight gazing on my Picture; this made me resolve to appear to you when I saw you. The first Opportunity that pleas'd me, you were sitting, gazing at your own Reflection, and sticking Flowers in your Hair, to adorn it for your young Lover. I knew you had read of Fairies, and look'd at painted *Cupids* with Delight: In such a Poetical Form I thought you would have heard my Story, and been pleas'd with my Figure.

*While youthful Splendor lighten'd in
 my Eyes,
 Clear as the smiling Glory of the Skies.
 Sprinkled with radiant Gold, a Purple Hue
 My Wings display'd, my Robe celestial
 Blue.
 More white than Flax, my curling Tresses
 flow'd,
 My dimpled Cheeks with rosy Beauty
 glow'd.*

I COULD not have believ'd a
 Form more gay than those that glitter'd
 on your Fan, could have discompos'd
 you; but to my Surprize, I saw you
 faint away, before I had begun to
 speak to you. You soon recover'd
 from the Swoon, and returning to the
 House, told a Story, which you found
 no Body believ'd; so wise is the Age
 in which you live, as not to be impos'd
 on. You easily persuaded your self,
 'twas no more than a Dream. How-
 ever,

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 55
ever, I durst attempt your Courage no
more, but give you this important In-
formation, this Way; which, if you
should not credit, you are undone. In
this Admonition your Guardian Angel
joins with

ALEXIS.



E 4

LET,



L E T T E R X.

To LEONORA.



OUR Story of seeing an Apparition in the Garden, I perceive has frightened your whole Family, and not a Mortal durst venture into the haunted Walk, as they call it, after the Sun sets, but your Brother, to whom I have not the least Intention to shew my self. 'Twas only to you, my charming *Leonora*, the Visit was design'd. I flatter'd my self, your good Sense and uncommon Presence of Mind, would have guarded you from those unreasonable Fears.

As

As I expected, the fine Evening induc'd you to take your accustom'd Walk: The Sun was hardly set, when you enter'd a long Avenue of Trees, that led to a green flow'ry Arch, which look'd on a Sylvan Palace; here I seated myself in a human, and as I thought, a very agreeable Figure and Dress, and as much as possible, disguising the Splendor of Immortality, I imitated my mortal Form, and so plac'd myself, that by seeing me at a Distance, you might come nearer without Surprize, or retire if your Courage fail'd. As soon as you perceiv'd me, you stop'd in some Consternation, and seem'd in Suspense, whether you should go nearer, or make your Retreat. I durst not rise, nor make the least Offer to follow, for fear you should take your Flight with too much Speed and Disorder: And as you found I was a very civil Apparition, and would not intrude on your Retirement, you went off with a sober and
decent

decent Pace, often looking back to convince your self that what you saw was real. As soon as you had reach'd the House, I shifted my material Figure, for one more becoming the Dignity of the cælestial Condition, and being again invisible, I heard the fantastick Relation you gave your Brother, who told you, 'twas all the Effect of the Spleen, and obstinate Grief you had indulg'd since my Death; but you still asserted the Reality of what you told him; but he believed it no more than if he had heard it from the Pulpit.

You might have dismiss'd every Thought of Fear. I would not have injur'd you when I was a Mortal, liable to Folly and Error, much less in a State of Perfection and Happiness. There is not a Spark of Guilt or Malignity, left in virtuous Minds, when releas'd from their earthly Prison, all is gentle and kind, and their Concern for Human Welfare is infinitely more tender and disinterested than before.

THE

THE Terror with which Men fly us, would have something in it incredible, if we did not remember our own original Folly and Ignorance, but as we do, your strange Apprehensions only divert and entertain us. If you thought justly, you would have more Reason to run full speed from one another, than from us, who have neither Permission, nor Inclination to injure, but are ready to screen you in a thousand Dangers, and to promote your Interest with the most generous Concern, while you are entirely ignorant of your Benefactors. Were human Organs more refin'd, and your Perceptions heighten'd to a greater Delicacy, you would see a thousand Æthereal Forms in the full Bloom of immortal Beauty and undecaying Life, not fashion'd to give you Terror, but Love and Delight.

YOU see, my dear *Leonora*, I would fain cure your Prejudices, and reconcile you to the Society of Spirits, that you
may

may sometimes permit me to warn your unguarded Years, when Dangers and Snares attend you.

YOU know your Father left me the Guardian of your Fortune and Beauty, so favourable was his Opinion of me. This Circumstance made me miserable, and at once cut off all my future Views of Happiness. I had indulg'd a secret Passion for you, and flatter'd my self you had the same for me; but as my Birth and Fortune were much inferior to yours, I was resolv'd rather to die, than use the Advantage that was in my Power, or to violate the sacred Trust I had undertaken. By a thousand little soft Inadvertencies, you discover'd your Passion, but tho' secure of Success, I durst not seduce you into a Compliance of Marriage, so vastly below your high Rank and Character, nor take the Advantage of betraying your thoughtless Years, to an Action unbecoming your Quality and Fortune. My Soul
was

was unstain'd with any Design that was mean and selfish, and the entire Confidence your Father had in my Integrity and Conduct, fix'd my Resolution of acting up to the severest Rules of Virtue and Truth. But to what Distress was I reduc'd! I lov'd you to Madness, while I never approach'd you but with a dissembled Indifference. This Restraint, and the constant Agitation of my Thoughts, disorder'd my Health, and threw me into a violent Fever, which soon finish'd my Life. The Justice and Fidelity of my Conduct found its immense Reward, and left me nothing to repent of, but the giving my Trust entirely to your Brother's Care, whose licentious Manners will expose you to a thousand Dangers. To repair this Negligence, I would fain have induc'd you to a Conversation, that might have directed your Conduct, and fortified your Virtue by my friendly Admonition; but since your Fears
put

put it out of my Power ever to be visible to you again, I must take this Way to convince you how unchangeable my Concern for your Happiness is. Oh let it not be dearer to me than it is to your self!

CLERIMONT.



L E T



L E T T E R X I .

To the same.



