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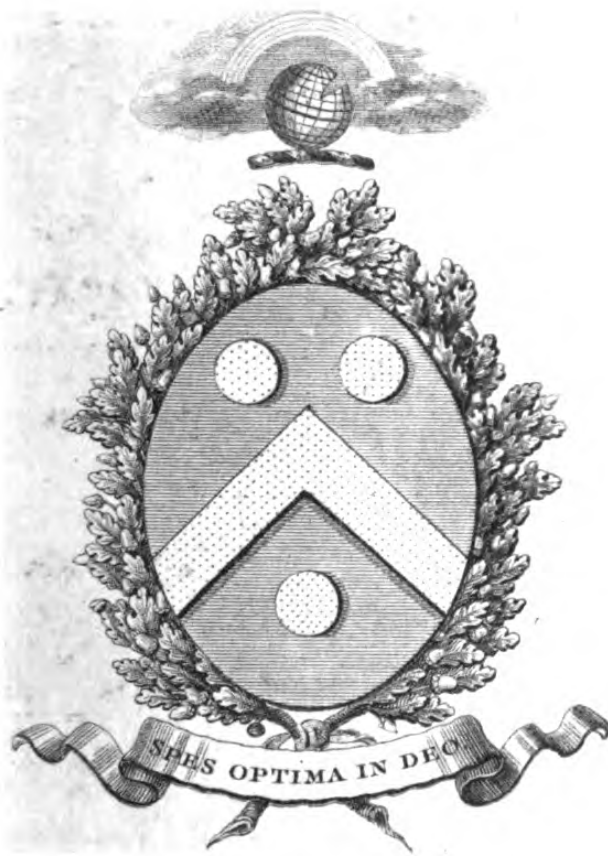




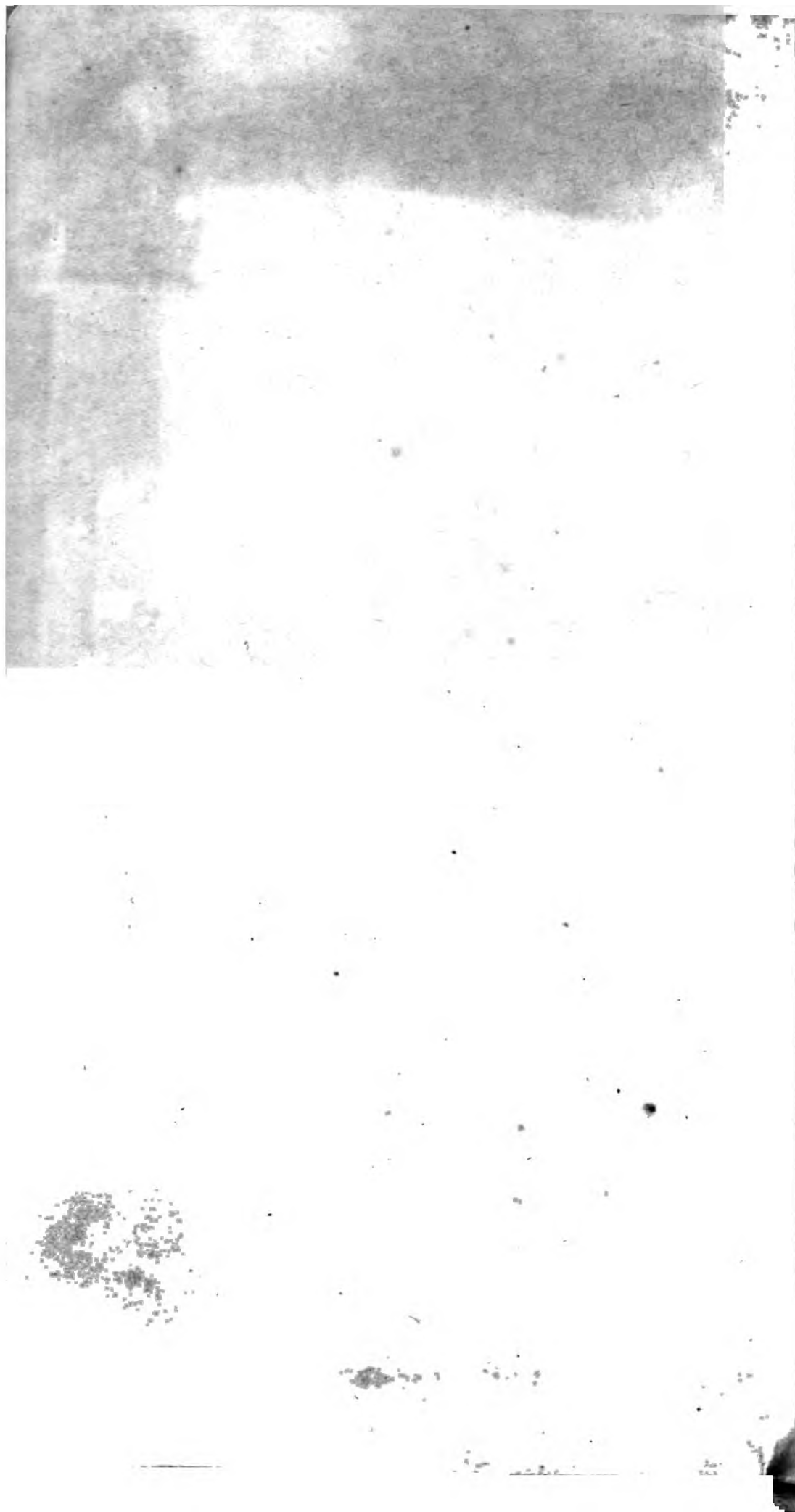
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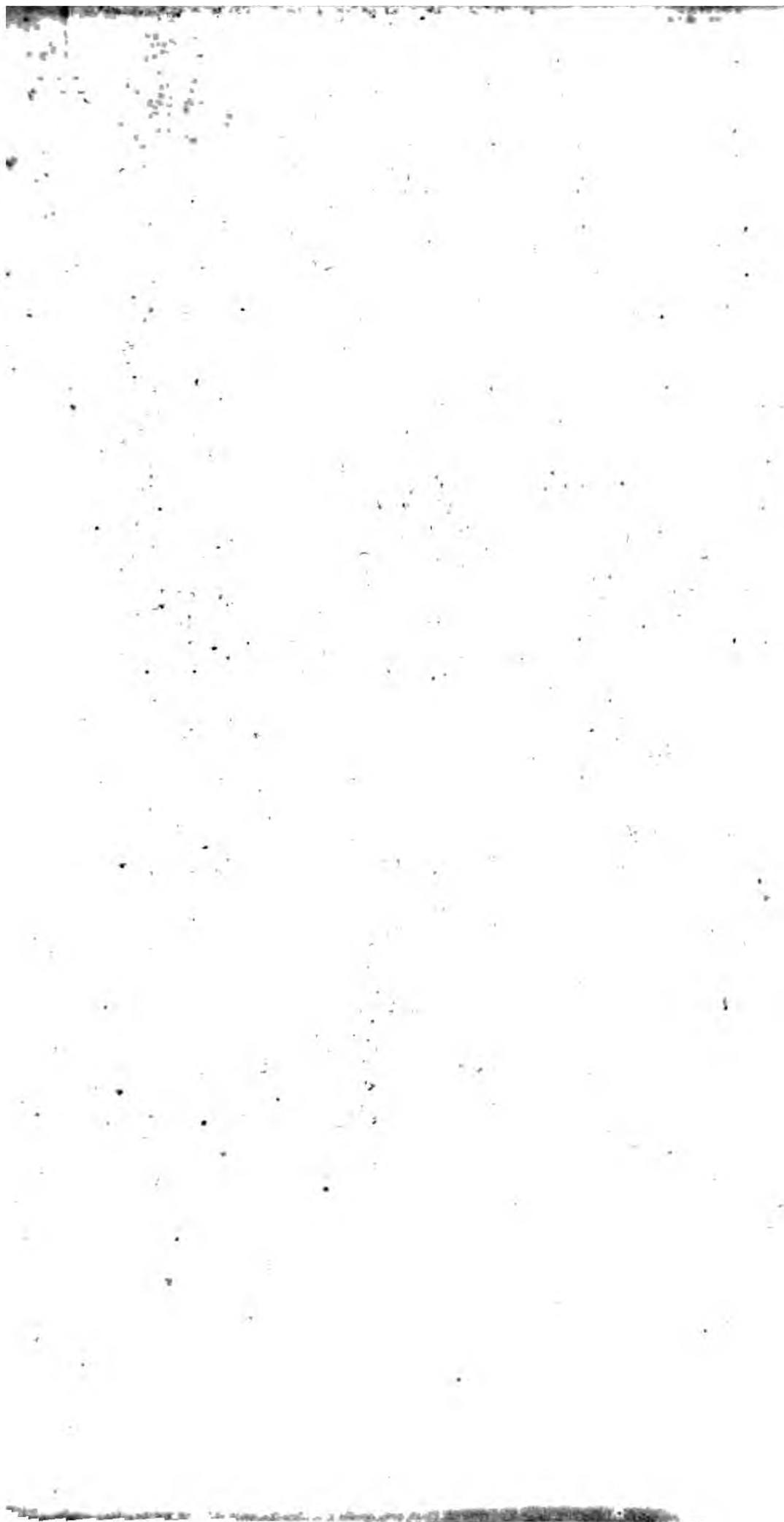


JTB.



*John Thomas Hope.*









Isaac Bickerstaff Esq.

THE  
LUCUBRATIONS

OF  
*Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

To which are added, (in order to render the  
Work Compleat)

I. Mr. BICKERSTAFFS Predictions for  
the Year 1708.

II. The Accomplishment of his Pre-  
diction as to the Death of Dr. *Partridge.*

III. His Vindication, against Dr. *Par-*  
*tridge's* Objections in his Almanack of  
1709.

IV. An ELEGY on the Death of Dr.  
*Partridge.*

LONDON,

Printed for E. NUTT, A. BELL, J. DARBY,  
A. BETTESWORTH, J. PEMBERTON,  
J. HOOKE, C. RIVINGTON, R. CRUT-  
TENDEN, T. COX, J. BATTLEY, F. CLAY,  
and E. SYMON. M.DCC.XX.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring the integrity of the financial statements and for providing a clear audit trail.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the sampling techniques employed and the statistical tests used to evaluate the results.

3. The third part of the document presents the findings of the study. It shows that there is a significant correlation between the variables being studied, and that the results are consistent with the hypotheses proposed at the beginning of the document.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and provides recommendations for future research. It suggests that further studies should be conducted to explore the relationship between the variables in greater detail.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes the study and summarizes the key points. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the need for rigorous data analysis in financial research.

6. The sixth part of the document provides a list of references and sources used in the study. It includes books, articles, and other documents that have been consulted during the research process.

7. The seventh part of the document contains the appendix, which includes additional data and information that is not included in the main body of the document. This section is intended to provide a more complete picture of the study and its findings.

THE  
LUCUBRATIONS

OF

*Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;*

*Revised and Corrected by the Author.*

V O L. I.

Ἄνευ χρεῖ πεινυμένων ὕδρευ βεληφόρον ἀνδρα.

Homer.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. and R. NUTT, J. KNAPTON,  
J. and B. SPRINT, D. MIDWINTER,  
B. and S. TOOKE, R. GOSLING, W. TAY-  
LOR, W. and J. INNYS, J. OSBORN,  
and R. ROBINSON. M D C C X X I I I.



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TO

*Mr. Maynwing.*

S I R,

**T**H E State of Conversation and Business in this Town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both Kinds; in order to open Men's Eyes against such Abuses, it appeared no unprofitable Undertaking to publish a Paper which should observe upon the Manners of the Pleasurable, as well as the Busy Part of Mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper Method to form it by Way of a Letter of Intelligence, consisting of such Parts as might gratify the Curiosity of Persons of all Conditions, and

of each Sex. But a Work of this Nature requiring Time to grow into the Notice of the World, it happen'd very luckily, that a little before I had resolv'd upon this Design, a Gentleman had written Predictions, and two or three other Pieces in my Name, which had render'd it famous through all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit and Humour, rais'd it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good Fortune, the Name of *Isaac Bickerstaff* gained an Audience of all who had any Taste of Wit, and the Addition of the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a Multitude of other Readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the Opinion of the Town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same Hand with the first Works which were published under my Name; but before I lost the Participation of that Author's Fame, I had already found the Advantage of **his**

*The Dedication.* V

his Authority, to which I owe the sudden Acceptance which my Labours met with in the World.

The general Purpose of this Paper, is to expose the false Arts of Life, to pull off the Disguises of Cunning, Vanity and Affectation, and to recommend a general Simplicity in our Dress, our Discourse, and our Behaviour. No Man has a better Judgment for the Discovery, or a nobler Spirit for the Contempt of all Imposture, than your self; which Qualities render you the most proper Patron for the Author of these Essays. In the General, the Design, however executed, has met with so great Success, that there is hardly a Name now eminent among us for Power, Wit, Beauty, Valour or Wisdom, which is not subscribed, for the Encouragement of these Volumes. 'This is indeed an Honour for which it is impossible to express a suitable Gratitude; and there is nothing could be  
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an Addition to the Pleasure I take in it, but the Reflection that it gives me the most conspicuous Occasion I can ever have of subscribing my self,

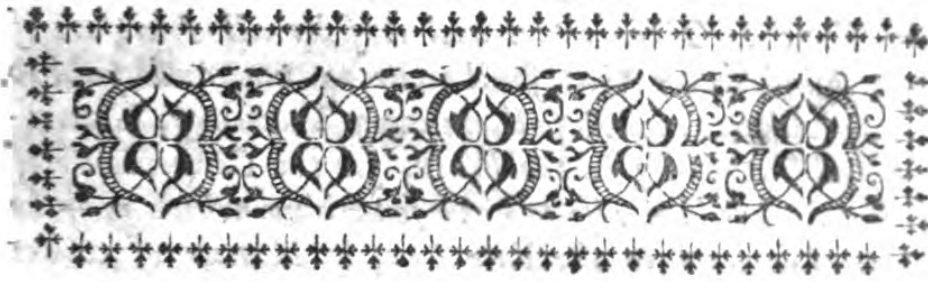
S I R,

*Your most Obliged, most Obedient,  
and most Humble Servant,*

**Isaac Bickerstaff.**

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**T H E**



THE  
TATLER:

BY

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

---

*Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.*

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Tuesday, April 12. 1709.



HO' the other Papers which are published for the Use of the good People of England have certainly very wholesome Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main Design of such Narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the Use of politick Persons who are so publick-spirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Transactions of State. Now these Gentlemen, for the most Part, being Persons of strong Zeal, and weak Intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary Work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be instructed, after their Reading, what to think; which shall be the End and Purpose of this my Paper, wherein I shall

VOL. I. B from

from Time to Time report and consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the Week, for the Convenience of the Post. I resolve also to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have invented the Title of this Paper. I therefore earnestly desire all Persons without Distinction, to take it in for the present Gratis, and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more for it at their Peril. And I desire all Persons to consider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I resolved upon it, I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the known and knowing World. And forasmuch as this Globe is not trodden upon by meer Drudges of Business only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are justly to be esteemed Agents in it, we shall not, upon a Dearth of News, present you with musty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but shall divide our Relation of the Passages which occur in Action or Discourse throughout this Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:

ALL Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-House: Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the Title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestick News, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house, and what else I have to offer on any other Subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I ONCE more desire my Reader to consider, That as I cannot keep an ingenious Man to go daily to Will's under Twopence each Day meerly for his Charges; to White's under Sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the Learned Table; and that a good Observer cannot speak with every Kidney at St. James's without clean Linen; I say, these Considerations will, I hope, make all Persons willing to comply with my humble Request (when my Gratis Stock is exhausted) of a  
Penny

*Penny a-piece; especially since they are sure of some proper Amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want Means to entertain them, having, besides the Force of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by casting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.*

*BUT this last Faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few Things till they are passed, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.*

*White's Chocolate-house, April 7.*

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when the Men of Quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His History is, That on the 9th of *September*, 1705. being in his one and twentieth Year, he was washing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in *Pall Mall*, when a fine Equipage passed by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pull'd off his Night-cap, and instead of rubbing his Gums, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about four a-clock, sits him down, and spoke not a Word till about twelve at Night; after which he began to enquire if any Body knew the Lady---The Company asked, What Lady? But he said no more, till they broke up at six in the Morning. All the ensuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-house to Play-house every Night in the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Bosom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing but his Passion, was utterly gone. He has lost all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confuted in every Argument he has entred upon since the Moment he first saw her. He is of a noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, and is of a frank honest Temper: But this Passion has so extremely mauled him, that his Features are for



and uninformed, and his whole Visage is deaden'd, by a long Absence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when rais'd by Wine; at which Time he is sure to come hither and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Sense farther than just to observe, That our poor Lover has most Understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his Senses when he is sober.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 3.*

ON *Thursday* last was acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, the celebrated Comedy call'd *Love for Love*. Those excellent Players Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, though not at present concerned in the House, acted on that Occasion. There has not been known so great a Concourse of Persons of Distinction as at that Time; the Stage it self was cover'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, and when the Curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid Audience. This unusual Encouragement, which was given to a Play for the Advantage of so great an Actor, gives an undeniable Instance, that the true Relish for manly Entertainments and rational Pleasures is not wholly lost. All the Parts were acted to Perfection: The Actors were careful of their Carriage, and no one was guilty of the Affectation to insert Witticisms of his own, but a due Respect was had to the Audience, for encouraging this accomplished Player. It is not now doubted but Plays will revive, and take their usual Place in the Opinion of Persons of Wit and Merit, notwithstanding their late Apostacy in favour of Dress and Sound. This Place is very much altered since Mr. *Dryden* frequented it; where you used to see *Songs*, *Epi-grams* and *Satires*, in the Hands of every Man you met, you have now only a Pack of Cards; and instead of the Cavils about the Turn of the Expression, the Elegance of the Style, and the like, the Learned now dispute only about the Truth of the Game.

Game. But however the Company is altered, all have shewn a great Respect for Mr. Betterton: And the very Gaming Part of this House have been so much touched with a Sense of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs, (which alter with themselves every Moment) that in this Gentleman they pitied *Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodosius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England.* It is well known, he has been in the Condition of each of those illustrious Personages for several Hours together, and behaved himself in those high Stations, in all the Changes of the Scene, with suitable Dignity. For these Reasons we intend to repeat this Favour to him on a proper Occasion, lest he who can instruct us so well in personating feigned Sorrows, should be lost to us by suffering under real ones. The Town is at present in very great Expectation of seeing a Comedy now in Rehearsal, which is the 25th Production of my honoured Friend Mr. *Thomas D'Urfey*; who, besides his great Abilities in the Dramatick, has a peculiar Talent in the Lyrick Way of Writing, and that with a Manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient *Greeks and Romans*, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the Translations of the Modern *Italian Opera's*.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 11.*

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 16th say That Major General *Cadogan* was gone to *Brussels*, with Orders to disperse proper Instructions for assembling the whole Force of the Allies in *Flanders* in the Beginning of the next Month. The late Offers concerning Peace were made in the Style of Persons who think themselves upon equal Terms: But the Allies have so just a Sense of their present Advantages, that they will not admit of a Treaty, except *France* offers what is more suitable to her present Condition. At the same

Time we make Preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater Force than that which we are carrying into the Field. Thus this Point seems now to be argued Sword in Hand. This was what a Great General alluded to, when being asked the Names of those who were to be Plenipotentiaries for the ensuing Peacc, he answered with a serious Air, *There are about an hundred thousand of us.* Mr. *Kidney*, who has the Ear of the greatest Politicians that come hither, tells me, There is a Mail come in to-day with Letters, dated *Hague, April 19. N. S.* which say, a Design of bringing Part of our Troops into the Field at the later End of this Month, is now altered to a Resolution of marching towards the Camp about the 20th of the next. There happened t'other Day, in the Road of *Scheveling*, an Engagement between a Privateer of *Zeeland*, and one of *Dunkirk*. The *Dunkirker*, carrying 33 Pieces of Cannon, was taken and brought into the *Texel*. It is said, the Courier of Monsieur *Rouille* is returned to him from the Court of *France*. Monsieur *Vendosme* being reinstated in the Favour of the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, is to command in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Kidney* added, that there were Letters of the 17th from *Ghent*, which give an Account, That the Enemy had formed a Design to surprize two Battalions of the Allies which lay at *Alost*; but those Battalions received Advice of their March, and retired to *Dendermond*, Lieutenant General *Wood* appeared on this Occasion at the Head of 5000 Foot and 1000 Horse, upon which the Enemy withdrew, without making any farther Attempt.

*From my own Apartment.*

I AM sorry I am obliged to trouble the Publick with so much Discourse upon a Matter which I at the very first mentioned as a Trifle, viz. the Death of Mr. *Partridge*, under whose Name there is an Almanack come out for the Year 1709. In  
one

one Page of which it is asserted by the said *John Partridge*, That he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some Time before, and even at the Instant when I writ of his Death. I have in another Place, and in a Paper by it self, sufficiently convinced this Man that he is dead, and if he has any Shame, I don't doubt but that by this Time he owns it to all his Acquaintance: For though the Legs and Arms and whole Body of that Man may still appear and perform their animal Functions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his Art is gone, the Man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned, that this little Matter should make so much Noise; but since I am engaged, I take my self obliged in Honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the help of these Arts of which I am Master, as well as my Skill in Astrological Speculations, I shall, as I see Occasion, proceed to confute other dead Men, who pretend to be in Being, that they are actually deceased. I therefore give all Men fair Warning to mend their Manners, for I shall from Time to Time print Bills of Mortality; and I beg the Pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the Number of the Deceased.

N<sup>o</sup> 2.*Thursday April 14. 1709.**Will's Coffee-house, April 13.*

**T**H E R E has lain all this Evening on the Table the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very useful for Families, I thought it deserved to be consider'd, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happened among my Acquaintance. A young Gentleman of a great Estate fell desperately in



Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill-natur'd as long Flattery and an habitual Self-will could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her; or having ever saluted her, till it was a Crime to kiss any Woman else. Beauty is a Thing which palls with Possession; and the Charms of this Lady soon wanted the Support of good Humour and Complacency of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envied him; and he never came Home, but it was — Was there no Sot that would stay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Usage? To which he — Madam, Split me, you are impertinent! In a Word, this Match was Wedlock in its most terrible Appearances. She, at last weary with Railing to no Purpose, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle of Water: The Vertue of this powerful Liquor (said he) is such, that if the Woman you marry proves a Scold, (which, it seems, my dear Niece, is your Misfortune; as it was your good Mother's before you,) let her hold six Spoonfuls in her Month for a full half Hour after you come Home — But I find I am not in Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is so ungrateful as Story-telling against the Grain, therefore take it as the Author has given it you.

*The M E D I C I N.*

*A Tale — for the Ladies.*

MISS Molly, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,  
Had Wealth and Charms—but then she had a  
[Tongue!  
From Morn to Night th'Eternal Larum run,  
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

SIR *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,  
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame;  
Possess'd he thought of every Joy of Life;  
But his Dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.  
Excess of Fondness did in Time decline,  
*Madam* lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine:  
From whence some petty Discords would arise,  
As, *You're a Fool*; — and, *You are mighty Wise*!

THO' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,  
Her Voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;  
When she began, — for Hat and Sword he'd call,  
Then after a faint Kiss, — cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*:  
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*.  
And, what Sir *John*, You'll get your usual Dose!  
Go, stink of Smoak, and guzzle nasty Wine,  
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

[Round,

OFT as the watchful Bellman march'd his  
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.  
By four the Knight would get his Business done,  
And only then reel'd off, because alone;  
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,  
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture Home,

MY Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,  
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:  
'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!  
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.  
Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,  
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;  
Till Morn sends stagg'ring Home a drunken Beast,  
Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest.

[Spouse!

HEY! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous  
What, can't you find one Bed about the House?  
Will that perpetual Clack lie never still?  
That Rival to the Softness of a Mill!  
Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,  
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.



LONG this uncomfortable Life they led,  
 With snarling Meals, and each a sep'rate Bed.  
 To an old Uncle oft she would complain,  
 Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain.  
 Old *Wisewood* smook'd the Matter as it was,  
 Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cause.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,  
 Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose  
 Domestick Jars, and Matrimonial Strife,  
 The best Elixir t' appease Man and Wife;  
 Strange are th'Effects, and Qualities divine,  
 'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.  
 If in his fullen Airs Sir *John* should come, [Mum:  
 Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth—then  
 Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and  
 [scold,  
 Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold;  
 One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,  
 He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.  
 But, dearest Niece, keep this grand Secret close,  
 Or ev'ry prat'ling Huffy'll beg a Dose.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,  
 Not *Nants* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief:  
 Her busy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,  
 And Female like impatient for th'Event!

[clear,  
 THE bonny Knight reels Home exceeding  
 Prepar'd for Clamour and Domestick War:  
 ntring, he cries, — Hey! Where's our Thun-  
 [der fled!

No Hurricane! *Betty*, 's your Lady dead?  
 Madam aside, an ample Mouthful takes, [speaks:  
 Court'sies, looks kind, but not a Word she  
 Wand'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,  
 But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd,  
 Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?  
 She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.  
 Then clasping her about — Why, let me die!  
 These Night-cloths, *Moll*, become thee mightily!  
 With

With that, he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,  
 And *Betty* calls her Lady to undress.  
 Nay, kiss me, *Molly* — for I'm much inclin'd :  
 Her Lace she cuts, to take him in the Mind.  
 Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,  
 The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

[pass'd,

FOR many Days these fond Endearments  
 The reconciling Bottle fails at last :            [arose.  
 'Twas us'd and gone, — Then Midnight Storms  
 And Looks and Words the Union discompose.  
 Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,  
 To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies ;  
 Transported does the strange Effects relate,  
 Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State !

WHY, Niece, says he, — I prithee apprehend  
 The Water's Water. — Be thy self thy Friend ;  
 Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,  
 But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm :  
 Be silent and complying, — You'll soon find,  
 Sir *John* without a Med'cin, will be kind.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.*

LETTERS from *Venice* say, The Disappointment of their Expectation to see his *Danish* Majesty, has very much disquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our last Advices from *Germany* inform us, That the Minister of *Hanover* has urged the Council at *Ratisbonne* to exert themselves in Behalf of the Common Cause, and taken the Liberty to say, That the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highness, his Master, were called to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make those Excellencies useful for the Honour and Safety of the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, O. S. That the true Design of General *Fleming's* Visit to that Court was, to insinuate that it will be for the mutual Interest of

the King of *Prussia* and King *Augustus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Ministers of *Prussia* are not inclined to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majesty has expressed great Satisfaction in their High-Mightinesses having communicated to him the Whole that has passed in the Affair of a Peacc. Though there have been Practices used by the Agents of *France* in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Understanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concerned in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Emperor is roused by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions are in Danger of being insulted the ensuing Campaign. Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impossible for *France* to find a Way to obtain so much Credit, as to gain any one Potentate of the Allies, or conceive any Hope for Safety from other Prospects.

*From my own Apartment, April 13.*

I FIND it of very great Use, now I am setting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Astrological Speculations; by which Means I avoid speaking of Things which may offend great Persons. But at the same Time I must not prostitute the Liberal Sciences so far, as not to utter the Truth in Cases which do not immediately concern the Good of my Native Country. I must therefore contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the News-Writers of *England*, That *France* is in the most deplorable Condition, and that their People die in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correspondent, by the way of *Brussels*, informs me upon his Honour, That the Gentleman who writes the *Gazette* of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever since the King has been past his 63d Year, or Grand Climacterick,

rick, there has not died one Man of the *French* Nation, who was younger than his Majesty, except a very few, who were taken suddenly near the Village of *Hocstet* in *Germany*; and some more, who were straitned for Lodging at a Place call'd *Ramelies*, and died on the Road to *Ghent* and *Bruges*. There are also other Things given out by the Allies, which are Shifts below a conquering Nation to make Use of. Among others 'tis said, There is a general Murmuring among the People of *France*, tho' at the same Time all my Letters agree, That there is so good an Understanding among them, that there is not one Morfel carried out of any Market in the Kingdom, but what is delivered upon Credit.



*Will's Coffee-house, April 14.*

THIS Evening the Comedy call'd, *The Country Wife*, was acted in *Drury-Lane* for the Benefit of Mrs. *Bignell*. The Part which gives Name to the Play was performed by herself. Through the whole Action she made a very pretty Figure, and exactly entred into the Nature of the Part. Her Husband, in the *Drama*, is represented to be one of those Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town, and believe when they think fit they can marry and settle at their Ease. His own Knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age makes him chuse a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his Security in her Want of Skill how to abuse him. The Poet, on many Occasions, where the Propriety of the Character will admit it, insinuates, That there is no Defence against Vice, but the Contempt of it: And has, in the natural Ideas of an untainted Innocent, shown the gradual Steps to Ruin and Destruction, which  
Persons



Persons of Condition run into, without the Help of a good Education how to form their Conduct. The Torment of a jealous Coxcomb, which arises from his own false Maxims, and the Aggravation of his Pain, by the very Words in which he sees her Innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive Satire. The Character of *Horner*, and the Design of it, is a good Representation of the Age in which that Comedy was written; at which Time Love and Wenching were the Business of Life, and the Gallant Manner of pursuing Women was the best Recommendation at Court. To which only it is to be imputed, That a Gentleman of Mr *Wycherley's* Character and Sense, condescends to represent the Insults done to the Honour of the Bed, without just Reproof; but to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to such Considerations, had been a Monster, and a Poet had at that Time discovered his Want of knowing the Manners of the Court he liv'd in, by a virtuous Character in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his Ignorance, by drawing a vicious one to please the present Audience. Mrs. *Bignell* did her Part very happily, and had a certain Grace in her Rusticity, which gave us Hopes of seeing her a very skilful Player, and in some Parts, supply our Loss of Mrs. *Verbruggen*. I cannot be of the same Opinion with my Friends and Fellow Labourers, the *Reformers of Manners*, in their Severity towards Plays, but must allow, that a good Play acted before a well-bred Audience, must raise very proper Incitements to good Behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing Method of giving young People a Turn of Sense and Breeding. But as I have set up for a Weekly Historian, I resolve to be a faithful One; and therefore take this publick Occasion to admonish a young Nobleman, who came fluster'd into the Box last Night, and let him know how much all his Friends were out of Countenance for him. The Women sat in Terror of hearing  
some-

something that should shock their Modesty, and all the Gentlemen in as much Pain out of Compassion to the Ladies, and perhaps Repentment for the Indignity which was offered in coming into their Presence in so disrespectful a Manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon Condition he will never hazard his offending more in this Kind. As I just now hinted, I own my self of the Society for *Reformation of Manners*. We have lower Instruments than those of the Family of *Bickerstaff*, for punishing great Crimes, and exposing the Abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have Notices from all publick Assemblies, I shall take upon me only Indecorums, Improprieties and Negligences, in such as should give us better Examples. After this Declaration, if a fine Lady thinks fit to giggle at Church, or a Great Beau come in drunk to a Play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing Paper: For meerly as a well-bred Man, I cannot bear these Enormities.

AFTER the Play we naturally stroll to this Coffee-house, in Hopes of meeting some new Poem, or other Entertainment, among the Men of Wit and Pleasure, where there is a Dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few Writers, when the Art is become meerly Mechanick, and Men may make themselves great that Way, by as certain and infallible Rules as you may be a Joiner or a Mason. There happens a good Instance of this in what the Hawker has just now offered to Sale, to wit, *Instructions to Vanderbank; A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets; A Poem, occasioned by the Glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of Marlborough, the last Year in Flanders*. Here you are to understand, that the Author finding the Poets would not take his Advice, he troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one *Vanderbank*, who works in Arras, and makes very good Tapestry Hangings: Therefore, in order to  
cele



celebrate the Hero of the Age, he claps me together all that can be said of a Man that makes Hangings: As,

*THEN, Artist, who dost Nature's Face express  
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress;  
Dost figur'd Arras animated leave,  
Spin a bright Story, or a Passion weave  
By mingling Threads; canst mingle Shade and Light,  
Delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight?*

WELL, what shall this Workman do? Why? To show how great an Hero the Poet intends, he provides him a very good Horse:

*Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain,  
Arch his high Neck, and graceful spread his Mane.*

NOW as to the Intrepidity, the calm Courage, the constant Application of the Hero, it is not necessary to take that upon your self; you may, in the Lump, bid him you employ, raise him as high as he can, and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying Orders.

*LET Fame and Victory in inferior Sky  
Hover with ballanc'd Wings and smiling fly  
Above his Head, &c.*

A whole Poem of this Kind may be ready against an ensuing Campaign, as well as a Space left in the Canvas of a Piece of Tapestry for the principal Figure, while the Under-Parts are working: So that in Effect the Adviser copies after the Man he pretends to direct. This Method should, methinks, encourage young Beginners: For the Invention is so fitted to all Capacities, that by the Help of it a Man may make a Receipt for a Poem. A young Man may observe that the Jig of the Thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said of his Way you employ  
to

to set forth your Worthy. *Waller* and *Denham* had worn out the Expedient of *Advice to a Painter*: This Author has transferred the Work, and sent his *Advice to the Poets*; that is to say, to the *Turners of Verse*, as he calls them. Well; that Thought is worn out also, therefore he directs his Genius to the Loom, and will have a new Set of Hangings in Honour of the last Year in *Flanders*. I must own to you, I approve extreamly this Invention, and it might be improved for the Benefit of Manufactory: As, suppose an ingenious Gentleman should write a Poem of Advice to a Callico-Printer; Do you think there is a Girl in *England* that would wear any Thing but *The taking of Lisle*, or *The Battle of Oudenarde*? They would certainly be all the Fashion, till the Heroes abroad had cut out some more Patterns. I should fancy small Skirmishes might do for Under-Petticoats, provided they had a Siege for the Upper. If our Adviser were well imitated, many industrious People might be put to Work. Little Mr. *Dactile*, now in the Room, who formerly writ a Song and a half, is a Week gone in a very pretty Work, upon this Hint: He is writing an Epigram to a young Virgin who knits very well: ('tis a thousand Pities he is a *Jacobite*) But his Epigram is by way of Advice to this Danisel, to knit all the Actions of the *Pretender* and the Duke of *Burgundy* last Campaign in the Clock of a Stocking. It were endless to enumerate the many Hands and Trades that may be employed by Poets, of so useful a Turn as this Adviser's. I shall think of it; and in this Time of Taxes, shall consult a great Critick employed in the Custom-house, in order to propose what Tax may be proper to put upon Knives, Seals, Rings, Hangings, wrought Beds, Gowns, and Petticoats, where any of those Commodities bear Motto's, or are worked upon Poetical Grounds.

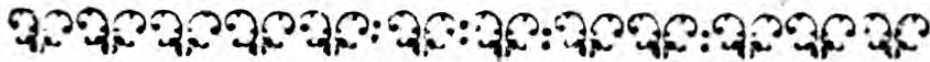
*St. James's Coffee-house, April 15.*

LETTERS from *Turin* of the 3<sup>d</sup> Instant, N. S. inform us, That his Royal Highness employs all his Address in alarming the Enemy, and perplexing their Speculations concerning his real Designs the ensuing Campaign. Contracts are entered into with the Merchants of *Milan*, for a great Number of Mules to transport his Provisions and Ammunition. His Royal Highness has ordered the Train of Artillery to be conveyed to *Susa* before the 20<sup>th</sup> of the next Month. In the mean Time, all Accounts agree, That the Enemy are very backward in their Preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an Invasion, by reason of the general Murmurs of their own People; which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them Hopes of a speedy Peace. When these Letters were dispatched, the Marshal *de Thesse* was arrived at *Genoa*, where he has taken much Pains to keep the Correspondents of the Merchants of *France* in Hopes, that Measures will be found out to support the Credit and Commerce between that State and *Lyon*: But the late Declaration of the Agents of Monsieur *Bernard*, that they cannot discharge the Demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the Remittances of *France*.

*From my own Apartment, April 15.*

IT is a very natural Passion in all good Members of the Commonwealth, to take what Care they can of their Families. Therefore I hope the Reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the Play, called the *Stratagem*, this Evening, which is to be acted for the Benefit of my near Kinsman Mr. *John Bickerstaff*. I protest to you, the Gentleman has not spoken to me to desire this Favour; but I have a Respect for him, as well in Regard to Consanguinity, as that he is an intimate Friend of that famous and heroick Actor  
Mr.

Mr. George Powell, who formerly played *Alexander the Great* in all Places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the Stage.



N<sup>o</sup> 4.      Tuesday April 18. 1709.

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**I***T is usual with Persons who mount the Stage for the Cure or Information of the Croud about them, to make solemn Professions of their being wholly disinterested in the Pains they take for the publick Good. At the same Time those very Men, who make Harangues in Plush Doublets, and extol their own Abilities and generous Inclinations, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and show no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown to six, nay, to one Penny. We have a Contempt for such paultry Barterers, and have therefore all along informed the Publick, that we intend to give them our Advices for our own Sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to some Price in Money, for our more convenient Support in the Service of the Publick. It is certain that many other Schemes have been proposed to me; as a Friend offered to shew me in a Treatise he had writ, which he called, The whole Art of Life, or, The Introduction to Great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards. But being a Novice at all Manner of Play, I declined the Offer. Another advised me, for want of Money, to set up my Coach and practise Physick, but having been bred a Scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither, therefore resolv'd to go on in my present Project. But you are to understand, that I shall not pretend to raise a Credit to this Work upon the Weight of my Politick News only, but, as my Latin Sentence in the Title-Page informs you, shall take any Thing that offers for the Subject of my Discourse. Thus new Persons as well as new Things, are to come under my Consideration; as when a Toast or a Wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freshest Advice of their Preferment from me,*



*me, with a Description of the Beauty's Manners, and the Wit's Style; as also in whose Places they are advanced. For this Town is never good-natured enough to raise one, without depressing another. But it is my Design to avoid saying any Thing of any Person, which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the Variety of the Matter and Style, to give Entertainment for Men of Pleasure, without Offence to those of Business.*

*White's Chocolate-house, April 18.*

ALL Hearts at present pant for two Ladies only, who have for some Time engrossed the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their Excellencies. The Beauty of *Clarissa* is soft, that of *Chloe* piercing. When you look at *Clarissa*, you see the most exact Harmony of Feature, Complexion and Shape; you find in *Chloe* nothing extraordinary in any one of those Particulars, but the whole Woman irresistible. *Clarissa* looks languishing; *Chloe*, killing: *Clarissa* never fails of gaining Admiration; *Chloe*, of moving Desire. The Gazers at *Clarissa* are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine Picture. They who behold *Chloe*, at the first Glance discover Transport, as if they met their dearest Friend. These different Perfections are suitably represented by the last great Painter *Italy* has sent us, Mr *Fervase*. *Clarissa* is by that skilful Hand placed in a Manner that looks artless, and innocent of the Torments she gives; *Chloe* drawn with a Liveliness that shows she is conscious, but not affected, of her Perfections. *Clarissa* is a Shepherdess, *Chloe* a Country Girl. I must own, the Design of *Chloe's* Picture shows, to me, great Mastery in the Painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the Dress he has given her of a Straw-Hat and a Ribband, to represent that Sort of Beauty which enters the Heart with a certain Familiarity, and cheats it into a Belief, that

that it has received a Lover as well as an Object of Love. The Force of their different Beauties is seen also in the Effects it makes on their Lovers. The Admirers of *Chloe* are eternally gay and well-pleas'd: Those of *Clarissa*, melancholy and thoughtful. And as this Passion always changes the natural Man into a quite different Creature from what he was before, the Love of *Chloe* makes Coxcombs; that of *Clarissa*, Madmen. There were of each Kind just now in this Room. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts Capers, for Love of *Chloe*. Another has just now writ three Lines to *Clarissa*, then taken a Turn in the Garden, then came back again, then tore his Fragment, then called for some Chocolate, then went away without it.

*CHLOE* has so many Admirers in the House at present, that there is too much Noise to proceed in my Narration: So that the Progress of the Loves of *Clarissa* and *Chloe*, together with the Bottles that are drank each Night for the one, and the many Sighs which are uttered, and Songs written on the other, must be our Subject on future Occasions.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 18.*

LETTERS from the *Hay-market* inform us, That on *Saturday* Night last the Opera of *Pyrrhus* and *Demetrius* was performed with great Applause. This Intelligence is not very acceptable to us Friends of the Theatre; for the Stage being an Entertainment of the Reason and all our Faculties, this Way of being pleas'd with the Suspence of them for three Hours together, and being given up to the shallow Satisfaction of the Eyes and Ears only, seems to arise rather from the Degeneracy of our Understanding, than an Improvement of our Diversions. That the Understanding has no Part in the Pleasure is evident, from what these Letters very positively assert, to wit, That a great Part of the Perform-

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ance was done in *Italian*: And a great Critick fell into Fits in the Gallery, at seeing, not only Time and Place, but Languages and Nations confused in the most incorrigible Manner. His Spleen is so extreamly moved on this Occasion, that he is going to publish a Treatise against Opera's, which he thinks have already inclined us to Thoughts of Peace, and if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the War. He has communicated his Scheme to the whole Room, and declared in what Manner Things of this Kind were first introduced. He has upon this Occasion considered the Nature of Sounds in general, and made a very elaborate Digression upon the *London Cries*, wherein he has shown from Reason and Philosophy, why Oysters are cried, Card-Matches sung, and Turneps and all other Vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an Accent and Tone neither natural to Man or Beast. This Piece seems to be taken from the Model of that excellent Discourse of Mrs. Manly the School-Mistress, concerning Samplers. Advices from the upper End of *Piccadilly* say, That *May Fair* is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. *Pinkethman* has removed his ingenious Company of Strollers to *Greenwich*. But other Letters from *Deptford* say, the Company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several Heathen Gods and Goddesses, which are to descend in Machines, landed at the *King's Head Stairs* last *Saturday*. *Venus* and *Cupid* went on Foot from thence to *Greenwich*; *Mars* got drunk in the Town, and broke his Landlord's Head, for which he sate in the Stocks the whole Evening; but Mr. *Pinkethman* giving Security that he should do nothing this ensuing Summer, he was set at Liberty. The most melancholy Part of all was, that *Diana* was taken in the Act of Fornication with a Boatman, and committed by Justice *Wrathful*, which has, it seems, put a Stop to the Diversions of the Theatre of *Black Heath*.

