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Friends in this House, and have laid a Wager you are so confidant a Man, and so honest a Fellow, that you will print this Letter, for it is in Recommendation of a new Paper called The Historian. I have read it carefully, and find it written with Skill, good Sense, Modesty, and Fire. You must allow the Town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much Sense of the World, Change of Honour, and Instability of all human Things, as to understand, that the only Way to preserve Favour, is to communicate it to others with Good-Nature and Judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This with Men of Sense and Taste is all that is wanting to recommend The Historian.

I am

Sir,

Your daily Advocate,

Reader Gentle.

I was very much surpriz'd this Morning, that any one should find out my Lodging and know it so well, as to come directly to my Closet-Door, and knock at it to give me the following Letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw by a very strong Pair of Shades and a warm Coat the Beaver had on, that he walked all the Way to bring it me, that dated from York. My Misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the Messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite Discoursing had under a shrewd Rusticity. He delivered the Paper with a Yorkshire Tone and a Town Leer.

'Mr. Spectator,'

The Privilege you have indulg'd John Trot has prov'd of very bad Consequence to our Illustrious Assembly, which besides the many excellent Maxim's it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary Decorum always observed in it. One Instance of which is, that the Gardens (who are always of the first Quality) never begin to play till the French-Dances are finis'd and the Country-Dances begin: But John Trot having now got your Commission in his Pocket, (which every one No. 306, here has a profound Respect for) has the Assurance to trot, set up for a Manil-Dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down upon us the whole Body of the Trots, which are very numerous, with their Auxiliaries the Hobblers and the Skippers; by which Means the Time is so much wasted, that unless we break all Rules of Government, it must refund to the utter Subversion of the Brave-table, the discreet Members of which, value Time as Fifield's Wife does her Fine-Mannery. We are pretty well assur'd that your Indulgence of Trot was only in Relation to Country-Dances; however we have deferred the issuing an Order of Council upon the Premisses, hoping to get you to joyn with us, that Trot, nor any of his Clan, presume for the future to dance any but Country-Dances, unless a Horn Pipe upon a Festival Day. If you will do this you will oblige a great many Ladies, and particularly

Your most humble Servant

York, Feb. 16.

Elin Sweepsawt's

I never meet any other than that Mr. Trot should confine himself to Country-Dances: And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own Relations according to their Neatness of Blood; but any Gentleman may take out him.


The Spectator

Mr. 309.

[Addison.]}

I have before observed in general, that the Person

whom Milton introduces into his Poem always
discovers such Sentiments and Behaviour, as are in
dig.ular Manner conformable to their respective Chars

ters. Every Circumstance in their Speeches and

ACTIONS, is with great Justice and Delicacy adapted to
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It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has No. 309,
represented this Violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurriedforward,
as by such precipitate Passions, as the first that rises
in the Assembly, to give his Opinion upon their present
Fate of Affairs. Accordingly he declares himself
sunguy for War, and appears incensed at his Com-
panions, for losing so much Time as even to deliberate
upon it. All his Sentiments are rash, audacious, and
desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their
Tortures, and turning their Punishments upon him who
inflicted them.

—No, let us give for the war,
Asrith with Victory and fame, all at once.
Our Heaven's light now's to be restored to us,
Turning our Tortures into hallowed Arms.
Against the Tyrants, when to meet the Noise
Of all his shouting Enrages he shall bear
Internal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Rack fire, and horror shot with equal ease.
Among his angels and his Thunders it self
Matt with Veronica Salpols and strange fires.
His own invected Torments.

His preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is
also highly suitable to his Character; as the Condemned
he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven,
that if it be not Victory in Revenge, is a Sentiment truly
dishonorable, and becoming theBoundingBox of this implac-
able Spirit.
Relief is described, in the first Book, as the Idol of
the Jew and heathen.

He is in the second Book, pursuant to that Description, characterized as timorous
and slothful; and if we look in the sixth Book, we find
him celebrated in the Battle of Angels for Nothing but
that Scolding Speech which he makes to Satan, on their
supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his appear-
ance is uniform, and of a Piece, in these three several
Views, we find his Sentiments in the internal Assembly
every Way conformable to his Character. Such are
his Preparations of a second Battle, his Horrors of
Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than
to be. I need not observe, that the Comment of
Thought
Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

Mammon's Character is so fully drawn in the first Book, that the Poet adds Nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of Pantheism, or the Infernal Palace, where the evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every where suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven when they actually there, in the Mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his Mind dazzled with the outward Pomp and Glory of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the beatific Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

This deep World
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick Cloud and dark above Heart's all-lying Eye
Close to reside, his Glory, verdant,
And with the Mourner of Darkness crowd
Crown his Throne; from whence deep Thoughts, near
Shut up their Rags, and Heart's unceasing Hall?
As in our Darkness, cease we his Light
Sustains when we please? This shows his
Glorious State, who from his Golden
Not want our Skull or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence, and what can Here's show more
Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in Dignity that fell, and is, in the first Book, the second the awakener out of the Trance, and confers with Satan upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Seat in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Maturity described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a Kind of Moderator between the two opposite Parties, and proposes a third Undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives In. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in Search of a new World being grounded upon a Project devised by Satan...
The rising of this great Assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical Manner.