LEAVE your fellow Mortals to congratulate your Recovery, but I must own 'twas a Disappointment to me. You were on the Confines of Immortality, the Angels, who are Ministering Spirits to the Heirs of Salvation, had prepar'd their Song of Triumph to receive you: I had wreath'd a Garland of the fairest Flowers that bloom'd in the Paradise of God, to crown such early and distinguish'd Virtue. With Impatience I numbred your Moments, and expected every one would be your last. The sparkling Vivacity of your Eyes expir'd, the Roses

on your Cheeks vanish'd into a mortal Paleness, and the Springs of Life seem'd just ready to cease their Motion; when he, who governs Nature with a supream Command, restor'd you back to Health. Your Recovery was surprizing, even to Angels, who tho' ignorant of the various Limits the Sovereign Disposer has set to human Life, yet they often make exact Conjectures of the Course of second Causes, and the Period of mortal Lives.

YOU are certainly given back as a Blessing to the World; your Example may yet make a thousand Profelytes to Virtue: But for my Part, nothing but the Will of Heaven could reconcile me to this Dispensation. When you was just in the Harbour to be tost back again on the tempestuous Ocean: When you had welcom'd Death as your kind Deliverer, ready to free you from *Cassander's* Importunity, and your Brother's Tyranny, who will do his utmost to compel you to this detestable Marriage.

But

But your Constancy to refuse it, is of the highest Importance to your present and future Happiness: He is already married under a borrowed Name, to a young and beautiful *Italian*, whom he stole from her Parents, and after he had liv'd two Months conceal'd with her, the perjur'd Man left and abandon'd her to Misery. In the Height of her Anguish, she put her self into a Nunnery, where she wasts her Days in a reluctant and unprofitable Devotion; for true Religion cannot exist but by our Choice. Necessity can give nothing but the Appearance of it.

THIS is a Secret, of which you would never have been inform'd by any Human Means: If you discover it to your Brother, it will deliver you from the Violence which he is determin'd to use, to force you to wed *Cassander*, another Name for *Misery*.

'Tis a disinterested Concern for you, that makes me give you this Advice. There is no Jealousy in heavenly Minds,
F they

they know their Preheminence, and should they appear in their celestial Splendor, the most perfect Beauty of the Children of Men, would wither in their Presence. But Vanity and Emulation are no more, and all selfish Designs are unknown in these happy Continents. You may, by making a proper Use of this Notice, provide for your own Happiness; but blessed be the great Author of all Good! you can't add to mine.

CLERIMONT.



L E T-



LETTER XII.

To my dear Brother.



O U R Friend, the unhappy *Carlos*, died this Night at *Naples*. I was willing to surprize you with this Intelligence, in a Way which no human Speed can reach.

I W I S H my Endeavours for your Reformation, may have more Success now, than they had when I was in a State of Mortality. I am perswaded if you had seen the Exit of the wretched Youth, who had been the Companion of your Riots, it would have convinc'd you of the falshood of his Principles, and how little support the thoughts of falling back into his original Nothing

F 2

gave

gave him, when the gloomy Hour approach'd in which he was to lose the Sight of the Sun and Stars, with all the visible Beauties of Nature for ever.

To be insensible! ----- To be no more! ----- To find his Eyes closing in an eternal Sleep! gave him inexpressible Horrors. --- But if this was the worst that he apprehended, never did Mortal give up his Life in a manner more cowardly and inconsistent: He durst not bear Darkness or Solitude one Moment: He started at a Shadow, and shew'd a more than childish Fear and Weakness in his Actions: He even beg'd his Physicians to flatter him with the Hopes of Life, and not let him know if they thought his Case desperate: He charg'd his Attendant not to mention Death or the Grave, nor to speak a serious Word in his hearing. Tho' his Affairs were in the utmost Disorder, no Person durst venture to advise him to settle them by a Will: But all these Cautions gave him no Relief. The
Anguish,

Anguish, the Guilt, the Confusion of his Mind, was visible in his Looks. The abandon'd *Amoret*, who had followed him in the Disguise of a Page, was seldom permitted to see him; and when ever she approach'd him, he trembled, and fell into the greatest Agonies, clos'd his Eyes, or turn'd them from her, but spoke nothing to support her in the Distress he had brought on her, nor express'd the least Remorse, for having seduc'd her to leave the noble *Sebastian*, to whom she was engag'd by Marriage Vows, and a thousand tender Obligations. His Peevishness and Impatience were insufferable, and even despicable to his own Servants. When the Medicines he took, had not their expected Success, he reproach'd his Physicians with Negligence or want of Skill; and yet by Intervals, implor'd their Assistance, as if his Being it self depended on their Art. His Senses were perfect to the last Gasp; with Amazement he saw the universal Terror make its slow

and dreadful Approaches; and after a tedious and painful Struggle, yielded to the gloomy Conqueror, and with a deep Groan, gave up his Breath, and went to make the great Experiment. I hope this Account of your Friend's Death, will have the happy Effect I design'd in it, and make you recollect the Counsel I gave you with my dying Breath: The best Legacy I could bequeath, if I had had Empires to dispose of.

MY dear Brother, I can have no selfish Motives now, in endeavouring to reclaim your Extravagances. In this superior State, my Concern for your Happiness must be all abstract and generous. The Acknowledgements of indigent, miserable Mortals, signify nothing to Spirits exalted, to celestial Dignities, in the full Enjoyment of immortal Pleasures: But this gives them the most kind and beneficent Dispositions to erring Men, whom they would fain allure into the Paths that lead to Happiness.

Happiness. Those glimmering Sparks of Goodness and Amity which in your cold Regions are but just dawning in virtuous Minds, in these warmer Climates, acquire new Ardour, and burn with eternal Splendor.

