

N^o 406. *Monday, June 16.*

Hæc studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium & perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Tul.

THE following Letters bear a pleasing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of a private Life. The first is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Respect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement; the other is a Letter to me, occasioned by an Ode written by my *Lapland Lover*; this Correspondent is so kind as to translate another of *Scheffer's* Songs in a very agreeable Manner. I publish them together, that the Young and Old may find something in the same Paper which may be suitable to their respective Taste in Solitude; for I know no Fault in the Description of ardent Desires, provided they are honourable.

Dear Sir,

YOU have obliged me with a very kind Letter; by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mixt State which wise Men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the Philosophers and Moralists have run too much into Extremes, in praising entirely either Solitude or publick Life; in the former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation: As Waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more Mischief in their Passage to others, and are swallowed up and loit the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through lonely Vales and Forests

Forests amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there is another sort of People who seem designed for Solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to shew: As for my own Part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some Men, like Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, but after all run more smoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion of Obscurity; but whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter my self into a good Opinion of my own Way of Living: *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as in a Game at Tables, one may wish he had the highest Cast, but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it.

I am, S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Town being so well pleased with the fine Picture of artless Love, which Nature inspired the *Laplander* to paint in the Ode you lately printed; we were in Hopes that the ingenious Translator would have obliged it with the other also which *Scheffer* has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior Hand has ventured to send you this.

It is a Custom with the Northern Lovers to divert themselves with a Song, whilst they journey through the fenny Moors to pay a Visit to their Mistresses. This is addressed by the Lover to his Rain-Deer, which is the Creature

‘ Creature that in that Country supplies the Want of Horses. The Circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his Way, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The Anxiety of Absence, the Gloominess of the Roads, and his Resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the Object of his Desires; the Dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest Swiftmess with which he is carried, and his joyful Surprise at an unexpected Sight of his Mistress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described in the Original.

‘ I F all those pretty Images of Rural Nature are lost in the Imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to let this supply the Place of a long Letter, when Want of Leisure or Indisposition for Writing will not permit our being entertained by your own Hand. I propose such a Time, because tho’ it is natural to have a Fondness for what one does one’s self, yet I assure you I would not have any thing of mine displace a single Line of yours.

I.

*Haste, my Rain-Deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am’rous Journey through this dreary Waste;
Haste, my Rain-Deer! still still thou art too slow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning’s Haste.*

II.

*Around us far the Rushy Moors are spread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw his chearful Ray;
Darkling and tir’d we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.*

III.

*The wat’ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow’ry Meadows Pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my Soul adores,
Ye flow’ry Meadows, empty Pride, Farewel.*

IV.

*Each Moment from the Charmer I’m confin’d,
My Breast is tortur’d with impatient Fires;
Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly swifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.*

V. Our