



N<sup>o</sup> 425. Tuesday, July 8.

*Frigora mitescunt Zephyris ; Ver proterit Æstas  
Interitura, simul  
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit ; & mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.*

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible Delight, than the Enjoyment of a cool still Evening after the Uneasiness of a hot sultry Day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the Hour was come for the Sun to set, that I might enjoy the Freshness of the Evening in my Garden, which then affords me the pleasantest Hours I pass in the whole Four and twenty. I immediately rose from my Couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve Stone Steps into a large Square divided into four Grass-plots, in each of which is a Statue of white Marble. This is separated from a large Parterre by a low Wall, and from thence thro' a Pair of Iron Gates, you are led into a long broad Walk of the finest Turf, set on each Side with tall Yews, and on either Hand bordered by a Canal, which on the Right divides the Walk from a Wilderness parted into Variety of Allies and Arbours, and on the Left from a kind of Amphitheatre, which is the Receptacle of a great Number of Oranges and Myrtles. The Moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the Place of the Sun, obliging me with as much Light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing Objects, and at the same time divested of all Power of Heat. The Reflexion of it in the Water, the Fanning of the Wind rustling on the Leaves, the Singing of the Thrush and Nightingale, and the Coolness of the Walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all disagreeing Thoughts, and brought me into such a Tranquillity

‘quillity of Mind, as is I believe the next Happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet Retirement I naturally fell into the Repetition of some Lines out of a Poem of Milton’s, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the Ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present Wandrings of Thought.

*Sweet Bird! that shun’st the Noise of Folly,  
Most musical! most melancholy!  
Thee Chauntress, oft the Woods among,  
I woo to hear thy Evening Song:  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
To behold the wandring Moon,  
Riding near her highest Noon,  
Like one that hath been led astray,  
Thro’ the Heaven’s wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her Head she bow’d,  
Stooping thro’ a fleecy Cloud.*

*Then let some strange mysterious Dream  
Wave with his Wings in airy Stream,  
Of lively Portraiture displaid,  
Softly on my Eyelids laid:  
And as I wake, sweet Musick breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by Spirits to Mortals Good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the Wood.*

‘I reflected then upon the sweet Vicissitudes of Night and Day, on the charming Disposition of the Seasons, and their Return again in a perpetual Circle; and oh! said I, that I could from these my declining Years return again to my first Spring of Youth and Vigour; but that, alas! is impossible: All that remains withi my Power, is to soften the Inconveniencies I feel, with an easy contented Mind, and the Enjoyment of such Delights as this Solitude affords me. In this Thought I sat me down on a Bank of Flowers and dropt into a Slumber, which whether it were the Effect of Fumes and Vapours, or my present Thoughts, I know not; but methought the Genius of the Garden stood



‘ stood before me, and introduced into the Walk where I  
 ‘ lay this Drama and different Scenes of the Revolution  
 ‘ of the Year, which whilst I then saw, even in my  
 ‘ Dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the  
 ‘ SPECTATOR.

‘ THE first Person whom I saw advancing towards  
 ‘ me, was a Youth of a most beautiful Air and Shape,  
 ‘ tho’ he seemed not yet arrived at that exact Proportion  
 ‘ and Symmetry of Parts which a little more Time  
 ‘ would have given him; but however, there was such a  
 ‘ Bloom in his Countenance, such Satisfaction and Joy,  
 ‘ that I thought it the most desirable Form that I had  
 ‘ ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing Mantle of  
 ‘ green Silk, interwoven with Flowers: He had a Chap-  
 ‘ let of Roses on his Head, and a *Narcissus* in his Hand;  
 ‘ Primroses and Violets sprang up under his Feet, and all  
 ‘ Nature was cheer’d at his Approach. *Flora* was on  
 ‘ one Hand and *Vertumnus* on the other in a Robe of  
 ‘ changeable Silk. After this I was surpris’d to see the  
 ‘ Moon-beams reflected with a sudden Glare from Ar-  
 ‘ mour, and to see a Man completely armed advancing  
 ‘ with his Sword drawn. I was soon informed by the  
 ‘ Genius it was *Mars*, who had long usurp’d a Place a-  
 ‘ mong the Attendants of the *Spring*. He made way for  
 ‘ a softer Appearance, it was *Venus*, without any Orna-  
 ‘ ment but her own Beauties, not so much as her own  
 ‘ Cestus, with which she had encompass’d a Globe, which  
 ‘ she held in her right Hand, and in her Left she had a  
 ‘ Sceptre of Gold. After her followed the Graces with  
 ‘ their Arms entwined within one another, their Girdles  
 ‘ were loos’d, and they moved to the Sound of soft Mu-  
 ‘ sicks, striking the Ground alternately with their Feet:  
 ‘ Then came up the three Months which belong to this  
 ‘ Season. As *March* advanced towards me, there was  
 ‘ methought in his Look a louring Roughness, which ill  
 ‘ befitted a Month which was ranked in so soft a Season;  
 ‘ but as he came forwards his Features became insen-  
 ‘ sibly more mild and gentle: He smooth’d his Brow,  
 ‘ and looked with so sweet a Countenance that I could  
 ‘ not but lament his Departure, though he made way for  
 ‘ *April*. He appeared in the greatest Gaiety imaginable,  
 ‘ and had a thousand Pleasures to attend him: His Look

