



Nº 366. Wednesday, April 30.

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

Hor.

THERE are such wild Inconsistencies in the Thoughts of a Man in Love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more Liberty than others possessed with Phrenzy, but that his Distemper has no Malevolence in it to any Mortal. That Devotion to his Mistress kindles in his Mind a general Tenderness, which exerts it self towards every Object as well as his Fair-one. When this Passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain Quaintnesses and Turns of Imagination, which are apparently the Work of a Mind at ease; but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish the Exertion of a Mind which overflows with tender Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is only describing Distress. In Performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion, and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Character. Where this Rule is transgressed, the humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is Passion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE following Verses are a Translation of a Lap-land Love-Song, which [I met with in Scheffer's History of that Country. I was agreeably surpris'd to find a Spirit of Tenderness and Poetry in a Region which I never suspected for Delicacy. In hotter Climates, tho' altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd if I had found some sweet wild Notes among the Na-
tives,

‘ tives, where they live in Groves of Oranges, and hear
 ‘ the Melody of Birds about them : But a *Lapland* Lyric,
 ‘ breathing Sentiments of Love and Poetry, not unwor-
 ‘ thy old *Greece* or *Rome* ; a regular Ode from a Climate
 ‘ pinched with Frost, and cursed with Darkness so great
 ‘ a Part of the Year ; where ’tis amazing that the poor
 ‘ Natives should get Food, or be tempted to propagate
 ‘ their Species : this, I confess, seemed a greater Miracle
 ‘ to me, than the famous Stories of their Drums, their
 ‘ Winds and Incantments.

‘ I am the bolder in commending this Northern Song,
 ‘ because I have faithfully kept to the Sentiments, without
 ‘ adding or diminishing ; and pretend to no greater Praise
 ‘ from my Translation, than they who smooth and clean
 ‘ the Furs of that Country which have suffered by Car-
 ‘ riage. The Numbers in the Original are as loose and
 ‘ unequal, as those in which the *British* Ladies sport their
 ‘ *Pindaricks* ; and perhaps the fairest of them might not
 ‘ think it a disagreeable Present from a Lover : But I have
 ‘ ventured to bind it in stricter Measures, as being more
 ‘ proper for our Tongue, tho’ perhaps wilder Graces may
 ‘ better suit the Genius of the *Laponian* Language.

‘ IT will be necessary to imagine, that the Author of
 ‘ this Song, not having the Liberty of visiting his Mistress
 ‘ at her Father’s House, was in hopes of spying her at a
 ‘ distance in the Fields.

I.

THOU rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray
 Invites my Fair to rural Play,
 Dissel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
 And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

II.

Oh ! were I sure my Dear to view,
 I’d climb that Pine-Tree’s topmost Bough,
 Aloft in Air that quiv’ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
 What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid ?
 Fast by the Roots enrag’d I’ll tear
 The Trees that hide my promis’d Fair.

Oh !

IV.

*Oh! I could ride the Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his way.*

V.

*My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wasting Summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear,
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.*

VI.

*What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far:
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.*

VII.

*No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

April the 10th.

I Am one of those despicable Creatures called a Chambermaid, and have lived with a Mistress for some time, whom I love as my Life, which has made my Duty and Pleasure inseparable. My greatest Delight has been in being employ'd about her Person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a Woman of her Quality: But here lies my Complaint, Sir; To bear with me is all the Encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off Clothes from me to others: some she is pleased to bestow in the House to those that neither wants nor wears them, and some to Hangers-on, that frequents the House daily, who comes dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying Sight to me, who am a little necessitous for Clothes, and loves to appear what I am, and causes an Uneasiness, so that I can't serve with that Chearfulness as formerly; which my Mistress takes notice of, and calls Envy and Ill-Temper at seeing others preferred before me. My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the House with her, that is some Thousands below her in Estate, who is continually