I HAVE more Zeal than ever for your Interest, and let me recal, but not reproach you, with the Obligations you have to pay some Regard to my Advice. You know, when we lost the best of Parents, that he left his whole Estate to my Disposal, with such a moderate Fortune to your Share, as must have restrain'd your wild Expences: But when I found you had some Sense of your Folly, in hopes to reform you, by generous Treatment, I immediately settled on you half the vast Fortune that was in my Power. I will not urge my venturing my Life in your Defence, when assaulted in our Travels, for this was but an Action of Humanity, which every brave Man owes to a perfect Stranger; But I must insist on the Merit

of resigning my Pretensions to the lovely *Bellamira*, for you. She was all the Joy, the Hope, I had on Earth. I lov'd her as I lov'd Virtue and Happiness, and yet when you discover'd to me the Anguish and Disorder of your Mind, and your violent Passion for her, I made a Retreat, and left the weeping Beauty to reproach me with a Levity and Indifference, to which my Heart was a Stranger; disguis'd my tender Inclination, and pleaded yours with such Success, that she yielded to your Request, and gave her matchless Charms, and immense Fortune, to your Possession.

BUT this advantageous Match had not the Effect I hop'd, nor was the least Restraint to your licentious Manner of Life. You acted a shameful Part in assisting *Carlos* in his Affair with *Amoret*, and a more shameful one in promising to protect and support her, if he abandon'd her, when you knew what repeated Favours you had receiv'd
from

from the injur'd and generous *Sebastian*.
Your treacherous and ungrateful Treatment of a Man of his exalted Merit, fills me with the greatest Remorse and Confusion. A thousand and a thousand Times I have reproach'd my self, for having been the unhappy Instrument of *Bellamira's* Ruin, who pin'd beneath her Grief, like a fair Flower blasted in its Prime. I never met her Eyes, but she might have seen the Remorse and Confusion of my Soul. The Negligence and Contempt with which you treated the best of Women, sunk my youthful Spirits, damp'd my noblest Designs, and clouded the gayest Season of my Life. While Death made its slow and silent Approaches, the last Favour I beg'd of you, was to be just to your unhappy Wife, in breaking all Engagements with the lewd and infamous *Amoret*. This you promis'd me with a religious Solemnity; but I know her present Distress, though the just effect and reward of her Crimes, will be your
Snare.

Snare. She is all Enchantment, and will, I fear, be your Ruin; but if you reject my Advice, take this Caution from a Royal Penitent, *Her House is the way to Death, and her Gates lead down to Hell.* And I desire you to consider seriously, that this Admonition must *rescue* you from, or *double* your Guilt.

CLEANDER.



L E T-



LETTER XIII.

To



HOWEVER different my present manner of Existence is, from my former State, my Affection to the fair *Climene* is unchang'd. As I live, and act in a way inexpressibly superior to mortal Life, so the beneficent Dispositions of my Nature, rise to a more noble and generous Height. My Concern for your Happiness is more tender and disinterested than ever: I have guarded your nightly Slumbers, waited on your solitary Walks, and follow'd you like your Attendant Angel; who pleas'd with my officious Care, has often left you to my Charge. Your present

present Danger gives me as much Anxiety, as consists with a State of Happiness. I could not refrain from giving you this Warning, which to your Surprise, you'll find on your Toilet, among Trifles, the most its Reverse.

YOU are, O too credulous Fair! on the very Brink of Ruin: Treachery and Delusion are in *Alcander's* Eyes and Tongue, and if you keep this Night's Appointment with him, you are undone. Infamy and Perdition are before you: The evil *Genii*, that envy the Happiness of the human Race, already insult my pious Care; and your celestial Guardian seems half resolv'd to quit his Trust; the tender Grief hangs on his beautiful Face, like a Cloud on the rosy Morning; and in the deepest Silence of the Night, when the Creation seem'd lull'd in an universal Slumber, in the Gloom of a neighbouring Grove, that you often frequent, I heard him tune his Silver Lute, to
 Strains

Strains soft and languishing as those, in which the Heavenly Ministers mourn'd the Loss of Paradise, and the bold Transgression of the first Woman that fell.

AND yours, unhappy Maid, will be a Fall from the Heights of Honour, from the very Triumph of Virtue. What can Man believe? What can the Sex boast, when such Innocence, such Truth, such Modesty as yours, are perverted? Vice will insult, to find *Climene* among her Votaries, and hardly believe her own Conquest; surpriz'd like the barbarous *Gauls* in the *Roman* Senate, who thought it an Assembly of Gods, 'till they saw them bleed.

WITH what a profligate Air, with what insolent Vanity, did your young Seducer leave you last Night? How proud of his un-expected Success, when he had gain'd your Consent to the guilty Assignation.

I STAY'D with you, an unseen Witness of the Remorse and Confusion
in

in which he left you. How disorder'd! how uneasy! how unlike your self did you appear! 'Twas your usual Hour of Devotion, a Bible lay near, which you took in your Hand, but durst not open, for fear the Sanctity of its Rules should reproach you. The Distraction of your Thoughts, gave me Hopes that you would recover your self, and break the guilty Engagement you had made. To confirm your doubtful Virtue, I was on the Point of making my self visible, but the unaccountable Fear that Mortals have of the Inhabitants of the Immaterial Worlds, restrain'd me, lest the Effect should have been fatal to your timorous Temper, however gentle and propitious my Appearance and Address had been; and I thought this Letter might less surprize, and more calmly persuade you.

YOU have yet a few Hours to recollect your self, and sure you will not give up an unblemish'd Reputation,
with

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 79

with all the Peace and Innocence of your Mind, to this blind extravagant Passion. Besides, the Injustice to the unhappy *Silvia*, to whom *Alcander* is engag'd by a thousand Vows, and who now pines away in Obscurity, a Victim to his Falshood and Perjury. Be virtuous and compassionate, be kind to her, and just to your self.

AFTER this Warning, even from the Dead, your Crime will be aggravated. You must deliberately venture on Perdition, and damn your self with Design and sober Reflection. You must desperately give up your Title to celestial Happiness, to the Worlds of Life and *Pleasure*, of immortal *Beauty* and *Youth*. O how superior to that, with which you are at this Instant, so fatally enamour'd below !



L E T-



L E T T E R XIV.