*Heath.* But there goes down another *Diana* and a *Patient Griffel* next Tide from *Billingsgate*.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 18.*

THEY write from *Saxony* of the 13th Instant, N. S. That the Grand General of the Crown of *Poland* was so far from entering into a Treaty with King *Stanislaus*, that he had written circular Letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatinates to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable Conjuncture for asserting their Liberty.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, N. S. say, they have Advices from *Vienna*, which import, That his Electoral Highness of *Hanover* had signified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himself at the Head of the Troops of the Empire, except more effectual Measures were taken for acting vigorously against the Enemy the ensuing Campaign. Upon this Representation the Emperor has given Orders to several Regiments to march towards the *Rhine*, and dispatched Expresses to the respective Princes of the Empire to desire an Augmentation of their Forces.

THESE Letters add, That an Express arrived at the *Hague* on the 20th Instant, with Advice, That the Enemy having made a Detachment from *Tournay*, of 1500 Horse, each Trooper carrying a Foot-Soldier behind him, in order to surprize the Garrison of *Alost*; the Allies, upon Notice of their March, sent out a strong Body of Troops from *Ghent*, which engaged the Enemy at *Asche*, and took 200 of them Prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any farther Attempt. On the 22d in the Morning, a Fleet of Merchant-Ships coming from *Scotland*, were attacked by six *French* Privateers at the Entrance of the *Meuse*. We have yet no certain Advice of the Event: But Letters from *Rotterdam* say, That a *Dutch* Man of War of forty Guns, which

was Convoy to the said Fleet, was taken, as were also eighteen of the Merchants. The *Swiss* Troops, in the Service of the States, have completed the Augmentation of their respective Companies. Those of *Wirtemberg* and *Prussia* are expected on the Frontiers within few Days; and the Auxiliaries from *Saxony*, as also a Battalion of *Holstein*, and another of *Wolfembuttel*, are advancing thither with all Expedition. On the 21<sup>st</sup> Instant, the Deputies of the States had a Conference near *Woerden* with the President *Rouille*, but the Matter which was therein debated is not made publick. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* continue at the *Hague*.

*From my own Apartment, April 18.*

I HAVE lately been very studious for Intelligence, and have just now, by my *Astrological Flying-Post*, received a Packet from *Felicia*, an Island in *America*, with an Account that gives me great Satisfaction, and lets me understand that the Island was never in greater Prosperity, or the Administration in so good Hands, since the Death of their late glorious King. These Letters import, That the Chief Minister has entered into a firm League with the ablest and best Men of the Nation, to carry on the Cause of Liberty, to the Encouragement of Religion, Virtue and Honour. Those Persons at the Helm are so useful, and in themselves of such Weight, that their strict Alliance must needs tend to the universal Prosperity of the People. *Camillo*, it seems, presides over the Deliberations of State; and is so highly valued by all Men for his singular Probity, Courage, Affability, and Love of Mankind, that his being placed in that Station has dissipated the Fears of that People, who of all the World are the most jealous of their Liberty and Happiness. The next Member of their Society is *Horatio*, who makes all the publick Dispatches. This Minister is Master of all the  
Lan-



Languages in Use to great Perfection. He is held in the highest Veneration imaginable for a severe Honesty, and Loye of his Country: He lives in a Court unfulled with any of its Artifices, the Refuge of the Oppressed, and Terror of Oppressors. *Martio* has joined himself to this Council; a Man of most undaunted Resolution and great Knowledge in Maritime Affairs; famous for destroying the Navy of the *Franks*, and singularly happy in one Particular, That he never preferred a Man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his Country. *Philander* is mentioned with particular Distinction; a Nobleman who has the most refined Taste of the true Pleasures and Elegance of Life, joined to an indefatigable Industry in Business: A Man eloquent in Assemblies, agreeable in Conversation, and dextrous in all Manner of publick Negotiations. These Letters add, That *Verono*, who is also of this Council, has lately set Sail to his Government of *Patricia*, with Design to confirm the Affections of the People in the Interests of his Queen. This Minister is Master of great Abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the Preservation of the Liberties of the People, as the greatest Enemy can be to subvert them. The Influence of these Personages, who are Men of such distinguished Parts and Virtues, makes the People enjoy the utmost Tranquillity in the midst of a War, and gives them undoubted Hopes of a secure Peace from their Vigilance and Integrity.



N<sup>o</sup> 5. Thursday April 21. 1709.

*White's Chocolate House, April 20.*

WHO names that lost Thing, Love, without a Tear,  
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?  
 To an exact Perfection they have brought  
 The Action, Love, the Passion i forgot.

THIS was long ago a witty Author's Lamentation, but the Evil still continues; and if a Man of any Delicacy were to attend the Discourses of the young Fellows of this Age, they would believe there were none but Prostitutes to make the Objects of Passion. So true it is what the Author of the above Verses said, a little before his Death, of the Modern Pretenders to Gallantry: "They set up for Wits in this Age, by saying, "when they are sober, what they of the last "spoke only when they were drunk". But *Cupid* is not only blind at present, but dead-drunk; he has lost all his Faculties: Else how should *Celia* be so long a Maid, with that agreeable Behaviour? *Corinna*, with that sprightly Wit? *Lesbia*, with that Heavenly Voice? And *Sachurissa*, with all those Excellencies in one Person, frequent the Park, the Play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to publick Places, and not a Man turn pale at her Appearance? But such is the fallen State of Love, that if it were not for honest *Cynthio*, who is true to the Cause, we should hardly have a Pattern left of the ancient Worthies that Way: And indeed he has but very little Encouragement to persevere; but he has a Devotion, rather than Love, for his Mistress, and says,

*Only tell her that I love,  
 Leave the rest to her and Fate;  
 Some kind Planet from above  
 May, perhaps, her Passion move:  
 Lovers on their Stars must wait.*

BUT the Stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him he will never have her: For would you believe it? Tho' *Cynthio* has Wit, Good Sense, Fortune, and his very Being depends upon her, the Termagant for whom he sighs, is in Love with a Fellow, who stares in the Glass all the Time he is with her, and lets her plainly see, she may possibly be his Rival, but never



never his Mistress. Yet *Cynthio*, the same unhappy Man whom I mentioned in my first Narrative, pleases himself with a vain Imagination, that with the Language of his Eyes, now he has found who she is, he shall conquer her, though her Eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the Sex. It is certainly a Mistake in the Antients to draw the little Gentleman, *Love*, as a blind Boy; for his real Character is a little Thief that squints. For ask Mrs. *Meddle*, who is a Confident, or Spy, upon all the Passions in Town, and she will tell you, that the whole is a Game of Cross-Purposes. The Lover is generally pursuing one who is in Pursuit of another, and running from one that desires to meet him. Nay, the Nature of this Passion is so justly represented in a squinting little Thief, (who is always in a double Action) that do but observe *Clarissa* next Time you see her, and you will find, when her Eyes have made their soft Tour round the Company, she makes no Stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two Seconds of a Minute on *Wildair*, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any Woman else. However, *Cynthio* had a Bow from her t'other Day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his Maid of an Errand yesterday without any Manner of Hesitation; a Quarter of an Hour after which he reckoned Twenty, remember'd he was to sup with a Friend, and went exactly to his Appointment. I sent to know how he did this Morning, and I find he hath not forgot that he spoke to me yesterday.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 20.*

THIS Week being sacred to Holy Things, and no publick Diversion allowed, there has been taken Notice of, even here, a little Treatise, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion: Dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley.* The Title

was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a Way of Thinking, that every Man here has read it, and as many as have done so, have approved it. It is written with the Spirit of one who has seen the World enough to undervalue it with good Breeding. The Author must certainly be a Man of Wisdom, as well as Piety, and have spent much Time in the Exercise of both. The real Causes of the Decay of the Interest of Religion, are set forth in a clear and lively Manner, without unseasonable Passions; and the whole Air of the Book, as to the Language, the Sentiments, and the Reasonings, show it was written by one whose Virtue sits easie about him, and to whom Vice is throughly contemptible. It was said by one of this Company, alluding to that Knowledge of the World the Author seems to have, the Man writes much like a Gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good Mien.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 20.*

LETTERS from *Italy* say, That the Marquis *de Prie*, upon the Receipt of an Express from the Court of *Vienna*, went immediately to the Palace of Cardinal *Paulucci*, Minister of State to his Holiness, and demanded in the Name of his Imperial Majesty, that King *Charles* should forthwith be acknowledged King of *Spain*, by a solemn Act of the Congregation of Cardinals appointed for that Purpose: He declared at the same Time, That if the least Hesitation were made in this most important Article of the late Treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave *Rome* himself, but also transmit his Master's Orders to the Imperial Troops to face about, and return into the Ecclesiastical Dominions. When the Cardinal reported this Message to the Pope, his Holiness was struck with so sensible an Affliction, that he burst into Tears, His Sorrow was aggravated by Letters which immediately after arrived

ved from the Court of *Madrid*, wherein his Nuncio acquainted him, That upon the News of his Accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a Message to forbear coming to Court; and the People were so highly provoked, that they could hardly be restrained from insulting his Palace. These Letters add, That the King of *Denmark* was gone from *Florence* to *Pisa*, and from *Pisa* to *Leghorn*, where the Governor paid his Majesty all imaginable Honours. The King designed to go from thence to *Lucca*, where a magnificent Tournament was prepared for his Diversion. An *English* Man of War, which came from *Port-Mahon* to *Leghorn* in six Days brought Advice, That the Fleet commanded by Admiral *Whitaker* was safely arrived at *Barcelona* with the Troops and Ammunition which he had taken in at *Naples*.

GENERAL *Boneval*, Governor of *Comacchio*, had summoned the Magistrates of all the Towns near that Place to appear before him, and take an Oath of Fidelity to his Imperial Majesty, commanding also the Gentry to pay him Homage, on Pain of Death and Confiscation of Goods. Advices from *Switzerland* inform us, That the Bankers of *Geneva* were utterly ruined by the Failure of Mr. *Bernard*. They add, That the Deputies of the *Swiss* Cantons were return'd from *Soleure*, where they were assembled at the Instance of the *French* Ambassador; but were very much dissatisfied with the Reception they had from that Minister. 'Tis true, he omitted no Civilities or Expressions of Friendship from his Master, but he took no Notice of their Pensions and Arrears; what further provoked their Indignation was, That instead of twenty-five Pistoles formerly allowed to each Member for their Charge in coming to the Diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from *Dresden*, That King *Augustus* was still busie in recruiting his Cavalry, and that the *Danish* Troops that lately served in *Hungary*, had Orders to be in *Saxony* in the Mid-



de of *May*, and that his Majesty of *Denmark* was expected at *Dresden* in the Beginning of that Month. King *Augustus* makes great Preparations for his Reception, and has appointed sixty Coaches, each drawn by six Horses, for that Purpose: The Interview of these Princes affords great Matter for Speculation. Letters from *Paris* of the 22d of this Month say, That Mareschal *Harcourt* and the Duke of *Berwick* were preparing to go into *Alsace* and *Dauphine*, but that their Troops were in want of all-Manner of Necessaries. The Court of *France* had received Advices from *Madrid*, That on the 7th of this Month the States of *Spain* had with much Magnificence acknowledged the Prince of *Asturias* Presumptive Heir to the Crown. This was performed at *Buen-Retiro*; the Deputies took the Oaths on that Occasion from the Hands of Cardinal *Portocarrero*. These Advices add, That it was signified to the Pope's Nuncio, by Order of Council, to depart from that Court in twenty-four Hours, and that a Guard was appointed to conduct him to *Bayonne*.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 26th Instant inform us. That Prince *Eugene* was to set out the next Day for *Brussels*, to put all Things in a Readiness for opening the Campaign. They add, That the Grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of *Marlborough* what passed in the last Conference with Mr. *Rouille*, his Grace had taken a Resolution immediately to return to *Great Britain*, to communicate to her Majesty all that has been transacted in that important Affair.

*From my own Apartment, April 20.*

THE Nature of my Miscellaneous Work is such, that I shall always take the Liberty to tell for News such Things (let them have happened never so much before the Time of Writing) as have escaped publick Notice, or have been misrepresented to the World, provided that I am still within Rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectness of Style, and  
writing



writing in an Air of common Speech. Thus, if any Thing that is said, even of old *Anchises* or *Æneas*, be set by me in a different Light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the Love and Admiration of worthy Actions, you will, gentle Reader, I hope, accept of it for Intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a Narrative, the Matter of which I know to be true: It is not only doing Justice to the deceas'd Merit of such Persons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their Power to thank me, but also an Instance of the Greatness of Spirit in the lowest of her Majesty's Subjects. Take it as follows:

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by *Pincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton's* Regiment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between these two Men a Dispute about a Matter of Love, which, upon some Aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable Hatred. *Unnion* being the Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to strike his Rival, and profess the Spite and Revenge which moved him to it. The Centinel bore it without Resistance, but frequently said, He would die to be revenged of that Tyrant. They had spent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Castle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell; the *French* pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, Ah, *Valentine!* Can you leave me here? *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Salsne*, where a Cannon-Ball took off his Head: His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying off. *Unnion* immediately

forgot his Wound, rose up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding Carcass, crying, Ah, *Valentine!* Was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any Means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dressed by Force; but the next Day still calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorse and Despair.

IT may be a Question among Men of Noble Sentiments, Whether of these unfortunate Persons had the greater Soul; he that was so generous as to venture his Life for his Enemy, or he who could not survive the Man that died, in laying upon him such an Obligation?

WHEN we see Spirits like these in a People, to what Heights may we not suppose their Glory may rise? But (as it is excellently observed by *Salust*) It is not only to the general Bent of a Nation that great Revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary Genio's that lead them. On which Occasion he proceeds to say, That the *Roman* Greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior Policy, for in that the *Carthaginians* excelled; nor to their Valour, for in that the *French* were preferable; but to particular Men, who were born for the Good of their Country, and formed for great Attempts. This he says to introduce the Characters of *Cesar* and *Cato*. It would be entring into too weighty a Discourse for this Place, if I attempted to show, that our Nation has produced as great and able Men for publick Affairs as any other. But I believe the Reader outruns me, and fixes his Imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. It is, methinks, a pleasing Reflection to consider the Dispensations of Providence in the Fortune of this illustrious

stirious Man, who, in the Space of forty Years, has passed through all the Gradations of Human Life, till he has ascended to the Character of a Prince, and become the Scourge of a Tyrant, who sat in one of the greatest Thrones in *Europe*, before the Man who was to have the greatest Part in his Downfall had made one Step into the World. But such Elevations are the Natural Consequences of an exact Prudence, a calm Courage, a well-governed Temper, a patient Ambition, and an affable Behaviour. These Arts, as they are the Steps to his Greatness, so they are the Pillars of it now it is raised. To this her Glorious Son *Great Britain* is indebted for the Happy Conduct of her Arms, in whom she can boast, she has produced a Man formed by Nature to lead a Nation of Heroes.



N<sup>o</sup> 6.      Saturday April 23. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 22.*

I AM just come from visiting *Sappho*, a fine Lady, who writes Verses, sings, dances, and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the Imputation of any Thing that can injure her Character; for she is so well known to have no Passion but Self-love; or Folly, but Affectation; that now upon any Occasion they only cry, 'Tis her Way, and, *That's so like her*, without farther Reflection. As I came into the Room, she cries, Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, I am utterly undone. I have broke that pretty *Italian Fan* I showed you when you were here last, wherein were so admirably drawn our first Parents in *Paradise* asleep in each other's Arms. But there is such an Affinity between Painting and Poetry, that I have been improving the Images which were raised by that Picture, by reading the same Representation in two of our



greatest Poets. Look you, here are the Passages in *Milton* and in *Dryden*. All *Milton's* Thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in this inimitable Description which *Adam* makes of himself in the Eighth Book of *Paradise Lost*. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following Lines, where he tells us his Thoughts when he was falling asleep a little after his Creation :

*While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From whence I first drew Air, and first beheld  
This happy Light; when Answer none return'd,  
On a green shady Bank, profuse of Flowers,  
Pensive I sate me down, there gentle Sleep  
First found me, and with soft Oppression seiz'd  
My drowned Sense, untroubled, tho' I thought  
I then was passing to my former State  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.*

BUT now I can't forgive this odious Thing, this *Dryden*, who in his *State of Innocence* has given my Great Grandmother *Eve* the same Apprehension of Annihilation on a very different Occasion; as *Adam* pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of Stupor and Deadness, *Eve* fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the Hurry of a Rapture. However, the Verses are very good, and I don't know but it may be natural what she says. I'll read them :

*When your kind Eyes look'd languishing on mine,  
And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join;  
A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,  
Then Wishes and a Warmth unknown before;  
What follow'd was all Ecstasie and Trance,  
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance;  
And speckless Joys, in whose sweet Tumults tost,  
I thought my Breath and my New Being lost.*

SHE went on, and said a thousand good Things at Random, but so strangely mix'd, that you



you would be apt to say, All her Wit is meer good Luck, and not the Effect of Reason and Judgment. When I made my Escape hither, I found a Gentleman playing the Critick on two other great Poets, even *Virgil* and *Homer*. He was observing, that *Virgil* is more judicious than the other in the Epithets he gives his Hero. *Homer's* usual Epithet, said he, is ἠδῶδας ὄρχους or Πεδάρεχης and his Indiscretion has been often rallied by the Criticks, for mentioning the Nimbleness of Foot in *Achilles*, though he describes him standing, sitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other Circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to Speed and Activity. *Virgil's* common Epithet to *Æneas* is *Pius*, or *Pater*. I have therefore considered, said he, what Passage there is in any of his Hero's Actions, where either of these Appellations would have been most improper, to see if I could catch him at the same Fault with *Homer*: And this, I think, is his Meeting with *Dido* in the Cave, where *Pius Æneas* would have been absurd, and *Pater Æneas* a Burlesque: The Poet has therefore wisely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus*.

*Speluncam Dido Dux & Trojanus eandem  
Deveniunt. ———*

Which he has repeated twice in *Juno's* Speech and his own Narration: For he very well knew, a loose Action might be consistent enough with the usual Manners of a Soldier, though it became neither the Chastity of a pious Man, nor the Gravity of the Father of a People.

*Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.*

WHILE other Parts of the Town are amused with the present Actions, we generally spend the Evening at this Table in Enquiries into Antiquity, and think any Thing News which gives us new  
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Knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant Entertainment to ourselves, in putting the Actions of *Homer's Iliad* into an exact Journal.

THIS Poem is introduced by *Chryses*, King of *Chryseis*, and Priest of *Apollo*, who comes to redeem his Daughter, who was carried off at the taking of that City, and given to *Agamemnon* for his Part of the Booty. The Refusal he received enrages *Apollo*, who for nine Days shower'd down Darts upon them, which occasioned the Pestilence.

THE 10th Day *Achilles* assembles the Council, and encourages *Calchas* to speak for the Surrender of *Chryseis* to appease *Apollo*. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* storm at one another, notwithstanding which *Agamemnon* will not release his Prisoner, unless he has *Briseis* in her Stead. After long Contestations, wherein *Agamemnon* gives a glorious Character of *Achilles's* Valour, he determines to restore *Briseis* to her Father, and sends two Heralds to fetch away *Chryseis* from *Achilles*, who abandons himself to Sorrow and Despair. His Mother *Thetis* came to comfort him under his Affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful Lamentations to *Jupiter*: But he could not attend it; for the Evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two Days beyond the Seas with the harmless *Æthiopians*.

T WAS the 21st Day after *Chryseis's* Arrival to the Camp, that *Thetis* went very early to demand an Audience of *Jupiter*. The Means he uses to satisfy her were, to persuade the *Greeks* to attack the *Trojans*; that so they might perceive the Consequence of contemning *Achilles*, and the Miseries they suffer if he does not head them. The next Night he orders *Agamemnon*, in a Dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the Hopes of obtaining a Victory, and also taking the City, without sharing the Honour with *Achilles*.

ON the 22d in the Morning, he assembles the Council, and having made a Feint of raising the Siege and retiring, he declares to them his Dream; and, together with *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, resolves on an Engagement.

THIS was the 23d Day, which is full of Incidents, and which continues from almost the Beginning of the second Canto to the eighth. The Armies being then drawn up in View of one another, *Hector* brings it about, that *Menelaus* and *Paris*, the two Persons concerned in the Quarrel, should decide it by a single Combat, which tending to the Advantage of *Menelaus*, was interrupted by a Cowardice infused by *Minerva*: Then both Armies engage, where the *Trojans* have the Disadvantage; but being afterwards animated by *Apollo*, they repulse the Enemy, yet they are once again forced to give Ground; but their Affairs were retrieved by *Hector*, who has a single Combat with *Ajax*. The Gods threw themselves into the Battel, *Juno* and *Minerva* took the *Grecians* Part, and *Apollo* and *Mars* the *Trojans*: But *Mars* and *Venus* are both wounded by *Diomedes*.

THE Truce for burying the Slain ended the 23d Day, after which the *Greeks* threw up a great Intrenchment to secure their Navy from Danger. Councils are held on both Sides. On the Morning of the 24th Day the Battel is renewed, but in a very disadvantageous Manner to the *Greeks*, who were beaten back to their Retrenchments. *Agamemnon* being in Despair at this ill Success, proposes to the Council to quit the Enterprize, and retire from *Troy*. But by the Advice of *Nestor*, he is perswaded to regain *Achilles*, by returning *Chryseis*, and sending him considerable Presents. Hereupon *Ulysses* and *Ajax* are sent to that Hero, who continues inflexible in his Anger. *Ulysses* at his Return, joins himself with *Diomedes*, and goes in the Night to gain Intelligence of the Enemy: They enter into their very Camp, where, finding the Centinels asleep, they  
made



made a great Slaughter. *Rhesus*, who was just then arrived with Recruits from *Thrace* for the *Trojans*, was killed in that Action. Here ends the 10th Canto. The Sequel of this Journal will be in the next Article from this Place.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.*

WE hear from *Italy*, That notwithstanding the Pope has received a Letter from the Duke of *Anjou*, demanding of him to explain himself upon the Affair of acknowledging of King *Charles*, his Holiness has not yet thought fit to send any Answer to that Prince. The Court of *Rome* appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his Majesty of *Denmark* in that City, having perhaps given themselves vain Hopes from a Visit made by a Protestant Prince to that See. The Pope has dispatched a Gentleman to compliment his Majesty, and sent the King a Present of all the Curiosities and Antiquities of *Rome*, represented in seventeen Volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the *Vatican* Library. Letters from *Genoa* of the 14th Instant say, A *Folucca* was arrived there in five Days from *Marseilles*, with an Account, That the People of that City had made an Infurrection, by reason of the Scarcity of Provisions; and that the Intendant had ordered some Companies of Marines, and the Men belonging to the Gallies, to stand to their Arms to protect him from Violence; but that he began to be in as much Apprehension of his Guards, as those from whom they were to defend him. When that Vessel came away, the Soldiers murmured publickly for want of Pay; and it was generally believed, they would pillage the Magazines, as the Garrisons of *Grenoble*, and other Towns of *France*, had already done. A Vessel which lately came into *Leghorn*, brought Advice, That the *British* Squadron was arrived at *Port-Mahon*, where they were taking in more Troops,



in order to attempt the Relief of *Alicant*, which still made a very vigorous Defence. 'Tis said, Admiral *Byng* will be at the Head of that Expedition. The King of *Denmark* was gone from *Leghorn* towards *Lucca*.

THEY write from *Vienna*, That in case the Allies should enter into a Treaty of Peace with *France*, Count *Zinzendorf* will be appointed First Plenipotentiary, the Count *de Goes* the Second, and Monsieur *Van Konsbruck* a Third. Major-General *Palmes*, Envoy Extraordinary from her *Britannick* Majesty, has been very urgent with that Court to make their utmost Efforts against *France* the ensuing Campaign, in order to oblige it to such a Peace, as may establish the Tranquillity of *Europe* for the future.

WE are also informed, That the Pope uses all imaginable Shifts to elude the Treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate Restitution of *Comacchio*; insisting also, That his Imperial Majesty should ask Pardon, and desire Absolution for what has formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge King *Charles*. But this was utterly refused.

THEY hear at *Vienna*, by Letters from *Constantinople*, dated the 22d of *February* last, That on the 12th of that Month the Grand Signior took Occasion, at the Celebration of the Festivals of the *Mussulmans*, to set all the Christian Slaves which were in the Gallies at Liberty.

ADVICES from *Switzerland* import, That the Preachers of the County of *Tockenburg* continue to create new Jealousies of the Protestants, and some Disturbances lately happened on that Account. The Protestants and Papists in the Town of *Hamman* go to Divine Service one after another in the same Church, as is usual in many other Parts of *Switzerland*; but on *Sunday* the 10th Instant, the Popish Curate, having ended his Service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the Church according to Custom;

from; but the Protestants briskly attacked him and his Party, and broke into it by Force.

LAST Night between seven and eight, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at Court.

*From my own Apartment, April 22.*

THE present great Captains of the Age, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*, having been the Subject of the Discourse of the last Company I was in, it has naturally led me into a Consideration of *Alexander* and *Cesar*, the two greatest Names which ever appeared before this Century. In order to enter into their Characters, there needs no more but examining their Behaviour in Parallel Circumstances. It must be allowed, That they had an equal Greatness of Soul; but *Cesar's* was more corrected and allayed by a Mixture of Prudence and Circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one Particular in their Histories, wherein they seem to have shown exactly the Difference of their Tempers. When *Alexander*, after a long Course of Victories, would still have led his Soldiers farther from Home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like Behaviour in *Cesar's* Army in the midst of his March against *Ariovistus*. Let us therefore observe the Conduct of our two Generals in so nice an Affair: And here we find *Alexander* at the Head of his Army, upbraiding them with their Cowardice, and Meanness of Spirit; and in the End, telling them plainly, He would go forward himself, though not a Man followed him. This showed indeed an excessive Bravery; but how would the Commander have come off, if the Speech had not succeeded, and the Soldiers had taken him at his Word? The Project seems of a Piece with Mr. *Bays's* in the *Rehearsal*, who, to gain a Clap in his Prologue, comes out, with a terrible Fellow in a Fur-Cap following him, and tells his Audience, If they would not like his Play, he would lie down and have

have his Head struck off. If this gained a Clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the Executioner to do his Office. But *Cæsar* would not leave the Success of his Speech to such uncertain Events; He shews his Men the Unreasonableness of their Fears in an obliging Manner, and concludes, That if none else would march along with them, he would go himself with the Tenth Legion, for he was assured of their Fidelity and Valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that in all Probability they were as much against the March as the rest. The Result of all was very natural; The Tenth Legion, fired with the Praises of their General, send Thanks to him for the just Opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be outdone, assure him, That they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other Part of the Army.



N<sup>o</sup> 7.      Tuesday April 26. 1709.

**I** T is so just an Observation, That Mocking is Catching, that I am become an unhappy Instance of it, and am (in the same Manner that I have represented Mr. Partridge) my self a dying Man, in Comparison of the Vigour with which I first set out in the World. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for News, as I did last Saturday, a Diary of the Siege of Troy. But Man is a Creature very inconsistent with himself: The greatest Heroes are sometimes fearful; the spriteliest Wit at some Hours dull; and the greatest Politicians on some Occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the Matter; for I find, by a Calculation of my own Nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable Wit longer than two Minutes after twelve a-clock at Night, between the 18th and 19th of the next Month. For which Space of Time you may still expect to hear from me, and no longer, except you will transmit to me  
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*the Occurrences you meet with relating to your Amours, or any other Subject within the Rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any Gentleman or Lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-Hall, by the Penny-Post, the Grief or Foy of their Soul, what they think fit of the Matter shall be related in Colours as much to their Advantage, as those in which Gervase has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But since, without such Assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a Month's Wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound Health and Senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in Manner and Form following:*

*Imprimis, I give to the Stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a Security for the Trusts daily reposed in them, all my real Estate; which I do hereby vest in the said Body of worthy Citizens for ever.*

*Item, Forasmuch as 'tis very hard to keep Land in Repair without ready Cash, I do, out of my personal Estate, bestow the Bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several Societies about this Town, to supply their Necessities; I say, I give also the said Bear-skin, as an immediate Fund to the said Citizens for ever.*

*Item, I do hereby appoint a certain Number of the said Citizens to take all the Custom-house or Customary Oaths, concerning all Goods imported by the whole City, strictly directing, That some select Members, and not the whole Number of a Body Corporate, should be perjured.*

*Item, I forbid all N---s and Persons of Q---ty, to watch Bargains near and about the Exchange, to the Diminution and Wrong of the said Stock-jobbers.*

*THUS far, in as brief and intelligible a Manner as any Will can appear, till it is explained by the Learned, I have disposed of my real and personal Estate: But, as I am an Adept, I have by Birth an equal Right to give also an indefeasible Title to my Endowments and Qualifications; which I do in the following Manner:*

*Item, I give my Chastity to all Virgins who have withstood their Market.*

*Item,*



Item, I give my Courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed Friends, all Sneakers in Assemblies, and Men who show Valour in common Conversation.

Item, I give my Wit (as Rich Men give to the Rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the Legacy, I give it to Bentivoglio, to defend his Works from Time to Time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

Item, I bestow my Learning upon the Honourary Members of the Royal Society.

NOW for the Disposal of this Body.

AS these Eyes must one Day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this Heart shall one Day pant no more for her Indignation: That is to say, since this Body must be Earth, I shall commit it to the Dust in a Manner suitable to my Character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, Whether there is any such real Person as Isaac Bickerstaff, or not? I shall excuse all Persons who appear what they really are, from coming to Funeral. But all those who are, in their way of Life, Personæ, as the Latins have it, Persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that Solemnity.

THE Body shall be carried by six Watchmen, who are never seen in the Day.

Item, THE Pall shall be held up by the six most known Pretenders to Honesty, Wealth and Power, who are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a Half-Lawyer, a compleat Justice. The two next, a Chymist, a Projector. The third Couple, a Treasury-Solicitor, and a small Courtier.

TO make my Funeral (what that Solemnity, when done to common Men, really is in it self) a very Farce; and since all Mourner; are meer Actors on these Occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such, to attend me. I humbly therefore beseech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my Widow. When she swoons away at the Church-Porch, I appoint the merry Sir John Falstaff, and the gay Sir Harry Wildair, to support her. I desire Mr. Penkethman to follow in the Hat  
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of a Cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a Privy Counsellor. To make up the rest of the Appearance, I desire all the Ladies from the Balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be Wives and Widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of Gloves and Scarves.

THUS, with the Great Charles V. of Spain, I resign the Glories of this transitory World: Yet, at the same Time, to show you my Indifference, and that my Desires are not too much fixed upon any Thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as go: Therefore leave it in the Choice of my gentle Readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.

White's Chocolate-house, April 25.

**E** After-Day being a Time when you cannot well meet with any but humble Adventures; and there being such a Thing as low Gallantry, as well as a low Comedy, Colonel Ramble and my self went early this Morning into the Fields, which were strewed with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, but indeed of a different Turn from the Simplicity of those of *Arcadia*. Every Hedge was conscious of more than what the Representations of enamoured Swains admit of. While we were surveying the Crowd around us, we saw at a Distance a Company coming towards *Pancras* Church; but tho' there was not much Disorder, we thought we saw the Figure of a Man stuck through with a Sword, and at every Step ready to fall, if a Woman by his Side had not supported him; the rest followed two and two. When we came nearer this Appearance, who should it be but Monsieur *Guardeloop*, mine and *Ramble's* French Taylor, attended by others, leading one of *Madam Depingle's* Maids to the Church, in order to their Esponsals. It was his Sword tucked so high above his Waste, and the Circumflex which Persons of his Profession take in their Walking, that made him appear at a Distance wounded and falling.

ling. But the Morning being rainy, methought the March to this Wedding was but too lively a Picture of Wedlock it self. They seemed both to have a Month's Mind to make the best of their Way single; yet both tugged Arm in Arm; and when they were in a dirty Way, he was but deeper in the Mire, by endeavouring to pull out his Companion, and yet without helping her. The Bridegroom's Feathers in his Hat all drooped, one of his Shoes had lost an Heel. In short, he was in his whole Person and Dress so extremely soufed, that there did not appear one Inch or single Thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy Object still dwells upon me so far as to reduce me to Punning. However, we attended to the Chapel, where we stayed to hear the irrevocable Words pronounced upon our old Servant, and made the best of our Way to Town. I took a Resolution to forbear all married Persons, or any in Danger of being such, for four and twenty Hours at least; therefore dressed, and went to visit *Florimell*, the vainest Thing in Town, where I knew would drop in Colonel *Picket*, just come from the Camp, her professed Admirer. He is of that Order of Men who has much Honour and Merit, but withal a Coxcomb; the other of that Set of Females, who has Innocence and Wit, but the first of Coquets. It is easy to believe, These must be Admirers of each other. She says, The Colonel rides the best of any Man in *England*: The Colonel says, She talks the best of any Woman. At the same Time, he understands Wit just as she does Horsemanship. You are to know, these extraordinary Persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the Town, think it will be a Match: But it can never happen that they can come to the Point; for instead of addressing to each other, they spend their whole Time in Reports of themselves: He is satisfied if he can convince her he is a fine Gentleman, and a Man  
of



of Consequence; and she, in appearing to him an accomplished Lady and a Wit, without further Design. Thus he tells her of his Manner of Posting his Men at such a Pass, with the Numbers he commanded on that Detachment: She tells him, how she was dressed on such a Day at Court, and what Offers were made her the Week following. She seems to hear the Repetition of his Mens Names with Admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a Muster of Lovers. They talk to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are so like, that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel Lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 25.*

THIS Evening the Comedy called *Epsom-Wells* was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Bullock*, who, though he is a Person of much Wit and Ingenuity, has a peculiar Talent of looking like a Fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the Part of *Biket* in this Play. I cannot indeed sufficiently admire his Way of bearing a Beating, as he does in this Drama, and that with such a Natural Air and Propriety of Folly, that one cannot help wishing the Whip in one's own Hand; so richly does he seem to deserve his Chastisement. Skilful Actors think it a very peculiar Happiness to play in a Scene with such as top their Parts. Therefore I cannot but say, when the Judgment of any good Author directs him to write a Beating for Mr. *Bullock* from Mr. *William Penkethman*, or for Mr. *William Penkethman* from Mr. *Bullock*, those excellent Players seem to be in their most shining Circumstances, and please me more, but with a different Sort of Delight, than that which I receive from those grave Scenes of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole Comedy is very just, and the  
low



low Part of human Life represented with much Humour and Wit.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 25.*

WE are advised from *Vienna*, by Letters of the 20th Instant, That the Emperor hath lately added twenty new Members to his Council of State, but they have not yet taken their Places at the Board. General *Thaun* is returned from *Baden*, his Health being so well re-established by the Baths of that Place, that he designs to set out next Week for *Turin*, to his Command of the Imperial Troops in the Service of the Duke of *Savoy*. His Imperial Majesty has advanced his Brother Count *Henry Thaun* to be a Brigadier, and a Counsellor of the Aulick Council of War. These Letters import, That King *Stanislaus* and the Swedish General *Crassau* are directing their March to the *Nieper*, to join the King of *Sweden's* Army in *Ukrania*: That the States of *Austria* have furnished Marshal *Heister* with a considerable Sum of Money, to enable him to push on the War vigorously in *Hungary*, where all Things as yet are in perfect Tranquillity: And that General *Thunon* has been very importunate for a speedy Reinforcement of the Forces on the *Upper Rhine*, representing at the same Time what Miseries the Inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the Designs of *France* on those Parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

LETTERS from *Rome*, dated the 13th Instant, say, That on the preceding Sunday his Holiness was carried in an open Chair from *St. Peter's* to *St. Mary's*, attended by the Sacred College, in Cavalcade; and after Mass distributed several Dowries for the Marriage of poor and distressed Virgins. The Proceedings of that Court are very dilatory concerning the Recognition of King *Charles*, notwithstanding the pressing Instances of the Marquis *de Prie*, who has de-

declared, That if this Affair be not wholly concluded by the 17th Instant, he will retire from that Court, and order the Imperial Troops to return into the Ecclesiastical State. On the other Hand, the Duke of *Anjou's* Minister has, in the Name of his Master, demanded of his Holiness to explain himself on that Affair; which, 'tis said, will be finally determined in a Consistory to be held on *Monday* next; the Duke *d'Uzeda* designing to delay his Departure till he sees the Issue. These Letters also say, That the Court was mightily alarmed at the News which they received by an Express from *Ferrara*, that General *Boneval*, who commands in *Comacchio*, had sent Circular Letters to the Inhabitants of *St. Alberto*, *Longastrino*, *Fillo*, and other adjacent Parts, enjoining them to come and swear Fealty to the Emperor, and receive new Investitures of their Fiefs from his Hands. Letters from other Parts of *Italy* say, That the King of *Denmark* continues at *Lucca*; that four *English* and *Dutch* Men of War were seen off of *Oneglia*, bound for *Final*, in order to transport the Troops designed for *Barcelona*; and that her Majesty's Ship the *Colchester* arrived at *Leghorn* the 4th Instant from *Port-Mahon*, with Advice, That Major-General *Stanhope* designed to depart from thence the first Instant with 6 or 7000 Men to attempt the Relief of the Castle of *Alicant*.

OUR last Advices from *Berlin*, bearing Date the 27th Instant, import, That the King was gone to *Linum*, and the Queen to *Mecklenburgh*; but that their Majesties designed to return the next Week to *Oranienburg*, where a great Chase of wild Beasts was prepared for their Diversion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to *Potsdam*; That the Prince Royal was set out for *Brabant*, but intended to make some short Stay at *Hanover*. These Letters also inform us, That they are advised from *Obory*, that the King of *Sweden* being on his March towards *Holki*, met  
Ge-



General *Renne* with a Detachment of *Muscovites*, who placing some Regiments in Ambuscade, attacked the *Swedes* in their Rear, and putting them to Flight, killed 2000 Men, the King himself having his Horse shot under him.

WE hear from *Copenhagen*, That the Ice being broke, the *Sound* is again open for the Ships; and that they hoped his Majesty would return sooner than they at first expected.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, dated *May 4*. N. S. say, That an Express arrived there on the 1st, from Prince *Eugene* to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. The States are advised, That the Auxilliarities of *Saxony* were arrived on the Frontiers of the United Provinces; as also, That the two Regiments of *Wolfembuttel*, and 4000 Troops from *Wirtemberg*, which are to serve in *Flanders*, are in full March thither. Letters from *Flanders* say, That the great Convoy of Ammunition and Provisions which set out from *Ghent* for *Lisle*, was safely arrived at *Courtray*. We hear from *Paris*, That the King has ordered the Militia on the Coasts of *Normandy* and *Bretagne* to be in a Readiness to march; and that the Court was in Apprehension of a Descent, to animate the People to rise in the midst of their present Hardships.

THEY write from *Spain*, That the Pope's Nuncio left *Madrid* the 10th of *April*, in order to go to *Bayonne*; that the Marquis de *Bay* was at *Badajos* to observe the Motions of the *Portuguese*; and that the Count d'*Estain* with a Body of 5000 Men, was on his March to attack *Gironne*. The Duke of *Anjou* has deposed the Bishop of *Lerida*, as being a Favourer of the Interest of King *Charles*; and has summoned a Convocation at *Madrid*, composed of the Archbishops, Bishops and States of that Kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a Resolution to send for no more Bulls to *Rome*.




  
 N<sup>o</sup> 8.                      *Thursday, April 28. 1709.*

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*Will's Coffee-house, April 26.*

**T**HE Play of the *London Cuckolds* was acted this Evening before a suitable Audience, who were extremely well diverted with that Heap of Vice and Absurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who is a Gentleman of a just Taste, has, upon Occasion of seeing human Nature fall so low in their Delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play very agreeably. Of all Men living, said he, I pity Players, (who must be Men of good Understanding to be capable of being such) that they are obliged to repeat and assume proper Gestures for representing Things of which their Reason must be ashamed, and which they must disdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of these low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Presentation of the noble Characters drawn by *Shakespear* and others, from whence 'tis impossible to return without strong Impressions of Honour and Humanity. On these Occasions, Distress is laid before us with all its Causes and Consequences, and our Resentment placed according to the Merit of the Persons afflicted. Were Drama's of this Nature more acceptable to the Taste of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in them. How forcible an Effect this would have on our Minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can see *le Brun's* Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entering into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly spurred to an Emulation of his Constancy and Courage; When he is falling with his Wound, the Features are

at



at the same Time very terrible and languishing ; and there is such a stern Faintness diffused through all his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Horror, as well as Pity, in the Beholder. This, I say, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades; consider also a Representation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Catiline* in *Sallust* makes just such a Figure as *Porus* by *le Brun*. It is said of him, *Catilina vero longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est; paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi quam vivus habuerat in vultu retinens.* ‘ *Catiline* was found killed far from his own Men among the dead Bodies of the Enemy: He seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his Face the same Fierceness he had when he was living. You have in that one Sentence a lively Impression of his whole Life and Actions. What I would insinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Historian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be performed by an excellent Poet, when the Characters he draws is presented by the Person, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion, of an accomplished Player? If a Thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous Things performed before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Discourse, by recommending the apt Use of a Theatre, as the most agreeable and easy Method of making a polite and moral Gentry, which would end in rendring the rest of the People regular in their Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 27.*

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 9th Instant, *N. S.* advise, That Cardinal *Grimani* had ordered the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for

*Catalonia*, whither also 1000 Horse are to be transported from *Sardinia*, besides the Troops which come from the *Milanese*. An *English* Man of War has taken two Prizes, one a Vessel of *Malta*, the other of *Genoa*, both laden with Goods of the Enemy. They write from *Florence* of the 13th, That his Majesty of *Denmark* had received a Courier from the *Hague*, with an Account of some Matters relating to the Treaty of a Peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own Dominions.

LETTERS from *Switzerland* inform us, That the Effects of the great Scarcity of Corn in *France* were felt at *Geneva*; the Magistrates of which City had appointed Deputies to treat with the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurich*, for Leave to buy up such Quantities of Grain within their Territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of *Tockenburg* are still in Arms about the Convent of *St. John*, and have declared, That they will not lay them down, till they shall have sufficient Security from the *Roman* Catholicks, of living unmolested in the Exercise of their Religion. In the mean time, the Deputies of *Bern* and *Tockenburg* have frequent Conferences at *Zurich* with the Regency of that Canton, to find out Methods for the quieting these Disorders.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 3d of *May* advise, That the President *Rouille*, after his last Conference with the Deputies of the States, had retired to *Bodegrave*, five Miles distant from *Warden*, and expected the Return of a Courier from *France* on the 4th, with new Instructions. It is said, if his Answer from the *French* Court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these Parts. In the mean time it is also reported, That his Equipage, as an Embassador on this great Occasion, is actually on the March towards him. They write from *Flanders*, That the great Convoy of Provisions, which set out from *Ghent*, is safely arrived

at *Lisle*. Those Advices add, That the Enemy had assembled near *Tournay* a considerable Body of Troops drawn out of the neighbouring Garrisons. Their High-Mightinesses having sent Orders to their Ministers at *Hamburgh* and *Dantzick*, to engage the Magistrates of those Cities to forbid the Sale of Corn to the *French*, and to signify to them that the *Dutch* Merchants will buy up as much of that Commodity as they can spare; the *Hamburgers* have accordingly contracted with the *Dutch*, and refused any Commerce with the *French* on that Occasion.

