

' hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new Clothes is made and Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good ——— The rest is torn off; and Posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the Name of her Lover. T



N^o 325. Thursday, March 13.

——— *Quid frustra Simulachra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.* Ovid.

WILL. HONEYCOMB diverted us last Night with an Account of a young Fellow's first discovering his Passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable Opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his Advances. As he was one day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was, by way of Rallery, recommending a Wife to him; when to the no small Surprize of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, that his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal; but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-Box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person, she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window, she was very agreeably surprized to find there was

was nothing within the Lid but a little Looking-Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses; and applying himself to me, asked if there were any Looking-Glasses in the Times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for that he had often observed in the Translations of Poems out of those Languages, that People generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes and Rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swining Fellow called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking-Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

My Friend WILL, to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking-Glasses among them; and that he had lately read a Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dress their Heads over a Basin of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL's last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before.

S I R,

I Have read your last *Saturday's* Observation on the Fourth Book of *Milton* with great Satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden Moral, which you have taken notice of in several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this Letter is to desire your Thoughts, whether there may not also be some Moral couched under that Place in the same Book where the Poet lets us know, that the first Woman immediately after her Creation ran to a Looking-Glass, and became so enamoured of her own Face, that she had never removed to view any of the other Works of Nature, had not she been led off to a Man. If you think

' think fit to set down the whole Passage from *Milton*,
' your Readers will be able to judge for themselves, and
' the Quotation will not a little contribute to the filling
' up of your Paper.

Your Humble Servant,
R. T.

THE last Consideration urged by my Querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole Poem.

*That Day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring Sound
Of Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' Expanse of Heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd Thought, and laid me down
On the green Bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love; there I had fix'd
Mine Eyes till now, and pined with vain Desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft Embraces, he
Whose Image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,*

Under