To



Y dear Sister, I have often, since I left the World, had the Priviledge to supply the Place of your Guardian Angel. I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death; and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I CAN give you no Account, how my Soul was releas'd: I fell asleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentlest Slumbers of Innocence and Peace, awak'd in immortal Blifs. (How common is sudden Death?) I found my
self

self in a Moment, got above the Stars, and out-shining the Sun in its Meridian Splendor. Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallow'd up of Life and Immortality. O Death! I cry'd in the Exaltation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Terrors! where is thy boasted Victory? where is thy Scepter and Imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State, and dreadful Attendants? where are thy vast Dominions, the cheerless and formless Darkness, the Shade and the Emptyness, the Seats of Corruption and Decay?

THE Spell is broken! the Enchantment is dissolv'd! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the visionary Terrors fly! the celestial Morning dawns, and charming Scenes arise: But oh! how boundless! how various! how transporting the Prospect!

STILL lost in Joy and Wonder, tell me, I said, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround me, what easy

G

Passage

Passage has my Spirit found from its mortal Prison? What gentle Hand has unlock'd my earthly Fetters, and brought me out of Darkness and Confinement, into immense Light and Liberty? Who was the kind Messenger, that convey'd the welcome Invitation to my Ear? What melodious Voice call'd me away from yonder cold tempestuous Regions, to these soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found my Passage through the tractless Æther, and gain'd the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, a flattering Vision? Oh no! 'tis all blisful and transporting Certainty; I see, I hear Things unutterable, such as never enter'd into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive. Read and believe; believe and be happy.

YOU see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely

timely Fate. Could I be happy too soon ?


I LEFT the World indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure. But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Virtue, in a longer Tryal: 'Twas indulgent in Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me with the Rewards of Victory. 'Tis past the Toil, the Danger, and all to come is endless Peace and Triumph.

IF you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it, as you will certainly do on your Death-bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous ; I only can *design* it beneficial, you may *make* it so.



L E T T E R X V .

To

 IS past! the Voyage of Life is finish'd. Instead of informing you, that I am arriv'd at the *Indian* Coasts, this is to let you know, that I am safely landed on the celestial Shores. The Vessel on which I was embark'd, by a Tempest sunk to the Bottom of the Ocean, and the Angel of the Waters receiv'd my newly unembodiy'd Soul.

I WAS surpriz'd at the different Manner of my existence; I breath'd indeed no longer, but I liv'd, I heard, I saw, with a more exquisite Sense than before. But a few Moments were past since the raging Billows carry'd

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 85

carry'd Destruction in their Appearance,
and now, I mov'd unterrified through
the Deeps, and survey'd the Foundation
of the antient Hills. The Regent of
the Waters, pleas'd with my Curiosity,
led me through his Chrystal Palaces,
and Coral Groves; shew'd me the
Pearly Grotto's, and Alcoves of Am-
ber, with a thousand Wonders, kept
secret from the Race of Men, since the
Basis of the Mountains were laid. As
soon as I had gone the Round of the
liquid Regions, an Ætherial Messenger
took me under his Conduct: I follow'd
my gentle Guide, thro' the airy Spaces,
and here was all Novelty and Surprize:
I made the Tour of the Universe, and
explor'd the Limits of the Creation,
with unspeakable Agility: I mov'd
from Star to Star, and met ten thou-
sand Suns blazing in full Glory, with-
out Fear or Consternation: I follow'd
the Track of prodigious Comets, that
drew their flaming Trains o'er half the
Sky. From the Planetary Regions I

ascended with the Ease and Swiftneſs of a Thought, to the ſuperior Heaven, the imperial Palace of the Moſt High; but here Deſcription fails, and all beyond is unutterable.

THIS is the only Account you can poſſibly receive of my Death, which your own Fears had ſo truly preſag'd at our Parting: And this, my much-lov'd *Henrietta*, I hope will put an end to all your Anxiety; for ſince the Change has prov'd ſo happy for me, you are too much my *Friend*, to be concern'd thereat.

PHILANDER.



LET



LETTER XVI.

*To my Lord * * *.*

My Dear Brother,



S immaterial Beings mingle unseen in what Society they please, I had the Curiosity last Night, to know your Thoughts of what had happened to you the Night before, and I heard you make a very gay Declamation to some of your free Companions, on the Power of Fancy and the Strength of your own Imagination. But really, my Lord, you are not so visionary and extravagant as you represented your self. There is nothing more certain than what you saw and heard, and you might have credited your Senses without so

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much

much Diffidence and Modesty, which you turn into a Vice.

YOU have but a few Weeks, my dear Brother, to live, your Sands are numbered, and your last Hour is determin'd. I obtain'd a Permission seldom allow'd, to give you some Warning of your approaching Fate.

I CHOSE the Opportunity, when I found you in a clear Moon-light Night, sitting in a pensive Posture, by the Side of a Fountain in your Garden: To gain Credit to my Message, I stood before you, in the Splendor of a heavenly Form, and the Bloom of immortal Beauty; but so resembling my former self, that in your Surprise, you call'd me Sister, and step'd forward to embrace me; I durst not profane my self by a mortal Touch, but deluding your Arms, plac'd my self before you on the opposite Side of the Canal. I stood silent some Time, that you might be recollected; and then setting a Golden Lute, which I
had

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 89

had in my Hand, to one of the melodious Strains, which Angels sing to expiring Saints, when they would soften the Agonies of Death, and make its Terrors smile : In those languishing and melting Notes, I gave you an Invitation to the starry Mansions, believing this would have a much better Effect than any thing terrible, to one of your undaunted Temper, I deliver'd my Message, and in an Instant disappear'd.

I HAVE repeated these Circumstances to you, as a Proof that all was real, and neither a Dream, nor a waking Reverie, as you have persuaded your self. But since no Mortal knows this, but your self, and you conceal'd the greatest Part of this Relation from your gay Friends, when you was so eloquent on the Wonders of Imagination, I hope this will find its wish'd Success, and put you on the most exact Preparation, to meet with a Christian Fortitude, the greatest Terror that mortal

tal

tal Man can encounter. Tho' your Life has been unstain'd with any base or unjust Action, there are some Levities in your Conversation, that require your speedy Penitence and Reformation; or seeming *Trifles* will enlarge themselves into the greatest *Terrors*.