*From my own Apartment.*

AFTER the Lassitude of a Day spent in the strolling Manner, which is usual with Men of Pleasure in this Town, and with a Head full of a Million of Impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten Hours together, I came to my Lodging, and hastened to Bed. My Valet de Chambre knows my University-Trick of reading there; and he being a good Scholar for a Gentleman, ran over the Names of *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid* and others, to know which I would have. Bring *Virgil*, said I, and if I fall asleep, take Care of the Candle. I read the Sixth Book over with the most exquisite Delight, and had gone half through it a second Time, when the pleasant Ideas of *Elysian* Fields, deceased Worthies walking in them, sincere Lovers enjoying their Languishment without Pain, Compassion for the unhappy Spirits who had mispent their short Daylight, and were exiled from the Seats of Bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my Reading when this Mixture of Images had taken Place of all others in my Imagination before, and lulled me into a Dream, from which I am just awake, to my great Disadvantage. The happy Mansions of *Elysium* by Degrees seemed to be wafted from me, and the very Traces of my late waking



Thoughts began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden Whirlwind upon an Island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled Sea, which shak'd its very Centre, and rock'd its Inhabitants as in a Cradle. The Islanders lay on their Faces without offering to look up, or hope for Preservation; all her Harbours were crowded with Mariners, and tall Vessels of War lay in Danger of being driven to Pieces on her Shores. Bless me! said I, why have I lived in such a Manner, that the Convulsion of Nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in my self that the better Part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in Happiness. A sudden Shriek, in which the whole People on their Faces joined, interrupted my Soliloquy, and turned my Eyes and Attention to the Object which had given us that sudden Start, in the midst of an inconsolable and speechless Affliction. Immediately the Winds grew calm, the Waves subsided, and the People stood up, turning their Faces upon a magnificent Pile in the midst of the Island. There we beheld an Hero of a comely and erect Aspect, but pale and languid, sitting under a Canopy of State. By the Faces and dumb Sorrow of those who attended, we thought him in the Article of Death. At a Distance sat a Lady, whose Life seemed to hang upon the same Thread with his; She kept her Eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to smother ten thousand thousand nameless Things, which urged her Tenderness to clasp him in her Arms: But her Greatness of Spirit overcame those Sentiments, and gave her Power to forbear disturbing his last Moment; which immediately approached. The Hero looked up with an Air of Negligence, and Satiety of Being, rather than of Pain to leave it; and leaning back his Head, expired.

WHEN the Heroine, who sat at a Distance, saw his last Instant come, she threw herself at his Feet, and kneeling, pressed his Hand to her Lips; in which Posture she continued under the Agony  
of



of an unutterable Sorrow, till conducted from our Sight by her Attendants. That commanding Awe, which accompanies the Grief of great Minds, restrained the Multitude while in her Presence; but as soon as she retired, they gave Way to their Distraction, and all the Islanders called upon their deceased Hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a Guardian Being, and I gathered from their broken Accents, That it was he who had the Empire over the Ocean and its Powers, by which he had long protected the Island from Shipwreck and Invasion. They now give a Loose to their Moan, and think themselves expos'd without Hopes of human or divine Assistance. While the People ran wild, and expressed all the different Forms of Lamentation, methought a sable Cloud overshadowed the whole Land, and covered its Inhabitants with Darknes: No Glimpse of Light appeared, except one Ray from Heaven upon the Place in which the Heroine now secluded herself from the World, with her Eyes fixed on those Abodes to which her Consort was ascended. Methought a long Period of Time had pass'd away in Mourning and in Darknes, when a Twilight began by Degrees to enlighten the Hemisphere; and looking round me, I saw a Boat rowed towards the Shore, in which sat a Personage adorned with warlike Trophies, bearing on his left Arm a Shield, on which was engraven the Image of *Victory*, and in his right Hand a Branch of Olive. His Visage was at once so winning and so awful, that the Shield and the Olive seem'd equally suitable to his Genius.

WHEN this illustrious \* Person touched on the Shore, he was received by the Acclamations of the People, and follow'd to the Palace of the Heroine. No Pleasure in the Glory of her Arms, or

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\* About this Time the D. of M. returned from Holland with the Preliminaries of a Peace.

the Acclamations of her applauding Subjects, were ever capable to suspend her Sorrow for one Moment, till she saw the Olive-Branch in the Hand of that auspicious Messenger. At that Sight, as Heaven bestows its Blessings on the Wants and Importunities of Mortals, out of its native Bounty, and not to increase its own Power or Honour, in Compassion to the World, the Celestial Mourner was then first seen to turn her Regard to Things below; and taking the Branch out of the Warriour's Hand, looked at it with much Satisfaction, and spoke of the Blessings of Peace, with a Voice and Accent, such as that in which Guardian Spirits whisper to dying Penitents Assurances of Happiness. The Air was hushed, the Multitude attentive, and all Nature in a Pause, while she was speaking. But as soon as the Messenger of Peace had made some low Reply, in which, methought, I heard the Word *Iberia*, the Heroine assuming a more severe Air, but such as spoke Resolution, without Rage, returned him the Olive, and again veiled her Face. Loud Cries and Clashing of Arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming Vision, and drove me back to these Mansions of Care and Sorrow.

N<sup>o</sup> 9.*Saturday, April 30. 1709.**Will's Coffee-house, April 28. 1709.*

**T**HIS Evening we were entertained with *The Old Batchelor*, a Comedy of deserved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to the Play, there is excellently represented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency: He neither languishes nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the Drama introduced by the Dialogue of the first Scene with  
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uncommon, yet natural Conversation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unseasonable Fondness of Age and Impotence. But instead of such agreeable Works as these, the Town has this half Age been tormented with Insects, called *Easie Writers*, whose Abilities Mr. *Wycherly* one Day described excellently well in one Word: *That*, said he, *among these Fellows is called Easie Writing, which any one may easily write.* Such Jantie Scribblers are so justly laughed at for their Sonnets on *Phyllis* and *Chloris*, and fantastical Descriptions in them, that an ingenious Kinsman of mine, of the Family of the *Staffs*, Mr *Humphrey Wagstaff* by Name, has to avoid their Strain, run into a Way perfectly new, and described Things exactly as they happen: He never forms Fields, or Nymphs, or Groves, where they are not, but makes the Incidents just as they really appear. For an Example of it; I stole out of his Manuscript the following Lines: They are a Description of the Morning, but of the Morning in Town, nay, of the Morning at this End of the Town, where my Kinsman at present lodges.

*NOW hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach  
 Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.  
 Now Betty from her Master's Bed had flown,  
 And softly stole to discompose her own.  
 The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door,  
 Had par'd the Street, and sprinkled round the Floor.  
 Now Moll had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,  
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.  
 The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace  
 The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.  
 The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,  
 Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-sweep.  
 Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;  
 And Brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half a Street.  
 The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,  
 Duly let out a' Nights to steal for Fees.  
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;  
 And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.*



ALL that I apprehend is, that dear *Numps* will be angry I have published these Lines; not that he has any Reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those Rogues, the Bane to all excellent Performances, the *Imitators*. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all Descriptions of the Evening; as, a Medley of Verses signifying, Grey-peas are now cried warm; That Wenches now begin to amble round the Passages of the Play-house: Or of Noon; as, That fine Ladies and great Beaus are just yawning out of their Beds and Windows in *Pall-Mall*, and so forth. I forewarn also all Persons from encouraging any Draughts after my Cousin; and foretell any Man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very insipid. The Family-Stock is embarked in this Design, and we will not admit of Counterfeits: Dr *Anderson* and his Heirs enjoy his Pills, Sir *William Read* has the Cure of Eyes, and Monsieur *Rosselli* can only cure the Gout. We pretend to none of these Things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken Man he is not what he believes he is; to distinguish Merit, and expose false Pretences to it, is a Liberty our Family has by Law in them, from an Intermarriage with a Daughter of Mr. *Scoggin*, the famous Droll of the last Century. This Right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon the abovementioned Adepts, or any other. At the same Time I shall take all the Privileges I may, as an *Englishman*, and will lay hold of the late Act of Naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from *France*. The Use of that Law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite World with new Characters, as well as the Kingdom it self with new Subjects. Therefore an Author of that Nation, called *Le Bruyere*, I shall make bold with on such Occasions. The last Person I read of in that Writer was Lord *Timon*. *Timon*, says my Author, is the most generous of all Men; but is so hurried away with  
that



that strong Impulse of bestowing, that he confers Benefits without Distinction, and is munificent without laying Obligations. For all the Unworthy, who receive from him, have so little Sense of this noble Infirmary, that they look upon themselves rather as Partners in a Spoil, than Partakers of a Bounty. The other Day, coming into *Paris*, I met *Timon* going out on Horseback, attended only by one Servant. It struck me with a sudden Damp, to see a Man of so excellent a Disposition, and that understood making a Figure so very well, so much shortened in his Retinue. But passing by his House, I saw his great Coach break to Pieces before his Door, and, by a strange Enchantment, immediately turned into many different Vehicles. The first was a very pretty Chariot, into which step'd his Lordship's Secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat Steward. In an Instant followed a Chaise, which was entr'd by the Butler. The rest of the Body and Wheels were forthwith changed into Go-carts, and ran away with by the Nurses and Brats of the rest of the Family. What makes these Misfortunes in the Affairs of *Timon* the more astonishing, is, That he has a better Understanding than those who cheat him; so that a Man knows not which more to wonder at, the Indifference of the Master, or the Impudence of the Servant.

*White's Chocolate-house, April 29.*

IT is Matter of much Speculation among the Beaus and Oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a Change, as has been of late observed, in the whole Behaviour of *Pastorella*; who never sat still a Moment till she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by two Months. Her Aunt, who has the Care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present Date; but has so good a Sense of the Frailty of Woman, and Falshood of Man, that she resolved on all Manner of Methods to keep *Pastorella*, if possible,

in Safety, against herself, and all her Admirers. At the same Time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater Excesses for that Restraint: Therefore intended to watch her, and take some Opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own Interests, without the Anguish of an Admonition. You are to know then, That Miss, with all her flirting and ogling, had also naturally a strong Curiosity in her, and was the greatest Eaves-Dopper breathing. *Parisatis* (for so her prudent Aunt is called) observed this Humour, and retires one Day to her Closet, into which she knew *Pastorella* would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady saw her good Governante on her Knees, and after a mental Behaviour, break into these Words: *As for the dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage, and Severity of Behaviour, be such as may make that noble Lord who is taken with her Beauty, turn his Designs to such as are honourable.* Here *Parisatis* heard her Niece nestle closer to the Key-hole: She then goes on; *Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy Offspring; and let her Carriage be such, as may make this noble Youth expect the Blessings of an happy Marriage, from the Singularity of her Life, in this loose and censorious Age.* Miss having heard enough, sneaks off for Fear of Discovery, and immediately, at her Glass alters the Sitting of her Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and forms herself into the exact Manner of *Lindamira*: In a Word, becomes a sincere Convert to every Thing that's commendable in a fine young Lady; and two or three such Matches as her Aunt feigned in her Devotions, are at this Day in her Choice. This is the History and original Cause of *Pastorella's* Conversion from Coquetry. The Prudence in the Management of this young Lady's Temper, and good Judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I scarce remember a greater Instance  
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of Forbearance of the usual peevish Way with which the Aged treat the Young, than this, except that of our famous *Noy*, whose good Nature went so far, as to make him put off his Admonitions to his Son, even till after his Death; and did not give him his Thoughts of him, till he came to read that memorable Passage in his Will: *All the rest of my Estate, says he, I leave to my Son Edward (who is Executor to this my Will) to be squandred as he shall think fit: I leave it him for that Purpose, and hope no better from him.* A generous Disdain, and Reflection upon how little he deserved from so excellent a Father, reformed the young Man, and made *Edward* from an errant Rake become a fine Gentleman.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 29.*

LETTERS from *Portugal* of the 18th Instant, dated from *Estremos* say, That on the 6th the Earl of *Galway* arrived at that Place, and had the Satisfaction to see the Quarters well furnished with all Manner of Provisions, and a Quantity of Bread sufficient for subsisting the Troops for 60 Days, besides Bisket for 25 Days. The Enemy give out, That they shall bring into the Field 14 Regiments of Horse and 24 Battalions. The Troops in the Service of *Portugal* will make up 14000 Foot, and 4000 Horse. On the Day these Letters were dispatched, the Earl of *Galway* received Advice, that the Marquis *de Bay* was preparing for some Enterprize, by gathering his Troops together on the Frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency resolved to go that same Night to *Villa Vicosa*, to assemble the Troops in that Neighbourhood, in order to disappoint his Designs.

YESTERDAY in the Evening Captain *Foxon*, Aid-de-Camp to Major-General *Cadogan*, arrived here Express from the Duke of *Marlborough*. And this Day a Mail is come in with Letters dated from



from *Brussels* of the 6th of *May*, *N. S.* which advise, That the Enemy had drawn together a Body, consisting of 20000 Men, with a Design, as was supposed, to intercept the great Convoy on the March towards *Lisle*, which was safely arrived at *Menin* and *Courtray*, in its Way to that Place, the *French* having retired without making any Attempt.

WE hear from the *Hague*, That a Person of the first Quality is arrived in the *Low-Countries* from *France*, in order to be a Plenipotentiary in an ensuing Treaty of Peace.

LETTERS from *France* acknowledge, That Monsieur *Bernard* has made no higher Offers of Satisfaction to his Creditors than of 35*l.* per Cent.

THESE Advices add, That the Mareschal *Boufflers*, Monsieur *Torcy*, (who distinguished himself formerly, by advising the Court of *France* to adhere to the Treaty of Partition) and Monsieur *d'Harcourt*, (who negotiated with Cardinal *Portocarrero* for the Succession of the Crown of *Spain* in the House of *Bourbon*) are all three joined in a Commission for a Treaty of Peace. The Mareschal is come to *Ghent*: The other two are arrived at the *Hague*.

IT is confidently reported here, That the Right Honourable the Lord *Townshend* is to go with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* into *Holland*.



By Mrs. Jenny Dittaff, Half-Sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

MY Brother *Isaac* having a sudden Occasion to go out of Town, ordered me to take upon me the Dispatch of the next Advices from Home,



Home, with Liberty to speak it my own Way; not doubting the Allowances which would be given to a Writer of my Sex. You may be sure, I undertook it with much Satisfaction; And I confess, I am not a little pleas'd with the Opportunity of running over all the Papers in his Closet, which he has left open for my Use on this Occasion. The first that I lay my Hand on, is, A Treatise concerning *The Empire of Beauty*, and the Effects it has had in all Nations of the World, upon the publick and private Actions of Men; with an Appendix, which he calls, *The Batchelor's Scheme for governing his Wife*. The first Thing he makes this Gentleman propose, is, That she shall be no Woman; for she is to have an Aversion to Balls, to Opera's, to Visits: She is to think his Company sufficient to fill up all the Hours of Life with great Satisfaction: She is never to believe any other Man wise, learned or valiant; or at least but in a second Degree. In the next Place he intends she shall be a Cuckold; but expects, that he himself must live in perfect Security from that Terror. He dwells a great while on Instructions for her discreet Behaviour, in case of his Falshood. I have not Patience with these unreasonable Expectations, therefore turn back to the Treatise itself. Here, indeed, my Brother deduces all the Revolutions among Men from the Passion of Love; and in his Preface answers that usual Observation against us, *That there is no Quarrel without a Woman in it*; with a gallant Assertion, *That there is nothing else worth Quarrelling for*. My Brother is of a Complexion truly amorous; all his Thoughts and Actions carry in them a Tincture of that obliging Inclination; and this Turn has opened his Eyes to see, we are not the inconsiderable Creatures which unlucky Pretenders to our Favour would insinuate. He observes, That no Man begins to make any tolerable Figure, till he sets out with the Hopes of pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes  
that

that in Hand, but he pleases every one else by the By. It has an immediate Effect upon his Behaviour. There is Colonel *Ranter*, who never spoke without an Oath, till he saw the Lady *Betty Modish*; now never gives his Man an Order, but it is, *Pray, Tom, do it.* The Drawers where he drinks live in perfect Happiness. He asked *Will* at the *George* t'other Day, How he did? Where he used to say, *Damn it, it is so,* he now believes *there is some Mistake: He must confess, he is of another Opinion; but however he won't insist.*

EVERY Temper, except downright Insipid, is to be animated and softened by the Influence of Beauty: But of this untractable Sort is a lifeless handsome Fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this Twelvemonth; but he is as insensible of all the Arts I use, as if he conversed all that Time with his Nurse. He outdoes our whole Sex in all the Faults our Enemies impute to us; he has brought Laziness into an Opinion, and makes his Indolence his Philosophy: Infomuch, that no longer ago than Yesterday in the Evening he gave me this Account of himself; *I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among Men, and seldom give my self the Fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the same Thing to those whom I converse with. My Hours of Existence, or being awake, are from eleven in the Morning to eleven at Night; half of which I live to my self, in picking my Teeth, washing my Hands, paring my Nails, and looking in the Glass. The Insignificancy of my Manners to the rest of the World, makes the Laughers call me a Quid nunc, a Phrase which I neither understand, or shall ever enquire what they mean by it. The last of me each Night is at St. James's Coffee-house, where I converse, yet never fall into a Dispute on any Occasion, but leave the Understanding I have passive of all that goes through it, without entering into the Business of Life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by Laziness, to what others pretend to by Philosophy, a perfect Neglect of the World, Sure, if our*  
Sex

Sex had the Liberty of frequenting publick Houses and Conversations, we should put these Rivals of our Faults and Follies out of Countenance. However, we shall soon have the Pleasure of being acquainted with them one Way or other; for my Brother *Isaac* designs, for the Use of our Sex, to give the exact Characters of all the chief Politicians who frequent any of the Coffee-houses from *St. James's* to the *Change*; but designs to begin with that Cluster of Wise-Heads, as they are found sitting every Evening from the Left-side of the Fire, at the *Smyrna*, to the Door. This will be of great Service for us, and I have Authority to promise an exact Journal of their Deliberations; the Publication of which I am to be allowed for Pin-Money. In the mean Time I cast my Eye upon a new Book, which gave me a more pleasing Entertainment, being a sixth Part of Miscellany Poems, published by *Jacob Tonson*; which, I find by my Brother's Notes upon it, no Way inferior to the other Volumes. There are, it seems, in this, a Collection of the best Pastorals that have hitherto appeared in *England*; but among them none superior to that Dialogue between *Sylvia* and *Dorinda*, written by one of my own Sex; where all our little Weaknesses are laid open in a Manner more just and with truer Raillery, than ever Man yet hit upon.

ONLY this I now discern,  
 From the Things thou'dst have me learn;  
 That Womankind's peculiar Foy  
 From past or present Beauties rise.

BUT to reassume my first Design, there cannot be a greater Instance of the Command of Females, than in the prevailing Charms of the Heroine in the Play which was acted this Night, call'd, *All for Love*; or, *The World well lost*. The enamoured *Antony* resigns Glory and Power to the  
 Force



Force of the attractive *Cleopatra*, whose Charms were the Defense of her Diadem, against a People otherwise invincible. It is so natural for Women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own Sex, at least, will pardon me, that I could fall into no other Discourse. If we have their Favour, we give our selves very little Anxiety for the rest of our Readers. I believe I see a Sentence of *Latin* in my Brother's Day-Book of Wit, which seems applicable on this Occasion, and in Contempt of the Criticks.

— *Tristitiam & Metus*  
*Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum.*  
*Portare ventis.*

BUT I am interrupted by a Packet from Mr. *Kidney*, from St. *James's* Coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very Style and Words which Mr. *Kidney* uses in his Letter.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 2.*

WE are advised by Letters from *Bern*, dated the 1st Instant, N. S. That the Duke of *Berwick* arrived at *Lyons* the 25th of the last Month, and continued his Journey the next Day to visit the Passes of the Mountains, and other Posts in *Dauphine* and *Provence*. These Letters also informed us, That the Miseries of the People in *France* are heightened to that Degree, that unless a Peace be speedily concluded, half of that Kingdom would perish for want of Bread. On the 24th, the *Mareschal de Thesse* passed through *Lyons*, in his Way to *Versailles*; and two Battalions, which were marching from *Alsace* to reinforce the Army of the Duke of *Berwick*, passed also through that Place. Those Troops were to be followed by six Battalions more.

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 16th of *April* say, That the *Marquis de Prie's* Son was arrived there, with Instructions from his Father, to signify



nifie to the Viceroy the Necessity his Imperial Majesty was under, of desiring an Aid from that Kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary Expences of the War. On the 14th of the same Month, they made a Review of the *Spanish* Troops in that Garrison, and afterwards of the Marines; one Part of whom will embark with those designed for *Barcelona*, and the rest are to be sent on board the Gallies appointed to convoy Provisions to that Place.

WE hear from *Rome*, by Letters dated the 20th of *April*, That the Count *de Mellos*, Envoy from the King of *Portugal*, had made his publick Entry into that City with much State and Magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other Consistories wherein he made a Promotion of two Cardinals; but the Acknowledgment of King *Charles* is still deferred.

LETTERS from other Parts of *Italy* advise us, That the Doge of *Venice* continues dangerously ill: That the Prince *de Carignan* having relapsed into a violent Fever, died the 23d of *April*, in his 80th Year.

ADVICES from *Vienna* of the 27th of *April*, import, That the Archbishop of *Saltzburg* is dead, who is succeeded by Count *Harrach*, formerly Bishop of *Vienna*, and for these last three Years Coadjutor to the said Archbishop; and That Prince *Maximilian* of *Lichtenstein* has likewise departed this Life, at his Country-Seat called *Cromaw* in *Moravia*. These Advices add, That the Emperor has named Count *Zinzendorf*, Count *Goes*, and Monsieur *Consruck*, for his Plenipotentiaries in an ensuing Treaty of Peace; and they hear from *Hungary*, that the Imperialists have had several successful Skirmishes with the Malecontents.

LETTERS from *Paris*, dated *May* the 6th, say, That the Mareschal *de Thesse* arrived there on the 29th of the last Month, and that the Chevalier *de Beuil* was sent thither by Don *Pedro Ronquillo* with Advice, That the Confederate Squadron ap-

peared.

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peared before *Alicant* on the 17th, and having for some Time cannonaded the City, endeavoured to land some Troops for the Relief of the Castle; but General *Stanhope* finding the Passes well guarded, and the Enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the Castle; which being granted him, the Garrison, consisting of 600 Regular Troops, marched out with their Arms and Baggage the Day following; and being received on Board, they immediately set Sail for *Barcelona*. These Letters add, That the March of the *French* and *Swiss* Regiments is further deferred for a few Days; and that the Duke of *Noailles* was just ready to set out for *Roussillon*, as well as the Count *de Bezons* for *Catalonia*.

THE same Advices say, Bread was sold at *Paris* for 6d. per Pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that Rate, to supply the Necessities of the People, which reduced them to the utmost Despair; that 300 Men had taken up Arms, and having plundered the Market of the Suburb of *St. Germain*, pressed down by their Multitudes the King's Guards who opposed them. Two of those Mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to Death; but four others went to the Magistrate who pronounced that Sentence, and told him, He must expect to answer with his own Life, for those of their Comrades. All Order and Sense of Government being thus lost among the intraged People; to keep up a Show of Authority, the Captain of the Guards, who saw all their Insolence, pretended, That he had represented to the King their deplorable Condition, and had obtained their Pardon. It is further reported, That the Dauphin, and Dutches of *Burgundy*, as they went to the Opera, were surrounded by Crowds of People, who upbraided them with their Neglect of the general Calamity, in going to Diversions, when the whole People were ready to perish for want of Bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress these Riots; and  
Papers

Papers, with Menaces against the Government; as publickly thrown about. Among others, these Words were dropped in a Court of Justice, *France wants a Ravilliac or a Jesuit to deliver her.* Besides this universal Distress, there is a contagious Sickness, which 'tis feared, will end in a Pestilence. Letters from *Bourdeaux* bring Accounts no less lamentable: The Peasants are driven by Hunger from their Abodes into that City, and make Lamentations in the Streets without Redress.

WE are advised by Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 10th Instant, N. S. That on the 6th, the *Marquis de Torcy* arrived there from *Paris*, but the Passport, by which he came, having been sent blank by *Monsieur Rouille*, he was there two Days before his Quality was known. That Minister offered to communicate to *Monsieur Heinsius* the Proposals which he had to make; but the Pensionary refused to see them, and said, He would signify it to the States, who deputed some of their own Body to acquaint him, That they would enter into no Negotiation till the Arrival of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the other Ministers of the Alliance. Prince *Eugene* was expected there the 12th Instant from *Brussels*. 'Tis said, That besides *Monsieur de Torcy*, and *Monsieur Pajot*, Director-General of the Posts, there are two or three Persons at the *Hague* whose Names are not known; but 'tis supposed, that the Duke of *Alba*, Embassador from the Duke of *Anjou*, was one of them. The States have sent Letters to all the Cities of the Provinces, desiring them to send their Deputies to receive the Propositions of Peace made by the Court of *France*.







By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

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N<sup>o</sup> II. *Thursday, May 5. 1709.*

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*Will's Coffee-house, May 3.*

**A** Kinsman has sent me a Letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an Heroick Poem; but by Business has been interrupted, and has only made one Similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost, and begs of me to apply it to Something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the World. I am so willing to help the Distressed, that I have taken it in: But though his greater Genius might very well distinguish his Verses from mine, I have mark'd where his begin. His Lines are a Description of the Sun in Eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave Man in Sorrow, who bears it as he should, without imploring the Pity of his Friends, or being dejected with the Contempt of his Enemies: As in the Case of *Cato* :

WHEN all the Globe to *Cæsar's* Fortune bow'd,  
*Cato* alone his Empire disallow'd ;  
 With inborn Strength alone oppos'd Mankind,  
 With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:  
 Regardless of his Friends Applause, or Moan,  
 Alone triumphant, since he falls alone.

‘ THUS when the Ruler of the Genial Day,  
 ‘ Behind some dark'ning Planet forms his Way,  
 ‘ Desponding Mortals, with officious Care,  
 ‘ To concave Drum, and magick Brasses prepare ;  
 ‘ Implore him to sustain th'important Fight,  
 ‘ And save depending Worlds from endless Night.  
 ‘ Fondly





solute, Country-Fellow, who said in the Pains of the Cholick, *If I once get this Breath out of my Body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.* Honest Ned! and so he died.

BUT it is to be supposed, from this Place you may expect, an Account of such a Thing as a new Play is not to be omitted. That acted this Night is the newest that ever was writ. The Author is my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thomas D—y*. This Drama is called, *The Modern Prophets*, and is a most unanswerable Satire against the late Spirit of Enthusiasm. The Writer had by long Experience observed, That in Company, very grave Discourses have been followed by Bawdry; and therefore has turned the Humour that Way with great Success, and taken from his Audience all Manner of Superstition, by the Agitations of pretty Mr. *Bignell*, whom he has, with great Subtily, made a Lay-Sister, as well as a Prophetess; by which Means she carries on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Success. My Friend designs to go on with another Work against Winter, which he intends to call, *The Modern Poets*: A People no less mistaken in their Opinions of being inspired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven Songs, besides many Ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any Thing but what he means them. Mr. *D—y* generally writes State-Plays, and is wonderfully useful to the World in such Representations. This Method is the same that was used by old *Athenians*, to laugh out of Countenance, or promote Opinions among the People. My Friend has therefore against this Play is acted for his own Benefit, made two Dances, which may be also of an universal Benefit. In the first, he has represented absolute Power in the Person of a tall Man with an Hat and Feather, who gives his first Minister, that stands just before him, an huge Kick; the Minister gives the Kick to the next before; and so to the End of the Stage. In this Moral and  
Practical

Practical Jest, you are made to understand, That there is, in an absolute Government, no Gratification, but giving the Kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy Air; but on a suddain the Tune moves quicker, and the whole Company fall into a Circle, and take Hands; then at a certain sharp Note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This later Performance he makes to be the Representation of a free State; where, if you all mind your Steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a Motion pleasant to your selves and those you dance with: Nay, If you put your selves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked, like Friends and Equals.

*From my own Apartment, May 4.*

OF all the Vanities under the Sun, I confess that of being proud of one's Birth is the greatest. At the same Time, since in this unreasonable Age, by the Force of prevailing Custom, Things in which Men have no Hand, are imputed to them; and that I am used by some People, as if *Isaac Bickerstaff*, tho' I write my self *Esquire*, was no Body: To set the World right in that Particular, I shall give you my Genealogy, as a Kinsman of ours has sent it me from the *Heralds Office*. It is certain, and observed by the wisest Writers, That there are Women who are not nicely chaste, and Men not severely honest, in all Families; therefore let those who may be apt to raise Aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an Account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The Business of *Heralds* is a Matter of so great Nicety, that, to avoid Mistakes, I shall give you my Cousin's Letter *verbatim*, without altering a Syllable.



Dear Cousin,

SINCE you have been pleased to make your self so famous of late, by your ingenious Writings, and some Time ago by your learned Predictions: Since *Partridge*, of immortal Memory, is dead and gone, who, Poetical as he was, could not understand his own Poetry; and Philomathical as he was, could not read his own Destiny: Since the Pope, the King of *France*, and great Part of his Court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: Since, I say, these Things (not foretold by any one but your self) have come to pass after so surprising a Manner; 'tis with no small Concern I see the Original of the *Staffian* Race so little known in the World as it is at this Time; for which Reason, as you have employed your Studies in Astronomy, and the occult Sciences; so I, my Mother being a *Welch* Woman, dedicated mine to Genealogy, particularly that of our own Family, which, for its Antiquity and Number, may challenge any in *Great Britain*. The *Staffs* are originally of *Staffordshire*, which took its Name from them: The first that I find of the *Staffs* was one *Jacobstaff*, a famous and renowned Astronomer, who by *Dorothy* his Wife, had Issue seven Sons, viz. *Bickerstaff*, *Longstaff*, *Wagstaff*, *Quarterstaff*, *Whitestaff*, *Falstaff* and *Tipstaff*. He also had a younger Brother who was twice married, and had five Sons, viz. *Distaff*, *Pikestaff*, *Mopstaff*, *Broomstaff* and *Raggedstaff*. As for the Branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that it is the chief of the *Staffs*, and called *Bickerstaff*, quasi *Biggerstaff*; as much as to say, the *Great Staff* to *Staff* of *Staffs*, and that it has applied it self to Astronomy with great Success, after the Example of our aforesaid Forefather. The Descendents from *Longstaff*, the second Son, were a rakish disorderly Sort of People,



and rambled from one Place to another, till in Harry II's Time, they settled in *Kent*, and were called *Long-Tails*, from the *Long Tails* which were sent them as a Punishment for the Murder of *Thomas a-Becket*, as the Legends say. They have always been seeked after by the Ladies, but whether it be to shew their Aversion to Popery, or their Love to Miracles, I can't say. The *Wagstaffs* are a merry thoughtless Sort of People, who have always been opiated of their own Wit; they have turned themselves mostly to Poetry. This is the most numerous Branch of our Family, and the poorest. The *Quarterstaffs* are most of them Prize-fighters or Deer-stealers: There have been so many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that Branch of our Family left. The *Whitestaffs* are all Courtiers, and have had very considerable Places. There have been some of them of that Strength and Dexterity, that five hundred of the ablest Men in the Kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a Staff out of their Hands. The *Falstaffs* are strangely given to Whoring and Drinking: There are Abundance of them in and about *London*. And one Thing is very remarkable of this Branch, and that is, There are just as many Women as Men in it. There was a wicked Stick of Wood of this Name in *Harry IV's* Time, one Sir *John Falstaff*. As for *Tipstaff*, the youngest Son, he was an honest Fellow; but his Sons, and his Sons Sons, have all of them been the veriest Rogues living: 'Tis this unlucky Branch has stock'd the Nation with that Swarm of Lawyers, Attorneys, Serjeants and Bailiffs, with which the Nation is over-run. *Tipstaff*, being a Seventh Son, used to cure the King's Evil; but his rascally Descendents are so far from having that healing Quality, that by a Touch upon the Shoulder, they give a Man such an ill Habit of Body, that he can never

come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the Line of *Jacobstaff*: His younger Brother *Isaacstaff*, as I told you before, had five Sons, and was married twice; his first Wife was a *Staff*, (for they did not stand upon false Heraldry in those Days) by whom he had one Son, who in Process of Time being a Schoolmaster, and well-read in the *Greek*, called himself *Distaff* or *Twicestaff*. He was not very rich, so he put his Children out to Trades; and the *Distaffs* have ever since been employed in the Woollen and Linen Manufactures, except myself, who am a Genealogist. *Pikestaff*, the eldest Son by the second Venter, was a Man of Business, a downright plodding Fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a Proverb. Most of this Family are at present in the Army. *Raggedstaff* was an unlucky Boy, and used to tear his Cloths a getting Birds Nests, and was always playing with a tame Bear his Father kept. *Mopstaff* fell in Love with one of his Father's Maids, and used to help her to clean the House. *Broomstaff* was a Chimney-sweeper. The *Mopstaffs* and *Broomstaffs* are naturally as civil People as ever went out of Doors; but alas! if they once get into ill Hands, they knock down all before them. *Pilgrimstaff* run away from his Friends, and went a strolling about the Country: And *Pipestaff* was a Wine-cooper. These two were the unlawful Issue of *Longstaff*. N. B. The *Canes*, the *Clubs*, the *Cudgels*, the *Wands*, the *Devil upon two Sticks*, and one *Bread*, that goes by the Name of *Staff of Life*, are none of our Relations. I am,

Dear Cousin,

From the *Heralds*  
Office, May 1.

Your Humble Servant,

D. Distaff.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 4.

AS politick News is not the principal Subject on which we treat, we are so happy as to have

no Occasion for that Art of Cookery which our Brother Newsmongers so much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable Manner of dressing up a second Time for your Taste the same Dish which they gave you the Day before, in case there come over no new Pickles from *Holland*. Therefore when we have nothing to say to you from Courts and Camps, we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from ourselves: The Women of our House upon Occasion, being capable of carrying on the Business, according to the laudable Custom of the Wives in *Holland*; but, without farther Preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former Relations.

LETTERS from *Hanover* of the 30th of the last Month say, That the Prince Royal of *Prussia* arrived there on the 15th, and left that Court on the second of this Month in Pursuit of his Journey to *Flanders*, where he makes the ensuing Campaign. Those Advices add, That the young Prince *Nassau*, Hereditary Governor of *Friesland*, consummated on the 26th of the last Month his Marriage with the beautiful Princess of *Hesse-Cassel*, with a Pomp and Magnificence suitable to their Age and Quality.

LETTERS from *Paris* say, His most Christian Majesty retired to *Marly* on the first Instant, N. S. and our last Advices from *Spain* inform us, That the Prince of *Asturias* had made his publick Entry into *Madrid* in great Splendor. The Duke of *Anjou* has given Don *Joseph Hartado de Amaraga* the Government of *Terra firma de Veragua*, and the Presidency of *Panama* in *America*. They add, that the Forces commanded by the Marquis de *Bay* have been reinforced by six Battalions of *Spanish* and *Walloon* Guards. Letters from *Lisbon* advise, That the Army of the King of *Portugal* was at *Elvas* on the 22d of the last Month, and would decamp on the 24th, in Order to march upon the Enemy who lay at *Badajoz*.



YESTERDAY, at four in the Morning, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* set out for *Margate*, and embarked for *Holland* at eight this Morning.

YESTERDAY also Sir *George Thorold* was declared Alderman of *Cordwainers Ward*, in the Room of his Brother Sir *Charles Thorold* deceased.



N<sup>o</sup> 12. Saturday, May 7. 1709.

May 5.

WHEN a Man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out: Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but indeed for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this Work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner. The present Grandeur of the *British* Nation might make us expect, that we should rise in our publick Diversions, and Manner of enjoying Life, in Proportion to our Advancement in Glory and Power. Instead of that, take and survey this Town, and you'll find Rakes and Debauchees are your Men of Pleasure; thoughtless Atheists and illiterate Drunkards call themselves Free-Thinkers; and Gamesters, Banterers, Biters, Swearers, and twenty new-born Insects more, are, in their special Species, the Modern Men of Wit. Hence it is, that a Man who has been out of Town but one half year, has lost the Language, and must have some Friend to stand by him, and keep him in Countenance for talking common Sense. To-day I saw a short Interlude at *White's* of this Nature, which I took Notes of, and put together as well as I could in a publick Place. The Persons of the *Drama* are, *Pip*, the last



last Gentleman that has been made so at Cards; *Trimmer*, a Person half undone at them, and is now between a Cheat and a Gentleman; *Acorn*, an honest *English* Man of good plain Sense and Meaning; and *Mr. Friendly*, a reasonable Man of the Town.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 5.*

Enter *Pip*, *Trim*, and *Acorn*.

*Ac.* WHAT's the Matter, Gentlemen? What! Take no Notice of an old Friend?

*Pip.* POX on it! Don't talk to me, I am vowel'd by the Count, and cursedly out of Humour.

*Ac.* VOWEL'D! Prithee, *Trimmer*, What does he mean by that?

*Trim.* HAVE a Care, *Harry*, speak softly; don't show your Ignorance: — If you do, they'll bite you where-e'er they meet you, they are such cursed Curs, — the present Wits.

*Ac.* BITE me! What do you mean?

*Pip.* WHY! Don't you know what Biting is? Nay, you are in the right on't. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against Men of Wit, as one would know the Tricks of Play, to be secure against the Cheats. But don't you hear, *Acorn*, that Report, That some Potentates of the Alliance have taken Care of themselves exclusive of us?

*Ac.* HOW! Heaven forbid! After all our glorious Victories; all the Expence of Blood and Treasure!

*Pip.* BITE! —

*Ac.* BITE? How?

*Trim.* NAY, he has bit you fairly enough; that's certain.

*Ac.* POX! I don't feel it — How? Where?

Exit *Pip* and *Trimmer* laughing.

*Ac.* HO! *Mr. Friendly*, your most humble Servant; you heard what passed between those fine Gentlemen and me. *Pip* complained to me,

That he has been vowel'd; and they tell me I am bit.

*Friend.* YOU are to understand, Sir, That Simplicity of Behaviour, which is the Perfection of good Breeding and good Sense, is utterly lost in the World; and in the Room of it there are started a thousand little Inventions, which Men, barren of better Things, take up in the Place of it. That for every Character in Conversation that used to please, there is an Impostor put upon you. Him whom we allowed formerly for a certain pleasant Subtilty, and natural Way of giving you an unexpected Hit, called a *Droll*, is now mimick'd by a *Biter*, who is a dull Fellow, that tells you a Lye with a grave Face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that Sort of Companion, who could rally you, and keep his Countenance, till he made you fall into some little Inconsistency of Behaviour, at which you your self could laugh with him, you have the *Sneerer*, who will keep you Company from Morning till Night, to gather your Follies of the Day, (which perhaps you commit out of Confidence in him) and expose you in the Evening to all the Scorers in Town. For your Men of Sense and free Spirit, whose Set of Thoughts were built upon Learning, Reason and Experience, you have now an impudent Creature made up of Vice only, who supports his Ignorance by his Courage, and Want of Learning by Contempt of it.

*Ac.* DEAR Sir, hold; What you have told me already of this Change in Conversation, is too miserable to be heard with any Delight; but, methinks, as these new Creatures appear in the World, it might give an excellent Field to Writers for the Stage, to divert us with the Representation of them there.

*Friend.* NO, no: As you say, there might be some Hopes of Redress of these Grievances, if there

there were proper Care taken of the Theatre; but the History of that is yet more lamentable, than that of the Decay of Conversation I gave you.

*Ac.* PRAY, Sir, a little: I han't been in Town these six Years, till within this Fortnight.

*Friend.* IT is now some Years, since several Revolutions in the gay World had made the Empire of the Stage subject to very fatal Convulsions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little King Oberon, who then sate in the Throne of it. The Laziness of this Prince threw him upon the Choice of a Person who was fit to spend his Life in Contentions, an able and profound Attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole Empire. This *Devito* is the most skilful of all Politicians: He has a perfect Art in being unintelligible in Discourse, and uncomeatable in Business. But he having no Understanding in this polite Way, brought in upon us, to get in his Money, Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Jugglers and Mountebanks, to strut in the Place of *Shakespeare's* Heroes and *Johnson's* Humorists. When the Seat of Wit was thus mortgaged, without Equity of Redemption, an Architect arose, who has built the *Muse* a new Palace, but secured her no Retinue; so that instead of Action there, we have been put off by Song and Dance. This later Help of Sound has also began to fail for want of Voices; therefore the Palace has since been put into the Hands of a Surgeon, who cuts any Foreign Fellow into an Eunuch, and passes him upon us for a Singer of *Italy*.

*Ac.* I'LL go out of Town to-morrow.

*Friend.* THINGS are come to this Pass; and yet the World will not understand, that the Theatre has much the same Effect on the Manners of the Age, as the Bank on the Credit of the Nation. Wit and Spirit, Humour and good Sense, can never be revived, but under the Government of those who are Judges of such Talents, who

know, that whatever is put up in their Stead, is but a short and trifling Expedient, to support the Appearance of them for a Season. It is possible, a Peace will give Leisure to put these Matters under new Regulations; but at present all the Assistance we can see towards our Recovery, is as far from giving us Help, as a Poultrice is from performing what can be done only by the Grand Elixir.

*Will's Ciffee-house, May 6.*

ACCORDING to our late Design in the applauded Verses on the Morning which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just Intention, and present you with other Labours, made proper to the Place in which they were written. The following Poem comes from *Copenhagen*, and is as fine a Winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the most learned Painters. Such Images as these give us a new Pleasure in our Sight, and fix upon our Minds Traces of Reflection, which accompany us whenever the like Objects occur. In short, excellent Poetry and Description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the Readers of them are made to think, if not write, like Men of Wit. But it would be Injury to detain you longer from this excellent Performance, which is addressed to the Earl of *Dorset* by Mr. *Philips*, the Author of several choice Poems in Mr. *Tonson's* new Miscellany.

*Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.*

FROM frozen Climes, and endless Tracks of Snow,  
From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow;  
What Present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,  
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?  
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight,  
All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite.