‘ was

' was frequently clouded, but immediately return'd to its  
 ' first Composure, and remained fixed in a Smile. Then  
 ' came *May* attended by *Cupid*, with his Bow strung, and  
 ' in a Posture to let fly an Arrow: As he passed by me-  
 ' thought I heard a confused Noise of soft Complaints,  
 ' gentle Ecstasies, and tender Sighs of Lovers; Vows of  
 ' Constancy, and as many Complaining of Perfidious-  
 ' ness; all which the Winds waisted away as soon as they  
 ' had reached my Hearing. After these I saw a Man ad-  
 ' vance in the full Prime and Vigour of his Age, his Com-  
 ' plexion was sanguine and ruddy, his Hair black, and  
 ' fell down in beautiful Ringlets not beneath his Shoul-  
 ' ders, a Mantle of Hair-colour'd Silk hung loosely upon  
 ' him: He advanced with a hasty Step after the *Spring*,  
 ' and sought out the Shade and cool Fountains which  
 ' plaid in the Garden. He was particularly well pleased  
 ' when a Troop of *Zephyrs* fanned him with their Wings:  
 ' He had two Companions who walked on each Side,  
 ' that made him appear the most agreeable, the one was  
 ' *Aurora* with Fingers of Roses, and her Feet dewy, at-  
 ' tired in gray: The other was *Vesper* in a Robe of Azure  
 ' beset with Drops of Gold, whose Breath he caught  
 ' whilst it passed over a Bundle of Honey-Suckles and  
 ' Tuberoses which he held in his Hand. *Pan* and *Ceres*  
 ' followed them with four Reapers, who danced a Mor-  
 ' rice to the Sound of Oaten Pipes and Cymbals. Then  
 ' came the Attendant Months. *June* retained still some  
 ' small Likeness of the *Spring*; but the other two seemed  
 ' to step with a less vigorous Tread, especially *August*,  
 ' who seem'd almost to faint whilst for half the Steps he  
 ' took the Dog-star levelled his Rays full at his Head:  
 ' They passed on and made way for a Person that seemed  
 ' to bend a little under the Weight of Years; his Beard  
 ' and Hair, which were full grown, were composed of an  
 ' equal Number of black and gray; he wore a Robe  
 ' which he had girt round him of a yellowish Cast, not  
 ' unlike the Colour of fallen Leaves, which he walked  
 ' upon. I thought he hardly made Amends for expelling  
 ' the foregoing Scene by the large Quantity of Fruits  
 ' which he bore in his Hands. *Plenty* walked by his Side  
 ' with an healthy fresh Countenance, pouring out from  
 ' an Horn all the various Product of the Year. *Pomona*  
 ' followed



followed with a Glass of Cider in her Hand, with *Bacchus* in a Chariot drawn by Tigers, accompanied by a whole Troop of Satyrs, Fauns, and Sylvens. *September*, who came next, seem'd in his Looks to promise a new *Spring*, and wore the Livery of those Months. The succeeding Month was all foiled with the Juice of Grapes, as if he had just come from the Wine-Press. *November*, though he was in this Division, yet, by the many Stops he made seem'd rather inclined to the *Winter*, which followed close at his Heels. He advanced in the Shape of an old Man in the Extremity of Age: The Hair he had was so very white it seem'd a real Snow; his Eyes were red and piercing, and his Beard hung with a great Quantity of Icicles: He was wrapt up in Furrs, but yet so pinched with Excess of Cold that his Limbs were all contracted and his Body bent to the Ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for *Comus* the God of Revels, and *Necessity* the Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each Side. The Shape and Mantle of *Comus* was one of the Things that most surpris'd me; as he advanced towards me, his Countenance seem'd the most desirable I had ever seen: On the fore Part of his Mantle was pictured Joy, Delight and Satisfaction, with a thousand Emblems of Merriment, and Jest with Faces looking two Ways at once; but as he pass'd from me I was amaz'd at a Shape so little correspondent to his Face: His Head was bald, and all the rest of his Limbs appear'd old and deformed. On the hinder Part of his Mantle was represent'd Murder with dishevel'd Hair and a Dagger all bloody, Anger in a Robe of Scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both Eyes; but above all the most conspicuous was the Battle of the *Lapithæ* and the *Centaur*s. I detest'd so hideous a Shape, and turn'd my Eyes upon *Saturn*, who was stealing away behind him with a Scythe in one Hand and an Hour-glass in t'other unobserved. Behind *Necessity* was *Vesta* the Goddess of Fire with a Lamp which was perpetually supply'd with Oil; and whose Flame was eternal. She cheer'd the rugged Brow of *Necessity*, and warm'd her so far as almost to make her assume the Features and Likeness of *Choice*. *December*, *January*, and *February*, pass'd on after the rest all in Furrs; there