'TIS a serious thing, my Lord, to die; you thought so, when with the most tender Concern you saw me shivering and pale, anxious and fearful, on the very Borders of Life, doubtful to enter, and terrify'd at the Darkness that hung on the gloomy Valley; when even the Follies of my Childhood, which was hardly past, and the slightest Errors of my Youth sat heavy on my Soul.

AND oh! how unwillingly did my Soul quit its agreeable Mansion! how many soft Engagements made me fond of Life! The charming Youth to whom I was contracted by my Parents, detain'd me with his Tears; had Angels beckon'd me to the Skies, that
melt-

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 91

melting Language would have tempted me back.

Y O U little think, my dear Brother, what Regularity of the Passions, what Sanctity of Manners, are necessary to take off the Horrors of Death, and make that gloomy Monarch wear a smiling Aspect.

T A K E this friendly Admonition, and be for ever happy; then will that Relation which is now between us still subsist, and I shall be, in Joys inexpressible, your *Sister* to all Eternity,

S E R E N A.



L E T-



L E T T E R X V I I .

To PHILOCLES, *from* IBRAHIM,
a Turkish Bassa.



WAS you, my dear *Philocles*, that Heaven made the Instrument of my Conversion to Christianity. But while I was in a State of Mortality, 'twas impossible for me to know the Greatness of my Obligations to you, and to what Height of Felicity your friendly Instructions directed me. How low, how disproportion'd were my Expectations, to the Grandeur of my present Happiness! How superior is it, even to those noble Ideas your Description gave me of Celestial

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 23

lestial Joys! As you converted me to, let me establish you in the only true Religion.

WHAT Reason have I to bless the Moment that began our Acquaintance, and the Event that plac'd your Character to my View, in such an agreeable Light? There was indeed something in your whole Conduct so artless, so sincere, so conformable to the strictest Rules of Truth and Justice, that I at once quitted my Prejudices to the Faith you avow'd. The Christian (which is not always the Case) recommended Christianity.

THE Negotiations I had with you when you were Consul for the States of *Holland*, at *Smyrna*, gave me numerous Instances of your honest and generous Disposition: But nothing surpriz'd me more, than seeing you venture your Life in a dreadful Storm, to save a *Portuguese*, your mortal Enemy, whose Vessel was just overset, and himself
ready

ready to sink amidst the threatening Waves, which he 'till then imagin'd less his Foe than your self.

I WAS Witness to the godlike Action, and immediately concluded, that there must be something divine in a Religion, that could raise human Nature to such an Height of Benificence. It was all resistless Conviction, my Soul confess'd its Force, while I consider'd with what a becoming Modesty you receiv'd the Acknowledgments of your Adversary, as calmly as for some trifling Favour, you would have accepted the Thanks of your sincerest Friend. You seem'd conscious of having done nothing extraordinary, nothing but what was suitable to the constant Disposition of your Mind, if Heaven had favour'd you with more frequent Occasions of performing such Heroic Actions. You have a Sense to make what is *Heroic, Common.*

IT was a Charity truly divine, that made you hazard your Life, and expose it to the worst of Torments, to rescue me from Error. I was more inquisitive than the Laws of the *Alchoran* allow'd, which induc'd me to seek so many Opportunities of conversing with you. Without the least Caution or Regard to your own Safety, you left your self to the Mercy of an Infidel, satisfy'd my Scruples, and importun'd me to quit the *Mahometan* Faith. Your Conduct was all Demonstration, and convinc'd me, that nothing but Heavenly Truth, could inspire you with such Fortitude, and kindle in your Soul a Charity so perfectly disinterested. I was soon vanquish'd, and became a joyful Profelyte to the *Christian* Principles, nor found the least Regret in leaving my native Soil, to follow you to the *Hague*, where I might openly profess the Faith I had embrac'd, and be in the Right with Impunity.

IT

IT was not long before a Fever seiz'd me. When I found the Symptoms mortal, I sent for you to ease my burthen'd Soul of the only Care that oppress'd it, but before you came my Speech was lost : However, the Discovery was of such Importance, that it still engages my Concern ; nor is there any Person whose Fidelity I can depend on like yours.

I purchas'd a beautiful *Grecian* Slave, the first and only Object of my Love. Tho' she was in my Power, I only attempted by gentle Methods to gain her Affections, but in vain ; her *Christian* Belief still set the View of future Rewards and Punishments before her, and check'd her softest Inclinations. To conquer her Vertue, I was induc'd to pervert her to the Doctrines of the *Alchoran*. As absurdly as I reason'd, she was soon convinc'd that her Soul was as perishing as her Body, and that there was no Prospect of Immortality for any
of

of her Sex ; that present Joys were all she could expect, and in losing Youth and Love she lost the highest End of her Creation. Too soon the fair Apostate believ'd my detested Doctrines, and took the Poison from my Tongue, renounc'd the great Messiah, and embrac'd the idle Dreams of an Impostor ; gave up her Claim to Immortality, and yielded herself to my licentious Wishes. Thus free from the Restraints of Religion, the fair Libertine grew dissolute and prophane beyond the Limits of her Sex. Her sportive Wit, and boundless Vanity, now ridicul'd all that she once thought sacred. There was something so wild, so unnatural in her Impiety, that I half repented my Success, but never was truly sensible of the Injury I had done her, 'till I was convinc'd of the Truth of *Christianity*. 'Tis this unspeakable Damage that I hope you will find some Method to repair. 'Twill not be impossible, by some of your Friends, to find Access to her. She is

H

now

now at my Brother's Disposal; her Ran-
some will be easy, and a Charity worthy
your Character. Your *Charity* will re-
deem her Person, your *Example* her
Mind, from a more deplorable Slavery.

I B R A H I M,



L E T.



L E T T E R X V I I I .

To a Son from his deceas'd Father.