*The*



*The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,  
The flow'ry Plains, and Silver-streaming Floods,  
By Snow disguis'd in bright Confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling Waste fatigue the Eye.*

*NO gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring,  
No Birds within the Desert Region sing.  
The Ships unmov'd the boist'rous Winds defy,  
While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly.  
The vast Leviathan wants Room to play,  
And spout his Waters in the Face of Day.  
The starving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,  
And to the Moon in icy Valleys howl.  
For many a shining League the level Main  
Here spreads itself into a glassy Plain:  
There solid Billows of enormous Size,  
Alpes of green Ice, in wild Disorder rise.*

*AND yet but lately have I seen ev'n here,  
The Winter in a lovely Dress appear.  
Ere yet the Clouds let fall the treasur'd Snow,  
Or Winds begun through hazy Skies to blow.  
At Ev'ning a keen Eastern Breeze arose;  
And the descending Rain unsully'd froze.  
Soon as the silent Shades of Night withdrew,  
The ruddy Morn disclos'd at once to View  
The Face of Nature in a rich Disguise,  
And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes:  
For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Grass,  
And ev'ry pointed Thorn, seem'd wrought in Glass.  
In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,  
While through the Ice the Crimson Berries glow.  
The thick-sprung Reeds the watry Marshes yield,  
Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field.  
The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprise,  
Sees Crystal Branches on his Forehead rise.  
The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,  
Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther shine.  
The frighted Birds the rattling Branches shun,  
That wave and glitter in the distant Sun.*

WHEN if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,  
 The brittle Forest into Atoms flies :  
 The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends.  
 Or, if a Southern Gale the Region warm,  
 And by Degrees unbind the wintry Charm,  
 The Traveller a miry Country sees,  
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping Trees.

LIKE some deluded Peasant, Merlin leads  
 Thro' fragrant Bow'rs and thro' delicious Meads ;  
 While here enchanted Gardens to him rise,  
 And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,  
 His wand'ring Feet the Magick Paths pursue ;  
 And while he thinks the fair Illusion true,  
 The trackless Scenes disperse in fluid Air,  
 And Woods, and Wilds and thorny Ways appear :  
 A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,  
 And, as he goes, the transient Vision mourns.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

THERE has a Mail this Day arrived from  
 Holland; but the Matter of the Advices import-  
 ing rather what gives us great Expectations, than  
 any positive Assurances, I shall, for this Time,  
 decline giving you what I know, and apply the  
 following Verses of Mr. Dryden, in the second  
 Part of *Almanzor*, to the present Circumstances  
 of Things, without discovering what my Know-  
 ledge in Astronomy suggests to me.

WHEN Empire in its Childhood first appears,  
 A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years :  
 Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,  
 And elbows all the Kingdoms round about.  
 The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,  
 It moves again for Base and Luxury :  
 Till swelling by Degrees it has possess'd  
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.

When

*When from behind there starts some petty State,  
And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate.  
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,  
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.*



N<sup>o</sup> 13. Tuesday, May 10. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May 8.*

**M**UCH Hurry and Business had to-day perplex'd me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which Reason, instead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*; and having taken a Round or two, I sat down, according to the allowed Familiarity of these Places, on a Bench; at the other End of which sat a venerable Gentleman, who speaking with a very affable Air, *Mr. Bickerstaff*, said he, I take it for a very great Piece of good Fortune that you have found me out. Sir, said I, I had never, that I know of, the Honour of seeing you before. That, replied he, is what I have often lamented; but I assure you, I have for many Years done you many good Offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little Glimpse of my being concerned in an Affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is such, that I am to go on in doing Good, though I meet with never so many Repulses, even from those I oblige. This, thought I, shows a great Good-Nature, but little Judgment in the Persons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took Notice to me, That he observed by my Countenance I thought him indiscreet in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following Manner: I know thee, Isaac, to be so well vers'd in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Prefaces, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employ'd in the Care and Attendance

tendance of Men, as Nurses are to Infants, till they come to an Age in which they can act of themselves. These Beings are usually called amongst Men, Guardian Angels; and, Mr. Bickerstaff, I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for some Time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and sometimes to have one Patient under our Protection, and sometimes another, with a Power of assuming what Shape we please, to ensnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon such hard Duty, and know you have so much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to desire you would give me as little Occasion for Vigilance as you can. Sir, said I, it will be a great Instruction to me in my Behaviour, if you please to give me some Account of your late Employments, and what Hardships or Satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern my self accordingly. He answered, To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go thro', I will entertain you only with my three last Stations: I was on the first of April last put to mortifie a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been last with a Gamester. When I first came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears; but her Flatterers were so numerous, and the House after the modern Way, so full of Looking-glasses, that I seldom had her safe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were surrounded by an Army of Enemies: When a well-made Man appeared, he was sure to have a Side-glance of Observation: If a disagreeable Fellow, he had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conquests. But at the Close of the Evening, on the sixth of the last Month, my Ward was sitting on a Couch, reading Ovid's Epistles; and as she came to this Line of Helen to Paris,

*She half consents who silently denies;*

enter'd Philander, who is the most skilful of all Men in an Address to Women. He is arrived  
at



at the Perfection of that Art which gains them, which is, *To talk like a very miserable Man, but look like a very happy One.* I saw *Diſtinna* blush at his Entrance, which gave me the Alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeable on her being at Study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady employed in so grave a Manner, that he on a sudden became very familiarly a Man of no Consequence; and in an Instant laid all her Suspicions of his Skill asleep, as he almost had done mine, till I observed him very dangerously turn his Discourse upon the Elegance of her Dress, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very pretty Mourning. Having had Women before under my Care, I trembled at the Apprehension of a Man of Sense who could talk upon Trifles, and resolved to stick to my Post with all the Circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the Advantage of her Dress and Person; but he turned again the Discourse, where I found I had no Power over her, on the abusing her Friends and Acquaintance. He allowed indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty, and a great deal of Wit; but then she was so ungainly in her Behaviour, and such a laughing *Hoyden* — *Pastorella* had with him the Allowance of being blameless: But what was that towards being Praise-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous. He afterwards spoke so much against *Mrs. Dipple's* Forehead, *Mrs. Prim's* Mouth, *Mrs. Dentifrice's* Teeth, and *Mrs. Fidget's* Cheeks, that she grew downright in Love with him: For it is always to be understood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the rest of her Sex to be a Gift to her. In a Word, Things went so far, that I was dismissed, and she will remember that Evening nine Months, from the 6th of *April*, by a remarkable Token. The next, as I said, I went to was a common Swearer: Never was Creature so puzzled as my self when I came first to view his Brain; half of it was worn

out, and filled up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he called for his Clothes in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* — *John* does not answer. *What a Plague! No Body there? What the Devil, and rot me!* *John, for a lazy Dog as you are.* I knew no Way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one Morning as he was dressing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The last Recital I gave him of what he said for half an Hour before, was, *What, a Pox rot me! Where is the Washball? Call the Chairmen: Damn'em, I warrant they are at the Alehouse already! Zounds, and confound 'em.* When he came to the Glass, he takes up my Note — *Ha! This Fellow is worse than me: What, Does he swear with Pen and Ink?* But reading on, he found them to be his own Words. The Stratagem had so good an Effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and is learning to speak without an Oath, which makes him extremely short in his Phrases; for as I observed before, a common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other Vehicle of Nonsense to supply the Defect of his usual Expletives. When I left him, he made use of *Odsbodikins!* *Oh me!* and *Never stir alive!* and so forth; which gave me Hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gamester. When we first take our Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Pericranium* are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but strong Passion, violent Desires, and a continued Series of different Changes, had torn it to Pieces. There appeared no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Misery of a Beggar, were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was Yesterday. In the Morning at twelve, we were worth

worth four thousand Pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an Hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the Clock we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one Guinea; the next Bet, to nothing. This Morning, he borrowed half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincolns Inn-Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, till he has made up three Pieces, and then he returns to *White's* into the best Company in Town. This ended our first Discourse; and it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my Companion at our first Interview. In the next, 'tis possible he may tell me more pleasing Incidents; for though he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.*

WE hear from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant, N. S. That Monsieur *de Torcy* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other Ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almost settled, and the Proceedings wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whose Approbation of the Articles proposed, it is not doubted but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean Time, the States have declared an Abhorrence of making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Posture of Affairs in *France* does necessarily oblige that Nation to be very much in earnest in their Offers; and Monsieur *de Torcy* hath professed to the Grand Pensioner, That he will avoid all Occasions of giving him the least Jealousie of his using any Address in private Conversations for accomplishing the Ends of his Embassy.



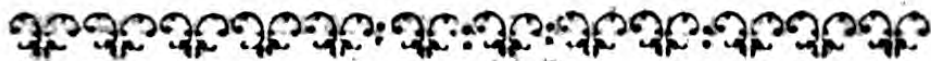
It is said, That as soon as the Preliminaries are adjusted, that Minister is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have resolved to make it an Instruction to all their Men of War and Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Neutral Ships they shall meet with laden with Corn, and bound for *France*, and to avoid all Cause of Complaint from the Potentates to whom these Ships shall belong, their full Demand for their Freight shall be paid them there. The *French* Protestants residing in that Country have applied themselves to their respective Magistrates, desiring that there may be an Article in the Treaty of Peace, which may give Liberty of Conscience to the Protestants in *France*. Monsieur *Bosnage*, Minister of the *Walloon* Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, and hath had some Conferences with the Deputies of the States on that Subject. It is reported there, That all the *French* Refugees in those Dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good Effects of the Treaty with the *Hollanders* themselves, in respect of *France*.

LETTERS from *Paris* say, The People conceive great Hopes of a sudden Peace, from Monsieur *Torcy's* being employed in the Negotiation, he being a Minister of too great Weight in that Court, to be sent on any Employment in which his Master would not act in a Manner wherein he might justly promise himself Success. The *French* Advices add, That there is an Insurrection in *Poitou*, 3000 Men having taken up Arms, and beaten the Troops which were appointed to disperse them: Three of the Mutineers being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's Party were used after the same Manner.

OUR late Act of Naturalization hath had so great an Effect in Foreign Parts, that some Princes have prohibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions to sell or transfer their Estates



to any other of their Subjects; and at the same Time have granted them greater Immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own Subjects from leaving their native Country on Pain of Death.



N<sup>o</sup> 14.      *Thursday, May 12. 1709.*

*From my own Apartment, May 10.*

**H**AD it not been that my Familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in Person, I had certainly been unable to have found even Words, without Meaning, to keep up my Intelligence with the Town; But he has checked me severely for my Despondence, and ordered me to go on in my Design of observing upon Things, and forbearing Persons; for, said he, the Age you live in is such, that a good Picture of any Vice or Virtue will infallibly be misrepresented; and though none will take the kind Descriptions you make so much to themselves, as to wish well to the Author, yet all will resent the ill Characters you produce, out of Fear of their own Turn in the Licence you must be obliged to take, if you point at particular Persons. I took his Admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg Pardon of the Author of the *Advice to the Poets*, for my Raillery upon his Work; though I aimed at no more in that Examination, but to convince him, and all Men of Genius, of the Folly of laying themselves out on such Plans as are below their Characters. I hope too it was done without Ill-Breeding, and nothing spoken below what a Civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a Physician. After this Preface, all the World may be safe from my Writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am silent,

lent, and will forbear the Subject: For, though I am a Reformer, I scorn to be an Inquisitor.

IT would become all Men as well as me, to lay before 'em the noble Character of *Verus* the Magistrate, who always sat in Triumph over, and Contempt of, Vice; He never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: At the same Time, he could see through the Hypocrisy and Disguise of those, who have no Pretence to Virtue themselves, but by their Severity to the Vicious. The same *Verus* was, in Times long past, Chief Justice (as we call it amongst us) in *Felicia*: He was a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as just an Observer of 'em in his own Person. He considered Justice as a Cardinal Virtue, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Where-ever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was also Counsel. The Criminal before him was always sure he stood before his Country, and, in a Sort, a Parent of it. The Prisoner knew, that tho' his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend it self, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that his Judge would wrest no Law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In his Time there were a Nest of Pretenders to Justice, who happen'd to be employed to put Things in a Method for being examined before him at his usual Sessions: These Animals were to *Verus*, as Monkeys are to Men, so like; that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their Fraternity. It grew a Phrase, *Who would do Justice on the Justices?* That certainly would *Verus*. I have seen an old Trial where he sat Judge on two of 'em; one was called *Trick-Track*, the other *Tearshift*: one was a learned Judge of Sharpers, the other the quickest of all Men at finding out a Wench. *Trick-Track* never spared a Pick, pocket, but was a Companion to Cheats: *Tearshift* would make Compliments to Wenches of Quality,

lity, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor Rogue wanted a Lodging, *Trick-Track* sent him to Gaol for a Thief: If a poor Whore went only with one thin Petticoat, *Tearshift* would imprison her for being loose in her Dress. These Patriots infested the Days of *Verus*, while they alternately committed and released each other's Prisoners. But *Verus* regarded them as Criminals, and always look'd upon Men as they stood in the Eye of Justice, without respecting whether they fate on the Bench, or stood at the Bar.

*Wilks's Coffee-house, May III*

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the Tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, in which there is not one good Line, and yet a Play which was never seen without drawing Tears from some Part of the Audience: A remarkable Instance, that the Soul is not to be moved by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together so happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himself, by the Force which the Circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in Spight of the most dry Discourses, and Expressions almost ridiculous with Respect to Propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it untouched with Pity. I must confess this Effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in Nature, to be moved by her first Suggestions. It is certain, the Person and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks* has no small Share in conducing to the Popularity of the Play; and when an handsome fellow is going to a more course *Exit* than Beheading, his Shape and Countenance make every tender one relieve him with all her Heart without waiting till she hears his dying Words.

THIS Evening *The Alchymist* was played. This Comedy is an Example of *Ben's* extensive Genius  
and



and Penetration into the Passions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the Fourth Act, where all the cheated People oppose the Man that would open their Eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a Master-piece as has ever appeared by any Hand. The Author's great Address in shewing Covetousness, the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Epicure*, the *Gamester*, and the *Trader*; and that all their Endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, shews he had to a great Perfection that Discernment of Spirit, which constitutes a Genius for a Comedy.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 11.*

IT is not to be imagined how far the Violence of our Desires will carry us towards our own Deceit in the Pursuit of what we wish for. A Gentleman here this Evening was giving me an Account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who out-does Mr. *Partridge*, my self, or the *Unborn-Doctor*, for Predictions, All his Visitants come to him full of Expectations, and pay his own Rate for the Interpretations they put upon his Shrugs and Nods. There is a fine rich City-Widow stole thither the other Day, (though it is not six Weeks since her Husband's Departure from her Company to Rest) and, with her trusty Maid, demanded of him, Whether she should marry again, by holding up two Fingers, like Horns on her Forehead. The Wizard held up both his Hands forked. The Relict desired to know, Whether he meant by his holding up both Hands, to represent that she had one Husband before, and that she should have another? Or that he intimated, she should have two more? The Cunning Man look'd a little sour; upon which *Betty* jogged her Mistress, who gave t'other Guinea; and he made her understand, she should positively



frivoly have two more; but shaked his Head, and hinted, that they should not live long with her. The Widow sigh'd, and gave him t'other half Guinea. After this Prepossession, all that she had next to do, was to make Sallies to our End of the Town, and find out who it is her Fate to have. There are two who frequent this Place, whom she takes for Men of Vogue, and of whom her Imagination has given her the Choice. They are both the Appearances of fine Gentlemen, to such as do not know when they see Persons of that Turn; and indeed, they are industrious enough to come at that Character, to deserve the Reputation of being such. But this Town will not allow us to be the Things we seem to aim at, and are too discerning to be fobb'd off with Pretences. One of these pretty Fellows fails by his laborious Exactness; the other, by his as much studied Negligence. *Frank Careless*, as soon as his Valet has helped on and adjusted his Clothes, goes to his Glass, sets his Wig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and in short, undresses himself to go into Company. *Will. Nice* is so little satisfied with his Dress, that all the Time he is at a Visit, he is still mending it, and is for that Reason the more insufferable; for he who studies Carelessness, has, at least, his Work the sooner done of the two. The Widow is distracted whom to take for her first Man; for *Nice* is every Way so careful, that she fears his length of Days; and *Frank* is so loose, that she has Apprehensions for her own Health with him. I am puzzled how to give 'a just Idea of them; but in a Word *Careless* is a Coxcomb, and *Nice* a Fop: Both, you'll say, very hopeful Candidates for a gay Woman just set a Liberty. But there is a Whisper, her Maid will give her to *Tom Terrour* the Gamester. This Fellow has undone so many Women, that he'll certainly succeed if he is introduced; for nothing so much prevails with the vain Part of that Sex, as the  
 Glory

Glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

*Desunt multa.*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 11.*

LETTERS from *Berlin*, bearing Date *May 11. N. S.* inform us, That the Birth-Day of her *Prussian Majesty* has been celebrated there with all possible Magnificence; and the King made her, on that Occasion, a Present of Jewels to the Value of thirty thousand Crowns. The Marquis *de Quesne*, who has distinguished himself by his great Zeal for the Protestant Interest, was at the Time of the Dispatch of these Letters, at that Court, soliciting the King to take Care, that an Article in Behalf of the Refugees, admitting their Return to *France*, should be inserted in the Treaty of Peace. They write from *Hanover* of the 14th, That his Electoral Highness had received an Express from Count *Merci*, representing how necessary it was to the Common Cause, that he would please to hasten to the *Rhine*; for that nothing but his Presence could quicken the Measures towards bringing the Imperial Army into the Field. There are very many Speculations upon the intended Interview of the King of *Denmark* and King *Augustus*. The later has made such Preparations for the Reception of the other, that it is said, his *Danish Majesty* will be entertained in *Saxony*, with much more Elegance than he met with in *Italy* it self.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 18th Instant *N. S.* say, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, landed the Night before at the *Brill*, after having been kept out at Sea by adverse Winds two Days longer than is usual in that Passage. His Excellency the Lord *Townshend*, her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven in to the *Veer* in *Zealand* on *Thursday* last, from whence

whence he came to the *Hague* within few Hours after the Arrival of his Grace. The Duke, soon after his coming to the *Hague*, had a Visit from the Pensioner of *Holland*. All Things relating to the Peace were in Suspence till this Interview; nor is it yet known what Resolutions will be taken on that Subject; for the Troops of the Allies have fresh Orders dispatched to them to move from their respective Quarters, and march with all Expedition to the Frontiers, where the Enemy are making their utmost Efforts for the Defence of their Country. These Advices further inform us, That the Marquis de *Torcy* had received an Answer from the Court of *France*, to his Letters which he had sent thither by an Express on the *Friday* before.

*Mr. Bickerstaff* has received Letters from *Mr. Coltstaff*, *Mr. Whipstaff*, and *Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff*; all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the Genealogy of the Family lately published; but my Cousin being a Clerk in the Herald's-Office who writ that Draught, and being at present under the Displeasure of the Chapter; it is feared, if that Matter should be touched upon at this Time, the young Gentleman would lose his Place for Treason against the Kings at Arms.



*From my own Apartment, May 12.*

I Have taken a Resolution hereafter, on any Want of Intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promised to give me very proper and just Notices of Persons and Things, to make up the History of the passing Day. He is wonderfully skilful in the Knowledge



of Men and Manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that Perfection, and I communicated to him that Doubt. Mr. *Pacolet*, said I, I am mightily surpriz'd to see you so good a Judge of our Nature and Circumstances, since you are a meer Spirit, and have no Knowledge of the Bodily Part of us. He answered, smiling, You are mistaken, I have been one of you, and lived a Month amongst you, which gives me an exact Sense of your Condition. You are to know, That all who enter into human Life, have a certain Date or *Stamen* given to their Being, which they only who die of Age may be said to have arrived at; but it is ordered sometimes by Fate, that such as die Infants, are after Death to attend Mankind to the End of that *Stamen* of Being in themselves, which was broke off by Sicknefs or any other Disaster. These are proper Guardians to Men, as being sensible of the Infirmary of their State. You are Philosopher enough to know, that the Difference of Men's Understanding proceeds only from the various Dispositions of their Organs; so that he who dies at a Month old, is in the next Life as knowing (tho' more innocent) as they who live to fifty; and after Death, they have as perfect a Memory and Judgment of all that pass'd in their Life-Time, as I have of all the Revolutions in that uneasy, turbulent Condition of yours; and you'd say, I had enough of it in a Month, were I to tell you all my Misfortunes. A Life of a Month can't have, one would think, much Variety; but pray, said I, let us have your Story.

Then he proceeds in the following Manner:

It was one of the most wealthy Families in *Great Britain* into which I was born, and it was a very great Happiness to me that it so happen'd, otherwise I had still, in all Probability, been living: But I shall recount to you all the Occurrences of my short and miserable Existence, just as,  
by



by examining into the Traces made in my Brain, they appeared to me at that Time. The first Thing that ever struck my Senses, was a Noise over my Head of one shrieking; after which, methought I took a full Jump, and found my self in the Hands of a Sorceress, who seem'd as if she had been long waking, and employed in some Incantation: I was throughly frightned, and cried out, but she immediately seem'd to go on in some Magical Operation, and anointed me from Head to Foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great Crowd about me, crying, *An Heir, an Heir*; upon which I grew a little still, and believ'd this was a Ceremony to be us'd only to great Persons, and such as made them, what they call'd, *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the Witch, for no manner of Reason or Provocation in the World, takes me and binds my Head as hard as possibly she could; then ties up both my Legs, and makes me swallow down an horrid Mixture; I thought it an harsh Entrance into Life to begin with taking Physick; but I was forc'd to it, or else must have taken down a great Instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dress'd, I was carried to a Bed-side, where a fine young Lady (my Mother I wot) had like to have hugg'd me to Death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a Thing with quite another Look from the rest of the Room, to whom they talk'd about my Nose. He seem'd wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my Nose belong'd to another Family. That into which I was born, is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore Crowds of Relations came every Day to congratulate my Arrival; among others, my Cousin *Betty*, the greatest Romp in Nature: She whisks me such a Height over her Head, that I cry'd out for Fear of falling. She pinch'd me, and called me squealing Chit, and threw me into a Girl's Arms that was taken in to tend me.

The Girl was very proud of the womanly Employment of a Nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me a-new, because I made a Noise, to see what ailed me: She did so, and stuck a Pin in every Joint about me. I still cried: Upon which, she lays me on my Face in her Lap; and to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the Pins, by clapping me on the Back, and skreaming a Lullaby. But my Pain made me exalt my Voice above hers, which brought up the Nurse, the Witch, I first saw, and my Grandmother. The Girl is turn'd down Stairs, and I stripp'd again, as well to find what ail'd me, as to satisfy my Granam's further Curiosity. This good old Woman's Visit was the Cause of all my Troubles. You are to understand, That I was hitherto bred by Hand, and any Body that stood next, gave me Pap, if I did but open my Lips; insomuch, that I was grown so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not, to prevent my being cramm'd. But my Grandmother began a loud Lecture upon the Idleness of the Wives of this Age, who, for fear of their Shapes, forbear suckling their own Offspring: And ten Nurses were immediately sent for; one was whisper'd to have a wanton Eye, and would soon spoil her Milk; another was in a Consumption; the third had an ill Voice, and would frighten me, instead of lulling me to Sleep. Such Exceptions were made against all but one Country Milch-Wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the Breast. This careless Jade was eternally romping with the Footmen, and downright starved me; insomuch that I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved, had it not been, that on the thirtieth Day of my Life, a Fellow of the *Royal Society*, who had writ upon *Cold Baths*, came to visit me, and solemnly protested, I was utterly lost for want of that Method: Upon which he fous'd me Head and Ears into a Pail of Water, where I had the good Fortune to be drowned,

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and

and so escap'd being lash'd into a Linguist till Sixteen, running after Wenches till twenty-five; and being married to an ill-natured Wife till Sixty: Which had certainly been my Fate, had not the Inchantment between Body and Soul been broke by this Philosopher. Thus, till the Age I should have otherwise liv'd, I am oblig'd to watch the Steps of Men; and if you please, shall accompany you in your present Walks, and get you Intelligence from the Aerial Lacquey, who is in Waiting, what are the Thoughts and Purposes of any whom you enquire for. I accepted his kind Offer, and immediately took him with me in an Hack to *White's*.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 13.*

WE got in hither, and my Companion threw a Powder round us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that we could see and hear all others, our selves unseen and unheard.

THE first Thing we took Notice of, was a Nobleman of a goodly and frank Aspect, with his generous Birth and Temper visible in it, playing at Cards with a Creature of a black and horrid Countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the Arts of his Mind, Cozenage and Falshood. They were marking their Game with Counters, on which we could see Inscriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My Lord had scor'd with Pieces of Ivory, on which were writ, *Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Posterity*. The Spectre over-against him had on his Counters the Inscriptions of *Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and Want of Shame*. Bless me! said I; Sure my Lord does not see what he plays for? As well as I do, says *Pacolet*. He despises that Fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his Companion. At the very Instant he was speaking, I saw the Fellow who played with my Lord, hide two Cards in the Roll of



his Stocking: *Pacolet* immediately stole them from thence; upon which the Nobleman soon after won the Game. The little Triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling Stock of ready Money, tho' he had ventured so great Sums with Indifference, increas'd my Admiration. But *Pacolet* began to talk to me. Mr. *Isaac*, This to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher Beings: That Noble has as many good Qualities as any Man of his Order, and seems to have no Faults but what, as I may say, are Excrescencies from Virtues. He is generous to a Prodigality, more affable than is consistent with his Quality, and couragious to a Rashness. Yet, after all this, the Source of his whole Conduct is (tho' he would hate himself if he knew it) meer Avarice. The ready Cash laid before the Gamester's Counters makes him venture, as you see. and lay Distinction against Infamy, Abundance against Want; in a Word, all that's desirable against all that's to be avoided. However, said I, be sure you disappoint the Sharpers to-night, and steal from them all the Cards they hide. *Pacolet* obey'd me, and my Lord went Home with their whole Bank in his Pocket.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 13.*

TO-night was acted a second Time a Comedy, call'd, *The Busy Body*: This Play is written by a Lady. In old Times, we us'd to sit upon a Play here after it was acted; but now the Entertainment is turn'd another Way; not but there are considerable Men appear in all Ages, who for some eminent Quality or Invention, deserve the Esteem and Thanks of the Publick. Such a Benefactor is a Gentleman of this House, who is observed by the Surgeons with much Envy; for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms by Love-Adventures, and by great Care and Application, hath made it an Im-

modesty



modesty to name his Name. This Act of Self-denial has gain'd this worthy Member of the Commonwealth a great Reputation. Some Law-givers have departed from their Abodes for ever, and commanded the Observation of their Laws till their Return; others have used other Artifices to fly the Applause of their Merit; but this Person shuns Glory with greater Address, and has, by giving his Engine his own Name, made it obscene to speak of him more. However, he is rank'd among, and receiv'd by the modern Wits, as a great Promoter of Gallantry and Pleasure. But I fear, Pleasure is less understood in this Age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the Creation. 'Twas admirably said of him who first took Notice, That (*Res est severa Voluptas*) there is a certain Severity in Pleasure. Without that, all Decency is banish'd; and if Reason is not to be present at our greatest Satisfaction, of all the Races of Creatures, the Humane is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when *Virgil* describes a Wit, he always means a virtuous Man; and all his Sentiments of Men of Genius are such as shew Persons distinguished from the common Level of Mankind; such as placed Happiness in the Contempt of low Fears, and mean Gratifications: Fears, which we are subject to with the Vulgar; and Pleasures, which we have in common with Beasts. With these illustrious Personages, the wisest Man was the greatest Wit; and none was thought worthy of that Character, unless he answered this excellent Description of the Poet:

*Qui — Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari.*

St. James's Coffee-house, May 13.

WE had this Morning Advice, That some English Merchant-Ships, convoyed by the Bristol

of 54 Guns, were met with by a Part of *Monf. du Gui Trouin's* Squadron, who engaged the Con-  
voy. That Ship defended it self till the *English*  
Merchants got clear of the Enemy, but being  
disabled, was her self taken. Within few Hours  
after, my Lord *Dursley* came up with Part of his  
Squadron, and engaging the *French*, retook the  
*Bristol* (which being very much shattered, sunk)  
and took the *Glorieux*, a Ship of 44 Guns, as al-  
so a Privateer of 14. Before this Action, his  
Lordship had taken two *French* Merchant-Men,  
and had, at the Dispatch of these Advices, brought  
the whole safe into *Plymouth*.

N<sup>o</sup> 16.

Tuesday, May 17. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 15.*

SIR *Thomas*, of this House, has shew'd me  
some Letters from the *Bath*, which give Ac-  
counts of what passes among the good Company  
of that Place; and allow'd me to transcribe one  
of them, that seems to be writ by some of Sir  
*Thomas's* particular Acquaintance, and is as fol-  
lows :

*Dear Knight,*

I Desire you would give my humble Service to  
all our Friends, which I speak of to you (out  
of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epistle,  
lest the present Disorders, by which this Seat of  
Gallantry and Pleasure is torn to Pieces, should  
make me forget it. You keep so good Company,  
that you know *Bath* is stock'd with such as come  
hither to be relieved from luxuriant Health, or  
imaginary Sicknes, and consequently is always  
as well stowed with Gallants as Invalids, who live  
together in a very good Understanding. But the  
Season is so early, that our fine Company is not  
yet

yet arrived; and the Warm Bath, which in Heathen Times was dedicated to *Venus*, is now used only by such as really want it for Health's Sake. There are however a good many Strangers, among whom are two ambitious Ladies, who being both in the Autumn of their Life, take the Opportunity of placing themselves at the Head of such as we are, before the *Chloe's*, *Clarissa's*, and *Pastorella's* come down. One of these two is excessively in Pain, that the ugly Being called *Time*, will make Wrinkles in spite of the Lead Forhead-Cloth; and therefore hides with the Gaiety of her Air, the Volubility of her Tongue, and Quickness of her Motion, the Injuries which it has done her. The other Lady is but two Years behind her in Life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former, and consequently has taken the necessary Precautions to prevent her Reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned for Ambition, being never apparently transported either with Affection or Malice. Thus, while *Florimel* is talking in publick, and spreading her Graces in Assemblies, to gain a popular Dominion over our Diversions, *Prudentia* visits very cunningly all the Lame, the Splenatick, and the Superannuated, who have their distinct Classes of Followers and Friends. Among these she has found that some Body has sent down printed Certificates of *Florsmel's* Age, which she has read and distributed to this unjoyful Set of People, who are always Enemies to those in Possession of the good Opinion of the Company. This unprovoked Injury done by *Prudentia*, was the first Occasion of our fatal Divisions here, and a Declaration of War between these Rivals. *Florimel* has Abundance of Wit, which she has lavish'd in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving Defiance to her little Arts. For an Instance of her superior Power, she bespoke the Play of *Alexander the Great*, to be acted by the Company of Strollers, and desired us all to be



there on *Thursday* last. When she spoke to me to come, *As you are*, said she, *a Lover, you will not fail the Death of Alexander: The Passion of Love is wonderfully bit* — *Statira! Oh that happy Woman— To have a Conqueror at her Feet — But you'll be sure to be there.* I, and several others, resolv'd to be of her Party. But see the irresistible Strength of that unsuspected Creature, a *Silent Woman*. *Prudentia* had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same Evening the Poppet-Show of *The Creation of the World*. She had engaged every Body to be there; and to turn our Leader into Ridicule, had secretly let them know, that the Poppet *Eve* was made the most like *Florimet* that ever was seen. On *Thursday* Morning the Poppet-Drummer, *Adam* and *Eve*, and several others who lived before the Flood, pass'd through the Streets on Horseback, to invite us all to the Partime, and the Representation of such Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was so wise as to prefer these innocent People the Poppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked Players, who were to show *Alexander*, an Heathen Philosopher. To be short, this *Prudentia* had so laid it, that at ten of the Clock Footmen were sent to take Places at the Poppet-Show, and all we of *Florimet's* Party were to be out of Fashion, or desert her. We chose the later. All the World crowded to *Prudentia's* House, because it was given out, no Body could get in. When we came to *Noah's Flood* in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduced dancing in the Ark. An honest plain Friend of *Florimet's*, but a Critick withal, rose up in the midst of the Representation, and made many very good Exceptions to the *Drama* it self, and told us, That it was against all Morality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch* should be in Jest in the Deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just Remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hiss'd by



*Prudentia's* Party; upon which, really, *Sir Thomas*, we, who were his Friends, hiss'd him too. Old *Mrs. Petulant* desired both her Daughters to mind the Moral; then whisper'd *Mrs. Mayores*, *This is very proper for young People to see.* *Punch* at the End of the Play made *Madam Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touch'd the Ground. All was carried triumphantly against our Party. In the mean Time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dress'd as fine as Hands could make her, in Hopes to see *Prudentia* pine away with Envy. Instead of that, she sat a full Hour alone, and at last was entertain'd with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wiped her Eyes with her Tragical-cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was stung with this Affront, and the next Day bespoke the Poppet-Show. *Prudentia*, insolent with Power, bespoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. *Madam Petulant* desired her Daughters to mind the Moral, and believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'll see Children*, said she, *these Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.* — *Don't you see, Daughter Betty, Colonel Clod, our next Neighbour in the Country, pull off his Hat to you? Court'sie, good Child, his Estate is just by us.* *Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia's* Humour; and *Prudentia* exalted into hers. This was observed: *Florimel* invites us to the Play a second Time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gamesters, the Prues, the Coquets, the Valitudinarians, and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. Such is the State of Things at this present Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you shall have immediate Advice from,

Bath,

May 11.

1709.

S I R,

Your affectionate Friend,  
and Servant.

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To CASTABELLA.

*Madam,*

I Have the Honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done to you at the Opera, by one of your own Sex; but I, who was an Eye-witness of the Accident, can testify to you, that though she pressed before you, she lost her Ends in that Design; for she was taken Notice of for no other Reason, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than herself. But indeed, I dare not go further in this Matter, than just this bare Mention; for though it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is so tender a Point, and on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the last Consequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and those bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sun-shine. My Writings are sacred to you; and I hope, I shall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to signify to all the World, That I design to forbear any Thing that may in the least tend to the Diminution of your Interest, Reputation or Power. You'll therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats, and shall at all Times do what is in my Power to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as my self. If they would consider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to convince them, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest Rebels do only serve with a worse Grace.

I am,

*MADAM,*

*Your most Obedient,*

*May 16.*

*and most humble Servant.*

Isaac Bickerstaff.

*St. James's*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May. 16.*

LETTERS from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21<sup>st</sup> Instant, N. S. advise, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, immediately after his Arrival, sent his Secretary to the President and the Pensionary to acquaint them therewith. Soon after these Ministers visited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States-General; after which they entered into a Conference with him on the present Posture of Affairs, and gave his Grace Assurances of the firm Adherences of the States to the Alliance: At the same Time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that Subject. After this Interview, the Pensionary and the President returned to the Assembly of the States. Monsieur *Torcy* has had a Conference at the Pensioner's House with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townshend*. The Result of what was debated at that Time is kept secret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Understanding between these Ministers. We are apt also to give ourselves very hopeful Prospects from Monsieur *Torcy's* being employed in this Negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular Way of Thinking, in his Sense of the Greatness of *France*; which he has always said, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than those of War*. His delivering himself freely on this Subject has formerly appeared an unsuccessful Way to Power in that Court; but in its present Circumstances, those Maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French King's* Intentions, that this Minister is at present made use of. The Marquis is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has sent a Courier thither to give Notice of  
the

the Reasons of his Return, that the Court may be the sooner able to dispatch Commissions for a formal Treaty.

THE Expectations of Peace are increased by Advices from *Paris* of the 12th Instant, which say, The Dauphin hath altered his Resolution of commanding in *Flanders* the ensuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Prussian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Merci's* Regiment of Imperial Hore, are encamped in the Neighbourhood of *Brussels*; and sufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are transported to that Place and *Ghent*, for the Service of the Confederate Army.

THEY write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria* had Advice, That an advanced Party of the *Portuguese* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

WE hear from *Languedoc*, That their Corn, Olives and Figs were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful Prospect of a plentiful Vintage.



N<sup>o</sup> 17. Thursday, May 19. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 18.*

THE Discourse has happened to turn this Evening upon the true Nature of Panegyrick, the Perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful Way of conveying the Applause in an indirect Manner. There was a Gentleman gave us several Instances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great Compliment made to *Tiberius*, as follows: In a full Debate upon publick Affairs in the Senate, one of the Assembly rose up, and with a very grave Air said, He thought it for the Honour and Dignity



nity of the Commonwealth, that *Tiberius* should be declared a God, and have Divine Worship paid him. The Emperor was surpris'd at the Proposal, and demanded of him to declare, Whether he had made any Application to incline him to that Overture? The Senator answered, with a bold and haughty Tone. *Sir, In Matters that concern the Commonwealth, I will be govern'd by no Man.* Another Gentleman mentioned something of the same Kind spoken by the late Duke of B——— *m*, to the late Earl of O——— *y*; *My Lord,* (says the Duke, after his libertine Way) *you will certainly be damn'd.* *How, my Lord!* says the Earl with some Warmth. *Nay,* (said the Duke) *there's no Help for it, for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all Men speak well.* This is taking a Man by Surprize, and being welcome when you have so surprized him. The Person flattered receives you into his Closet at once; and the sudden Change in his Heart, from the Expectation of an Ill-wisher, to find you his Friend, makes you in his full Favour in a Moment. The Spirits that were rais'd so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you. There was another Instance given of this kind at the Table: A Gentleman who had a very great Favour done him, and an Employment bestow'd upon him, without so much as being known to his Benefactor, waited upon the great Man who was so generous, and was beginning to say, he was infinitely obliged— *Not at all,* says the Patron, turning from him to another, *Had I known a more deserving Man in England, he should not have had it.*

WE should certainly have had more Examples, had not a Gentleman produced a Book which he thought an Instance of this kind: It was a Pamphlet, call'd, *The Naked Truth.* The Idea any one would have of that Work from the Title, was, That there would be much Plain-dealing with People in Power, and that we should see Things in their proper Light, stripped

of the Ornaments which are usually given to the the Actions of the Great: But the Skill of this Author is such, that he has, under that rugged Appearance, approved himself the finest Gentleman and Courtier that ever writ. The Language is extremely sublime, and not at all to be understood by the Vulgar: The Sentiments are such as would make no Figure in ordinary Words; but such is the Art of the Expression, and the Thoughts are elevated to so high a Degree, that I question whether the Discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natur'd Fellow present, who hates all Panegyrick mortally. P — take him, said he, *What the Devil means his Naked Truth, in speaking nothing but to the Advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great Action as that of the Champion's on a Coronation-Day, who challenges all Mankind to dispute with him the Right of the Sovereign, surrounded with his Guards.* The Gentleman who produced the Treatise, desired him to be cautious, and said, it was writ by an excellent Soldier, which made the Company observe it more narrowly: And (as Criticks are the greatest Conjurers at finding out a known Truth) one said, he was sure it was writ by the Hand of his Sword-Arm. I could not perceive much Wit in that Expression; but it raised a Laugh, and I suppose, was meant as a Sneer upon valiant Men. The same Man pretended to see in the Style, that it was an Horse-Officer; but sure, that's being too nice: For though you may know Officers of the Cavalry by the Turn of their Feet, I can't imagine how you should discern their Hands from those of other Men. But it is always thus with Pedants; they will ever be carping; if a Gentleman or a Man of Honour puts Pen to Paper, I don't doubt, but this Author will find this Assertion too true, and that Obloquy is not repulsed by the Force of Arms. I will therefore set this excellent Piece in a Light too glaring for weak Eyes, and, in Imitation of the Critick *Longinus*, shall,

shall, as well as I can, make my Observations in a Style like the Author's, of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having *an unbounded Force of Thinking, as well as a most exquisite Address, extensively and wisely indulged to me, by the supream Powers.* My Author, I will dare to assert, shews the most universal Knowledge of any Writer who has appeared this Century. He is a Poet, and Merchant, which is seen in two Master-Words, *Credit Blossoms.* He is a Grammarian, and a Politician; for he says, *The uniting of the two Kingdoms, is the Emphasis of the Security of the Protestant Succession.* Some would be apt to say, he is a Conjuror; for he has found, That a Republick is not made up of every Body of Animals, but is compos'd of Men only, and not of Horses. *Liberty and Property have chosen their Retreat within the emulating Circle of an humane Commonwealth.* He is a Physician; for he says, *I observe a constant Equality in his Pulse, and a just Quickness of its vigorous Circulation.* And again, *I view the Strength of our Constitution plainly appear in the sanguine and ruddy Complexion of a well-contented City.* He is a Divine: For he says, *I cannot but bless my self.* And indeed this excellent Treatise has had that good Effect upon me, who am far from being superstitious, that I also, *can't but bless my self.*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 18.*

THIS Day arriv'd a Mail from *Lisbon*, with Letters of the 13th Instant *N. S.* containing a particular Account of the late Action in *Portugal.* On the 7th Instant, the Army of *Portugal*, under the Command of the *Marqus de Frontera*, lay on the Side of the *Caya*, and the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*, commanded by the *Marquis de Bay*, on the other. The later Commander having an Ambition to ravage the Country, in a Manner in Sight of the *Portugueze*, made a Motion with the  
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whole Body of his Horse toward Fort St. *Christopher*, near the Town of *Badajos*. The Generals of the *Portuguese*, disdaining that such an Insult should be offered to their Arms, took a Resolution to pass the River, and oppose the Designs of the Enemy. The Earl of *Galway* represented to them, That the present Posture of Affairs was such on the Side of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at present in that Country, but to carry on a defensive Part. But his Arguments could not avail in the Council of War. Upon which, a great Detachment of Foot, and the whole of the Horse of the King of *Portugal's* Army, passed the River, and with some Pieces of Cannon did good Execution on the Enemy. Upon observing this, the Marquis de *Bay* advanced with his Horse, and attacked the Right Wing of the *Portuguese* Cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without standing the first Encounter. But their Foot repulsed the same Body of Horse in three successive Charges, with great Order and Resolution. While this was transacting, the *British* General commanded the Brigade of *Pearce*, to keep the Enemy in Diversion by a new Attack. This was so well executed, that the *Portuguese* Infantry had Time to retire in good Order, and repass the River. But that Brigade, which rescued them, was it self surrounded by the Enemy, and Major-General *Sarkey*, Brigadier *Pearce*, together with both their Regiments, and that of *Galway*, lately raised, were taken Prisoners.

