



N<sup>o</sup> 410. Friday, June 20.

— Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur Mundus,  
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans :  
Quæ, cum amatore suo cum cernant, Liguriunt,  
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam :  
Quàm inboneſcæ ſolæ ſint domi, atque avidæ cibi,  
Quo pacto ex Jure Hæſterno panem atrum vorent.  
Noſſe omnia hæc, ſalus eſt adoleſcentulis.

Ter.

**W**ILL HONEYCOMB, who diſguiſes his preſent Decay by viſiting the Wenches of the Town only by way of Humour, told us, that the laſt rainy Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the Temple Cloiſter, whither had eſcaped alſo a Lady moſt exactly dreſſed from Head to Foot. WILL made no Scruple to acquaint us, that ſhe ſaluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY : Upon which nothing leſs could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam the ſame at your Service. She was dreſſed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons ; her Linen ſtriped Muſlin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning ; decent Dreſſes being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once conſulting Cheapneſs and the Pretenſions to Modesty. She went on with a familiar eaſy Air. Your Friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little ſurpriſed to ſee a Woman here alone and unattended ; but I diſmiſſed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Counſel's Chambers, for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a ſmall diſputed Jointure to admit any other Expences but meer Neceſſaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB begged they might have the Honour of ſetting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had ; and there appeared

appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his Friend to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be subjected to all the Impertinence she must meet with in that publick Place. Mr. HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the first, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at *Sukey* in the State she marched off, WILL HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

MUCH Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where, after declaring she had no Stomach, and eaten a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Truffle of Salet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, she sung the old Man's Wish to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for some Time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey* to her Friend WILL HONEYCOMB. WILL has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

*Madam,*

I Am not so meer a Country-Gentleman, but I can guess at the Law-Business you had at the *Temple*.  
If you would go down to the Country and leave off all your Vanities but your Singing, let me know at my Lodgings in *Bow-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, and you shall be encouraged by

*Your humble Servant,*

ROGER DE COVERLY.

MY good Friend could not well stand the Rallery which was rising upon him; but to put a Stop to it I deliver'd WILL HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

HAVING seen a Translation of one of the Chapters in the *Canticles* into English Verse inserted among your late Papers, I have ventured to send you  
the



the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs* in a poetical Dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your Speculations, it will be a sufficient Reward for the Trouble of

*Your constant Reader,*

A. B.

**M**<sup>R</sup> Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,  
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;  
And all the wholsom Precepts that I give,  
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.

Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,  
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;  
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,  
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,  
Who with curs'd Charms lures th' Unwary in,  
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.

Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye  
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,  
A Youth among the foolish Youths I spy'd,  
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.

Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,  
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,  
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,  
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate;  
When, lo, a Woman comes! —————

Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,  
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express:  
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,  
By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts:  
Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her Home,  
Varying her Place and Form; she loves to roam;  
Now she's within, now in the Street do's stray,  
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.  
The Youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside  
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,  
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House  
Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.  
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,  
And, lo, in Happy Hour I find thee here.

My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed  
Are Cow'rings of the richest Tap'stry spread,

*With*