IF there is the least Spark of filial Gratitude in your Breast ; if there is any Deference due to the Memory of a once indulgent Father, I charge you to recal the Challenge you have sent. — What shall I say — not to your Adversary — but to your generous, your well-meaning Friend. His Admonitions were just, and the Relation he gave you undoubted Fact. You know in your Conscience, the Woman you vindicate, has neither Vertue nor Reputation to defend, while you are daring Death, and all the Horrors

that ensue, to justify a known Falshood; and purchase *Shame* with *Heaven*.

If you are kill'd in this mad Duel, the Moment you breathe your last, you will mingle with a Society that make very different Judgments of Things, from what pass for Maxims of Honour among Mortals. You will appear with a very ill Grace, and on a most impertinent Occasion, among the Spirits of Darknes, to whom you will be an eternal Object of Derision. The boasted Beauty and Charms of your Mistress, will be but a poor Excuse for your Gallantry, tho' you should tell them in *Heroicks*, how the World has been lost for a Woman.

THESE Extravagancies will vanish with Mortality: Death will draw the Veil, and place more serious Scenes in View. You will find how cheaply you have sold immortal Glory, and curse the fond Enchantment that led you on to Destruction. Detesting that most, the Love of which is now your Inducement to Ruin.

BUT

BUT ask yourself, What is the Virtue of this fine Lady, in defence of whom you are going with such Bravery to die? What is this Honour you are giving up your Life, and all your Hopes of Salvation to maintain?

This guiltless lovely Woman, is only perjur'd to her Marriage Vows: This Angel, this divine Creature, does but deceive, does but expose to Infamy, the best of Husbands: She does but return his unequal'd Tenderneſs, and constant Affection to her, with artful Fondneſs, and diſſembled Complaiſance: She is but inſenſible to the Merit of a Man who is his Country's Ornament and Pride; a Perſon of the moſt graceful Appearance, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the nicest of the Fair Sex; liberal and magnificent, obliging and ſincere above all Diſguiſe; and who, from his own conſcious Honour, entirely confides in this artful Woman, whom he rais'd from Diſtreſs and Obſcurity. Charm'd with her Beauty and

dissembled Affection for him, he has indulg'd all her wild Ambition, gratify'd her boundless Vanity, and set no more Limits to her Expences, than you now to your Folly.

THIS is the unhappy Man you would expose to the Jest of every senseless Rake, by a publick Quarrel for the Reputation of his Wife. What *Enmity* could be so cruel as this *Defence*.

AND this is the dear innocent Charmer, whose Vertue, you would justify, even by damning yourself, and murdering the generous *Lindamor*, your best, your experienc'd Friend, whose Sincerity has been his only Crime: Be not so *shamefully* valiant.

WITH what Confusion must you draw your Sword on a Man, to whom you have such a Series of Obligations? How often has he supply'd the Necessities to which your extravagant Gaming has reduc'd you, and discharg'd your Debts of Honour, as you call them? And what was his Offence now? but setting

ing

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 103

ing the Character of an infamous Woman in its true Light, with a kind Intention to reclaim you from your Dotage.

WHAT a fatal Influence has this dissolute Passion had on your Mind! How profligate your Manners! How unlike to the first Part of your Life! When a noble Inclination govern'd your Soul, and the lovely *Erminia* was all your Joy. Oh! may her youthful Charms recover you, and animate your Mind to glorious Actions. Your King, your Country, the *Protestant* Cause, the Rights and Liberties of human Nature, now require your Courage, and find better Employment for your Sword than to assassinate your Friends. If you are truly brave, have the *Courage* to submit; the only Way to conquer him.

EUSEBIUS.

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L E T



L E T T E R XIX.

*To my Lord -----, from his de-
ceas'd Wife.*



OUR present Confinement by a slow Recovery from a dangerous Sicknes, makes me hope this may prove a Time to prevail with you, to pity the injur'd *Sylviana*, and be just to your Obligations to her.

YOU once lov'd me, my Lord, and while I liv'd, the guiltless Passion had an Effect on your whole Conduct: But your Grief for me, gave a very extravagant Turn to your Mind, and instead of leading you to a superior, a reasonable Happiness, you have abandon'd

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 105

don'd your self to the Heights of Sensuality; you have pursued Pleasure, in every tempting Disguise; refin'd on Vice, and turn'd it into a Science; and are too truly learn'd in it.

YOUR stately Rooms have sounded with nightly Revels, and loose enchanting Songs; your Groves and fragrant Gardens have been devoted to Luxury, and infamous Delights; the Shades and Fountains have been Witnesses to Scenes, unbecoming their chaste Retreats; you have found out new Ways to Perdition, and set no Limits to your dissolute Inclinations, which survive *Satiety* itself.

BUT under this gay Disguise, this Triumph of Vanity and Madness, you have not known an Interval of Happiness, that has been sincere: You could not conquer your own good Sense, nor wholly forget the Restraints of a noble Education. I have been Witness to your secret Remorse, your penitent Soliloquies: I have seen you recollect
your

your self, assume your native Greatness ; heard you with the most moving Eloquence lament your Folly, and assent to all the Rules of Temperance and Virtue ; assent to, and violate the same Hour.

YOU have relaps'd to your usual Extravagance, 'till this dangerous Sickness set the Terrors of Death in your View : 'Twas then you confess'd your Injustice to the charming *Sylviana*, it hung on your Soul, and appear'd with a thousand Aggravations ; nor will you ever know Peace, 'till you have confirm'd your Vows, and the absolute Obligations you are under, to marry her. Obligations to be happy, methinks, should be easily comply'd with.

How happy was the lovely Maid, in her humble Circumstances ! how bless'd in her spotless Innocence ! 'till Chance (in your rural Excursions) led you in a luckless Hour, to the verdant Shade, where you found her retir'd to
screen

screen her self from the mid-day Sun, unmolested with the Cares of Love or Ambition.

THE natural Elegance, the Modesty, and Easiness of her Behaviour, fir'd your Thoughts, and partly by Violence, and partly with the most solemn Vows of Marriage, you ruin'd her.