DURING the Engagment, the Earl of *Barrimore* having advanced too far to give some necessary Order, was hemmed in by a Squadron of the Enemy; but found Means to gallop up to the Brigade of *Pearce*, with which he remains also a Prisoner. My Lord *Galway* had his Horse shot under him in this Action; and the Conde de *St. Juan*, a *Portuguese* General, was taken Prisoner. The same Night the Army encamped at *Aronches*,  
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and on the 9th moved to *Elvas*, where they lay when these Dispatches came away. Colonel *Stanwix's* Regiment is also taken. The whole of this Affair has given the *Portuguese* a great Idea of the Capacity and Courage of my Lord *Galway*, against whose Advice they entred upon this unfortunate Affair, and by whose Conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious Constancy and Resolution of that great Man is hardly to be parallel'd, who, under the Oppression of a maimed Body, and the Reflection of repeated ill Fortune, goes on with an unspeakable Alacrity in the Service of the Common Cause. He has already put Things in a very good Posture after this ill Accident, and made the necessary Dispositions for covering the Country from any further Attempt of the Enemy, who lie still in the Camp, they were in before the Battel.

LETTERS for *Brussels*, dated the 25th Instant, advise, That notwithstanding the Negotiations of a Peace seem so far advanced, that some do confidently report the Preliminaries of a Treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies hasten their Preparations for opening the Campaign; and the Forces of the Empire, the *Prussians*, the *Danes*, the *Wirtembergers*, the *Palatines*, and *Saxon Auxiliaries*, are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous, they being already arrived in the Neighbourhood of *Brussels*. These Advices add, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, having made a general Review of the Troops in *Flanders*, set out for *Antwerp* on the 21st Instant from that Place. On the same Day the Prince Royal of *Prussia* came thither *incognito*, with a Design to make the ensuing Campaign under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

THIS Day is published a Treatise, call'd, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition. By *Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;* And on the first of July next, you may expect A Prophecy of Things past; *ubeein*

wherein the Art of Fortune-telling is laid open to the meanest Capacity. And on the Monday following, Choice Sentences for the Company of Masons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houses, with a Translation of all the Latin Sentences, that have been built of late Years, together with a Comment upon Stone-Walls, by the same Hands.



N<sup>o</sup> 18. Saturday, May 21. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May 20.*

IT is observed too often, that Men of Wit do so much employ their Thoughts upon fine Speculations, that Things useful to Mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busie in making Emendations upon some Encliticks in a Greek Author, while obvious Things, that every Man may have Use for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy Thing, if such as have real Capacities for publick Service, were employed in Works of general Use; but because a Thing is every Body's Business, it is no Body's Business: This is for Want of publick Spirit. As for my Part, who am only a Student, and a Man of no great Interest, I can only remark Things, and recommend the Correction of them to higher Powers. There is an Offence I have a thousand Times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, That in a Nation where Learning is so frequent as in *Great Britain*, there should be so many gross Errors as there are in the very Directions of Things, wherein Accuracy is necessary for the Conduct of Life. This is notoriously observed by all Men of Letters when they first come to Town (at which Time they are usually curious that Way) in the Inscriptions on Sign-Posts. I have Cause to know this Matter as well as any Body; for I have (when I went



to Merchant-Taylor's School) suffered Stripes for spelling after the Signs I observed in my Way ; though at the same Time I must confess, staring at those Inscriptions first gave me an Idea and Curiosity for Medals ; in which I have since arrived at some Knowledge. Many a Man has lost his Way and his Dinner by this general Want of Skill in Orthography : For, considering that the Painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the Animal under whose Sign you are to live that Day, How must the Stranger be misled, if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a Cousin now in Town, who has answered *Under-Bachelor* at *Queen's College* whose Name is *Humphry Mopstaff*: (He is a Kin to us by his Mother.) This young Man going to see a Relation in *Barbican*, wandered a whole Day by the Mistake of one Letter, for it was written, *This is the BEER*, instead of, *This is the BEAR*. He was set right at last, by enquiring for the House, of a Fellow who could not read, and knew the Place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the Name of Goodness, let us make our Learning of Use to us, or not. Was not this a Shame, that a Philosopher should be thus directed by a Cobler? I'll be sworn, if it were known how many have suffered in this Kind by false Spelling since the Union, this Matter would not long lie thus. What makes these Evils the more insupportable is, That they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the Evil goes on in other Arts as well as Orthography. Places are confounded, as well for Want of proper Distinctions, as Things for Want of true Characters. Had I not come by the other Day very early in the Morning, there might have been Mischief done ; for a worthy *North-Britain* was swearing at *Stocks-Market*, that they would not let him in at his Lodgings ; but I knowing  
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the Gentleman, and observing him look often at the King on Horseback, and then double his Oaths, that he was sure he was right, found he mistook that for *Charing-Cross*, by the Erection of the like Statue in each Place. I grant, private Men may distinguish their Abodes as they please; as one of my Acquaintance who lives at *Marybone*, has put a good Sentence of his own Invention upon his Dwelling-place; to find out where he lives: He is so near *London*, that his Conceit is this, *The Country in Town*; or, *The Town in the Country*; for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that, the Ambiguity is not of great Consequence; if you are safe at the Place, 'tis no Matter if you do not distinctly know where to say the Place is. But to return to the Orthography of publick Places: I propose, That every Tradesman in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, shall give me Sixpence a Quarter for keeping their Signs in Repair, as to the Grammatical Part; and I will take into my House a *Swiss* Count of my Acquaintance, who can remember all their Names without Book, for Dispatch-Sake, setting up the Head of the said Foreigner for my Sign; the Features being strong, and fit for hanging high.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 20.*

THIS Day a Mail arrived from *Holland*, by which there are Advices from *Paris*, That the Kingdom of *France* is in the utmost Misery and Distraction. The Merchants of *Lions* have been at Court, to remonstrate their great Sufferings by the Failure of their publick Credit; but have received no other Satisfaction, than Promises of a sudden Peace; and that their Debts will be made good by Funds out of the Revenue, which will not answer, but in case of the Peace which is promised. In the mean Time, the Cries of the  
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common People are loud for Want of Bread, the Gentry have lost all Spirit and Zeal for their Country, and the King himself seems to languish under the Anxiety of the pressing Calamities of the Nation, and retires from hearing those Grievances, which he hath not Power to redress. Instead of Preparations of War, and the Defence of their Country, there is nothing to be seen but evident Marks of a general Despair: Processions, Fastings, Publick Mourning and Humiliations, are become the sole Employments of a People, who were lately the most vain and gay of any in the Universe.

THE Pope has written to the *French King* on the Subject of a Peace, and his Majesty has answered in the lowliest Terms, That he entirely submits his Affairs to Divine Providence, and shall soon shew the World, that he prefers the Tranquillity of his People to the Glory of his Arms, and Extent of his Conquests.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 24th say, That his Excellency the Lord *Townshend* delivered his Credentials on that Day to the States-General, as Plenipotentiary from the Queen of *Great Britain*; as did also Count *Zinzendorf*, who bears the same Character from the Emperor.

PRINCE *Eugene* intended to set out the next Day for *Brussels*, and his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Tuesday* following. The Marquis *de Torcy* talks daily of going, but still continues there. The Army of the Allies is to assemble on the 7th of next Month at *Helchin*; though 'tis generally believed, that the Preliminaries to a Treaty are fully adjusted.

THE Approach of the Peace strikes a Panic through our Armies, though that of a Battel could never do it, and they almost repent of their Bravery, that made such Haste to humble themselves and the *French King*. The Duke of *Marlborough*, though otherwise the greatest General of  
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the Age, has plainly shown himself unacquainted with the Arts of husbanding a War. He might have grown as old as the Duke of *Alva*, or Prince *Waldeck* in the *Low Countries*, and yet have got Reputation enough every Year for any reasonable Man: For the Command of General in *Flanders* hath been looked upon as a Provision for Life. For my Part, I can't see how his Grace can answer it to the World, for the great Eagerness he hath shewn to send an hundred thousand of the bravest Fellows in *Europe* a begging. But the private Gentlemen of the Infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave Man can never starve in a Country stock'd with Hen-roosts. *There is not a Yard of Linen*, says my honest Progenitor, Sir *John Falstaff*, in my whole Company; but as for that, says this worthy Knight, *I am in no great Pain, we shall find Shirts on every Hedge*. There is another Sort of Gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious Fraternity of which I have the Honour to be an unworthy Member; I mean the *News Writers of Great Britain*, whether *Post-Men* or *Post-Boys*, or by what other Name or Title soever dignified or distinguished. The Case of these Gentlemen, is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, considering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more Battels. They have been upon Parties and Skirmishes, when our Armies have lain still, and given the general Assault to many a Placc, when the Besiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Masters of several strong Towns many Weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greatest Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Batel. Where Prince *Eugene* has slain his thousands, *Boyer* has slain his ten thousands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War: He has laid about him with an inexpressible Fury,

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and like the offended *Marius* of ancient *Rome*, made such Havock among his Countrymen, as must be the Work of two or three Ages to repair. It must be confess'd, the redoubted *Mr. Buckley* has shed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Bother *Buckley* as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who spares neither Friend nor Foe; but generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious Sort of Men to subsist after a Peace: Every one remembers the Shifts they were driven to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, when they could not furnish out a single Paper of News, without lighting up a Comet in *Germany*, or a Fire in *Moscow*. There scarce appeared a Letter without a Paragraph on an Earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their Name, as a great Poet of this Age has it. I remember *Mr. Dyer*, who is justly look'd upon by all Fox-Hunters in the Nation as the greatest Statesman our Country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in Whales, insomuch that in five Months Time (for I had the Curiosity to examine his Letters on that Occasion) he brought three into the Mouth of the River *Thames*, besides two Porpusses and a Sturgeon. The judicious and wary *Mr. I. Dawks* hath all along been the Rival of this great Writer, and got himself a Reputation from Plagues and Famines, by which, in those Days, he destroyed as great Multitudes, as he has lately done by the Sword. In every Dearth of News *Grand Cairo* was sure to be unpeopled.

IT being therefore visible, that our Society will be greater Sufferers by the Peace than the Soldiery it self; insomuch that the *Daily Courant* is in Danger of being broken, my Friend *Dyer* of being reformed, and the very best of the whole Band of being reduced to Half-pay; Might I presume to offer any Thing in the Behalf of my

distressed Brethren, I would humbly move, That an Appendix of proper Apartments furnished with Pen, Ink and Paper, and other Necessaries of Life, should be added to the Hospital of *Chelsea*, for the Relief of such decay'd News-Writers as have served their Country in the Wars; and that for their Exercise they should compile the Annals of their Brother Veterans, who have been engaged in the same Service, and are still obliged to do Duty after the same Manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an Eye to any private Interest; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are Coffee-houses, Play-houses, and my own Apartment, I am in no need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battel to support; me I don't call out for Heroes and Generals to my Assistance. Tho' the Officers are broken, and the Armies disbanded, I shall still be safe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers in Being.

N<sup>o</sup> 19.

Tuesday, May 24. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May 23.*

THE RE is nothing can give a Man of any Consideration greater Pain, than to see Order and Distinction laid aside amongst Men, especially when the Rank (of which he himself is a Member) is intruded upon by such as have no Pretence to that Honour. The Appellation of *Esquire* is the most notoriously abused in this kind of any Class amongst Men, insomuch that it is become almost the Subject of Derision; but I will be bold to say, This Behaviour towards it proceeds from the Ignorance of the People in its true Origine. I shall therefore, as briefly as possible,



sible, do my self and all true *Esquires* the Justice to look into Antiquity upon this Subject.

IN the first Ages of the World, before the Invention of Jointures and Settlements, when the noble Passion of Love had Possession of the Hearts of Men, and the Fair Sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful Disposition, which they have shewed in later Centuries, it was natural for great and heroick Spirits to retire to Rivulets, Woods and Caves, to lament their Destiny, and the Cruelty of the fair Persons who were deaf to all their Lamentations. The Hero in this Distress was generally in Armour, and in a Readiness to fight any Man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary Qualifications; it being the Nature of Heroick Love to hate all Merit, lest it should come within the Observation of the cruel One, by whom its own Perfections are neglected. A Lover of this Kind had always about him a Person of a second Value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his Afflictions, carry an Inchantment for his Wounds, hold his Helmet when he was eating, (if ever he did eat) or in his Absence, when he was retired to his Apartment in any King's Palace, tell the Prince himself, or perhaps his Daughter, the Birth, Parentage and Adventures, of his valiant Master. This trusty Companion was stiled his *Esquire*, and was always fit for any Offices about him; was as gentle and chaste as a Gentleman-Usher, quick and active as an Equerry, smooth and eloquent as a Master of the Ceremonies. A Man thus qualified was the first, as the Ancients affirm, who was called an *Esquire*; and none without these Accomplishments ought to assume our Order: But, to the utter Disgrace and Confusion of the Heralds, every Pretender is admitted into this Fraternity, even Persons the most foreign to this courteous Institution. I have taken an Inventory of all within this City, and looked over every Letter in the *Post-Office* for my better Information.

There are of the *Middle-Temple*, including all the Buttery-Books, and in the Lifts of the Honour 5000. In the *Inner*, 4000. In the *King's Bench Walks*, the whole Buildings are inhabited by Esquires only. The adjacent Street of *Essex*, from *Morris's* Coffee-house, and the turning toward the *Gracian*, you cannot meet one who is not an Esquire, 'till you take Water. Every House in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* Streets is governed also by an Esquire, or his Lady. *Soho-Square*, *Bloomsbury-Square* and all other Places where the Floors rise above nine Foot, are so many Universities where you enter your selves, and become of our Order. However, if this were the worst of the Evil it were to be supported, because they are generally Men of some Figure and Use; though they know no Pretence they have to an Honour which had its Rise from Chivalry. But if you travel into the Counties of *Great Britain*, we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the Field: But shall that give a Title to all that ride mad after Foxes, that hollow when they see an Hare, or venture their Neck full speed after an Hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No; our Order is temperate, cleanly, sober and chaste; but these Rural Esquires commit Immodesties upon Hay-cocks, wear Shirts half a Week, and are drunk twice a-Day. These Men are also to the last Degree excessive in their Food: An Esquire of *Norfolk* eats two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: An Esquire of *Hampshire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-flesh: One of *Essex* has as little Mercy on Calves. But I must take the Liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those Persons, that it is not the Quantity they eat, but the Manner of eating, that shews a 'Squire. But above all, I am most offended at small Quill-men, and transcribing Clerks, who are all come into our Order, for no Reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish

it at the End of their Name. I'll undertake, that if you read the Supercriptions to all the Offices in the Kingdom, you will not find three Letters directed to any but Esquires. I have my self a Couple of Clerks, and the Rogues make nothing of leaving Messages upon each other's Desk: One directs, *To Degory Gose-quill, Esq;* to which the other replies by a Note, *to Nehemiah Dashwell, Esq; with Respect.* In a Word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Esquires. And I don't know, but, by the late Act of Naturalization, Foreigners will assume that Title, as Part of the Immunity of being *Englishmen*. All these Inproprieties flow from the Negligence of the *Heralds-Office*. Those Gentlemen in Party-colour'd Habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dress'd Cap-a-pe in Hieroglyphicks, they are inwardly but ignorant Men. I asked an Acquaintance of mine, who is a Man of Wit, but of no Fortune, and is forced to appear as Jack-pudding on the Stage to a Mountebank: Pr'ythee, *Jack*, why is your Coat of so many Colours? He reply'd, I act a Fool, and this spotted Dress is to signify, that every Man living has a weak Place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and represent you all. I wish the Heralds would know as well as this Man does, in his Way, that they are to act for us in the Case of our Arms and Appellations: We should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a Manner. I design to take this Matter into further Consideration, and no Man shall be received as an Esquire, who cannot bring a Certificate, That he has conquered some Lady's obdurate Heart; That he can lead up a Country-Dance, or carry a Message between her and her Lover, with Address, Secrecy and Diligence. A 'Squire is properly born for the Service of the Sex, and his Credentials shall be signed by three Toasts, and one Prude, before his Title shall be received in my Office.



*Will's Coffee-house, May 23.*

ON Saturday last was presented, *The Busie Body*, a Comedy, written (as I have heretofore remark'd) by a Woman. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not, as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Instinct.

TO Morrow will be acted a Play, call'd, *The Trip to the Jubilee*. This Performance is the greatest Instance that we can have of the irresistible Force of proper Action. The Dialogue in it self has something too low to bear a Criticism upon it: But Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with so much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of those Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which usually prepossess us in Favour of such Characters in other Plays.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 23.*

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, N. S. say, Mr. *Walpole* (who is since arrived) was going with all Expedition to *Great Britain*, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the Preliminaries to a Treaty of Peace. The *French* Minister, *Monfieur Torcy*, has been observed in this whole Negociation to turn his Discourse upon the Calamities sent down by Heaven upon *France*, and imputed the Necessities they were under to the immediate Hand of Providence, in inflicting a general Scarcity of Provision, rather than the superior Genius of the Generals, or the Bravery of the Armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the Indulgence

gence of Heaven to us; but at the same Time as we are to love our Enemies, we are glad to see 'em mortified enough to mix Christianity with their Politicks. An Authentick Letter from Madam *Maintenon* to Monsieur *Tercy* has been stolen by a Person about him, who has communicated a Copy of it to some of the Dependants of a Minister of the Allies. That Epistle is writ in the most pathetick Manner imaginable, and in a Style which shews her Genius, that has so long engrossed the Heart of this great Monarch.

SIR,

I Received yours, and am sensible of the Address and Capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great Affair under your Management. You well observe, that our Wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is Vanity to use Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this Representation of our Circumstances, to lay aside Art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your Skill to gain us what Advantages you can from the Enemy's Jealousie of each other's Greatness; which is the Place where only you have Room for any Dexterity. If you have any Passion for your unhappy Country, or any Affection for your distressed Master, come Home with Peace. Oh Heaven! Do I live to talk of Lewis the Great as the Object of Pity? The King shews a great Uneasiness to be informed of all that passe; but at the same Time, is fearful of every one who appears in his Presence, lest he should bring an Account of some new Calamity. I know not in what Terms to represent my Thoughts to you, when I speak of the King with relation to his bodily Health. Figure to your self that Immortal Man, who stood in our publick Places, represented with Trophies, Armour and Terrors, on his Pedestal: Consider, the Invincible, the Great, the Good, the Pious, the Mighty, which were the usual Epithets we gave him, both in our Language and Thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the most glorious and greatest of Monarchs; and now think

*See the same Man an unhappy Lazar, in the lowest Circumstances of human Nature it self, without Regard to the State from whence he is fallen. I write from his Bedside: He is at present in a Slumber. I have many, many Things to add; but my Tears flow too fast, and my Sorrow is too big for Utterance.*

I am, &c.

THERE is such a Veneration due from all Men to the Persons of Princes, that it were a Sort of Dishonesty to represent further the Condition which the King is in; but it is certain, That soon after the Receipt of these Advices, Monsieur Torcy waited upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and the Lord Townshend, and in that Conference gave up many Points, which he had before said were such, as he must return to France before he could answer.



N<sup>o</sup> 20.

Thursday, May 26. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 24.*

IT is not to be imagined how far Prepossession will run away with Peoples Understandings, in Cases wherein they are under present Uneasiness. The following Narration is a sufficient Testimony of the Truth of this Observation.

I had the Honour the other Day of a Visit from a Gentlewoman (a Stranger to me) who seemed to be about Thirty. Her Complexion is brown; but the Air of her Face has an Agreeableness, which surpasses the Beauties of the fairest Women. There appeared in her Look and Mien a sprightly Health; and her Eyes had too much Vivacity to become the Language of Complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast Looks, said she, Mr. Bickerstaff, You see before you the unhappiest of Women; and therefore,



as you are esteemed by all the World both a great Civilian, as well as an Astrologer, I must desire your Advice and Assistance, in putting me in a Method of obtaining a Divorce from a Marriage, which I know the Law will pronounce void. Madam, said I, your Grievance is of such a Nature, that you must be very ingenious in representing the Causes of your Complaint, or I cannot give you the Satisfaction you desire. Sir, she answers, I believed there would be no need of half your Skill in the Art of Divination, to guess why a Woman would part from her Husband. 'Tis true, said I, but Suspicions, or Guesses at what you mean, nay Certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no Foundation for a formal Suit. She clap'd her Fan before her Face; My Husband, said she, is no more an Husband (*here she burst into Tears*) than one of the *Italian Singers*.

MADAM, said I, the Affliction you complain of, is to be redressed by Law; but at the same Time, consider what Mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how you will be able to bear the impertinent Whispers of the People present at the Trial, the licentious Reflections of the Pleaders, and the Interpretations that will in general be put upon your Conduct by all the World? How little (will they say) could that Lady command her Passions! Besides, consider, that curbing our Desires is the greatest Glory we can arrive at in this World, and will be most rewarded in the next. She answered, like a prudent Matron, Sir, if you please to remember the Office of Matrimony, the first Cause of its Institution is that of having Posterity: Therefore, as to the curbing Desires, I am willing to undergo any Abstinence from Food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot with any Quiet of Mind, live in the Neglect of a necessary Duty, and an express Commandment, *Increase and multiply*. Observing she was learned, and knew so well the Duties of Life, I turned my Ar-

guments rather to dehort her from this publick Procedure by Examples, than Precepts. Do but consider, Madam, what Crowds of beauteous Women live in Nunneries, secluded for ever from the Sight and Conversation of Men, with all the Alacrity of Spirit imaginable; they spend their Time in heavenly Raptures, in constant and frequent Devotions, and at proper Hours in agreeable Conversations. Sir, said she hastily, Tell not me of Papists, or any of their Idolatries. Well then, Madam, consider how many fine Ladies live innocently in the Eye of the World, and this gay Town, in the midst of Temptation: There's the witty Mrs. *W* — is a Virgin of 44, Mrs. *T* — is 39, Mrs. *L* — ce 33; yet you see, they laugh and are gay, at the Park, at the Play-house, at Balls, and at Visits; and so much at Ease, that all this seems hardly a Self-denial. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said she, with some Emotion; you are an excellent Casuist; but the last Word destroyed your whole Argument; if it is not Self-denial, it is no Virtue. I presented you with an half Guinea, in Hopes not only to have my Conscience eas'd, but my Fortune told. Yet — Well Madam, said I, Pray of what Age is your Husband? He is, reply'd my injured Client, fifty, and I have been his Wife fifteen Years. How happen'd it, you never communicated your Distress in all this Time to your Friends and Relations? She answered, He has been thus but a Fortnight. I am the most serious Man in the World to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. Why, Madam, in case of Infirmity, which proceeds only from Age, the Law gives no Remedy. Sir, said she, I find you have no more Learning than Dr. *Cass*; and I am told of a young Man, not five and twenty, just come from *Oxford*, to whom I will communicate this whole Matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have seven Times more useful and satisfactory Knowledge than you and all your boasted Family. Thus I have

have entirely lost my Client: But if this tedious Narrative preserves *Pastorella* from the intended Marriage with one twenty Years her Senior— To save a fine Lady, I am contented to have my Learning decry'd, and my *Predictions* bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanacks*.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 25.*

THIS Evening was acted, *The Recruiting Officer*, in which Mr. *Estcourt's* proper Sense and Observation is what supports the Play. There is not, in my humble Opinion, the Humour hit in *Serjeant Kite*; but it is admirably supplied by his Action. If I have Skill to judge, that Man is an excellent Actor; but the Crowd of the Audience are fitter for Representations at *May-Fair*, than a *Theatre-Royal*. Yet that Fair is now broke, as well as the Theatre is breaking: But it is allowed still to sell Animals there. Therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have Occasion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable Rate. The Downfall of *May-Fair* has quite sunk the Price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other Curiosities of Nature. A Tiger will sell almost as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a Man may purchase a Cat with three Legs, for very near the Value of one with four. I hear likewise, That there is a great Desolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the Ornaments of the Town, and used to shine in Plumes and Diadems; the Heroes being most of them press'd, and the Queens beating Hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, so famous for her ingenious Poppet-Show, has set up a Shop in the *Exchange*, where she sells her little Troop under the Term of Jointed-Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that Rake-hell *Punch*, whose lewd Life and Conversation had given so much Scandal, and did not



a little contribute to the Ruin of the Fair. She told me, with a Sigh, That despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil Family, but got him in a Post upon a Stall in *Wapping*, where he may be seen from Sun-rising to Sun-setting, with a Glass in one Hand and a Pipe in the other, as Centry to a Brandy-Shop. The great Revolutions of this Nature bring to my Mind the Distresses of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill Luck to break before her Voice, and to disappear at a Time when her Beauty was in the Height of its Bloom. This Lady enter'd so thoroughly into the great Characters she acted, that when she had finished her Part, she could not think of retrenching her Equipage, but would appear in her own Lodgings with the same Magnificence that she did upon the Stage. This greatness of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princess to an involuntary Retirement, where she now passes her Time among the Woods and Forests, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters she has lost, and often humming over in her Solitude,

*I was born of Royal Race,  
Yet must wander in Disgrace, &c.*

But for fear of being over-heard, and her Quality known, she usually sings it in *Italian*;

*Nacqui al Reguo, nacqui al Trono,  
E pur sono  
Sventurata Pastorella —*

SINCE I have touched upon this Subject, I shall communicate to my Reader Part of a Letter I have received from an ingenious Friend at *Amsterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the Manner of furnishing it with Actors is something peculiar to that Place, and gives us Occasion to admire both the Politeness and Frugality of the People.

**M***Y* Friends have kept me here a Week longer than ordinary to see one of their Plays, which was performed last Night with great Applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen, who, after their Day's Work is over, earn about a Gilder a Night by personating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I saw, was a Journeyman Taylor, and his first Minister of State a Coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her Mother keeps an Alehouse in the Suburbs of Amsterdam. When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short Farce, in which the Cobler did his Part to a Miracle; but upon Enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own Trade, and representing on a Stage what he acted every Day in his Shop. The Profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the Profession of an Actor the only Trade that a Man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any Body to grow rich in a Profession, that, in their Opinion, so little conduces to the Good of the Commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in England have done the same Thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dulledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a Player: And it is also said, A famous Sbe-Tragedian has settled her Estate, after her Death, for the Maintainance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever Time of their Life that shall happen.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 25.*

LETTERS from the Hague of the 31st Instant say, That the Articles preliminary to a general Peace were settled, communicated to the States-Generall, and all the Foreign Ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective Masters on the 28th. Monsieur Tercy immediately returned to the Court of France, from whence he is expected again on the 4th of the next Month with those Articles ratified by that Court. The  
Hague

*Hague* is agreed upon for the Place of Treaty, and the 15th of the next Month, the Day on which it is to commence. The Terms whereon this Negotiation is founded, are not yet declared by publick Authority; but what is most generally received, is as follows:

HER Majesty's Right and Title, and the Protestant Succession to these Dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King *Charles* is to be owned the lawful Sovereign of *Spain*. The *French* King shall not only recall his Troops out of that Kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the Towns of *Roses*, *Fonterabia*, and *Pampelona*; but in case the Duke of *Anjou* shall not retire out of the *Spanish* Dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A Cessation of Arms is agreed upon for two Months from the first Day of the Treaty. The Port and Fortifications of *Dunkirk* are to be demolished within four Months; but the Town it self left in the Hands of the *French*. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave *France*. All *Newfoundland* is to be restored to the *English*. As to the other Parts of *America*, the *French* are to restore whatever they may have taken from the *English*, as the *English*, in like Manner, to give up what they may have taken from the *French* before the Commencement of the Treaty. The Trade between *Great Britain* and *France* shall be settled upon the same Foundation as in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

THE *Dutch* are to have for their Barrier, *Newport*, *Berg*, *St. Vinox*, *Furnes*, *Ipres*, *Lisle*, *Tournay*, *Douay*, *Valenciennes*, *Conde*, *Maubeuge*, *Mons*, *Charleroy*, *Namur* and *Luxemburgh*; all which Places shall be delivered up to the Allies before the End of *June*. The Trade between *Holland* and *France* shall be on the same Foot as in 1664. The Cities of *Strasbourg*, *Brisac*, and *Alsatia* shall be restored to the Emperor and Empire; and the King of *France*, pursuant to the Treaty of *Westphalia* in 1648, shall only retain the Protection of ten Imperial



perial Cities, *viz.* Colmar, Schlestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turkeim, Keisemberg, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisemburg, and Landau; Huningnen, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and New-Brisac, shall be demolished, and all the Fortifications from Basil to Philipsburg. The King of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable Possession of Neufchatel. The Affair of Orange, as also the Pretensions of his Prussian Majesty in the Franche Conte, shall be determined at this general Negotiation of Peace. The Duke of Savoy shall have a Restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain Master of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the Valley of Pragelas.



N<sup>o</sup> 21. Saturday, May 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 26.*

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and said Things which I suppress with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining, and has therefore desired, that, for the Benefit of my Country-Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toast*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations of those now in the gayer World who are in Possession of these several Characters; together with an Account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Conversation.

IT is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Relish of Pleasure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the most essential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will observe, That the Height of good Breeding is shewn rather

in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary Talent therefore in a Man of Conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this in Perfection, is Master of his Companion, without letting him see it; and has the same Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind Man of ten Times his Strength.

THIS is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty, he acts with great Ease and Freedom among the Men of Pleasure, and acquits himself with Skill and Dispatch among the Men of Business. All which he performs with such Success, that, with as much Discretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, cunning. But if he does a good Office, as he ever does it with Readiness and Alacrity; so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have asked it. His Judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so chearful a Spirit, that his Conversation is a continual Feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greatest and justest Skill in a Man of superior Understanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This sweet Disposition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius*, and makes his Company desired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as just as he is, if there were no Law; and would  
be

be as discreet as he is, if there were no such such Thing as Calumny.

In Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who being just able to find out, that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a natural Behaviour; in order to the same Reputation, makes his own an artificial one. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick, whereby he is of Course the most unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* just now passed into the inner Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as fast after as he can for the right and left Looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a Nod at each, and march'd on. He will meditate within for half an Hour till he thinks he is not careless enough in his Air, and come back to the Mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 27.*

THIS Night was acted the Comedy, called, *The Fox*; but I wonder the Modern Writers do not use their Interest in the House to suppress such Representations. A Man that has been at this, will hardly like any other Play during the Season: Therefore I humbly move, That the Writings, as well as Dresses, of the last Age, should give Way to the present Fashion. We are come into a good Method enough (if we were not interrupted in our Mirth by such an Apparition as a Play of *Johns n's*) to be entertained at more Ease, both to the Spectator and the Writer, than in the Days of old. It is no Difficulty to get Hats, and Swords, and Wigs, and Shoes, and every Thing else, from the Shops in Town, and make a Man shew himself by his Habit, without more ado, to be a Counsellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, and not be obliged to make those Characters talk in Different Dialects to be distinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best Way of Writing: But such a Play as this makes a Man for a Month after over-



over-run with Criticism, and enquire, *What every Man on the Stage said? What had such a one to do to meddle with such a Thing? How came t'other, who was bred after this or that Manner, to speak so like a Man conversant among a different People?* These Questions rob us of all our Pleasure; for at this Rate, no Sentence in a Play should be spoken by any one Character, which could possibly enter into the Head of any other Man represented in it; but every Sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious *Ben's* Works will bear this Sort of Inquisition; but if the present Writers were thus examined, and the Offences against this Rule cut out, few Plays would be long enough for the whole Evening's Entertainment.

BUT I don't know how they did in those old Times: This same *Ben Johnson* has made every one's Passion in this Play be towards Money, and yet not one of them expresses that Desire, or endeavours to obtain it any Way but what is peculiar to him only: One sacrifices his Wife, another his Profession, another his Posterity, from the same Motive; but their Characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their Discourses should rise from the Invention of the same Author.

BUT the Poets are a Nest of Hornets, and I'll drive these Thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard Treatment I am like to meet with from my Brother Writers. I am credibly informed, that the Author of a Play, call'd *Love in a Hollow-Tree*, has made some Remarks upon my late Discourse on *The Naked Truth*. I cannot blame a Gentleman for writing against any Error; it is for the Good of the learned World. But I would have the Thing fairly left between us two, and not under the Protection of Patrons. But my Intelligence is, that he has dedicated his Treatise to the Honourable Mr. *Edw — d*  
H — rd.

*From my own Apartment, May 27.*

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

S I R,

York, May 16. 1709.

**B** EING convinc'd, as the whole World is, how infallible your Predictions are, and having the Honour to be your near Relation, of the Staffian Family, I was under great Concern at one of your Predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own Death would happen on the 17th Instant, unless it was prevented by the Assistance of well-disposed People; I have therefore prevailed on my own Modesty to send you a Piece of News, which may serve, instead of Goddard's Drops, to keep you alive for two Days, till Nature be able to recover it self, or till you meet with some better Help from other Hands. Therefore, without further Ceremony, I will go on to relate a singular Adventure just happened in the Place where I am writing, wherein it may be highly useful for the Publick to be informed.

**T** H R E E young Ladies of our Town were on Saturday last indicted for Witchcraft. The Witnesses against the first deposed upon Oath before Justice Bindover, That she kept Spirits lock'd up in Vessels, which sometimes appeared in Flames of blue Fire; That she used Magical Herbs, with some of which she drew in Hundreds of Men daily to her, who went out from her Presence all inflamed, their Mouths parched, and a hot Steam issuing from them, attended with a grievous Stench; That many of the said Men were by the Force of that Herb metamorphos'd into Swine, and lay wallowing in the Kennels for twenty-four Hours, before they could reassume their Shapes or their Senses.

**I** T was proved against the Second, That she cut off by Night the Limbs from dead Bodies that were hang'd, and was seen to dig Holes in the Ground, to mutter some conjuring Words, and bury Pieces of the Flesh, after the usual Manner of Witches.

THE

THE Third was accused for a notorious Piece of Sorcery, long practised by Hags, of moulding up Pieces of Dough, into the Shapes of Men, Women and Children; then heating them at a gentle Fire, which had a Sympathetick Power to torment the Bowels of those in the Neighbourhood.

THIS was the Sum of what was objected against the three Ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own Defence, but downright denying the Facts, which is like to avail very little, when they come upon their Trials.

BUT the Parson of our Parish, a strange refractory Man, will believe nothing of all this; so that the whole Town cries out Shame! That one of his Coat should be such an Atheist! and design to complain of him to the Bishop. He goes about very oddly to solve the Matter. He supposes, That the first of these Ladies keeping a Brandy and Tobacco-Shop, the Fellows went out smoaking, and got drunk towards Evening, and made themselves Beasts. He says, The second is a Butcher's Daughter, and sometimes brings a Quarter of Mutton from the Slaughter-house over Night against a Market-day, and once buried a bit of Beef in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure Warts on her Hands. The Parson affirms, That the third sells Gingerbread, which, to please the Children, she is forced to stamp with Images before it is baked, and if it burns their Guts, 'tis because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

THESE are the Answers he gives to solve these wonderful Phænomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among Philosophers: And so wishing you all Success in your Undertakings for the Amendment of the World, I remain,

Dear Cousin,

Your most Affectionate Kinsman,

and Humble Servant,

Ephraim Bedstaff.

P. S. Those who were condemn'd to Death among the Athenians, were obliged to take a Dose of



Of Poison, which made them die upwards, seiz-  
ing first upon their Feet, making them cold and  
insensible, and so ascending gradually, till it  
reach'd the vital Parts. I believe your Death,  
which you foretold would happen on the 17th  
Instant, will fall out the same Way, and that  
your Distemper hath already seized on you, and  
makes Progress daily. The lower Part of you,  
that is, the *Advertisements*, is dead; and these  
have risen for these ten Days last past, so that  
they now take up almost a whole Paragraph.  
Pray, Sir, do your Endeavour to drive this Di-  
stemper as much as possible to the extream Parts,  
and keep it there, as wise Folks do the Gout; for  
if it once gets into your Stomach, it will soon  
fly up into your Head, and you are a dead Man.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 27.*

WE hear from *Leghorn*, That Sir *Edward Whitaker*, with five Men of War, four Transports, and two Fireships, was arrived at that Port; and Admiral *Byng* was suddenly expected. Their Squadrons being joined, they design to sail directly for *Final*, to transport the Reinforcements, lodged in those Parts to *Barcelona*.

THEY write from *Milan*, That Count *Thaun* arrived there on the 16th Instant. N. S. and proceeded on his Journey to *Turin* on the 21st, in order to concert such Measures with his Royal Highness, as shall appear necessary for the Operations of the ensuing Campaign.

A D V I C E S from *Dauphine* say, That the Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* begin already to appear in those Valleys, whereof he made himself Master the last Year; and that the Duke of *Berwick* applied himself with all imaginable Diligence to secure the Passes of the Mountains, by ordering Intrenchments to be made towards *Briançon*, *Tourneau*, and the Valley of *Queiras*. That General has also been at *Marseilles* and *Thou-*

Ion, to hasten the Transportation of the Corn and Provisions designed for his Army.

LETTERS from *Vienna* bearing Date *May 23. N. S.* import, That the Cardinal of *Saxe-Zeitz* and the Prince of *Lichtenstein* were preparing to set out for *Presburgh*, to assist at the Diet of the States of *Hungary*, which is to be assembled at that Place on the 25th of this Month. General *Heister* would shortly appear at the Head of his Army at *Trentschin*, which Place is appointed for the general Rendezvous of the Imperial Forces in *Hungary*; from whence he will advance to lay Siege to *Newhausel*: In the mean Time Reinforcements, with a great Train of Artillery, are marching the same Way. The King of *Denmark* arrived on the 10th Instant at *Inspruck*, and on the 26th at *Dresden*, under a triple Discharge of the Artillery of that Place; but his Majesty refused the Ceremonies of a publick Entry.

OUR Letters from the *Upper Rhine* say, That the Imperial Army began to form it self at *Etingen*; where the respective Deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of *Baden Durlach*, the Bishoprick of *Spire*, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary Measures for the Provision of Forage, the Security of the Country against the Incursions of the Enemy, and laying a Bridge over the *Rhine*. Several Vessels laden with Corn are daily passing before *Frankfort* for the *Lower-Rhine*.

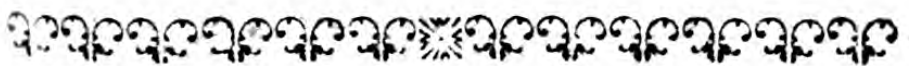
LETTERS from *Poland* inform us, That a Detachment of *Muscovite* Cavalry, under the Command of General *Infland*, had joined the Confederate Army; and the Infantry, commanded by General *Goltz*, was expected to come up within few Days. These Succours will amount to 20000 Men.

OUR last Advices from the *Hague* dated *June* the 4th, *N. S.* say, That they expected a Courier from the *French* Court with a Ratification of the Preliminaries that Night or the Day following. His

Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* will set out for *Brussels* on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next, if the *Dispatches* which are expected from *Paris* don't alter his *Resolutions*. Letters from *Majorca* confirm the Honourable *Capitulation* of the *Castle of Alicant*, and also of the *Death* of the *Governor Major General Richards*, *Colonel Sibourg*, and *Major Vignolles*, who were all buried in the *Ruins* of that *Place* by the *springing* of the *great Mine*, which did, it seems, more *Execution* than was reported. *Monsieur Tercy* passed thro' *Mons* in his *Return*, and had there a long *Conference* with the *Electer of Bavaria*; after which, that *Prince* spoke publicly of the *Treatment* he had received from *France* with the utmost *Indignation*.

*Any Person that shall come publickly Abroad in a fantastical Habit, contrary to the present Mode and Fashion, except Don Diego Desmollo, or any other out of Poverty, shall have his Name and Dress inserted in our next.*

N. B. *Mr. How'd'call is desired to leave off those Buttons.*



*White's Chocolate-house, May 28.*

I CAME hither this Evening to see *Fashions*, and who should I first encounter but my old *Friend Cynthio* (encompassed by a *Croud* of young *Fellows*) dictating on the *Passion* of *Love* with the *gayest Air* imaginable. 'Well, says he, as to what I know of the *Matter*, there is nothing but *Ogling* with *Skill* carries a *Woman*; but indeed it is not every *Fool* that is capable of this *Art*: You will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty can fight manfully, and a thousand



' thousand that can dress genteely at a Mistress,  
 ' where there is one that can gaze skilfully.  
 ' This requires an exquisite Judgment to take the  
 ' Language of her Eyes to yours exactly, and  
 ' not let yours talk too fast for hers ; as at a  
 ' Play between the Acts, when Beau *Frisk* stands  
 ' upon a Bench full in *Lindamira's* Face, and her  
 ' dear Eyes are searching round to avoid that  
 ' glaring open Fool ; she meets the watchful Glance  
 ' of her true Lover, and sees his Heart attentive  
 ' on her Charms, and waiting for a second Twink-  
 ' kle of her Eye for its next Motion.' Here the  
 good Company sneer'd ; but he goes on. ' Nor  
 ' is this Attendance Slavery, when a Man meets  
 ' with Encouragement, and her Eye comes of-  
 ' ten in his Way : For, after an Evening so spent,  
 ' and the Repetition of four or five significant  
 ' Looks at him, the happy Man goes home to his  
 ' Lodging, full of ten thousand pleasing Images.  
 ' His Brain is dilated, and gives him all the  
 ' Idea's and Prospects which it ever lets in to its  
 ' Seat of Pleasure. Thus a kind Look from *Lin-*  
*damira* revives in his Imagination all the beau-  
 ' teous Lawns, green Fields, Woods, Forests,  
 ' Rivers and Solitudes, which he had ever before  
 ' seen in Picture, Description, or real Life : And  
 ' all with this Addition, That he now sees 'em  
 ' with the Eyes of an happy Lover, as before on-  
 ' ly with those of a common Man. You laugh,  
 ' Gentlemen : But consider your selves, (you com-  
 ' mon People that were never in Love) and com-  
 ' pare your selves in good Humour with your  
 ' selves out of Humour, and you will then ac-  
 ' knowledge, that all external Objects affect you  
 ' according to the Disposition you are in to re-  
 ' ceive their Impressions, and not as those Ob-  
 ' jects are in their own Nature. How much more  
 ' shall all that passes within his View and Obser-  
 ' vation, touch with Delight a Man who is pre-  
 ' possessed with successful Love, which is an As-  
 ' semblage

‘semblage of soft Affections, gay Desires, and  
‘hopeful Resolutions?

POOR *Cynthia* went on at this Rate to the  
Crowd about him, without any Purpose in his  
Talk, but to vent an Heart overflowing with Sense  
of Success. I wondered what could exalt him  
from the Distress in which he had long appeared,  
to so much Alacrity. But my Familiar has gi-  
ven me the State of his Affairs. It seems then,  
that lately coming out of the Playhouse, his Mi-  
stres, who knows he is in her Livery, as the  
Manner of insolent Beauties is, is resolved to  
keep him still so, and gave him so much Wages,  
as to complain to him of the Crowd she was to  
pass through. He had his Wits and Resolution  
enough about him to take her Hand, and say, He  
would attend her to the Coach. All the Way  
thither my good young Man stammered at every  
Word, and stumbled at every Step. His Mistress,  
wonderfully pleased with her Triumph, put him  
to a thousand Questions, to make a Man of his  
natural Wit speak with Hesitation, and let drop  
her Fan, to see him recover it awkwardly. This is  
the whole Foundation of *Cynthia*'s Recovery to the  
sprightly Air he appears with at present.