Their rising all at once was as the sound Of Thunder loud resounding.

The Divisions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnaney of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Divisions are every way suitable to bring the Heaven left them to their Knowledge and Knowledge missed. Such are their Contemplations at the Race, and its Feast of Arcas, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

Others with war Terpynus, rage more fell, 
Rend up both Rocks and Hills and side the Air
In Whirlwinds, Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

Their Music is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and this Discourse in sounding the unlaughterful Depths of Fate, F nonexistent, and Foresight.

The several Circumstances in the Description of Hell are very finely imagined, as the four Rivers which discharge themselves into the Sea of Fire, the Extreems of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The monstrous Animals produced in that infernal World are represented by a single Line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer Description would have done.

Perseus, all monstrous, all prodigious Things, 
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Then Fables yet have height, or fear conceive
Gorgous and Hydra, and Chimere die.

This Episode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to unbind the Mind of the Reader from its Annoyance to the Debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many Circumstances to a great Length, and by that Means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

The Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell is finely imagined.

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finished Piece in its Kind, when it is not considered as Part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the several Persons is connected with great Delicacy. Sin is the Daughter of Satan and Death the Child of Sin. The inconstant Mixture between Sin and Death produces those Monsters and Hell-hounds which from Time to Time enter into their Mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them Birth. Those are the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of Sin which naturally rise from the Apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful Mord in I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of Sin, where complaining of this her dreadful Issue, she adds,

Before mine Eyes in Opposition sit
Great Death the Son and Fear, who sets them on.
And see his Person would fell any drawer,
For most of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvement.

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumstance in the last Part of this Description. He will likewise observe how naturally the three Persons considered in this Allegory are tempered by one common Interest to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the Fortress of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates so that World of Torment.

The descriptive Part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime Ideas. The Figure of Death, the Royal Groom upon his Head, his Menace to Satan, his advancing to the Combat, the Omacy at his Birth, are Circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, and excessively suitable to this King of Torments. I need not Mention the Justice of Thought which is observed in the Generation of these several Symbolical Persons, that Sin was produced upon the first Revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the Terrors of Conscience were
were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torment.

The Description of the Grave is very poetical, as the opening of Dean is full of Milton's Spirit.

On a sudden open for
With insensible soft and lasting sound
TV,千亿的九重, on so high, 

North, East, South, West, that the lowest hollow shook Of Earth: She speaks as to the king of his country, 
With greater ease, having wings a linear's vast
That with reminder wings a linear's vast

With Horse and Charriot readily to horse array
So with they stand, and like a former Model
Cost forth resounding Smock and ready Flowes.

In Satan's Voyage through the Chaos there are several imaginary Personas described, as residing in that immense Waste of Mists. This may perhaps be conformable to the State of those Spirits who are pleased with Nothing in a Port which has not Life and Manners ascribed to it; but for our own Part, I am pleased most with some Passages in his Description which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. In this Kind, in his first Mourning in the Smock, that rises from the infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nuis, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage; his springing upward like a Pyramid of Vires, with his labious Passage through that Confusion of Elements, which the Port calls

The Pursuit of Nature, or perhaps the Grave.

The Glimmering Light which shot into the Chaos from the utmost Verse of the Creation, with the distant Discovery of the Earth that being show by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetic.

Mr. Spectator

I AM a certain young Woman, that love a certain young Man very heartily; and my Father and Mother were for it a great While, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do? Speak quickly.

Biddy Doughmake.

Dear Sir,

I have love a Lady entirely for this Year and Half, tho' for a great Part of the Time (which has contributed not a little to my Pain) I have been debarring the Liberty of conversing with her. The Grounds of our Difference was this: That when we had expected into each other's Circumstances, we found that at our first meeting into the World, we should owe first hundred Pounds more than her Fortunes would pay off. My Estate is seven hundred Pounds a Year; besides the Benefit of Time-Money. Now, dear Sir, upon this State of the Case, and the Lady's positive Declaration that there is still no other Objection, I beg you'll not fail to express this, with your Opinion, as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just Cause of Impediment why we should not be united; and you will for ever oblige.

Yours sincerely,

Dick Lovestick.

P.S. Sir, if I marry this Lady by the Assistance of your Opinion, you may expect a Farmer for me!

My Spectator.

I have the Misfortune to be one of those unhappy Men who are distinguished by the Name of deserted Lovers; but I am the less taxed at my Disgrace, because the young Lady is one of those Creatures who set up for Negligence of Men, are fond of the most rigid