BUT what unaffected Sorrow, what Remorse, that fatal Moment cost her, you have often witness'd ? with what graceful Pride has she since refus'd the least Favour, and been inflexible to your softest Persuasions, on any Terms, but the Marriage you promis'd her ? How moving have her Tears been ! how just her Complaints ! what a Pomp of Vertue, what a conscious Greatness has appear'd in her Aspect, when by your artful Addresses you have again endeavour'd to seduce her : Nor Presents, nor Equipage, nor the most profuse Settlement you have offer'd her, has tempted her to act in any Character,
but

but what Virtue might own, in the View of Heaven, and the World. Her very Crime, with you, should have the Force of Vertue in it.

YOUR Quality, my Lord, does not absolve you from the divine Laws, nor give a Sanction to Perjury, but rather inforces the Obligations of Equity and Truth. In real Merit, the fair *Sylviana* is not your Inferior; but if she were, Heaven does not dispense with the Rules of Justice on the account of airy Titles, and imaginary Distinctions of Birth. The highest Satisfaction that you can make, may perhaps never give her that Tranquility she enjoy'd in her first humble Circumstances. Could you restore her lost Innocence, she would be more bless'd in that, than in all the Grandeur to which you can raise her. You may alleviate her Misfortune, you can not make full Amends.

NOR can the Loss of a tender Parent be repair'd. With a modest Ingenuity
the

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 109

the injur'd Nymph confess'd her Crime
to her pious Mother, who was so op-
press'd with the Thoughts of such an
Infamy, that in a few Weeks she ex-
pir'd, and left her beauteous Daughter,
to weep out her solitary Hours. Her
Distress demands your Compassion;
and by an Action of Justice to her,
you will secure your future Peace and
Happiness; and shew your Grati-
tude to

MARIANA.



LET



L E T T E R XX.

To VARRIUS.



YOU have soon forgot my dying Admonitions, and the Promise you made me, to quit the guilty Amour you are still pursuing. Can you with Deliberation, with Reflection, proceed in a Design which must, if you succeed, plunge the beautiful *Cleora* in Guilt and Infamy, whom you love? What could Hatred do more?

BUT with what Horror ought you to reflect on the Injury you are doing to the generous *Alphonsus*, your Friend, your Benefactor: Is there nothing engaging in those Titles? Or rather are they not Words of the most sacred Importance?

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 111

portance? Make it not the future Interest of Mankind to be your Foes.

A MAN of your pretended Honour, could not bear the Reproach of a Lye, and yet you are acting a Lye; practising the vilest Treachery, and exposing a Person of Merit to Ridicule. This, however unjust, must be the Consequence of your Success, while he, secure in his own Worth and Integrity, continues to care for the Wretch that injures him. How can you support the Stings of his Kindness to you?

To this injur'd, this generous Man, you owe the Height of your Fortune: 'Twas his Interest alone that brought you into Publick Trust and Reputation: To requite him, you are violating all the Laws of Humanity, bringing Infamy on his Family, and secretly endeavouring to rival him in the Affections of his charming Wife, the Object of all his virtuous Joys; of which, from whom could he more properly exact the Protection, than from you?

CAN

CAN you, unmov'd, recal the Distress into which a Crime of this Nature plung'd my heedless Youth? What Remorse, what Confusion, a Moment's Madness cost me? You was the only Confident to whom I discover'd the secret Wound it gave my bleeding Soul.

BUT how fatal was that one Sally of an extravagant Passion to all my future Repose? Despair and Horror fill'd my Breast, when I consider'd the Injury I had done was beyond Reparation. Retirement was no more my Sanctuary from the noisy Crowd; the Image of my Crime pursued me with inexpressible Terrors. The innocent Diversions of Life were tasteless; Musick and Wit had lost their Charms: The Proposals of Pleasure were like Jest to dying Men, like Recreations to the Damn'd. Whatever Decency appear'd in my Publick Behaviour, you were Witness to the private Intervals of my Grief, and gave some Relief to
my

from the DEAD to the LIVING. 113

my Anguish, hearing my Complaints with an obliging Attention. But Nature, after all its Efforts sunk; the Pride of my Youth yielded to the gloomy Distemper: Yet the Sincerity of my Repentance found Acceptance; and, as my last Hour approach'd, some propitious Spirit breath'd Peace, and divine Consolation to my Soul; and in these gentle Whispers reprov'd my Infidelity.

*Why should presumptuous Man, with
feeble Doubt,
And Impotence of Thought, mark out the
Bounds
Of Clemency divine. ----- What Tongue
shall dare
Pronounce, with impious Vanity, these
Words?*

*Thus far, nor farther, thy exulting
Waves,
O thou Abyss of sacred Love, shall roll;
I Here*

*Here thy triumphant Billows shall retire,
Nor pass the Bounds of human Diffidence.*

BUT however serene the last Scene of my Life was, I would not, for all the Joys the lower Creation could give, endure the Distraction and Remorse that one Error cost me. Are you soft'en'd at the Complaints of my Misery? be terrify'd at the Approaches of your own.

THUS warn'd, I hope you will retire. A Thousand Accidents have hitherto prevented your Guilt, and cross'd the Madness of your Love: Some Pause of Reason, some Effort of Virtue may, at last, recover you from the Paths of Ruin. Comply with Reason and Virtue, with Honour and Friendship, with your own Happiness, and that of others; with the Interest of the Living, and the Desires of the Dead.

THEODOSIUS.

T H O U G H T S



THOUGHTS
ON
DEATH.

*Translated from the MORAL ESSAYS,
of the Messieurs du Port Royal.*



B EYOND the Address
which Men have, never
to think of Death, but as
at a very great Distance,
nor to view it, but in
some other Person, without putting
themselves one Moment in the Place

of the Dying: They have yet a farther Art to delude themselves, by forming such a general and confus'd Idea, as conceals from them all that is most terrible in Death.

THEY conceive little else of this State, but as a Privation of Sense, and a Separation from the Commerce of Life; so that when they say, a Man is dead, they only mean, that they see him no more, and that he shares no longer in the Affairs of the World. In a Word, their Idea of Death is only form'd on what Men cease to do in dying, and not on what they begin to do and feel, while yet it is that which constitutes its most dreadful Circumstance.