I grew mighty curious to know something more  
of that Lady's Affairs, as being amazed how she  
could dally with an Offer of one of his Merit  
and Fortune. I sent *Pacolet* to her Lodgings, who  
immediately brought me back the following Let-  
ter to her Friend and Confident *Amanda* in the  
Country, wherein she has opened her Heart and  
all its Folds.

Dear Amanda,

THE Town grows so empty, that you must expect  
my Letter so too, except you will allow me to talk  
of my self instead of others: you cannot imagine what  
Pain it is, after a whole Day spent in Publick, to want  
your Company, and the Ease which Friendship allows in  
being vain to each other, and speaking all our Minds.

*An Account of the Slaughter which these unhappy Eyes have made within ten Days last past, would make me appear too great a Tyrant to be allowed in a Christian Country. I shall therefore confine my self to my principal Conquests, which are the Hearts of Beau Frisk, and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who, you know, wore my Fetters before you went out of Town. Shall I tell you my Weakness? I begin to Love Frisk: It is the best-humoured impertinent Thing in the World: He is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one Time or other. Freeland's Father and mine have been upon Treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my Eyes, without approaching me, my Friends, my Maid, or any one about me: He hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the Rattle-Snake does the Squirrel, by staring at me till I drop into his Mouth. Freeland demands me for a Fointure which he thinks deserves me; Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my Value: Freeland therefore will take it for no Obligation to have me; and Cynthio's Idea of me, is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the Veneration of the one, and the Indifference of the other, into Contempt. I will stick therefore to my old Maxim, To have that Sort of Man, who can have no greater Views than what are in my Power to give him Possession of. The utmost of my Dear Frisk's Ambition is, to be thought a Man of Fashion; and therefore has been so much in Mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole Town likes me. Thus I choose rather a Man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own Judgment. He that judges for himself in Love, will often change his Opinion; but he that follows the Sense of others, must be constant, as long as a Woman can make Advances. The Visits I make, the Entertainments I give, and the Addresses I receive, will be all Arguments for me with a Man of Frisk's second-hand Genius; but would be so many Bars to my Happiness with any other Man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a Summer or two longer, and remain a single Woman, in the sublime Pleasure of being followed and admired;*



which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you.

I am, &c.

Win's Coffee-house, May 30.

MY chief Business here this Evening was to speak to my Frinds in Behalf of honest *Cave Underhill*, who has been a Comick for three Generations: My Father admired him extreamly when he was a Boy. There is certainly Nature excellently represented in his Manner of Action; in which he ever avoided that general Fault in Players, of doing too much. It must be confess'd, he has not the Merit of some ingenious Persons now on the Stage, of adding to his Authors; for the Actors were so dull in the last Age, that many of them have gone out of the World, without having ever spoke one Word of their own in the Theatre. Poor *Cave* is so mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a Part fit for a Man who has one Foot in the Grave, viz. a *Grave-digger*. All Admirers of true Comedy, it is hoped, will have the Gratitude to be present on the last Day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, That it is his first Offence.

BUT there is a Gentleman here, who says he has it from good Hands, that there is actually a Subscription made by many Persons of Wit and Quality, for the Encouragement of new Comedies. This Design will very much contribute to the Improvement and Diversion of the Town: But as every Man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a *Saturnine* and melancholy Complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal Invitation to write Tragedies, having by me, in my Book of Common Places, enough to enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next Month. I have the Farewell of a General with a Truncheon in his Hand, dy-

ing for Love, in six Lines. I have the Principles of a Politician (who does all the Mischief in the Play) together with his Declaration on the Vanity of Ambition in his last Moment, express'd in a Page and an half. I have all my Oaths ready, and my Similes want nothing but Application. I won't pretend to give you an Account of the Plot, it being the same Design upon which all Tragedies have been writ for several Years last past; and from the Beginning of the first Scene, the Frequenters of the House may know as well as the Author, when the Battel is to be fought, the Lady to yield, and the Hero proceed to his Wedding and Coronation. Besides these Advantages which I have in Readiness, I have an eminent Tragedian very much my Friend, who shall come in, and go through the whole five Acts, without troubling me for one Sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win Battels or lose them, or whatever other tragical Performance I shall please to assign him.

*From my own Apartment, May 30.*

I HAVE this Day received a Letter, subscribed *Fidelia*, that gives me an Account of an Inchantment under which a young Lady suffers, and desires my Help to exorcise her from the Power of the Sorcerer. Her Lover is a Rake of sixty; the Lady a virtuous Woman of twenty-five: Her Relations are to the last Degree afflicted, and amazed at his irregular Passion: Their Sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their Astonishment; for there is no Spirit in Woman half so prevalent as that of Contradiction, which is the sole Cause of her Perseverance. Let the whole Family go dress in a Body, and call the Bride to Morrow Morning to her Nuptials, and I'll undertake the Inconstant will forget her Lover in the midst of all his Aches. But if this Expedient

dient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young Lady's distinguishing Sense, as to applaud her Choice. A fine young Woman, at last, is but what is due from Fate to an honest Fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the Sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroick Vertue, who (like the Patriot that ended a Pestilence by plunging himself into a Gulph) gives herself up to gorge that Dragon which has devoured so many Virgins before her.

*A Letter directed to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's Subjects of Great Britain, with Respect, is come to Hand.*



N<sup>o</sup> 23. Thursday June, 2. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 31.*

THE Generality of Mankind are so very fond of this World, and of staying in it, that a Man cannot have eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will, in Spite of his Teeth, make him a Physician also, that being the Science the Worldlings have most Need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to Astrology only; But I am told, I have deep Skill also in Medicine. I am applied to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in Behalf of his Wife, who, upon the least Matrimonial Difficulty, is excessively troubled with Fits, and can bear no Manner of Passion without falling into immediate Convulsions. I must confess, it is a Case I have known before, and remember the Party was recovered by certain Words pronounced in the midst of the Fit, by the learned Doctor who performed the Cure. These Ails have usually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind: Therefore you must have Patience to let me give you an Instance, whereby you



may discern the Cause of the Distemper, and then proceed in the Cure as follows:

A FINE Town-Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Discent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had Good-Humour to a Weakness, and was that Sort of Person, of whom it is usually said, He is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderneſs of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and ſhe too little Senſe to give him Authority for that Reason. His kind Wife obſerved this Temper in him, and made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolved upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame Time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repulſed in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-day, when in the miſt of her Husband's good Humour at Table, ſhe bethought herſelf to try her Project. She made Signs that ſhe had ſwallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale, as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frightened. This Accident betray'd his Softneſs-enough. The next Day ſhe complained, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Eſtate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did, He answered, Madam, You know my Income, you know I have loſt two Coach-Horſes this Spring. — Down ſhe fell. — *Hartſhorne!* Betty, Suſan, Alice, *throw Water in her Face.* With much Care and Pains ſhe was at laſt brought to herſelf, and the Vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the nicest Manner, to prevent Relapſes; but they frequently happened during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Diſconſolate ſoon pitched upon a very agreeable Succeſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſigned to govern by the ſame Method

Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and resolved to break through all Tenderneſs, and be absolute Maſter as ſoon as Occaſion offered. One Day it happened, that a Diſcourſe aroſe about Furniture: He was very glad of the Occaſion, and fell into an inveſtive againſt *China*, proteſting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted. — He ſtarts up as amazed, and calles for Help. — The Maids ran to the Cloſet — He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the Floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in Spight of what the whole Family from the Nurſery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief.

WHILE every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Miſtreſs, he, fixing his Check to hers, ſeemed to be following in a Trance of Sorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, *My Dear, This will never do: What is within my Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices: You are quite in other Hands than theſe you paſſed theſe pretty Paſſions upon.* This made her almoſt in the Condition ſhe pretended; her Convulſions now come thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the ſinking Part of the Fit came again, *Well, my Dear, (ſaid he) I applaud your Action; but I muſt take my Leave of you till you are more ſincere with me. Farewell for ever: You ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.* With that, he ordered the Maids to keep plying her with Hartſhorn, while he went for a Phyſician: He was ſcarce at the Stair-Head when ſhe followed, and pulling him into a Cloſet, thank'd him for her Cure; which was ſo absolute, that ſhe gave me this Relation herſelf, to

be communicated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 1.*

ADVICES from *Brussels* of the 6th Instant, N. S. say, His Highness Prince *Eugene* had received a Letter from *Monfieur Torcy*, wherein that Minister, after many Expressions of great Respect, acquaints him, That his Master had absolutely refused to sign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majesty's Behalf, consented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately altered, and the necessary Orders were transmitted to the Troops (which lay most remote from thence) to remove towards the Place of Rendezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy seems also to prepare for the Field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five Thousand Men in the Plain of *Lenz*. Marshal *Villars* is at the Head of those Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command all possible Assurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Master.

THEY write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That *Monfieur Rouille* had received Orders from the Court of *France*, to signify to the States-General and the Ministers of the High Allies, That the King could not consent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offered to him by *Monfieur Torcy*. The great Difficulty is the Business of *Spain*, on which Particular his Ministers seem'd only to say, during the Treaty, that it was not so immediately under their Master's Direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquish'd by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he positively answers, That he cannot comply with what his Minister has promised in his Behalf, even in such Points as are wholly in himself to act in or not. This has had no other Effect, than to give the



the Alliance fresh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements entered into by *France*. The Pensioner made a Report of all which this Minister had declared to the Deputies of the States General, and all Things turn towards a vigorous War. The Duke of *Marlborough* designed to leave the *Hague* within two Days, in order to put himself at the Head of the Army, which is to assemble on the 17th Instant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltick*, is arrived in the *Texel*. The States have sent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and to animate their Subjects to new Resolutions in Defence of their Country.

*From my own Apartment, May 31.*

THE Publick is not so little my Concern, tho' I am but a Student, as that I should not interest my self in the present great Things in Agitation. I am still of Opinion, the *French King* will sign the Preliminaries. With that View, I have sent him by my Familiar the following Epistle, and admonished him, on Pain of what I shall say of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occasion.

*London, May 31.*

Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;* of Great Britain, to Lewis the *Fourteenth* of France.

THE surprising News which arrived this Day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the Treaty your Ministers have in a Manner sued for, is what gives Ground to this Application to your Majesty, from one whose Name, perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your Territories; but one, who with all the *European World*, is affected with your

Determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common Cause of Mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this Occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty Prince should be balanced by the Censure of a private Man, whose Approbation or Dislike are equally contemptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Thrones of Sovereigns. But your Majesty has shewn, through the whole Course of your Reign, too great a Value for Liberal Arts, to be insensible, that true Fame lies only in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be transmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of humane Life is too short to recompense the Cares which attend the most private Condition. Therefore it is, that our Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend themselves in the Prospect of a longer Existence, in a good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our Decease. The whole Race of Men have this Passion in some Degree implanted in their Bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest Incitation to honest Attempts: But the base Use of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been possessed by Souls so unworthy of those Faculties, that the Names and Appellations of Things have been confounded by the Labours and Writings of prostituted Men, who have stamp'd a Reputation upon such Actions, as are in themselves the Objects of Contempt and Disgrace. This is that which has misled your Majesty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that Life which might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent Qualities of which your Majesty is Master, are lost in their Application; and your Majesty has been carrying on for many Years the most cruel Tyranny, with

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all the noble Methods which are used to support a just Reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful Master; that you are so generous as to reward even the Unsuccessful with Honour and Riches; that no laudable Action passes unrewarded in your Kingdoms; that you have searched all Nations for obscure Merit. In a Word, that you are in your private Character endowed with every Princely Quality, when all this is subjected to unjust and ill-taught Ambition, which to the Injury of the World is gilded by those Endowments. However, if your Majesty will condescend to look into your own Soul, and consider all its Faculties and Weaknesses with Impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that Life is supported in you by the ordinary Methods of Food, Rest, and Sleep; you would think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a Belief, that so many Thousands of the same Make with your self, were formed by Providence for no other End, but by the Hazard of their very Being to extend the Conquests and Glory of an Individual of their own Species. A very little Reflection will convince your Majesty, that such cannot be the Intent of the Creator; and if not, what Horror must it give your Majesty to think of the vast Devastations your Ambition has made among your Fellow-Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth, the Flattery of Crowds, and a continual Series of Success and Triumph, indulged your Majesty in this Illusion of Mind, it was less to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this mistaken Pursuit of Grandeur; but when Age, Disappointments, publick Calamities, personal Distempers, and the Reverse of all that makes Men forget their true Being, are fallen upon you: Heavens! Is it possible you can live without Remorse? Can the wretched Man be a T



‘ rant? Can Grief study Torments? Can Sorrow  
‘ be cruel?—

‘ YOUR Majesty will observe, I do not bring  
‘ against you a railing Accusation; but as you  
‘ are a strict Professor of Religion, I beseech  
‘ your Majesty to stop the Effusion of Blood, by  
‘ receiving the Opportunity which presents itself,  
‘ for the Preservation of your distressed People.  
‘ Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for Re-  
‘ nown from Murder and Violence: But consider  
‘ that the Great Day will come, in which this  
‘ World and all its Glory shall change in a Mo-  
‘ ment; when Nature shall sicken, and the Earth  
‘ and Sea give up the Bodies committed to them,  
‘ to appear before the last Tribunal. Will it  
‘ then, Oh King! be an Answer for the Lives of  
‘ Millions who have fallen by the Sword? *They*  
‘ *perished for my Glory.* That Day will come on,  
‘ and one like it is immediately approaching:  
‘ Injur’d Nations advance towards thy Habitation:  
‘ Vengeance has began its March, which is to  
‘ be diverted only by the Penitence of the Op-  
‘ pressor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy Le-  
‘ thargy! Disdain the Abuses thou hast received:  
‘ Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immortal:  
‘ Be truly Great: Tear thy Purple, and put on  
‘ Sackcloth. I am,

*Thy Generous Enemy,*  
Isaac Bickerstaff.

N<sup>o</sup> 24

Saturday, June 4. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 2.*

I N my Paper of the 28th of the last Month, I  
mentioned several Characters which want Ex-  
planation to the Generality of Readers: Among  
others, I spoke of a pretty Fellow. I have since  
received a kind Admonition in a Letter, to take  
Care

Care that I do not omit to shew also what is meant by a *very pretty Fellow*, which is to be allowed as a Character by it self, and a Person exalted above the other by a peculiar Sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing Vigour, outstrips his Companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular Appellation or Nick-name of Familiarity. Some have this Distinction from the Fair Sex, who are so generous as to take into their Protection such as are laughed at by Men, and place them for that Reason in Degrees of Favour.

THE chief of this Sort is Colonel *Brunett*, who is a Man of Fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty Way of Behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their Favour, and set himself in the first Degree of Conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the Wits, familiar among the Ladies, and dissolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one Place, because he is so in another; and every Man treats *Brunett* well, not out of his particular Esteem for him, but in respect to the Opinion of others. It is to me a solid Pleasure to see the World thus mistaken on the good-natur'd Side; for 'tis ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is Master of a good Estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most Delight to me in this Observation, is, that all this arises from pure Nature, and the Colonel can account for his Success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these Causes and Considerations, I pronounce him a true Woman's Man, and in the first Degree, *A very pretty Fellow*.

THE next to a Man of this universal Genius, is one who is peculiarly formed for the Service

of the Ladies, and his Merit chiefly is to be of no Consequence. I am indeed a little in Doubt, Whether he ought not rather to be called a *very bappy*, than a *very pretty* Fellow? For he is admitted at all Hours: All he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all Actions and Speeches which please, doubly please, if they come from him: No one wonders or takes Notice when he's wrong; but all admire him when he's in the Right.— By the Way it is fit to remark, That there are People of better Sense than these, who endeavour at this Character; but they are out of Nature; and tho', with some Industry, they get the Characters of Fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be meerly *pretty Fellows*. But where Nature has found a Person for this Station amongst Men, he is gifted with a peculiar Genius for Success, and his very Errors and Absurdities contribute to it; this Felicity attending him to his Life's End. For it being in a Manner necessary that he should be of no Consequence, he is as well in old Age as Youth; and I know a Man, whose Son has been some Years a pretty Fellow, who is himself at this Hour a *very pretty* Fellow.

ONE must move tenderly in this Place, for we are now in the Ladies Lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their Influence and Favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any Dispute or Observation. But when we come into more free Air, one may talk a little more at large.

GIVE me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable Figures; and these are such as for their *Bacchanalian* Performances must be admitted into this Order. They are three Brothers lately landed from *Holland*: As yet, indeed, they have not made their publick Entry, but lodge and converse at *Wapping*. They have merited already on the Water-side particular Titles: The first



is called *Hogshhead*; the second, *Culverin*; and the third, *Musquet*. This Fraternity is preparing for our End of the Town by their Ability in the Exercises of *Bacchus*, and measure their Time and Merit by liquid Weight, and Power of Drinking. *Hogshhead* is a prettier Fellow than *Culverin* by two Quarts, and *Culverin* than *Musquet* by a full Pint. It is to be feared, *Hogshhead* is so often too full, and *Culverin* over-loaded, that *Musquet* will be the only lasting very pretty Fellow of the three.

A THIRD Sort of this Denomination is such as by very daring Adventures in Love, have purchased to themselves Renown and new Names; as, *Jo. Carry*, for his excessive Strength and Vigour; *Tom Drybones*, for his generous Loss of Youth and Health; and *Cancrum*, for his meritorious Rottenness.

THESE great and leading Spirits are proposed to all such of our *British* Youth as would arrive at Perfection in these different Kinds; and if their Parts and Accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our Nation would soon excel all others in Wit and Arts, as they already do in Arms.

N. B. The Gentleman who stole *Betty Pepin*, may own it, for he is allowed to be a very pretty Fellow.

*But we must proceed to the Explanation of other Terms in our Writings.*

TO know what a Toast is in the Country, gives as much Perplexity as she herself does in Town: And indeed, the Learned differ very much upon the Original of this Word, and the Acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful Import. A Toast in a cold Morning, heightened by Nutmeg, and sweetened with Sugar, has for many Ages  
bee

been given to our rural Dispensers of Justice, before they entered upon Causes, and has been of great and politick Use to take off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill Effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately, to speak *Latin*, to the Admiration, rather than Information, of an Audience. This Application of a Toast makes it very obvious, that the Word may, without a Metaphor, be understood as an apt Name for a Thing which raises us in the most sovereign Degree. But many of the Wits of the last Age will assert, That the Word, in its present Sense, was known among them in their Youth, and had its Rise from an Accident at the Town of *Bath*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

IT happened, That on a publick Day a celebrated Beauty of those Times was in the *Cross Bath*, and one of the Crowd of her Admiters took a Glass of the Water in which the Fair one stood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a gay Fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, Tho' he liked not the Liquor, he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his Resolution; yet this Whim gave Foundation to the present Honour which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever since been called a *Toast*.

THO' this Institution had so trivial a Beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy Virgin who is received and drank to at their Meetings, has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and accept of the first good Offer. The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge in *Venice*: It is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing Year; but must be elected anew to prolong her Empire a Moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-glass. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond

mond is to shew her, that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glass to acquaint her, that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand which holds her. This wise Design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her Charms; as well considering and applying that it is perfectly according to the Humour and Taste of the Company, whether the Toast is eaten, or left as an Offal.

THE foremost of the whole Rank of Toasts, and the most indisputed in their present Empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet*: The first an agreeable, the second an awful, Beauty. These Ladies are perfect Friends, out of a Knowledge, that their Perfections are too different to stand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty*, can have no Relish for so solemn a Creature as *Frontlet*; and an Admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for ever smiles upon you; and *Frontlet* disdains to see you smile. *Gatty*'s Love is a shining quick Flame; *Frontlet*'s a slow wasting Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the Soil in which she travels; *Frontlet* lays waste the Country. *Gatty* does not only smile, but laughs at her Lover; *Frontlet* not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the Men of Wit (and Coxcombs their Followers) are professed Servants of *Gatty*: The Politicians and Pretenders give solemn Worship to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be best judged of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be chosen more; and *Gatty* is a Toast for Life.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 3.*

LETTERS from *Hamburg* of the 7th Instant, N. S. informs us, That no Art or Cost is omitted to make the Stay of his *Danish* Majesty at *Dresden* agreeable; but there are various Speculations upon the Interview between King *Augustus* and  
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that Prince, many putting politick Constructions upon his *Danish Majesty's* Arrival at a Time when his Troops are marching out of *Hungary*, with Orders to pass through *Saxony*, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, That several *Polish* Senators have invited King *Augustus* to return into *Poland*. His Majesty of *Sweden*, according to the same Advices, has passed the *Nieper* without any Opposition from the *Muscovites*, and advances with all possible Expedition towards *Velkinia*, where he proposes to join King *Stanislaus* and General *Crassau*.

WE hear from *Bern* of the first Instant, N. S. That there is not a Province in *France*, from whence the Court is not apprehensive of receiving Accounts of publick Emotions, occasioned by the Want of Corn. The General Diet of the 13 Cantons is assembled at *Baden*, but have not yet entered upon Business, so that the Affair of *Tockenburgh* is yet at a Stand.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, dated the 12th Instant, N. S. advise, That Monsieur *Rouille* having acquainted the Ministers of the Allies, that his Master had refused to ratify the Preliminaries of a Treaty adjusted with Monsieur *Torcy*, set out for *Paris* on Sunday Morning. The same Day the Foreign Ministers met a Committee of the States-General, where Monsieur *van Hessen* opened the Business upon which they were assembled, and in a very warm Discourse laid before them the Conduct of *France* in the late Negotiations, representing the abject Manner in which she had laid open her own Distresses, that reduced her to a Compliance with the Demands of all the Allies, and her Meanness in receding from those Points to which Monsieur *Torcy* had consented. The respective Ministers of each Potentate of the Alliance severally expressed their Resentments of the faithless Behaviour of the *French*, and gave each other mutual Assurances of the Constancy and Resolution of their Principals

cipals, to proceed with the utmost Vigour against the Common Enemy. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* set out from the *Hague* on the 9th in the Afternoon, and lay that Night at *Rotterdam*, from whence at four the next Morning he proceeded towards *Antwerp*, with a Design to reach *Ghent* the next Day. All the Troops in the *Low-Countries* are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*; The whole Army will be formed on the 12th Instant; and 'tis said, That on the 14th they will advance towards the Enemy's Country. In the mean Time, the Marshal *de Villars* has assembled the *French* Forces between *Lens*, *la Bassée* and *Douay*.

YESTERDAY Morning, Sir *John Norris* with the Squadron under his Command, sailed from the *Downs* for *Holland*.

*From my own Apartment, June 3.*

I HAVE the Honour of the following Letter from a Gentleman whom I receive into my Family, and order the Heralds at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

‘ THO’ you have excluded me the Honour  
 ‘ of your Family, yet I have ventured to  
 ‘ correspond with the same great Persons as your  
 ‘ self, and have wrote this Post to the King of  
 ‘ *France*; though I am in a Manner unknown in  
 ‘ his Country, and have not been seen there  
 ‘ these many Months.

To LEWIS le Grand.

‘ THO’ in your Country I’m unknown,  
 ‘ Yet, Sir, I must advise you;  
 ‘ Of late so poor and mean you’re grown.  
 ‘ That all the World despise you.

HERE

HERE Vermin eat your Majesty,  
 There meagre Subjects stand unfed;  
 What surer Signs of Poverty,  
 Than many Lice, and little Bread?

THEN; Sir, the present Minute chuse,  
 Our Armies are advanced;  
 Those Terms you at the *Hague* refuse,  
 At *Paris* won't be granted.

CONSIDER this, and *Dunkirk* raze,  
 And *Anna's* Title own;  
 Send one Pretender out to graze,  
 And call the other Home.

*Your Humble Servant,*

Bread the Staff of Life.



N<sup>o</sup> 25. *Tuesday, June 7. 1709.*

*White's Chocolate-house, June 6.*

A LETTER from a young Lady, written in the most passionate Terms, wherein she laments the Misfortune of a Gentleman, her Lover, who was lately wounded in a Duel, has turned my Thoughts to that Subject, and inclined me to examine into the Causes which precipitate Men into so fatal a Folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of Subjects of Gallantry in the Article from hence, and no one Point in Nature is more proper to be considered by the Company who frequent this Place than that of Duels, it is worth our Consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless Humour, and to lay every other Thought aside, till we have stripp'd it of all its false Pretences to Credit and Reputation amongst Men.

BUT



BUT I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my Imagination all the endless Crowd of Men of Honour who will be offended at such a Discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a Work worthy an invulnerable Hero in Romance, rather than a private Gentleman with a single Rapier: But as I am pretty well acquainted by great Opportunities with the Nature of Man, and know of a Truth, that all Men fight *against their Will*, the Danger vanishes, and Resolution rises upon this Subject. For this Reason I shall talk very freely on a Custom which all Men wish exploded, though no Man has Courage enough to resist it.

BUT there is one unintelligible Word which I fear will extremely perplex my Dissertation; and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is, the Term *Satisfaction*. An honest Country Gentleman had the Misfortune to fall into Company with two or three modern Men of Honour, where he happened to be very ill-treated; and one of the Company being conscious of his Offence sends a Note to him in the Morning, and tells him, He was ready to give him Satisfaction. This is fine Doing (says the plain Fellow) Last Night he sent me away cursedly out of Humour, and this Morning he fancies it would be a Satisfaction to be run through the Body.

AS the Matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome Actions denominates a Man of Honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common Sharper in Competition with a Gentleman of the first Rank; though all Mankind is convinced, that a fighting Gamester is only a Pick-pocket with the Courage of an Highwayman. One cannot with any Patience reflect on the unaccountable Jumble of Persons and Things in this Town and Nation, which occasions very frequently, that a brave Man falls by a Hand below that of a Common Hangman. and yet his Executioner escapes the Clutch

Clutches of the Hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest Men in other Ages and Nations have behaved themselves upon such Incidents as we decide by Combat; and shew, from their Practice, that this Resentment neither has its Foundation from true Reason, or solid Fame; but is an Imposture made up of Cowardice, Fashhood, and Want of Understanding. For this Work, a goon History of Quarrels would be very edifying to the Publick, and I apply my self to the Town for Particulars and Circumstances within their Knowledge, which may serve to embelish the Dissertation with proper Cuts. Most of the Quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant Coxcomb's persisting in the Wrong, to defend some prevailing Folly, and preserve himself from the Ingenuity of owning a Mistake.

BY this Means it is called, *Giving a Man Satisfaction*, to urge your Offence against him with your Sword; which puts me in Mind of *Peter's Order* to the Keeper, in *The Tale of a Tub*: *If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your Generation for ever; and so we bid you heartily farewell.* If the Contradiction in the very Terms of one of our Challenges were as well explained and turned into downright *English*, would it not run after this Manner?

S I R,

YOUR extraordinary Behaviour last Night, and the Liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this Morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred Puppy, I will meet you in *Hide-Park*, an Hour hence; and because you want both Breeding and Humanity, I desire you would come with a Pistol in your Hand, on Horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the Head; to teach you more Manners. If you fail of doing me this Pleasure I shall say, you are a Rascal, on every

‘ every Post in Town: And so, Sir, if you will  
 ‘ not injure me more, I shall never forgive what  
 ‘ you have done already. Pray Sir, do not fail  
 ‘ of getting every Thing ready, and you will in-  
 ‘ finitely oblige.

S I R,

*Your most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant, &c.*

*From my own Apartment, June 6.*

AMONG the many Employments I am necessarily put upon by my Friends, that of giving Advice is the most unwelcome to me; and indeed, I am forced to use a little Art in the Matter; for some People will ask Counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under Deliberation. I had almost lost a very good Friend t’other Day, who came to know how I liked his Design to marry such a Lady. I answered, By no Means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid Reasons, which are not proper to communicate. Not proper to communicate! (said he with a grave Air) I will know the Bottom of this. I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, To tell you the Truth, dear Frank, of all Women living, I would have her my self. Isaac, said he, Thou art too late, for we have been one these two Months.

I learned this Caution by a Gentleman’s consulting me formerly about his Son. He railed at his damn’d Extravagance, and told me, In a very little Time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant Bills which came from Oxford every Quarter. *Make the Rogue bite upon the Bridle,* said I, *pay none of his Bills, it will but encourage him to further Trespasses.* He look’d plaguy sower at me. His Son soon after sent up a Paper of Verses, forsooth, in Print on the last publick Occa-



sion; upon which, he is convinced the Boy has Parts, and a Lad of Spirit is not to be too much cramp'd in his Maintenance, lest he take ill Courses. Neither Father nor Son can ever since endure the Sight of me.

THESE Sort of People ask Opinions, only out of the Fulness of their Heart on the Subject of their Perplexity, and not for the Desire of Information.

THERE is nothing so easie as to find out which Opinion the Man in Doubt has a Mind to; therefore the sure Way is to tell him, that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no Handle for Scruple. Bless me! Sir, there's no Room for a Question. This rivets you into his Heart; for you at once applaud his Wisdom, and gratify his Inclination. However, I had too much Bowels to be insincere to a Man who came Yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent Men in the City he should place his Son? Their Names are *Paulo* and *Avaro*. This gave me much Debate with my self, because not only the Fortune of the Youth, but his Virtue also depended upon this Choice. The Men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the Use and Application of their Riches, which you immediately see upon entering their Doors.

THE Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You see the Servants act with Affection to their Master, and Satisfaction in themselves: The Master meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity: Your Business is dispatched with that Confidence and Welcome which always accompanies honest Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generosity, supported by Justice and Frugality. After we had dined here, our Affair was to visit *Avaro*: Out comes an awkward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, would you speak with my Master? May I crave your Name? After the first Preambles, he leads us  
into

into a noble Solitude, a great House that seemed uninhabited; but from the End of the spacious Hall moves towards us *Avaro*, with a suspicious Aspect, as if he believed us Thieves; and as for my Part, I approached him as if I knew him a Cut-purse. We fell into Discourse of his noble Dwelling, and the great Estate all the World knew he had to enjoy it; And I, to plague him, fell a commending *Paulo's* Way of Living. *Paulo*, answered *Avaro*, is a very good Man; but we who have smaller Estates, must cut our Coat according to our Cloth. Nay, says I, Every Man knows his own Circumstance best; you are in the right, if you han't wherewithal. He look'd very sour; (for it is, you must know, the utmost Vanity of a Mean-spirited rich Man to be contradicted, when he calls himself poor.) But I was resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main Design of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthiest Men in *London*, and lived like a Beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Change. My Friend was ravished with *Avaro*: This (said he) is certainly a sure Man. I contradicted him with much Warmth, and summed up their different Characters as well as I could. This *Paulo* (said I) grows wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro*, by being a general Evil: *Paulo* has the Art, *Avaro* the Craft, of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loses. In a Word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit. I convinced my Friend, and carried the young Gentleman the next Day to *Paulo*, where he will learn the Way both to gain and enjoy a good Fortune. And though I cannot say, I have, by keeping him from *Avaro*, saved him from the Gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every Day he lives: For with *Paulo* he will be an honest Man, without being so for Fear of the Law;

as with *Avaro*, he would have been a Villain within the Protection of it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 6.*

WE hear from *Vienna* of the 1st Instant, That Baron *Imoff*, who attended her Catholick Majesty with the Character of Envoy from the Duke of *Wolfembuttel*, was returned thither. That Minister brought an Account, That Major-General *Stanhope*, with the Troops which embarked at *Naples*, was returned to *Barcelona*. We hear from *Berlin*, by Advices of the 8th Instant, That his Prussian Majesty had received Intelligence from his Minister at *Dresden* that the King of *Denmark* desired to meet his Majesty at *Madgeburg*. The King of *Prussia* has sent Answer, That his present Indisposition will not admit of so great a Journey; but has sent the King a very pressing Invitation to come to *Berlin* or *Potsdam*. These Advices say, That the Minister of the King of *Sweden* has produced a Letter from his Master to the King of *Poland*, dated from *Botitzau* the 30th of *March*, O. S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the *Muscovites* in all the Occasions which have happened since his March into their Country. Great Numbers have revolted to the *Swedens* since General *Mazeppa* went over to that Side; and as many as have done so, have taken solemn Oaths to adhere to the Interests of his *Swedish* Majesty.

ADVICES from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant, N. S. say, That all Things tended to a vigorous and active Campaign; the Allies having strong Resentments against the late Behaviour of the Court of *France*; and the *French* using all possible Endeavours to animate their Men to defend their Country against a victorious and exasperated Enemy. Monsieur *Rouille* had passed through *Brussels* without visiting either the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, who were both there



there at that Time. The States have met, and publickly declared their Satisfaction in the Conduct of their Deputies during the whole Treaty. Letters from *France* say, That the Court is resolved to put all to the Issue of the ensuing Campaign. In the mean Time, they have ordered the Preliminary Treaty to be published, with Observations upon each Article, in order to quiet the Minds of the People, and perswade them, that it has not been in the Power of the King to procure a Peace, but to the Diminution of his Majesty's Glory, and the Hazard of his Dominions. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arriv'd at *Ghent* on *Wednesday* last, where, at an Assembly of all the General Officers, it was thought proper, by Reason of the great Rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a Camp, or bringing the Troops together; but as soon as the Weather would permit, to march upon the Enemy with all Expedition.



N<sup>o</sup> 26. *Thursday, June 9. 1709.*

*From my own Apartment, June 8.*

I HAVE read the following Letter with Delight and Approbation, and I hereby order Mr. *Kidney* at *St James's*, and Sir *Thomas* at *White's*, (who are my Clerks for inrolling all Men in their different Classes, before they presume to drink Tea or Chocolate in those Places) to take Care, that the Persons within the Descriptions in the Letter be admitted, and excluded according to my Friend's Remonstrance.

SIR,

*June 6. 1709.*

YOUR Paper of *Saturday* has raised up in me a noble Emulation, to be recorded in the foremost Rank of Worthies therein mentioned

' tioned; and if any Regard be had to Merit,  
 ' or Industry, I may hope to succeed in the Pro-  
 ' motion, for I have omitted no Toil or Expence  
 ' to be a Proficient; and if my Frinds do not  
 ' flatter, they assure me, I have not lost my Time  
 ' since I came to Town. To enumerate but a  
 ' few Particulars; there's hardly a Coachman I  
 ' meet with, but desires to be excused taking  
 ' me, because he has had me before. I have  
 ' compounded two or three Rapes; and let out  
 ' to Hire as many Bastards to Beggars. I never  
 ' saw above the first Act of a Play: And as to my  
 ' Courage it is well known, I have more than  
 ' once had sufficient Witnesses of my drawing  
 ' my Sword both in Tavern and Playhouse. Dr.  
 ' Wall is my particular Friend; and if it were  
 ' any Service to the Publick to compose the Dif-  
 ' ference between *Martin* and *Sintilaer* the *Pearl-*  
 ' *Driller*, I don't know a Judge of more Experi-  
 ' ence than my self: For in that I may say with  
 ' the Poet;

*Quæ regio in villa nostri non plena laboris?*

' I omit other less Particulars, the necessary  
 ' Consequences of greater Actions. But my Rea-  
 ' son for troubling you at this present is, to put  
 ' a Stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increa-  
 ' sing Set of People, who sticking to the *Letter* of  
 ' your Treatise, and not to the Spirit of it, do  
 ' assume the Name of *Pretty Fellows*; nay, and  
 ' even get new Names, as you very well hint.  
 ' Some of them I have heard calling to one ano-  
 ' ther as I have sate at *White's* and *St. James's*, by  
 ' the Names of, *Betty*, *Nelly*, and so forth. You  
 ' see them accost each other with effeminate  
 ' Airs: They have their Signs and Tokens like  
 ' Free-Masons: They rail at Womankind; re-  
 ' ceive Visits on their Beds in Gowns, and  
 ' do a thousand other unintelligible Pretti-  
 ' nesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I  
 ' there-

‘ fore heartily desire you would exclude all this  
 ‘ Sort of Animals.

‘ There is another I am foreseeing an ill Con-  
 ‘ sequence from, but may be timely prevented  
 ‘ by Prudence ; which is, that for the last Fort-  
 ‘ night, prodigious Shoals of Volunteers have gone  
 ‘ over to bully the *French*, upon hearing the Peace  
 ‘ was just signing : and this is so true, that I can  
 ‘ assure you, all ingrossing Work about the *Tem-  
 ‘ ple* is risen above 3 s. in the Pound for want of  
 ‘ Hands. Now, as ’tis possible, some little Al-  
 ‘ teration of Affairs may have broken their Mea-  
 ‘ sures, and that they will post back again, I am  
 ‘ under the last Apprehension, that these will,  
 ‘ at their Return, all set up for *Pretty Fellows*,  
 ‘ and thereby confound all Merit and Service,  
 ‘ and impose on us some new Alteration in our  
 ‘ Nightcap-Wigs and Pockets, unless you can  
 ‘ provide a particular Class for them. I cannot  
 ‘ apply my self better than to you, and I am  
 ‘ sure I speak the Mind of a very great Number  
 ‘ as deserving as my self.

THE Pretensions of this Correspondent are  
 worthy a particular Distinction; He cannot in-  
 deed be admitted as a *Pretty*, but is, what we more  
 justly call, a *Smart Fellow*. Never to pay at the  
 Playhouse is an Act of Frugality that lets you  
 into his Character; and his Expedient in sending  
 his Children a-begging before they can go, are  
 Characteristical Instances that he belongs to this  
 Class. I never saw the Gentleman; but I know  
 by his Letter, he hangs his Cane on his Button;  
 and by some Lines of it he should wear red-heel’d  
 Shoes; which are essential Parts of the Habit be-  
 longing to the Order of *Smart Fellows*.

MY Familiar is returned with the following  
 Letter from the *French King* :



Versailles, June 13. 1709.

LEWIS the Fourteenth, to Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

S I R,

I HAVE your Epistle, and must take the Liberty to say, That there has been a Time, when there were generous Spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my Name to be treated with the Familiarity you think fit to use. I thought Liberal Men would not be such Time-servers, as to fall upon a Man because his Friends are not in Power. But having some Concern for what you may transmit to Posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep Terms with you, and make a Request to you, which is, That you would give my Service to the Nineteenth Century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, That I have settled all Matters between them and me by Monsieur Boileau. I should be glad to see you here.

IT is very odd, this Prince should offer to invite me into his Dominions, or believe I should accept the Invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he served an Ingenious Gentleman, a Friend of mine, whom he lock'd up in the Bastile for no Reason in the World, but because he was a Wit, and feared he might mention him with Justice in some of his Writings. His Way is, That all Men of Sense are preferred, banished or imprisoned. He has indeed a Sort of Justice in him, like that of the Gamesters; for if a Stander-by sees one cheat at Play, he has a Right to come in for Shares, as knowing the Mysteries of the Game.

THIS is a very wise and just Maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's, directed to me, Bank-Bills for 200 l. on or before this Day Seven-night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his Estate. I expect three hundred Pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the Money he has lent to himself, and

and his landed Friend bound with him, at thirty *per Cent.* at his Scrivener's. Absolute Princes make People pay what they please in Deference to their Power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of Fear or Respect to my Knowledge. I always preserve Decorums and Civilities to the Fair Sex: Therefore if a certain Lady, who left her Coach at the *New-Exchange* Door in the *Strand*, and whipt down *Durham Yard* into a Boat with a Young Gentleman for *Fox-Hall*; I say, if she will send me Word, that I may give the Fan which she dropp'd, and I found, to my Sister *Fenny*, there shall be no more said of it. I expect Hush-Money to be regularly sent for every Folly or Vice any one commits in this whole Town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a Chamber-Maid or a Valet de Chambre: They only whisper it to the little Set of their Companions; but I can tell it to all Men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my Readers to pay their Fines, or mend their Lives.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 8.*

MY Familiar being come from *France*, with an Answer to my Letter to *Lewis* of that Kingdom, instead of going on in a Discourse of what he had seen in that Court, he put on the immediate Concern of a Guardian, and fell to enquiring into my Thoughts and Adventures since his Journey. As short as his Stay had been, I confess'd I had had many Occasions for his Assistance in my Conduct; but communicated to him my Thoughts of putting all my Force against the horrid and senseless Custom of Duels; If it were possible, said he, to laugh at Things in themselves so deeply tragical as the impertinent Profusion of human Life, I think I could divert you with a Figure I saw just after my Death, when the Philosopher threw me, as I told you some Days ago, into the Pail of Water.

