

with those he had to sell, I fear'd I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth, in omitting to speak of his Auction. T



N<sup>o</sup> 227. Tuesday, November 20.

Ὁ μοι ἐγὼ τι πάθω; τί ὁ δούλοῦ; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;  
 Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδύς εἰς κίμαπα τῆνα ἀλεῦμαι  
 Ὡπερ τῶς δύνως σκοπιάζεῖ. Ὀλπις ὁ γριπεύς.  
 Κῆκα μὴ ποθᾶνα, τό γε μὰν τεδὸν ἄδου τέτυκῃ.

Theoc.

IN my last *Thursday's* Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lovers Leap*, which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by Length of Time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly call'd *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their modern Titles, he will find in his Map the ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of *St. Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of the *The Cape of St. Mauro*.

SINCE I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following Manner: *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Clothes, and take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is so much frequented by Olphis the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the Criticsks  
 to

to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at least some other Lover's Leap, which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the Issue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he should escape with Life, he knows his Mistress would be pleased with it; which is according to our Interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

AFTER this short Preface, I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d Paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual Cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for all other Evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her Passion for *Leander*. A Man is in no Danger of breaking his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very many Persons who tried it, escaped not only with their Lives but their Limbs. If by this Means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose that the cold Bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some Share in their Cure? A Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to the Blood; for which Reason we prescribe it in Distempers which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the Frenzy produced by Love, is compared to that which is produced by the Biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the

K 5.

Frenzy



\* Frenzy produced by these two different Causes be of  
 \* the same Nature, it may not very properly be cured by  
 \* the same Means.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your most Humble Servant,  
 and Well-wisher.  
 ÆSCULAPIUS.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

\* I am a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is  
 \* very long and melancholy. To give you the Heads  
 \* of it: A young Gentleman, after having made his Ap-  
 \* plications to me for three Years together, and filled my  
 \* Head with a thousand Dreams of Happiness, some few  
 \* Days since married another. Pray tell me in what Part  
 \* of the World your Promontory lies, which you call *The*  
 \* \* *Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by Land?  
 \* But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its Virtue, and that a  
 \* Woman of our Times would find no more Relief in  
 \* taking such a Leap, than in singing an Hymn to *Venus*.  
 \* So that I must cry out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,  
*Ab! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!*

*Your disconsolate Servant,  
 ATHENAIS.*

*MISTER SPECTATUR,*

\* MY Heart is so full of Loves and Passions for  
 \* Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, and she is so pettish and over-  
 \* run with Cholers against me, that if I had the good  
 \* Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is placed by  
 \* my Great-Cranfather upon the Pottom of an Hill) no  
 \* farther Distance but twenty Mile from the *Lofer's Leap*,  
 \* I would indeed indeafour to preak my Neck upon  
 \* it on Purpose. Now, good Mister SPECTATUR of  
 \* *Crete Prittain*, you must know it there ifs in *Caer-*  
 \* \* *narwanfbire* a very pig Mountain, the Clory of all  
 \* *Wales* which is named *Penmainmaure*, and you  
 \* must also know, it ifs no great Journey on Foot from  
 \* me; but the Road is stony and bad for Shooes. Now,  
 \* there is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very  
 \* high

high Rock, (like a Parish Steeple) that cometh a huge  
 deal over the Sea; so when I am in my Melancholies,  
 and I do throw my self from it, I do desire my fery  
 good Friend to tell me in his *Spizatur*, if I shall be  
 cure of my grievous Lofes; for there is the Sea clear as  
 Glas, and as green as the Leek: Then likewise if I be  
 drown, and break my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will  
 not lose me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your An-  
 swers, for I am in crete Hast, and it is my Tesires to  
 do my Pusiness without Loss of Time. I remain with  
 cordial Affections, your ever losing Friend,

*Davyth ap Shenkyn.*

P. S. My Law-suits have brought me to *London*, but  
 I have lost my Causes; and so have made my Resolu-  
 tions to go down and leap before the Frosts begin; for  
 I am apt to take Colds.

RIDICULE, perhaps, is a better Expedient against  
 Love than sober Advice, and I am of Opinion, that *Hu-  
 dibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the  
 Extravagancies of this Passion, as any of the old Philo-  
 sophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily, the  
 Translation of a little *Greek* Manuscript, which is sent  
 me by a learned Friend. It appears to have been a Piece  
 of those Records which were kept in the Temple of  
*Apollo*, that stood upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. The  
 Reader will find it to be a Summary Account of several  
 Persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the Success  
 they found in it. As there seem to be in it some Ana-  
 chronisms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography,  
 I am not wholly satisfied my self that it is authentick, and  
 not rather the Production of one of those *Grecian* So-  
 phisters, who have imposed upon the World several spu-  
 rious Works of this Nature. I speak this by way of  
 Precaution, because I know there are several Writers, of  
 uncommon Erudition, who would not fail to expose my  
 Ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a Matter of  
 so great Moment.



*Wednesday,*