DEATH indeed is a Privation of Life, and human Action, but it is a Privation which is felt, and produces surprizing Effects in the Soul. In order to comprehend these Effects, it is necessary to consider, that while the Soul is united to the Body, its At-
tention

tention is divided by divers Kinds of Sensations, Imaginations, and Passions; it feels the Objects which act on the Body, according to their different Manner of Influence; and these different Ways of perceiving, are call'd Sensations. On these the Soul forms its Ideas of all things, to which it is united by its Passions, and is always employ'd about these Objects, and not only employ'd, but leans and reposes on them, when it is not entirely united to God: For not being made with a Capacity to sustain it self, the Soul necessarily seeks some foreign Support. It was form'd to know and love, but finding nothing within sufficient to satisfy these Inclinations, it is forc'd with some other Objects to fill the Void it finds in it self. Some of these Objects make agreeable Impressions on the Sense; others content our Curiosity and Vanity; others relieve the Mind, by turning

it from things which appear disgusting; some nourish its Hopes, while others fortify it against its Fears. The Soul inclines to all the Objects of Sense, and is engag'd and supported by them, in such a Manner, that it can not prove a Separation without Pain and Emotion.

WE are not always sensible of these Tyes, but the Soul begins to feel them, when it comes to be separated from what it loves: It has then a Sense of the Privation, proportionable to its Union with them: So true is that Maxim of St. *Augustin*, " 'Tis impossible to loose any Thing without Sorrow, but what we possess without Passion".

THERE are few Persons free from an infinite Number of these Engagements; and though we are ignorant of them, 'till an actual Separation discovers what they are, we may nevertheless conceive something, by separating our selves from them in our Thoughts,

Thoughts, and imagining we are depriv'd of them by some Accident.

FOR Instance, take a Person who does not seem to place his Happiness in the Objects of Sight, and fancies they contribute nothing to the Tranquility of his Mind; and suppose him suddenly depriv'd of his Sight, though in all other Circumstances, happy, we should find him affected with the Loss, as the greatest Misfortune. The Sight of Mankind gives us some Consolation, because we always discover in them a certain Appearance of Compassion, capable to give us succour in our Necessities; which at least indulges our Hopes, and those Hopes excite a kind of secret Joy.

THE Objects, which in some Respects are disgusting to the Soul, and raise its Fears and Aversion, yet in other Views fail not to sustain it. For tho' these uneasy Passions cannot be altogether appeas'd, yet the Imagination always furnishes them with Means, or

Hopes that quiet them, while the Pursuit of these Means, or the Hopes of arriving at the End of their Desires, employ and divert the Mind.

ALL the Objects to which the Soul is join'd by the Senses, Imagination, Reason, or Passions, are its Goods and Riches; and even those we call Poor, abound in these Sort of Goods. If they want Palaces, or even a Cottage, they have the Sky, the Sun, and Stars, of which the Prospect is so magnificent, that St. *Augustin* says, " 'Tis a greater
 " Blessing for the Poor to behold the
 " Heavenly Luminaries, than for the
 " Rich to view their golden Lamps.

THUS in the Privation of some Advantages, we comfort our selves with others, true or false, that we either possess or hope for. As the Body always finds something to bear it, even when thro' Weariness it falls to the Ground, it there finds a Support: So the Soul, sick and feeble, never fails of something to sustain it; and when there is
 nothing

nothing real, forms imaginary Supports, on which (vain as they are) it leans.

THIS Necessity of human Conso- lations is not peculiar to vicious Men; in some Degree, the Vertuous want their Relief. There are few Persons so perfect, but they have still some re- maining Tye to the World. Fatigued by a long Attention to Spiritual Ob- jects, they are forc'd, in divers In- stances, to abandon themselves, and fly, for Satisfaction, to their Friends, their Children, their Estates, to a Field of their own planting; or an Edifice of their own raising.

THIS is the Condition of Man in this Life, which may help us to com- prehend what Death is, with the Ef- fects it produces. We ought to look on it as the Rupture of all that unites us to the Creatures; a general Separa- tion from the Objects of Sense; the cancelling all human Ties, and every Pleasure the Soul found in them; with a total Privation of what it lov'd and enjoy'd,

enjoy'd on Earth. When a Man dies, he loses not only what he call'd his Wealth, but the Firmament, the Sun, the Stars, the Air, the Earth, and all the rest of Nature; he loses his Body, and all those Sentiments that gave him Pleasure; he loses his Relations, his Friends, and all Mankind; He loses all Relief, all Support; and in short, all the Objects of his Senses and Passions.

INDEED if the Soul, in some Degree, united to these, finds it self united to God, by a holy Love, though the Privation of the Creatures, causes some Emotion, yet it sinks not into Despair; for this divine Principle sustains it, and growing more active, confirms its Hopes, of being shortly united to, and overwhelm'd in that Abyss of Pleasure, which alone can satisfy all its Capacity of loving.

BUT who is able to conceive the State of the miserable Soul, when it comes,

comes, by Death, to be rent from all the Objects of its Inclinations; from all that sustain'd it, during Life, and finds nothing in it self, on which to lean. Its Propensities to Love, and enjoy what it lov'd, become, beyond Comparison, more lively and ardent, while all the Soul was fond of, escapes and flies before her, with an everlasting Flight, without leaving the least Hope of Fruition; she loses all, finds nothing, all sinks under her, all vanishes, and disappears for ever.

'Tis not possible in this World, to comprehend a State so perfectly miserable, all one can say, to give some Idea of it, is this: 'Tis a terrible Fall of the Soul, by a sudden Removal of all its Supports; 'tis an horrible Famine, by a Privation of its Nourishment; 'tis an infinite Void, by the Annihilation of all that fill'd it; 'tis an extream Poverty, by the entire Loss of that which was its Wealth; 'tis a ghastly
Soli-

Solitude, by the Separation it finds it
self in, from all Union and Society;
'tis a dreadful Desolation, by the Want
of all Consolation; 'tis a cruel Rupture,
which violently rends the Soul from
every Object of its Love.

F I N I S.