' YOU are to know, That when Men leave-  
 ' the Body, there are Receptacles for them as  
 ' soon as they depart, according to the Manner  
 ' in which they lived and died. At the very In-  
 ' stant I was killed, there came away with me a  
 ' Spirit which had lost it Body in a Duel. We  
 ' were both examined. Me, the whole Assembly  
 ' looked at with Kindness and Pity, but at the  
 ' same Time with an Air of Welcome and Con-  
 ' solation: They pronounced me very happy, who  
 ' had died in Innocence; and told me, a quite  
 ' different Place was allotted to me, than that  
 ' which was appointed for my Companion; there  
 ' being a great Distance from the Mansions of  
 ' Fools and Innocents: Though at the same Time,  
 ' said one of the Ghosts, there is a great Affi-  
 ' nity between an Idiot who has been so for long  
 ' Life, and a Child who departs before Maturity.  
 ' But this Gentleman who has arrived with you  
 ' is a Fool of his own making, is ignorant out of  
 ' Choice, and will fare accordingly. The Af-  
 ' sembly began to flock about him, and one said-  
 ' to him, Sir, I observed you came into the Gate  
 ' of Persons murdered, and I desire to know,  
 ' What brought you to your untimely End? He  
 ' said, He had been a Second. *Socrates* (who  
 ' may have been said to have been murdered  
 ' by the Commonwealth of *Athens*) stood by, and  
 ' began to draw near him, in order, after his  
 ' Manner, to lead him into a Sense of his Error  
 ' by Concessions in his own Discourse. Sir, said  
 ' that divine and amicable Spirit, *What was the*  
 ' *Quarrel?* He answered, *We shall know very sud-*  
 ' *denly, when the Princpal in the Business comes, for*  
 ' *he was desperately wounded before I fell.* Sir, said  
 ' the Sage, *Had you an Estate?* Yes, Sir, the new  
 ' Guest answered, *I have left it in a very good Condi-*  
 ' *tion, and made my Will the Night before this Occasion.*  
 ' Did you read it before you signed it? Yes sure,  
 ' Sir, said the new Comer. *Socrates* replies, Could  
 ' a Man, that would not give his Estate with-  
 ' out



' out reading the Instrument, dispose of his Life  
 ' without asking a Question? That illustrious  
 ' Shade turned from him, and a Croud of imper-  
 ' tinent Goblins, who had been Droles and Para-  
 ' sites in their Life-Time, and were knock'd on  
 ' the Head for their Sauciness, came about my  
 ' Fellow-Traveller, and made themselves very  
 ' merry with Questions about the Words *Cart* and  
 ' *Terce*, and other Terms of Fencers. But his  
 ' Thoughts began to settle into Reflection upon  
 ' the Adventre which had robbed him of his late  
 ' Being; and with a wretched Sigh, said he, *How*  
 ' *terrible are Conviction and Guilt when they come too*  
 ' *late for Penitence!*

*Pacolet* was going on in this Strain, but he re-  
 covered from it, and told me, "It was too soon  
 ' to give my Discourse on this Subject so serious  
 ' a Turn; you have chiefly to do with that Part  
 ' of Mankind which must be led into Reflection  
 ' by Degrees, and you must treat this Custom  
 ' with Humour and Raillery to get an Audience,  
 ' before you come to pronounce Sentence upon  
 ' it. There is Foundation enough for raising  
 ' such Entertainments from the Practice on this  
 ' Occasion. Don't you know that often a Man  
 ' is called out of Bed to follow implicitly a Cox-  
 ' comb (with whom he would not keep Company  
 ' on any other Occasion) to Ruin and Death?—  
 ' Then a good List of such as are qualified by the  
 ' Laws of these uncourteous Men of Chivalry to  
 ' enter into Combat (who are often Persons of  
 ' Honour without common Honesty): These, I  
 ' say, ranged and drawn up in their proper Or-  
 ' der, would give an Aversion to doing any  
 ' Thing in common with such as Men laugh  
 ' at and contemn. But to go through this Work,  
 ' you must not let your Thoughts vary, or make  
 ' Excursions from your Theme: Consider at the  
 ' same Time, that the Matter has been often  
 ' treated by the ablest and greatest Writers;  
 ' yet that must not discourage you: For the

‘ properest Person to handle it, is one who has  
 ‘ roved into mix’d Conversations, and must have  
 ‘ Opportunities (which I shall give you) of see-  
 ‘ ing these Sort of Men in their Pleasures and  
 ‘ Gratifications; among which, they pretend to  
 ‘ reckon Fighting. It was pleasantly enough  
 ‘ said of a Bully in *France*, when Duels first be-  
 ‘ gan to be punished: The King has taken away  
 ‘ Gaming, and Stage-playing, and now Fighting  
 ‘ too; how does he expect Gentlemen shall divert  
 ‘ themselves?

N<sup>o</sup> 27.

Saturday, June 11. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 9.*

**P**ACOLET being gone a strolling among the Men of the Sword, in order to find out the secret Causes of the frequent Disputes we meet with, and furnish me with Materials for my Treatise on Duelling; I have Room left to go on in my Information to my Country Readers, whereby they may understand the bright People whose Memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my Discourse of the 28th of the last Month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad Characters; and that is, a *Rake*.

A **R A K E** is a Man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one Day certainly reclaimed; for his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from strong Passions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Curb of Reason, good Sense, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he much have by Nature and Education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been of this Order. He is a poor unwieldy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His pity and Compassion makes him sometimes a Bubble to all his Fellows,

lows, let them be never so much below him in Understanding. His Desires run away with him thro' the Strength and Force of a lively Imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful Pleasures, before Reason has Power to come in to his Rescue. Thus with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature sins on against Heaven, himself, his Friends, and his Country, who all call for a better Use of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun so miserable as this: He goes on in a Pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no Enjoyment but what is followed by Remorse; no Relief from Remorse, but the Repetition of his Crime. It's possible I may talk of the Person with too much Indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this, a Character which is the most the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout or any acute Distempers, is not in so deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs justly deserves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that can't use his own Reason, is in a much worse State; for you see him in miserable Circumstances, with his Remedy at the same Time in his own Possession, if he would or could use it. This is the Cause that, of all ill Characters, the Rake has the best Quarter in the World; for when he is himself, and unruffled with Intemperance, you see his natural Faculties exert themselves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities.

**BUT** if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himself for? All the Noise towards six in the Evening is caused by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Sense to be careful of their Actions, if it were merely from the Indignation of seeing themselves ill drawn by such little Pretenders? Not to say, he that leads,



is guilty of all the Actions of his Followers; And a Rake has Imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand Vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a Folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (tho' 'tis what we say every Day) than that grave and honest Natures give into this Way, and at the same Time have good Sense, if they thought fit to use it: But the Fatality (under which most Men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a Method, in which they might be received with Applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at.

FOR this Reason, I have not lamented the Metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with Sweetness of Temper, just Apprehension, and every Thing else that might make him a Man fit for his Order. But instead of the Pursuit of sober Studies and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable Figure in the noblest Assembly of Men in the World; I say, in spite of that good Nature, which is his proper Bent, he will say ill-natur'd Things aloud, put such, as he was, and still should be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never succeed; For *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleases, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order he must be vicious against his Will, and not so by Study or Application. All pretty Fellows are also excluded to a Man, as well as all Inamoratoes, or Persons of the Epicene Gender, who gaze at one another in the Presence of Ladies. This Class, of which I am giving you an Account, is pre-

pretended to also by Men of strong Abilities in Drinking; tho' they are such whom the Liquor, not the Conversation, keeps together. But Block-heads may roar, fight and stab, and be never the nearer; their Labour is also lost; They want Sense: They are no Rakes.

AS a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the constant Abuse of his Reason, so a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Misapplication of her Beauty. The chief of all whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Miss *Toss*: She is ever in Practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her Charms; tho' all she does, tends to a contrary Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest Lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a Mind to see, at half a Mile Distance; but poring with her Eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and she have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turned from that Dear Object, you may have a Glance and your Bow, if she is in Humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the Presence of a Man of greater Quality: For Miss *Toss* is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief Person present has all her Regards. And she who giggles at Divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compose herself at the Approach of a Man of a good Estate.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 9.*

A FINE Lady shewed a Gentleman of this Company, for an eternal Answer to all his Addresses, a Paper of Verses, with which she is so captivated, that she profess'd, the Author should be the happy Man in Spite of all other Pretenders. It is ordinary for Love to make Men Poets, and it had that Effect on this enamour'd Man: But he was resolved to try his Vein upon some of

her Confidants or Retinue, before he ventured upon so high a Theme as herself. To do otherwise than so, would be like making an Heroick Poem a Man's first Attempt. Among the Favourites to the Fair One, he found her Parrat not to be in the last Degree: He saw *Poll* had her Ear, when his Sighs were neglected. To write against him had been a fruitless Labour; therefore he resolved to flatter him into his Interests, in the following Manner:

To a Lady on her Parrat.

*WHEN Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,  
The Gods disguis'd were seldom known to fail:  
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove  
Surpris'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.  
There's no celestial but his Heaven would quit,  
For any Form which might to thee admit.  
See how the wanton Bird, at ev'ry Glance,  
Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an am'rous Trance.  
The Queen of Beauty has forsok the Dove:  
Henceforth the Parrat be the Bird of Love.*

IT is indeed a very just Proposition, to give that Honour rather to the Parrat than the other Volatile. The Parrat represents us in the State of making Love: The Dove, in the Possession of the Object beloved. But instead of turning the Dove off, I fancy it would be better if the Chaise of *Venus* had hereafter a Parrat added, (as we see sometimes a third Horse to a Coach) which might intimate, That to be a Parrat, is the only Way to succeed; and to be a Dove, to preserve your Conquests. If the Swain would go on successfully, he must imitate the Bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by Women, must never be silent before the Favour, or open his Lips after it.

*From my own Apartment, June 10.*

I HAVE so many Messages from young Gentlemen who expect Preferment and Distinction, that



that I am wholly at a Loss in what Manner to acquit my self. The Writer of the following Letter tells me in a Postscript, he cannot go out of Town till I have taken some Notice of him, and is very urgent to be some Body in it, before he returns to his Commons at the University. But take it from himself.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; Monitor-General of  
Great Britain.

S I R,

Sheer Lane, June 8.

I HAVE been above six Months from the University, of Age these three Months, and so long in Town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubleboy near the Temple, who has supplied me with all the Furniture he says a Gentleman ought to have. I desired a Certificate thereof from him, which he said would require some Time to consider of; and when I went Yesterday Morning for it, he tells me, upon due Consideration, I still want some few odd Things more, to the Value of three-score or fourscore Pounds to make me compleat. I have bespoke them; and the Favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipp'd, in what Part or Class of Men in this Town you will place me. Pray send me Word what I am, and you shall find me,

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

Jeffry Nicknack.

I AM very willing to encourage young Beginners; but am extreamly in the Dark how to dispose of this Gentleman. I cannot see either his Person or Habit in this Letter; but I'll call at Charles's and know the Shape of his Snuff-Box, by which I can settle his Character. Tho' indeed, to know his full Capacity, I ought to be inform'd, whether he take Spanish or Musty.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.

LETTERS from the Law-Countries of the 17th Instant say, That the Duke of Marlborough

and the Prince of *Savoy* intended to leave *Ghent* on that Day, and join the Army, which lies between *Pont d'Espiere* and *Courtray*, their Head Quarters being at *Helchin*. The same Day the *Palatine Foot* were expected at *Brussels*. Lieutenant General *Dompère*, with a Body of eight thousand Men, is posted at *Alost*, in order to cover *Ghent* and *Brussels*. The Marshal *de Villars* was still on the Plain of *Lenz*; and it is said the Duke of *Vendosme* is appointed to command in Conjunction with that General. Advices from *Paris* say, Monsieur *Voisîn* is made Secretary of State, upon Monsieur *Chamillard's* Resignation of that Employment. The Want of Money in that Kingdom is so great, that the Court has thought fit to command all the Plate of private Families to be brought into the Mint. They write from the *Hague* on the 18th, That the States of *Holland* continue their Session; and that they have approved the Resolution of the States General, to publish a second Edict to prohibit the Sale of Corn to the Enemy. Many eminent Persons in that Assembly have declared that they are of Opinion, that all Commerce whatsoever with *France* should be wholly forbidden: Which Point is under present Deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful Opposition.

N<sup>o</sup> 28.

Tuesday, June 14. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 13.*

I HAD suspended the Business of Duelling to a distant Time, but that I am called upon to declare my self on a Point proposed in the following Letter

S I R,

SIR,

June 9. at Night.

I DESIRE the Favour of you to decide this Question, Whether calling a Gentleman a Smart-Fellow, is an Affront or not? A Youth entering a certain Coffee-house, with his Cane tied at his Button, wearing red-beel'd Shoes, I thought of your Description, and could not forbear telling a Friend of mine next to me, There enters a Smart Fellow. The Gentleman bearing it, had immediately a Mind to pick a Quarrel with me, and desired Satisfaction: At which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembering what Mention your Familiar makes of those that had lost their Lives on such Occasions. The Thing is referred to your Judgment, and I expect you to be my Second, since you have been the Cause of our Quarrel. I am,

S I R,

Your Friend and humble Servant.

I absolutely pronounce, That there is no Occasion of Offence given in this Expression; for a *Smart Fellow* is always an Appellation of Praise, and is a Man of double Capacity. The true Cast or Mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his Livelihood or Education is in the Civil List, and you see him express a Vivacity or Mettle above the Way he is in by a little Jerk in his Motion, short Trip in his Steps, well-fancied Lining of his Coat, or any other Indications which may be given in a vigorous Dress. Now, What possible Insinuation can there be, that 'tis a Cause of Quarrel for a Man to say, he allows a Gentleman really to be, what he, his Tailor, his Hosiery, and his Milliner have conspired to make him? I confess, if this Person who appeals to me had said, He was *not a Smart Fellow*, there had been Cause for Resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no Manner of Ground for Misunderstanding. Indeed, it is a most lamentable Thing, that there should be a

Dispute



Dispute raised upon a Man's saying another is, what he plainly takes Pains to be thought.

BUT this Point cannot be so well adjusted, as by enquiring what are the Sentiments of wise Nations and Communities, of the Use of the Sword, and from thence conclude, Whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not? An illustrious Commonwealth of *Italy* has preserved it self for many Ages, without letting one of their Subjects handle this destructive Instrument, always leaving that Work to such of Mankind as understand the Use of a whole Skin so little, as to make a Profession of exposing it to Cuts and Scars.

BUT what need we run to such Foreign Instances? Our own ancient and well governed Cities are conspicuous Examples to all Mankind in their Regulation of military Atchievements. The chief Citizens, like the noble *Italians*, hire Mercenaries to carry Arms in their Stead; and you shall have a Fellow of a desperate Fortune, for the Gain of one Half-Crown, go through all the Dangers of *Tuttle-Fields*, or the *Artillery-Ground*, clap his right Jaw within two Inches of the Touch-hole of a Musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little Concern as he tears a Pullet. Thus you see, to what Scorn of Danger these Mercenaries arrive, out of a meer Love of sordid Gain: But methinks it should take off the strong Prepossession Men have in Favour of bold Actions, when they see upon what low Motives Men aspire to them. Do but observe the common Practice in the Government of those Heroick Bodies, our Militia and Lieutenancies, the most ancient Corps of Soldiers, perhaps in the Universe; I question, Whether there is one Instance of an Animosity between any two of these illustrious Sons of *Mars* since their Institution, which was decided by Combat? I remember indeed to have read the Chronicle of an Accident which had like to have occasioned Bloodshed in  
the

the very Field before all the General Officers, tho' most of them were Justices of the Peace. Captain *Crabtree* of *Birching Lane*, Haberdasher, had drawn a Bill upon Major-General *Maggot*, Cheesemonger in *Thames Street*. *Crabtree* draws this upon Mr. *William Maggot* and *Company*. A Country Lad received this Bill, and not understanding the Word *Company*, us'd in drawing Bills on Men in Partnership, carried it to Mr. *Jeffery Stich* of *Crooked Lane* (Lieutenant of the Major-General's Company) whom he had the Day before seen march by the Door in all the Pomp of his Commission. The Lieutenant accepts it, for the Honour of the Company, since it had come to him. But Repayment being asked from the Major-General, he absolutely refuses. Upon this, the Lieutenant thinks of nothing less than to bring this to a Rupture, and takes for his Second *Tobias Armstrong* of the *Counter*, and sends him with a Challenge in a Scrip of Parchment, whercin was written, *Stich contra Maggot*, and all the Fury vanished in a Moment. The Major-General gives Satisfaction to the Second, and all was well.

HENCE it is, that the bold Spirits of our City are kept in such Subjection to the Civil Power. Otherwise, Where would our Liberties soon be? If Wealth and Valour were suffered to exert themselves with their utmost Force. If such Officers as are employed in the terrible Bands abovementioned, were to draw Bills as well as Swords: These dangerous Captains, who could victual an Army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the State. But the Point of Honour justly gives Way to that of Gain; and by long and wise Regulation, the richest is the bravest Man, I have known a Captain rise to a Colonel in two Days by the Fall of Stocks; and a Major, my good Friend, near the *Monument*, ascended to that Honour by the Fall of the Price of Spirits, and the rising of right *Nantz*. By this true Sense of Honour, that Body of Warri-

ours are ever in good Order and Discipline, with their Colours and Coats all whole: As in other Battalions (where their Principles of Action are less solid) you see the Men of Service look like Spectres with long Sides and lank Cheeks. In this Army you may measure a Man's Services by his Waste, and the most prominent Belly is certainly the Man who has been most upon Action. Besides all this, there is another excellent Remark to be made in the Discipline of these Troops. It being of absolute Necessity that the People of *England* should see what they have for their Money, and be Eye-Witnesses of the Advantages they gain by it, all Battels which are fought abroad are represented here. But since one Side must be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create Disputes, the eldest Company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats according to the last News and best Intelligence. I have myself seen Prince *Eugene* make *Catinat* fly from the Backside of *Grays-Inn-Lane* to *Hockley in the Hole*, and not give over the Pursuit, till obliged to leave the *Bear-Garden* on the Right, to avoid being horn down by Fencers, wild Bulls and Monsters, too terrible for the Encounter of any Heroes, but such whose Lives are their Livelihood.

WE have here seen, that wise Nations do not admit of Fighting, even in the Defence of their Country, as a laudable Action; and they live within the Walls of our own City in great Honour and Reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what Force of the Climate, Food, Education, or Employment, one Man's Sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a Thing which makes for his Safety; and another applauded for consulting his Ruin and Destruction.

IT will therefore be necessary for us (to shew our Travelling) to examine this Subject fully; and



and tell you how it comes to pass, That a Man of Honour in *Spain*, tho' you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in *England*, though you offend never so basely, challenges fairly: The former kills you out of Revenge, the latter out of good Breeding. But to probe the Heart of Man in this Particular to its utmost Thoughts and Recesses, I must wait for the return of *Pacolet*, who is now attending a Gentleman lately in a Duel, and sometimes visits the Person, by whose Hand he received his Wounds.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 13.*

LETTERS from *Vienna* of the 8th Instant say, There has been a Journal of the Marches and Actions of the King of *Sweden*, from the Beginning of *January* to the 11th of *April* N. S. communicated by the *Swedish* Ministers to that Court. These Advices inform. That his *Swedish* Majesty entered the Territories of *Muscovy* in *February* last with the main Body of his Army, in order to oblige the Enemy to a general Engagement; but that the *Muscovites* declining a Battel, and an universal Thaw having rendred the Rivers unpassable, the King returned into *Ukrania*. There are mentioned several Rencounters between considerable Detachments of the *Swedish* and *Russian* Armies. Marshal *Heister* intended to take his Leave of the Court on the Day after the Date of these Letters, and put himself at the Head of the Army in *Hungary*. The Malecontents had attempted to send in a Supply of Provisson into *Newhausel*; but their Design was disappointed by the *Germans*.

ADVICES from *Berlin* of the 15th Instant, N. S. say, That his *Danish* Majesty having received an Invitation from the King of *Prussia* to an Interview, designed to come to *Potsdam* within few Days; and that King *Augustus* resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all Difficul-  
ties

ties in Ceremony, the three Kings and all the Company who shall have the Honour to sit with them at Table, are to draw Lots, and take Precedence accordingly.

THEY write from *Hamburgh* of the 18th Instant, N. S. That some particular Letters from *Dantzick* speak of a late Action between the *Swedes* and *Muscovites* near *Feristaw*; but that Engagement being mentioned from no other Place, there is not much Credit given to this Intelligence.

WE hear from *Brussels*, by Letters dated the 20th, That on the 14th in the Evening the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Courtray*, with a Design to proceed the Day following to *Lisle*, in the Neighbourhood of which City the Confederate Army was to rendezvous the same Day. Advices from *Paris* inform us, that the Marshal *de Bezonis* is appointed to command in *Dauphine*, and that the Duke of *Berwick* is set out for *Spain*, with a Design to follow the Fortunes of the Duke of *Anjou*, in case the *French King* should comply with the late Demands of the Allies.

THE Court of *France* has sent a Circular Letter to all the Governors of the Provinces, to recommend to their Consideration his Majesty's late Conduct in the Affair of Peace. It is thought fit in that Epistle, to condescend to a certain Appeal to the People, Whether it is consistent with the Dignity of the Crown or the *French Name*, to submit to the Preliminaries demanded by the Confederates? That Letter dwells upon the Unreasonableness of the Allies, in requiring his Majesty's Assistance in dethroning his Grandson, and treats this Particular in Language more suitable to it, as it is a Topick of Oratory, than a real Circumstance on which the Interests of Nations, and Reasons of State, which affect all *Europe*, are concerned.

THE Close of this Memorial seems to prepare the People to expect all Events, attributing the Confidence of the Enemy to the Goodness of their Troops; but acknowledging, that his sole Dependence is upon the Intervention of Providence.



N<sup>o</sup> 29. Thursday, June 16. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 14.*

HAVING a very solid Respect for human Nature, however it is distorted from its natural Make, by Affectation, Humour, Custom, Misfortune or Vice, I do apply my self to my Friends to help me in raising Arguments for preserving it in all its Individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my Letters on this Subject; I have received the following Answer :

S I R,

**I**N Answer to your Question, *Why Men of Sense, Virtue, and Experience, are seen still to comply with that ridiculous Custom of Duelling?* I must desire you to reflect, that Custom has dish'd up in Ruffs the wisest Heads of our Ancestors, and put the best of the present Age into huge Falbala Periwigs. Men of Sense would not impose such Incumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might shew their Faces decently in publick upon easier Terms. If then such Men appear reasonably Slaves to the Fashion, in what regards the Figure of their Persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their Reputation. Besides, you can't be ignorant, that Dress and Chivalry have been always encouraged by the Ladies, as the two principal Branches of Gallantry. 'Tis to avoid being sneer'd at for his Singularity, and from a Desire to appear more agreeable to his Mistress, that a wise, experienced and polite Man, complies with the Dress commonly received;

and



and is prevailed upon to violate his Reason and Principles, in hazarding his Life and Estate by a Tilt, as well as suffering his Pleasures to be constrained and sower-ed by the constant Apprehension of a Quarrel. This is the more surprising, because Men of the most delicate Sense and Principles have naturally in other Cases a particular Repugnance in accommodating themselves to the Maxims of the World: But one may easily distinguish the Man that is affected with Beauty, and the Reputation of a Tilt, from him who complies with both, meerly as they are imposed upon him by Custom; for in the former you'll remark an Air of Vanity and Triumph; whereas when the later appears in a long Du villier full of Powder, or has decided a Quarrel by the Sword, you may perceive in his Face, that he appeals to Custom for an Excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the Genealogy of this Chimerical Monster, called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate Species of the antient Knight Errantry. By the Laws of this Whim, your Heroick Person, or Man of Gallantry, was indis-pensibly obliged to starve in Armour a certain Number of Years in the Chase of Monsters, encounter them at the Peril of his Life, and suffer greater Hardships, in order to gain the Affection of the fair Lady, and quali-fy himself for assuming the Bel-Air, that is, of a pretty Fellow, or Man of Honour according to the Fas-shion: But since the publishing of Don Quixot, and Ex-tinction of the Race of Dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and be-roick Spirits of these later Times have been under the Necessity of creating new chimerical Monsters to enter-tain themselves with by Way of single Combat, as the only Proofs they are able to give their own Sex, and the Ladies, that they are in all Points Men of nice Ho-nour. But to do Justice to the antient and real Mon-sters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not in a Humour to hunt for them in Woods and Desarts; whereas on the contrary, our modern Monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the Courts and Cities of Europe, (except France) that one can scarce be in the most humaniz'd Society without  
risking

*risking one's Life; the People of the best Sort, and the fine Gentlemen of the Age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any publick Place without one. I have some further Considerations upon this Subject, which as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you, by, Sir, a Cousin, but once removed from the best Family of the Staffs, namely,*

S I B,

*Your Humble Servant,  
Kinsman and Friend,*

Tim. Switch.

It is certain Mr. *Switch* has hit upon the true Source of this Evil; and that it proceeds only from the Force of Custom that we contradict our selves in half the Particulars and Occurrences of Life. But such a Tyranny in Love, which the Fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our Affection for them by no certain Proof but Hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an Estate) by Survivorship. This Way of Application to gain a Lady's Heart, is taking her as we do Towns and Castles, by distressing the Place, and letting none come near them without our Pass. Were such a Lover once to write the Truth of his Heart, and let her know his whole Thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a Passion for her; but it would hardly be called Love. The Billet-Doux would run to this Purpose:

M A D A M.

**I** HAVE so tender a Regard for you and your Interests, that I'll knock any Man on the Head whom I observe to be of my Mind, and like you. Mr. Truman the other Day looked at you in so languishing a Manner, that I am resolv'd to run him through to Morrow-Morning: This, I think, he deserves for his Guilt in admiring you; than which I cannot have a greater Reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you,

*I will make his Words good, for I will kill him.  
I am,*

*Madam,*

*Your most Obedient,*

*Most Humble Servant.*

*From my own Apartment, June 14.*

I AM just come hither at ten at Night, and have ever since fix been in the most celebrated, though most nauseous, Company in Town: The two Leaders of the Society were a Critick and a Wit. These two Gentlemen are great Opponents on all Occasions, not discerning that they are the nearest each other in Temper and Talents of any two Classes of Men in the World; for to profess Judgment, and to profess Wit, both arise from the same Failure, which is Want of Judgment. The Poverty of the Critick this Way proceeds from the Abuse of his Faculty; that of the Wit, from the Neglect of it. It's a particular Observation I have always made, That of all Mortals, a Critick is the silliest; for by inuring himself to examine all Things, whether they are of Consequence or not, he never looks upon any Thing but with a Design of passing Sentence upon it; by which Means he is never a Companion, but always a Censor. This makes him earnest upon Trifles; and dispute on the most indifferent Occasions with Vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that Talent which should approve the Work of the other Faculties, prevents their Operation, He comes upon Action in Armour; but without Weapons; He stands in Safety; but can gain no Glory. The Wit on the other Hand has been hurried so long away by Imagination only, that Judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural Faculties. This Gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critick is a Sort of Puritan in the polite



polite World. As an Enthusiast in Religion stumbles at the ordinary Occurrences of Life, if he cannot quote Scripture-Examples on the Occasion; so the Critick is never safe in his Speech or Writing, without he has among the celebrated Writers an Authority for the Truth of his Sentence. You will believe we had a very good Time with these Brethren, who were so far out of the Dress of their native Country, and so lost to its Dialect, that they were as much Strangers to themselves, as to their Relation to each other. They took up the whole Discourse; sometimes the Critick grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any Trip or Hesitation in his Voice, he would answer, *Mr. Dryden* makes such a Character on such an Occasion break off in the same Manner; so that the Stop was according to Nature; and as a Man in a Passion should do. The Wit, who is as far gone in Letters as himself, seems to be at a Loss to answer such an Apology; and concludes only, that tho' his Anger is justly vented, it wants Fire in the Utterance. If Wit is to be measured by the Circumstances of Time and Place, there is no Man has generally so little of that Talent, as he who is a Wit by Profession. What he says, instead of arising from the Occasion, has an Occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reason, but that he talks like no Body else; but has taken up a Method of his own, without Commerce of Dialogue with other People. The lively *Jasper Dactyle* is one of this Character. He seems to have made a Vow to be witty to his Life's End. When you meet him, What do you think, says he, I have been entertaining myself with? Then out comes a premeditated Turn; to which 'tis to no Purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same Strain of Thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general Answer to all he can say; as, *Sure there never was any Creature had so much Fire; Spondee, who*

is a Critick, is seldom out of this fine Man's Company. They have no Manner of Affection for each other, but keep together, like *Novell* and *Oldfax* in the *Plain Dealer*, because they shew each other. I know several of Sense who can be diverted with this Couple; but I see no Curiosity in the Thing, except it be, that *Spondee* is dull, and seems dull; but *Dactyle* is heavy with a brisk Face. It must be own'd also, that *Dactyle* has almost Vigour enough to be a Coxcomb; but *Spondee* by the Lowness of his Constitution, is only a Blockhead.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 15.*

WE have no Particulars of Moment since our last, except it be, that the Copy of the following original Letter came by the Way of *Ostend*. It is said to have been found in the Closet of *Monfieur Chamillard*, the late Secretary of State of *France*, since his Disgrace. It was signed by two Brothers of the famous *Cavalier*, who led the *Cevennois*, and had a personal Interview with the King, as well as a Capitulation to lay down his Arms, and leave the Dominions of *France*. There are many other Names to it; among whom, is the chief of the Family of the *Marquis Guiscard*. It is not yet known, whether *Monfieur Chamillard* had any real Design to favour the Protestant Interest. or only thought to place himself at the Head of that People, to make himself considerable enough to oppose his Enemies at Court, and re-instate himself in Power there.

S I R,

WE have read your Majesty's \* Letter to the Governors of your Provinces, with

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\* Soon after the Breaking off of the late Treaty of Peace, the French King dispersed a Letter through his Dominions, wherein he shews the Reasons why he could not ratify the Preliminaries. Vide the publick News-Papers of this Date.

\* Instructions what Sentiments to insinuate into  
 \* the Minds of your People: But as you have al-  
 \* ways acted upon the Maxim, That we were  
 \* made for you, and not you for us; we must  
 \* take Leave to assure your Majesty, that we are  
 \* exactly of the contrary Opinion, and must de-  
 \* sire you to send for your Grandson Home, and  
 \* acquaint him, that you now know by Experi-  
 \* ence, Absolute Power is only a Vertigo in the  
 \* the Brain of Princes; which for a Time may  
 \* quicken their Motion, and double in their di-  
 \* seased Sight the Instances of Power above them;  
 \* but must end in their Fall and Destruction.  
 \* Your Memorial speaks a good Father of your  
 \* Family, but a very ill one of your People.  
 \* Your Majesty is reduced to hear Truth when  
 \* you are obliged to speak it. There is no go-  
 \* verning any but Savages by other Methods than  
 \* their own Consent, which you seem to acknow-  
 \* ledge. in appealing to us for our Opinion of  
 \* your Conduct in treating of Peace. Had your  
 \* People been always of your Council, the King  
 \* of *France* had never been reduced so low, as to  
 \* acknowledge his Arms were fallen into Con-  
 \* tempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, How  
 \* is any Man of *France*, but they of the House of  
 \* *Bourbon*, the better that *Philip* is King of *Spain*?  
 \* We have out-grown that Folly of placing our  
 \* Happiness in your Majesty's being called, *The*  
 \* *Great*. Therefore as you and we are all alike  
 \* \* Bankrupts, and undone, let us not de-  
 \* ceive our selves, but compound with our Ad-  
 \* versaries, and not talk like their Equals. Your  
 \* Majesty must forgive us that we cannot wish  
 \* you Success, or lend you Help; for if you lose  
 \* one Battel more, we may have an Hand in the

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† N. B. *Monsieur Bernard and the chief Bankers of France became Bankrupts about this Time.*



Peace you make; and doubt not but your Majesty's Faith in Treaties will require the Ratification of the States of your Kingdoms. So we bid you heartily farewell, till we have the Honour to meet you assembled in Parliament. This happy Expectation makes us willing to wait the Event of another Campaign, from whence we hope to be raised from the Misery of Slaves to the Privileges of Subjects. We are,

*Your Majesty's  
Truly faithful, and  
Loyal Subjects, &c.*



N<sup>o</sup> 30.      *Saturday, June 18. 1709.*

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*From my own Apartment, June 16.*

THE Vigilance, the Anxiety, the Tenderness, which I have for the good People of England, I am perswaded will in Time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my Work of Reformation: That being my great Design, I am studious to prevent my Labour's increasing upou me; therefore am particularly observant of the Temper and Inclinations of Childhood and Youth. that we may not give Vice and Folly Supplies from the growing Generation. It is hardly to be imagined, how useful this Study is, and what great Evils or Benefits arise from putting us in our tender Years to what we are fit, or unfit: Therefore on *Tuesday* last (with a Design to sound their Inclinations) I took three Lads, who are under my Guardianship, a rambling, in a Hackney-Coach, to shew them  
the

the Town, as the Lions, the Tombs, *Bedlam*, and the other Places which are Entertainments to raw Minds, because they strike forcibly on the Fancy. The Boys are Brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his Father's Darling, the second his Mother's, and the third is mine, who am their Uncle. Mr. *William* is a Lad of true Genius; but being at the upper End of a great School, and having all the Boys below him, his Arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to shew a little of my *Latin*, he immediately interrupts: Uncle, under Favour, that which you say is not understood in that Manner. Brother, says my Boy *Jack*, You do not shew your Manners much in contradicting my Uncle *Isaac*? You queer Cur, says Mr. *William*, Do you think my Uncle takes any Notice of such a dull Rogue as you are? Mr. *William* goes on; He is the most stupid of all my Mother's Children: He knows nothing of his Book: When he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his Taws and Marbles, or laying up Farthings. His Way of thinking is, four and twenty Farthings makes Sixpence, and two Sixpences a Shilling, two Shillings and Sixpence, Half a Crown, and two Half Crowns five Shillings. So within these two Months, the close Hunks has scraped up twenty Shillings, and we'll make him spend it all before he comes Home. *Jack* immediately claps his Hands into both Pockets, and turns as pale as Ashes. There is nothing touches a Parent (and such I am to *Jack*) so nearly as a provident Conduct. This Lad has in him the true Temper for a good Husband, a kind Father, and an honest Executor. All the great People you see make considerable Figures on the Change, in Court, and sometimes in Senates, are such as in Reality have no greater Faculty than what may be called human Instinct, which is a natural Tendency to their own Preservation,

servation, and that of their Friends, without being capable of striking out of the Road for Adventures. There's Sir *William Scrip* was of this Sort of Capacity from his Childhood; He has bought the Country round him, and makes a Bargain better than Sir *Harry Wildfire*, with all his Wit and Humour. Sir *Harry* never wants Money but he comes to *Scrip*, laughs at him half an Hour, and then gives Bond for t'other Thousand. The close Men are incapable of placing Merit any where but in their Pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger Capacities, are diverted from the Pursuit by Enjoyments, which can be supported only by that Cash which they despise; and therefore are in the End, Slaves to their Inferiors both in Fortune and Understanding. I once heard a Man of excellent Sense observe, That more Affairs in the World failed by being in the Hands of Men of too large Capacities for their Business, than by being in the Condu&t of such as wanted Abilities to execute them. *Jack* therefore being of a plodding Make, shall be a Citizen; and I design him to be the Refuge of the Family in their Distress, as well as their Jest in Prosperity. His Brother *Will* shall go to *Oxford* with all Speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a Man of Sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a Coxcomb. There is in that Place such a true Spirit of Raillery and Humour, that if they can't make you a wise Man, they will certainly let you know you are a Fool, which is all my Cousin wants to cease to be so. Thus having taken these two out of the Way, I have Leisure to look at my third Lad. I observe in the young Rogue a natural Subtilty of Mind, which discovers it self rather in forbearing to declare his Thoughts on any Occasion, than in any visible Way of exerting himself in Discourse. For which Reason I will place him where, if he commits no Faults, he  
may



may go farther than those in other Stations, though they excel in Virtues. The Boy is well fashioned and will easily fall into a graceful Manner; wherefore, I have a Design to make him a Page to a great Lady of my Acquaintance; by which Means he will be well skill'd in the common Modes of Life, and make a greater Progress in the World by that Knowledge than with the greatest Qualities without it. A good Mien in a Court will carry a Man greater Lengths than a good Understanding in any other Place. We see a World of Pains taken, and the best Years of Life spent, in collecting a Set of Thoughts in a College for the Conduct of Life; and after all, the Man so qualified shall hesitate in his Speech to a good Suit of Clothes, and want common Sense before an agreeable Woman. Hence it is, that Wisdom, Valour, Justice and Learning, can't keep a Man in Countenance that is possessed with these Excellencies, if he wants that inferior Art of Life and Behaviour, called Good Breeding. A Man endowed with great Perfections without this, is like one who has his Pockets full of Gold, but always wants Change for his ordinary Occasions.

*Will Courtly* is a living Instance of this Truth, and has had the same Education which I am giving my Nephew. He never spoke a Thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest Men without being ridiculous. Among the Learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise, indiscreet. Living in Conversation from his Infancy, makes him no where at a Loss; and a long Familiarity with the Persons of Men, is in a Manner of the same Service to him, as if he knew their Arts. As Ceremony is the Invention of wise Men, to keep Fools at a Distance, so Good Breeding is an Expedient to make Fools and wise Men Equals.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 17.*

THE Suspension of the Playhouse has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this Evening, I found the Party I usually sit with, upon the Business of Writing, and examining what was the handsomest Style in which to address Women and write Letters of Gallantry. Many were the Opinions which were immediately declared on this Subject: Some were for a certain Softness; some for I know not what Delicacy; others for something inexpressibly tender: When it came to me, I said there was no Rule in the World to be made for writing Letters, but that of being as near what you speak Face to Face as you can; which is so great a Truth, that I am of Opinion, Writing has lost more Mistresses than any one Mistake in the whole Legend of Love. For when you write to a Lady for whom you have a solid and honourable Passion, the great Idea you have of her, join'd to a quick Sense of her Absence, fills your Mind with a Sort of Tenderness, that gives your Language too much the Air of Complaint, which is seldom successful. For a Man may flatter himself as he pleases, but he will find that the Women have more Understanding in their own Affairs than we have, and Women of Spirit are not to be won by Mourners. He that can keep handsomely within Rules, and support the Carriage of a Companion to his Mistress, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her see the whole Relish of his Life depends upon her. If possible therefore divert your Mistress, rather than sigh to her. The pleasant Man she will desire for her own Sake; but the Languishing Lover has nothing to hope from, but her Pity. To shew the Difference, I produced two Letters a Lady gave me, which had been writ by two Gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed  
the

the next Day after the Date at the Battel of *Almanza*. One of them was a mercurial gay-humour'd Man; the other a Man of a serious, but a great and gallant Spirit. Poor *Jack Careless*! This is his Letter: You see how it is folded: The Air of it is so negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it without breaking it open. He had no Exactness.

MADAM,

IT is a very pleasant Circumstance I am in, that while I should be thinking of the good Company we are to meet within a Day or two, where we shall go to *Loggerheads*, my Thoughts are running upon a fair Enemy in *England*. I was in Hopes I had left you there; but you follow the Camp, tho' I have endeavoured to make some of our Leaguer Ladies drive you out of the Field. All my Comfort is, you are more troublesome to my Colonel than my self: I permit you to visit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his Honour as far as his Gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a Man of too much Merit to succeed with a Woman. Therefore defend your Heart as well as you can, I shall come home this Winter irresistibly dress'd, and with quite a new foreign Foreign Air. And so I had like to say, I rest, but, alas! I remain,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

John Careless.

NOW for Colonel *Constant*'s Epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost Care.

MADAM,

I DO my self the Honour to write to you this Evening, because I believe to Morrow will be a Day of Battel, and something forebodes in



' my Breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so,  
 ' I hope you will hear, I have done nothing be-  
 ' low a Man who had the Love of his Country,  
 ' quickened by a Passion for a Woman of Ho-  
 ' nour. If there be any Thing noble in going to  
 ' a certain Death; if there be any Merit, that I  
 ' meet it with Pleasure, by promising my self a  
 ' Place in your Esteem; if your Applause, when  
 ' I am no more, is preferable to the most glori-  
 ' ous Life without you: I say, Madam, if any  
 ' of these Considerations can have Weight with  
 ' you, you will give give me a kind Place in your  
 ' Memory, which I prefer to the Glory of *Cesar*.  
 ' I hope, this will be read as it is writ, with  
 ' Tears.

THE beloved Lady is a Woman of a sensible  
 Mind; but she has confess'd to me, that after all  
 her true and solid Value for *Constant*, she had  
 much more Concern for the Loss of *Careless*.  
 Those noble and serious Spirits have something  
 equal to the Adversities they meet with, and  
 consequently lessen the Objects of Pity. Great  
 Accidents seem not cut out so much for Men of  
 familiar Characters, which makes them more  
 easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this  
 that the Sort of Love which generally succeeds,  
 is a Stranger to Awe and Distance. I asked *Ro-*  
*mana*, Whether of the two she should have chosen  
 had they survived? She said, She knew she ought  
 to have taken *Constant*; but believed, she should  
 have chosen *Careless*.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 17.*

LETTERS from *Liibon* of the 9th Instant,  
 N. S. say, That the Enemy's Army having  
 block'd up *Olivenza*, was posted on the *Guadiana*.  
 The *Portuguese* are very apprehensive that the  
 Garrison of that Place, though it consists of five  
 of the best Regiments of their Army, will be o-  
 bliged to surrender. if not timely relieved, they

not being supplied with Provisions for more than six Weeks. Hereupon their Generals held a Council on the 4th Instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards *Badajos*. With this Design the Army decamped on the 5th from *Ferumena*, and marched to *Cancaon*. 'Tis hoped, that if the Enemy follow their Motions, they may have Opportunity to put a sufficient Quantity of Provision and Ammunition into *Olivenza*.

*Mr. Bickerstaff gives Notice to all Persons that dress themselves as they please, without Regard to Decorum, (as with blue and red Stockings in Mourning, tuck'd Cravats, and Night-cap Wigs, before People of the first Quality) That he has yet received no Fine for indulging them in that Liberty, and that he expects their Compliance with this Demand, or that they go Home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the Town, That the Report of the Hofiers, Toymen, and Milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff for tolerating such Enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.*



N<sup>o</sup> 31. Tuesday, June 21. 1709.

*Grecian Coffee-house, June 18.*

**I**N my Dissertation against the Custom of single Combat, it has been objected, That there is not Learning, or much Reading, shewn therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatises; for which Reason, being always easy to receive Admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to consult this learned Board, on the Subject. Upon proposing some Doubts, and desiring their Assistance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be called to the Bar within a Year and an half at farthest, told me, That he had ever since I first mentioned Duelling, turned his

his Head that Way; and that he was principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the Circuits in the North of *England* and South of *Scotland*, and to reside mostly at his own Estate at *Landbadernawz* in *Cardiganshire*. The Northern *Britains* and the Southern *Scots* are a warm People, and the *Welsh* a Nation of Gentlemen; so that it behov'd him to understand well the Science of Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the Board an Account that he had read *Fitzherbert's Grand Abridgment*, and had found, that Duelling is a very ancient Part of the Law; For when a Man is sued, be it for Life or his Land, the Person that joins the Issue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may put the Trial upon the Duel. Further he argued, under Favour of the Court, and when the Issue is joined by the Duel in Treason or other Capital Crimes, the Parties accused and Accuser must fight in their own proper Persons: But if the Dispute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where else. This Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as also the Trial by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanners*. It is indeed agreed, said he, the Southern and Eastern Nations never knew any Thing of it; for though the ancient *Romans* would scold, and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever passed among them.

HIS quoting the Eastern Nations, put another Gentleman in Mind of an Account he had from a Boatswain of an *East-India* Man; which was, That a *Chinese* had trick'd and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour called him Son of a Whore, Liar, Dog, and other rough Appellatives used by Persons conversant with Winds and Waves; the *Chinese*, with great Tranquillity desired him not to come abroad fasting, nor put himself in a Heat, for it would  
pre-



prejudice his Health. Thus the East know nothing of this Gallantry.

THERE sat at the Left of the Table a Person of a venerable Aspect, who asserted, That half the Impositions which are put upon these Ages, have been transmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Gorman* and others of *Great Britain*. He informed the Company, that he had searched Authorities for what he said, and that a learned Antiquary *Hampbrey Scarecrow*, Esq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Discourse on the Subject. It appears by the best Accounts, says this Gentleman, that the high Names which are used among us with so great Veneration, were no other than Stage-fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear-garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarter-staff, and was from thence called *Claviger*. A learned Chronologist is about proving what Wood this Staff was made of, whether Oak, Ash, or Crab-Tree. The first Trial of Skill he ever performed, was with one *Cacus*, a Deer-stealer; the next was with *Typhonus*, a Giant of forty Foot four Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at last with a Sailor's Wife, she made his Staff of Prowess serve her own Use, and dwindle away to a Distaff: she clapt him on an old Tar-Jacket of her Husband's; so that this great Hero drooped like a scabbed Sheep. Him his Contemporary *Theseus* succeeded in the *Bear-Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years. This grand Duellist went to Hell, and was the only one of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, (as the Ballads of those Times mention) They were pretty Smart Fellows; they fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyster-Woman, having got a Black-



smith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapons. There's a Pair of trusty *Trojans* in a Song of *Virgil's*, that were famous for handling their Gauntlets, *Dares* and *Eutellus*; and indeed it does appear, they fought no sham-Prize. What Arms the great *Alexander* used, is uncertain; however, the Historian mentions, when he attack'd *Thalestris*, it was only at single Rapier; but the Weapon soon failed; for it was always observed, that the *Amazons* had a Sort of Enchantment about them, which made the Blade of the Weapon, though of never so good Metal, at every home Push lose its Edge and grow feeble.

THE *Roman Bear-Garden* was abundantly more magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boast of; it flourish'd most under those Delights of Mankind, *Nero* and *Domitian*. At one Time it is recorded, 400 Senators enter'd the List, and thought it an Honour to be cudgel'd and quarterstaff'd. I observe the *Lanista* were the People chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our *Bear-Garden* copied much after this, the Butchers being the greatest Men in it.

THUS far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear-Garden* stood secure, till Fate, that irresistible Ruler of sublunary Things, in that universal Ruin of Arts and politer Learning, by those Savage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, destroyed and levelled it to the Ground. Then fell the Grandeur and Bravery of the *Roman* State, till at last the warlike Genius (but accompanied with more Courtesie) revived in the Christian World under those puissant Champions, *St. George*, *St. Dennis*, and other dignified Heroes: One killed his Dragon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red Letters before them to illustrate their Martial Temper. The *Spanish* Nation, it must be own'd, were devoted to Gallantry and Chivalry above the rest of the World. What a great Figure does that great Name, *Don Quixot*, make in History? How shines that glo-

rious Star in the *Western World*? O renowned Hero! O Mirror of Knighthood!

*Thy brandish'd Winyard all the World defies,  
And kills as sure as del Tobosa's Eyes.*

I AM forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in Haste with my Rule, to measure the Degree of an Affront, before the two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Montague House*) have made a Pass.

*From my own Apartment, June 18.*

IT is an unreasonable Objection I find against my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not so deserved as it ought to be. But, I hope, tho' it be never so true, that I am obliged to my Friends for laying their Cash in my Hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their Liberty to call it Home, it will not hurt me with my gentle Readers. Ask all the Merchants who act upon Consignments, Where is the Necessity (if they answer readily what their Correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest Bankers, If all the Men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the Consequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification; wherein I find I am so far from expecting a Supply from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me. His Epistle is as follows:

*Dear Cousin,*

I THOUGHT when I left the Town to have raised your Fame here, and helped you to support it by Intelligence from hence; but alas! they had never heard of the *Tatler* till I brought down a Set. I lent them from House to House; but

' but they asked me what they meant. I began  
 ' to enlighten them, by telling who and who  
 ' were supposed to be intended by the Characters  
 ' drawn. I said for Instance *Chloe* and *Clarissa* are  
 ' two eminent Toasts. A Gentleman (who keeps  
 ' his Greyhound and Gun, and one would think  
 ' might know better) told me, he supposed they  
 ' were Papishes, for their Names were not *English*.  
 ' Then said he, Why do you call live People  
 ' Toasts; I answered, That was a new Name  
 ' found out by the Wits, to make a Lady have  
 ' the same Effect as *Burridge* in the Glass when  
 ' a Man is drinking. But, says I, Sir, I perceive  
 ' this is to you all bamboozling; why you look  
 ' as if you were *Don Diego*'d to the Tune of a  
 ' thousand Pounds. All this good Language was  
 ' lost upon him: He only stared, though he is  
 ' as good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town,  
 ' except the Barber. Thus, Cousin, you must  
 ' be content with *London* for the Center of your  
 ' Wealth and Fame; we have no Relish for  
 ' you. Wit must describe its proper Circum-  
 ' ference, and not go beyond it, lest (like little  
 ' Boys, when they straggle out of their own Pa-  
 ' rish) it may wander to Places where it is not  
 ' known, and be lost. Since it is so, you must  
 ' excuse me that I am forced at a Visit to sit si-  
 ' lent, and only lay up what excellent Things  
 ' pass at such Conversations.

' THIS Evening I was with a couple of young  
 ' Ladies; one of them has the Character of the  
 ' prettiest Company, yet really I thought her but  
 ' silly; the other, who talked a great deal less,  
 ' I observed to have Understanding. The Lady  
 ' who is reckoned such a Companion among her  
 ' Acquaintance, has only with a very brisk Air,  
 ' a Knack of saying the commonest Things:  
 ' The other, with a sly serious one, says home  
 ' Things enough. The first (*Mistress Giddy*) is very  
 ' quick; but the second (*Mrs. Slim*) fell into *Gid-*  
 ' dy's



' *dy's* own Style, and was as good Company as  
' she. *Giddy* happens to drop her Glove; *Slim*  
' reaches it to her. Madam (says *Giddy*) I hope  
' you'll have a better Office. Upon which *Slim*  
' immediately repartees, and sits in her Lap,  
' and cries, Are you not sorry for my Heaviness?  
' This sly Wench pleased me to see how she hit  
' her Height of Understanding so well. We fate  
' down to Supper. Says *Giddy* mighty prettily,  
' Two Hands in a Dish and one in a Purse: Says  
' *Slim*, Ay, Madam, the more the merrier; the  
' fewer the better Chear. I quickly took the  
' Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they:  
' Says I,

' *He that will not when he may,*  
' *When he will he shall have Nay;*

' And so helped my self. *Giddy* turns about,  
' What have you found your Tongue? Yes, (says  
' I) 'tis Manners to speak when I am spoken to;  
' but your greatest Talkers are the least Doers,  
' and the still Sow eats up all the Broth. Ha!  
' Ha! says *Giddy*, One would think he had no-  
' thing in him, and do you hear how he talks  
' when he pleases! I grew immediately roguish  
' and pleasant to a Degree in the same Strain.  
' *Slim*, who knew how good Company we had  
' been, cries, You'll certainly print this bright  
' Conversation.

IT is so; and hereby you may see how small  
an Appearance the prettiest Things said in Com-  
pany make, when in Print.

--- St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.

A MAIL from Lisbon has brought Advices of  
June the 12th, from the King of Portugal's Ar-  
my encamped at Torre Allegada, which inform  
us, That the General of the Army called a  
Court-Martial on the 4th at the Camp of Fernu-  
mena, where it was resolv'd to march with a  
De-

Design to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*. Accordingly the Army moved on the 5th, and marched towards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach the Marquis de Bay detached so great a Party from the Blockade of *Olivenza*, that the Marquis *das Minas*, at the Head of a large Detachment, covered a great Convoy of Provisions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their Stores, and marched back to the main Army, without Molestation from the *Spaniards*. They add, That each Army must necessarily march into Quarters within twenty Days.

*Whosoever can discover a Surgeon's Apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's Messenger, or (as the Printers call him) Devil, going to the Press, and tore out of his Hand Part of his Essay against Duels, in the Fragments of which were the Words, You lie, and Man of Honour, taken up at the Temple-Gate; and the Words, Perhaps,—May be not,—By your Leave, Sir, — and other Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of Young Man's Coffee-house; shall receive Satisfaction from Mr. Morphew, besides a Set of Arguments to be spoken to any Man in a Passion, which if the said enraged Man listens to, will prevent Quarrelling.*

*Mr. Bickerstaff does hereby give Notice, That he has taken the two famous Universities of this Land under his immediate Care, and does hereby promise all Tutors and Pupils, That he will bear what can be said of each Side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in Orders and Classes in the Learned World, according to their Merit.*

N<sup>o</sup> 32.

Thursday, June 23. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 22.*

**A**N Answer to the following Letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all Expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with Horary Questions into my Antichamber, to give the Gentleman my Opinion.

T

To Isaac Bicknrstaff, Esq;

S I R,

June 18. 1709.

I KNOW not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in Love with a professed *Platonne*, the most unaccountable Creature of her Sex. To hear her talk Seraphicks, and run over *Norris*, and *Moor*, and *Milton*, and the whole Set of intellectual Trippers, torments me heartily; for to a Lover who understands Metaphors, all this pretty Prattle of Ideas gives very fine Views of Pleasure, which only the dear Declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally; Why should she wish to be a Cherubim, when 'tis Flesh and Blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that's a high Breach of the Idea of Intuition. If I offer at her Hand or Lip, she shrinks from the Touch like a Sensitive Plant, and would contract herself into meer Spirit. She calls her Chariot, Vehicle; her furbelow'd Scarf, Pinions; her blue Mant and Petticoat is her Azure Dress; and her Footman goes by the Name of *Oberon*. 'Tis my Misfortune to be six Foot and a half high, two full Spans between the Shoulders, thirteen Inches Diameter in the Calves; and before I was in Love, I had a noble Stomach, and usually went to Bed sober with two Bottles. I am not quit six and twenty, and my Nose is marked truly Aquiline. For these Reasons, I am in a very particular Manner her Aversion. What shall I do? Impudence it self cannot reclaim her. If I write miserable, she reckons me among the Children of Perdition, and discards me her Region: If I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real Ghost with me, and vanishes in a Moment. I had Hopes in the Hypocrisy of her Sex; but Perseverance makes it as bad as fixed Aversion. I desire your Opinion, Whether I



‘ may not lawfully play the Inquisition upon her,  
 ‘ make use of a little Force, and put her to the  
 ‘ Rack and the Torture, only to convince her,  
 ‘ she has really fine Limbs, without spoiling or  
 ‘ distorting them. I expect your Directions, ere I  
 ‘ proceed to dwindle and fall away with Despair;  
 ‘ which at present I do not think adviseable, be-  
 ‘ cause, if she should recant, she may then have  
 ‘ me perhaps in the other Extreme for my Te-  
 ‘ nuity. I am (with Impatience)

*Your most humble Servant,*

Charles Sturdy.

MY Patient has put his Case with very much Warmth, and represented it in so lively a Manner, that I see both his Torment and Tormenter with great Perspicuity. This Order of *Platonick Ladies* are to be dealt with in a peculiar Manner from all the rest of the Sex. Flattery is the general Way, and the Way in this Case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every Man that has Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, can make a good Flatterer for Women in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touched with Panegyrick: She will tell you, it is a Sensuality in the Soul to be delighted that Way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does, and says. You are to consider in her, the Scorn of you is not Humour, but Opinion.

THERE were some Years since a Set of these Ladies, who were of Quality, and gave out, That Virginitie was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore resolved to join their Fortunes, and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Residence was pitched upon; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Risings of Waters, with shady Coverts, and flowry Arbours, was approved by seven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex who took the Liberty to visit those Mansions of intended Severity; among

among others, a famous *Rake* of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in first; but upon seeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Design to tell him, this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid? Young Woman, said he, if any of the Ladies are in the Way on this Side of the House, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens: We are, you must know, Gentlemen that are travelling *England*; after which we shall go into Foreign Parts, where some of us have already been. Here he bows in the most humble Manner, and kissed the Girl, who knew not how to behave to such a Sort of Carriage. He goes on: Now you must know we have an Ambition to have it to say, That we have a Protestant Nunnery in *England*: But pray Mrs. Betty — Sir, she replied, my Name is *Susan*, at your Service. Then I heartily beg your Pardon — No Offence in the least, (says she) for I have a Cousin-German whose Name is *Betty*. Indeed, said he, I protest to you, that was more than I knew, I spoke at Random: But since it happens that I was near in the Right, give me leave to present this Gentleman to the Favour of a civil Salute. His Friend advances, and so on, till they had all saluted her. By this Means the poor Girl was in the Middle of the Crowd of these Fellows at a Loss what to do, without Courage to pass through them; and the *Platonick*, at several Peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. *Rake* perceived they were observed, and therefore took Care to keep *Suky* in Chat with Questions concerning their Way of Life; when appeared at last *Madonna*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluse Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall; and *Rake* knowing the Dignity and Mien of his own Aspect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins; Sir, I am obliged to follow the Servant,

who was sent out to know, What Affair could make Strangers press upon a Solitude which we, who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts? Madam, replies *Rake*, (with an Air of great Diltance, mixed with a certain Indifference, by which he could dissemble Dissimulation) your great Intention has made more Noise in the World, than you design it should; and we Travellers, who have seen many Foreign Institutions of this Kind, have a Curiosity to see, in its first Rudiments, the Seat of primitive Piety; for such it must be called by future Ages, to the eternal Honour of the Founders. I have read *Madonella's* excellent and seraphick Discourse on this Subject. The Lady immediately answers, If what I have said could have contributed to raise any Thoughts in you that may make for the Advancement of intellectual and divine Conversation, I should think my self extreamly happy. He immediatly fell back with the profoundest Veneration; then advancing, Are you then that admired Lady? If I may approach Lips which have uttered Things so sacred — He salutes her. His Friends followed his Example. The Devoted within stood in Amazement where this would end, to see *Madonella* receive their Address and their Company. But *Rake* goes on — We would not transgress Rules; but if we may take the Liberty to see the Place you have thought fit to chuse for ever, we would go into such Parts of the Gardens as is consistent with the Severities you have imposed on your selves. To be short, *Madonella* permitted *Rake* to lead her into the Assembly of Nuns, followed by his Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Hand. after due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens. The Conversation turned upon the Lillies, the Flowers, the Arbors, and the growing Vegetables; and *Rake* had the solemn Impudence, when the whole Company stood round him, to say, That he sincerely wished Men might

might rise out of the Earth like Plants; and that our Minds were not of Necessity to be fulfilled with carnivorous Appetites for the Generation, as well as Support of our Species. This was spoke with so easy and fixed an Assurance, that *Madonella* answered, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive your self in wishing an Institution foreign to that of Providence. These Desires were implanted in us for reverend Purposes, in preserving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chastity more heroick. The Conference was continued in this Celestial Strain, and carried on so well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a second and a second Interview; and, without entering into further Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth,

ANY unnatural Part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. *Sturdy* may assure himself, *Platonica* will fly for ever from a forward Behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this Model, she will fall in with the Necessities of mortal Life, and condescend to look with Pity upon an unhappy Man, imprisoned in so much Body, and urged by such violent Desires.

*From my own Apartment, June 22.*

THE Evils of this Town increase upon me to so great a Degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the World much better than I found it. Several worthy Gentlemen and Criticks have applied to me, to give my Censure of an Enormity which has been revived, (after being long oppressed) and is called *Punning*. I have several Arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a Man of Honour who is guilty of this Abuse of human Society. But the Way to expose it, is, like the Expedient of curing Drunkenness, shew-



ing a Man in that Condition: Therefore I must give my Reader Warning, to expect a Collection of these Offences; without which Preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very Mention of it in good Company; and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a Divine mentions Oaths and Curses, only for their Condemnation. I shall dedicate this Discourse to a Gentleman my very good Friend, who is the *Janus* of our Times. and whom, by his Years and Wit, you would take to be of the last Age; but by his Dress and Morals, of this.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.*

LAST Night arrived two Mails from *Holland*, which bring Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th Instant, *N. S.* with Advice, That the Enemy lay encamped behind a strong Retrenchment, with the Marsh of *Remiers* on their Right and Left, extending it self as far as *Bethune*: *La Bassée* is in their Front, *Lens* in their Rear, and their Camp is strengthened by another Line from *Lens* to *Doway*. The Duke of *Marlborough* caused an exact Observation to be made of their Ground, and the Works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present Posture. However, the Duke thought fit to make a Feint as if he designed it: His Grace accordingly marched from the Abbey at *Looze*, as did Prince *Eugene* from *Lampret*, and advanc'd with all possible Diligence towards the Enemy. To favour the Appearance of an intended Assault, the Ways were made, and Orders distributed in such Manner, that none in either Camp could have Thoughts of any Thing but charging the Enemy by Break of Day next Morning: But soon after the Fall of the Night of the 26th, the whole Army faced towards *Tournay*, which Place they invested early in the Morning of the 27th.

27th. The Marshal *Villars* was so confident that we designed to attack him, that he had drawn great Part of the Garrison of the Place, which is now invested, into the Field: For which Reason, it is presumed it must submit within a small Time, which the Enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their present Camp, and hazarding a general Engagement. These Advices add, That the Garrison of *Mons* had marched out under the Command of Marshal *d'Arco*; which, with the *Bavarians*, *Walloons*, and the Troops of *Cologne*, have joined the grand Army of the Enemy.



By *Mrs. Jenny Distaff*, Half-Sister to *Mr. Bickerstaff*.

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N<sup>o</sup> 33. Saturday, June 25. 1709.

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*From my own Apartment, June 23.*

**M**Y Brother has made an Excursion into the Country, and the Work against *Saturday* lies upon me. I am very glad I have got Pen and Ink in my Hand; for I have for some Time longed for his Absence, to give a right Idea of Things, which I thought he put in a very odd Light, and some of them to the Disadvantage of my own Sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make Discourses, and publish Treatises, to keep the horrid Creatures, the Men, within the Rules of common Decency. Turning over the Papers of Memorials or Hints for the ensuing Discourses, I find a Letter subscribed by *Mr. Truman*.

S I R,

I AM lately come to Town, and have read your Works with much Pleasure: You make Wit subservient to good Principles and good Manners. Yet, because I design to buy the *Tatlers* for my Daughters to read,

*I take the Freedom to desire you for the future, to say nothing about any Combat between Alexander and Thalestris.*

THIS Offence gives me Occasion to express myself with the Resentment I ought, on People who take Liberties of Speech before that Sex of whom the honoured Names of Mother, Daughter and Sister are a Part: I had like to have named Wife in the Number; but the senseless World are so mistaken in their Sentiments of Pleasure, that the most amiable Term in humane Life is become the Derision of Fools and Scorners. My Brother and I have at least fifty Times quarrell'd upon this Topick. I ever argue, That the Frailties of Women are to be imputed to the false Ornaments which Men of Wit put upon our Folly and Coquetry. He lays all the Vices of Men upon Women's secret Approbation of Libertine Characters in them. I did not care to give up a Point; but now he is out of the Way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: For if you will believe your Eyes and own, that the wickedest and the wittiest of them all marry one Day or other, is it impossible to believe, that if a Man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a Woman of Merit and Honour, he would persist in an abandon'd Way, and deny himself the Possibility of enjoying the Happiness of well governed Desires, orderly Satisfactions, and honourable Methods of Life? If our Sex were wise, a Lover should have a Certificate from the last Woman he served, how he was turned away, before he was receiv'd into the Service of another: But at present any Vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our Livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a Footman without Credentials from his last Master; and in the greatest Concern of Life, we make no Scruple of falling into a Treaty with the most notorious offender in his



his Behaviour against others. But this Breach of Commerce between the Sexes proceeds from an unaccountable Prevalence of Custom, by which a Woman is to the last Degree reproachable for being deceived, and a Man suffers no Loss of Credit for being a Deceiver.

SINCE this Tyrant Humour has gained Place, Why are we represented in the Writings of Men in ill Figures for Artifice in our Carriage, when we have to do with a professed Impostor? When Oaths, Imprecations, Vows and Adorations, are made use of as Words of Course, what Arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the Breach of them? As for my Part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare, no Vow shall deceive me, but that of Marriage: For I am turned of twenty, and being of a small Fortune, some Wit, and (if I can believe my Lovers and my Glass) handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my Undoing, and shall therefore, for Warning-sake, give an Account of the Offers that have been made me, my Manner of rejecting them, and my Assistances to keep my Resolution.

IN the sixteenth Year of my Life, I fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady extremely well known in this Town for the quick Advancement of her Husband, and the Honours and Distinctions which her Industry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent Body sat next to me for some Months at Church, and took the Liberty (which she said her Years and the Zeal she had for my Welfare gave her Claim to) to assure me, that she observed some Parts in my Behaviour which would lead me into Errors, and give Encouragement to some to entertain Hopes I did not think of. What made you (said she) look through your Fan at that Lord, when your Eyes should have been turned upward, or closed in Attention upon better Objects? I blushed, and pretended fifty odd Excuses; — but confounded



my self the more. She wanted nothing but to see that Confusion, and goes on: Nay, Child, do not be troubled that I take Notice of it, my Value for you made me speak it; for though he is my Kinsman, I have a nearer Regard to Virtue than any other Consideration. She had hardly done speaking, when this noble Lord came up to us, and lead her to her Coach.

MY Head ran all that Day and Night on the exemplary Carriage of this Woman, who could be so virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However it struck upon the Vanity of a Girl that it may possibly be, his Thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely Things as that have happened, if he should make me his Wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all publick Places stole Looks at this Man, who easily observed my Passion for him. It is so hard a Thing to check the Return of agreeable Thoughts, that he became my Dream, my Vision, my Food, my Wish, my Torment.

THAT Minister of Darknes, the Lady *Semphronia*, perceived too well the Temper I was in, and would one Day after Evening-Service needs take me to the Park. When we were there, my Lord passes by; I flushed into a Flame. Mrs. *Distaff*, says she, You may very well remember the Concern I was in upon the first Notice I took of your Regard to that Lord, and forgive me, who had a tender Friendship for your Mother (now in her Grave) that I am vigilant of your Conduct. She went on with much Severity, and after great Solicitation prevailed on me to go with her into the Country, and there spend the ensuing Summer out of the Way of a Man she saw I lov'd, and one whom she perceived meditated my Ruin, by frequently desiring her to introduce him to me; which she absolutely refusing, except he would give his Honour that he had

had no other Design but to marry me. To her Country-House a Week or two after we went: There was at the farther End of her Garden a Kind of Wilderness, in the Middle of which ran a soft Rivulet by an Arbour of Jessamin. In this Place I usually passed my retired Hours, and read some Romantick or Poetical Tale till the Close of the Evening. It was near that Time in the Heat of Summer, when gentle Winds, soft Murmurs of Water, and Notes of Nightingales, had given my Mind an Indolence, which added to that Repose of Soul, Twilight and the End of a warm Day naturally throws upon the Spirits. It was at such an Hour, and in such a State of Tranquillity I sat, when, to my unexpressible Amazement, I saw my Lord walking towards me, whom I knew not till that Moment to have been in the Country. I could observe in his Approach the Perplexity which attends a Man big with Design; and I had, while he was coming forward, Time to reflect that I was betrayed; the Sense of which gave me a Resentment suitable to such a Baseness: But when he entered into the Bower where I was, my Heart flew towards him, and, I confess, a certain Joy came into my Mind, with an Hope, that he might then make a Declaration of Honour and Passion. This threw my Eye upon him with such Tenderness, as gave him Power; with a broken Accent, to begin. Madam, — You will wonder — For it is certain, you must have observed — though I fear you will misinterpret the Motives — But by Heaven, and all that's sacred! If you could — Here he made a full Stand. And I recovered Power to say, The Consternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe — An helpless innocent Maid — Besides that, the Place — He saw me in as great Confusion as himself; which attributing to the same Causes, he had the Audaciousness to throw himself at my Feet, talk of the Stilness of the Evening, and then ran into Deifications of my Person. Pure

Flames, constant Love, eternal Raptures, and a Thousand other Phrases drawn from the Images we have of Heaven, which all Men use for the Service of Hell, when run over with uncommon Vehemence. After which he seiz'd me in his Arms: His Design was too evident. In my utmost Distress, I fell upon my Knees — My Lord, pity me, on my Knees — On my Knees in the Cause of Virtue, as you were lately in that of Wickedness. Can you think of destroying the Labour of a whole Life, the Purpose of a long Education, for the base Service of a sudden Appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the Company and Road of all that is virtuous and Praise-worthy; Have I taken in all the Instructions of Piety, Religion and Reason, for no other End, but to be the Sacrifice of Lust, and abandoned to Scorn? Assume your self, my Lord, and do not attempt to vitiate a Temple sacred to Innocence, Honour and Religion. If I have injured you, stab this Bosom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the Hand I love. The Ardency of my Passion made me incapable of uttering more; and I saw my Lover astonished and reformed by my Behaviour: When rushed in *Semphronia*. Ha! Faithless base Man, could you then steal out of Town, and lurk like a Robber about my House for such brutish Purposes!

MY Lord was by this Time recovered, and fell into a violent Laughter at the Turn which *Semphronia* designed to give her Villany. He bowed to me with the utmost Respect: Mrs. *Distaff*, said he, be careful hereafter of your Company; and so retired. The Fiend *Semphronia* congratulated my Deliverance with a Flood of Tears.

THIS Nobleman has since frequently made his Addresses to me with Honour, but I have as often refused them; as well knowing, that Familiarity and Marriage will make him, on some ill-natured Occasion call all I said in the Arbour  
a thea-



a theatrical Action. Besides that, I glory in condemning a Man, who had Thoughts to my Dishonour. If this Method were the Imitation of the whole Sex, Innocence would be the only Dress of Beauty; and all Affectation by any other Arts to please the Eyes of Men, would be banished to the Stews for ever. The Conquest of Passion gives ten times more Happiness than we can reap from the Gratification of it; and she that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and pretty Fellows, with as much Safety as in a Summer's Day among Grasshoppers and Butterflies.

P. S. *I have ten Millions of Things more against Men, if I ever get the Pen again.*

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 24.*

OUR last Advices from the *Hague* dated the 28th Instant, N. S. say, That on the 25th a Squadron of *Dutch* Men of War sailed out of the *Texel* to join Admiral *Baker* at *Spithead*. The 26th was observed as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation, to implore a Blessing on the Arms of the Allies this ensuing Campaign. Letters from *Dresden* are very particular in the Account of the Gallantry and Magnificence in which that Court has appeared since the Arrival of the King of *Denmark*. No Day has passed in which publick Shows have not been exhibited for his Entertainment and Diversion: The last of that Kind which is mentioned is a Carousal, wherein many of the Youth of the first Quality, dressed in the most splendid Manner, ran for the Prize. His *Danish* Majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a Design laid to throw it in his Way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The Court of *Dresden* was preparing to accompany his *Danish* Majesty to *Potsdam*, where the Expectation of an Interview of three Kings had drawn

together such Multitudes of People, that many Persons of Distinction will be obliged to lie in Tents as long as those Courts continue in that Place.



By Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;*

N<sup>o</sup> 34.

Tuesday, June 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 25.*

**H**AVING taken upon me to cure all the Distempers which proceed from Affections of the Mind, I have laboured since I first kept this publick Stage, to do all the Good I could, and have perfected many Cures at my own Lodgings; carefully avoiding the common Method of Mountebanks, to do their most eminent Operations in Sight of the People; but must be so just to my Patients as to declare, they have testified under their Hands their Sense of my poor Abilities, and the Good I have done them, which I publish for the Benefit of the World, and not out of any Thoughts of private Advantage.

I HAVE cured fine Mrs. *Spy* of a great Imperfection in her Eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one Coxcomb to another in publick Places, in so languishing a Manner, that it at once lessened her own Power, and her Beholders Vanity. Twenty Drops of my Ink, placed in cerrain Letters on which she attentively looked for half an Hour, have restored her to the true Use of her Sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took the Liquor, which I call, *Bickerstaff's Circumspection-Water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a Day without returning one Glance.

Glance. This Water has a peccuuar Virtue in it, which makes it the only true Cosmetick or Beauty-Wash in the World: The Nature of it is such, that if you go to a Glafs, with a Design to admire your Face, it immediately changes it into downright Deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better Countenance upon your Friends, it immediately gives an Alacrity to the Visage, and new Grace to the whole Person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the Constitution of the Person to whom it is applied: It is in vain to give it when the Patient is in the Rage of the Distemper; a Bride in her first Month, a Lady soon after her Husband's being knighted, or any Person of either Sex who has lately obtained any new good Fortune or Preferment, must be prepared some Time before they use it. It has an Effect upon others, as well as the Patient, when it is taken in due Season. Lady *Petulant* has by the Use of it cured her Husband of Jealousy, and Lady *Gad* her whole Neighbourhood of Detraction.

THE Fame of these Things, added to my being an old Fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the Fair Sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a Man in Town so much their Delight as my self. They make no more of visiting me, than going to Madam *d'Espingle's*. There were two of them, Namely, *Damia* and *Clidamira*, (I assure you Women of Distinction) who came to see me this Morning in their Way to Prayers; and being in a very diverting Humour, (as Innocence always makes People chearful) they would needs have me according to the Distinction of *pretty* and *very pretty* Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a Title to the *very pretty* among those of their own Sex; and if I did, which was the most deserving of the two?

TO put them to the Trial, Look ye, said I, I must not rashly give my Judgment in Matters of  
this



his Importance; pray let me see you dance: I play upon the Kit. They immediately fell back to the lower End of the Room (You may be sure they curt'sy'd low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the World so equally match'd, and both Scholars to my Name-sake *Isaac*. Never was Man in so dangerous a Condition as my self, when they began to expand their Charms. Oh! Ladies, Ladies, cried I, not half that Air, you'll fire the House. Both smiled; for by the By, there's no carrying a Metaphor too far, when a Lady's Charms are spoke of. Some Body, I think, has called a fine Woman dancing, a brandish'd Torch of Beauty. These Rivals moved with such an agreeable Freedom, that you would believe their Gesture was the necessary Effect of the Musick, and not the Product of Skill and Practice. Now *Clidamira* came on with a Crowd of Graces, and demanded my Judgment with so sweet an Air—And she had no sooner carried it, but *Damia* made her utterly forgot by a gentle sinking, and a Rigadoon Step. The Contest held a full half Hour; and I protest, I saw no Manner of Difference in their Perfections, till they came up together, and expected my Sentence. Look ye, Ladies, said I, I see no Difference in the least in your Performance; but you *Clidamira* seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to *Damia*, who stands with so much Diffidence and Fear, after shewing an equal Merit to what she pretends to. Therefore *Clidamira* you are a pretty; but, *Damia*, you are a very pretty Lady. For, said I, Beauty loses its Force, if not accompanied with Modesty. She that has an humble Opinion of herself, will have every Body's Applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain Creature loses Approbation, through too great a Sense of deserving it.

*From my own Apartment, June 27.*

BEING of a very spare and hective Constitution, I am forced to make frequent Journies of a Mile or two for fresh Air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the Village of *Chelsea*, I am farther convinced of the Necessity of travelling to know the World. For as it is usual with young Voyagers, as soon as they land upon a Shore, to begin their Accounts of the Nature of the People, their Soil, their Government, their Inclinations and their Passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate Description of this Village, from the five Fields where the Robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee-house where the *Literati* sit in Council. A great Ancestor of ours by the Mother's Side, Mr. Justice *Overdo*, (whose History is written by *Ben Johnson*) met with more Enormities by walking *incog.* than he was capable of correcting; and found great Mortifications in observing also Persons of Eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a Place so near the Town as this. When I came into the Coffee-house, I had not Time to salute the Company, before my Eye was diverted by ten thousand Gimcracks round the Room and on the Cieling. When my first Astonishment was over, comes to me a Sage of a thin and meagre Countenance; which Aspect made me doubt, whether Reading or Fretting had made it so philosophick: But I very soon perceived him to be of that Sect which the Ancients call *Gingivista*; in our Language, Tooth-Drawers. I immediately had a Respect for the Man; for these practical Philosophers go upon a very rational Hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the Part affected. My Love of Mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. *Salter*, for such is the Name of this eminent Barber and Antiquary. Men are usually, but un-

unjustly, distinguished rather by their Fortunes than their Talents, otherwise this Personage would make a great Figure in that Class of Men which I distinguish under the Title of *odd Fellows*. But it is the Misfortune of Persons of great Genius to have their Faculties dissipated by Attention to too many Things at once. Mr. *Salter* is an Instance of this: If he would wholly give himself up to the String, instead of playing twenty Beginnings to Tunes, he might before he dies play *Roger de Caubly* quite out. I heard him go through his whole Round, and indeed I think he does play the merry *Christ-Church* Bells pretty justly; but he confess'd to me, he did that rather to shew he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the Musick it self. Or if he did proceed in his Anatomy, Why might he not hope in Time to cut off Legs, as well as draw Teeth? The Particularity of this Man put me into a deep Thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower Order, Barbers should go further in hitting the Ridiculous, than any other Set of Men. Watermen brawl, Coblers sing: But why must a Barber be for ever a Politician, a Musician, an Anatomist, a Poet, and a Physician? The learned *Vossius* says, his Barber used to comb his Head in *Iambicks*. And indeed in all Ages, one of this useful Profession, this Order of Cosmetick Philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent Hands. You see the Barber in *Don Quixot* is one of the principal Characters in the History, which gave me Satisfaction in the Doubt, why *Don Saltero* writ his Name with a *Spanish* Termination: For he is descended in a Right Line, not from *John Tradescan*, as he himself asserts, but from that memorable Companion of the Knight of *Mancha*. And I hereby certify all the worthy Citizens who travel to see his Rarities, that his double-barrelled Pistols, Targets, Coats of Mail, his Sclopeta and Sword of *Toledo*, were left to his Ancestor by the said *Don Quixot*,  
and



and by the said Ancestor to all his Progeny down to Don *Saltero*. Though I go thus far in Favour of *Don Saltero's* great Merit, I cannot allow a Liberty he takes of imposing several Names (without my Licence) on the Collections he has made, to the Abuse of the good People of *England*; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious Persons, to the great Scandal of the Well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox Opinions. He shews you a Straw-Hat, which I know to be made by *Madge Peskad*, within three Miles of *Bedford*; and tells you, *It is Pontius Pilate's Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat*. To my Knowledge of this very Hat, it may be added, that the Covering with Straw was never used among the *Jeews*, since it was demanded of them to make Bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing, but under the specious Pretence of Learning and Antiquity, to impose upon the World. There are other Things which I cannot tolerate among his Rarities; as, the *China* Figure of a Lady in the Glass-Case; the *Italian* Engine for the Imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: Both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his Letters Patent for making Punch superseded, be debarred wearing his Muff next Winter, or ever coming to *London* without his Wife. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the Affairs of this Operator; but I desire the Reader to remember, that it is my Way to consider Men as they stand in Merit, and not according to their Fortune or Figure; and if he is in a Coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more Characters drawn in this Account, than that of *Don Saltero*; for half the Politicians about him, he may observe, are, by their Place in Nature, of the Class of Tooth-Drawers.



N<sup>o</sup> 35. Thursday, June 30. 1709.

*Grecian Coffee-house, June 28.*

**T**H E R E is an Habit or Custom which I have put my Patience to the utmost Stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate Friends are in the Guilt; and that is, the Humour of taking Snuff, and looking dirty about the Mouth by way of Ornament.

MY Method is to dive to the Bottom of a Sore before I pretend to apply a Remedy. For this Reason, I sate by an eminent Story-teller and Politician who takes half an Ounce in five Seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty Tenement near the Town, meerly to improve and dung his Brains with this prolifick Powder. I observed this Gentleman t'other Day in the midst of a Story diverted from it by looking at something at a Distance, and I softly hid his Box. But he returns to his Tale, and looking for his Box, he cries, *And so Sir* — Then when he should have taken a Pinch; *As I was saying*, says he, — *Has no Body seen my Box?* His Friend beseeches him to finish his Narration. Then he proceeds; *And so Sir* — *Where can my Box be?* Then turning to me; *Pray Sir, Did you see my Box?* Yes Sir, said I, I took it to see how long you could live without it. He resumes his Tale; and I took Notice, that his Dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A Pinch supplied the Place of, *As I was saying, And so Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that Style which the Learned call the Insipid. This Observation easily led me into a philosophick Reason for taking Snuff, which is done only to supply with Sensations the Want of Reflection. This I take to be an *'Euxena, a nostrum;*

a *nostrum*; upon which I hope to receive the Thanks of this Board. For as it is natural to lift a Man's Hand to a Sore, when you fear any Thing coming at you; so when a Person feels his Thoughts are run out, and has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak Brain with Powder at the nearest Place of Access, *viz.* the Nostrils. This is so evident, that Nature suggests the Use according to the Indigence of the Persons who use this Medicine, without being prepossessed with the Force of Fashion or Custom. For Example; the Native *Hibernians*, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient *Bœotians*, take this Specifick for Emptiness in the Head, in greater Abundance than any other Nation under the Sun. The learned *Sotus*, as sparing as he is in his Words, would be still more silent if it were not for this Powder.

HOWEVER low and poor, the taking Snuff argues a Man to be in his own Stock of Thought, or Means to employ his Brains and his Fingers; yet there is a poorer Creature in the World than he, and this is a Borrower of Snuff; a Fellow that keeps no Box of his own, but is always asking others for a Pinch. Such poor Rogues put me always in Mind of a common Phrase among School-Boys when they are composing their Exercise, who run to an upper Scholar, and cry, *Pray give me a little Sense*. But of all Things commend me to the Ladies who are got into this pretty Help to Discourse. I have been this three Years perswading *Sagissa* to leave it off: but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above Contradiction. However, an Accident t'other Day brought that about, which my Eloquence never could accomplish: She had a *very pretty Fellow* in her Closet, who ran thither to avoid some Company that came to visit her. She made an Excuse to go in to him for some Implement they were talking of. Her eager Gallant snatched a Kiss; but being unused to snuff, some Grains  
from



front off her upper Lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarm'd the Visitants, and has made a Discovery, that profound Reading, very much Intelligence, and a general Knowledge of who and who's together, cannot fill up her vacant Hours so much, but that she is sometimes obliged to descend to Entertainments less intellectual.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 29.*

I KNOW no manner of News for this Place, but that *Cynthio*, having been long in Despair for the inexorable *Clarissa*, lately resolved to fall in Love the good old Way of Bargain and Sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young Woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a Strain of Familiarity, without breaking through the Deference that is due to a Woman whom a Man could chuse for his Life. I have hardly ever heard rough Truth spoken with a better Grace than in this his Letter.

M A D A M,

I WRIT to you on Saturday by *Mrs. Lucy*, and give you this Trouble to urge the same Request I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it were a Transgression of the most severe Rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unnecessary Torments to their Admirers; therefore hope, you'll do so much Justice to the generous Passion I have for you, as to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you upon what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I shall not trouble you with my Sentiments, till I know how they will be received; and as I know no Reason why Difference of Sex should make our Language to each other differ from the ordinary Rules of Right Reason, I shall affect Plainness and Sincerity in my Discourse to you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess I should

should be glad to lead my Life with You: You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humour'd, as any Woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these Excellencies as you will please to direct them, for my Happiness or Misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me Word when I may attend you. I promise you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; though at the same Time I know not how I shall approach you in the tender Moment of first seeing you, after this Declaration of,

M A D A M,

Your most Obedient,

and most Faithful

Humble Servant, &c.

Will's Coffee-house, June 29.

HAVING taken a Resolution when Plays are acted next Winter by an entire good Company, to publish Observations from Time to Time on the Performance of the Actors, I think it but just to give an Abstract of the Laws of Action, for the Help of the less learned Part of the Audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a Pleasure as a just Representation of humane Life. The great Errors in playing are admirably well exposed in *Hamlet's* Direction to the Actors who are to play in his supposed Tragedy; by which we shall form our future Judgments on their Behaviour, and for that Reason you have the Discourse as follows:

‘ Speak the Speech as I pronounce it to you,  
 ‘ trippingly on the Tongue, but if you mouth it  
 ‘ as many of our Players do, I had as lief the  
 ‘ Town-Crier had spoke my Lines: Nor do not  
 ‘ saw the Air too much with your Hands thus;  
 ‘ but use all gently: For in the very Torrent,  
 ‘ Tempest, and, as I may say, the Whirlwind of  
 Passion

' Passion, you must acquire and beget a Tempe-  
 ' rance that may give it Smoothness. Oh! it offends  
 ' me to the Soul, to see a robustous Perriwig-pa-  
 ' ted Fellow tear a Passion to Tatters, to very  
 ' Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who  
 ' (for the most Part) are capable of nothing but  
 ' inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise. I could  
 ' have such a Fellow whipt for o'erdoing *Terma-*  
 ' *gant*: It out-*Herod's Herod*. Be not too tame  
 ' neither; but let your own Discretion be your  
 ' Tutor: Sute the Action to the Word, the Word  
 ' to the Action; with this special Observance, that  
 ' that you o'erstop not the Modesty of Nature;  
 ' for any Thing so overdone, is from the Purpose  
 ' of playing, whose End, both at the first and  
 ' now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror  
 ' up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Fea-  
 ' ture, scorn her own Image, and the very Age  
 ' and Body of the Time, its Form and Pressure.  
 ' Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though  
 ' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make  
 ' the Judicious grieve. The Censures of which  
 ' one, must, in your Allowance, oversway a whole  
 ' Theatre of others. Oh! there be Players that  
 ' I have seen play, and heard others praise, and  
 ' that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that  
 ' neither having the Accent of *Christian, Pagan,*  
 ' or *Norman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that  
 ' I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men  
 ' had made Men, and not made them well, they  
 ' imitated Humanity so abominably. This should  
 ' be reformed altogether; and let those that play  
 ' your Clowns, speak no more than is set down  
 ' for them: For there be of them that will of  
 ' themselves laugh, to set on some Quantity of  
 ' barren Spectators to laugh too; though in the  
 ' mean Time, some necessary Question of the Play  
 ' be then to be considered; that's villanous, and  
 ' shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that  
 ' uses it.



*From my own Apartment, June 29.*

IT would be a very great Obligation, and an Assistance to my Treatise upon *Punning*, if any one would please to inform in what Class among the Learned who play with Words, to place the Author of the following Letter.

S I R,

NOT long since you were pleased to give us a Chimerical Account of the famous Family of the *Staffs*, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous House in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious Proceedings in this Matter, since 'tis well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated *Roman* Family of *Ix*, has enjoyed the Precedency to all others from the Reign of good old *Saturn*. I could say much to the Defamation and Disgrace of your Family; as, that your Relations *Distaff* and *Broomstaff* were both inconsiderable mean Persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the Streets, for their daily Bread. But I forbear to vent my Spleen on Objects so much beneath my Indignation. I shall only give the World a Catalogue of my Ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the Preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular Lady *Meretrix*, Parent of the fertile Family of *Bellatrix*, *Lotrix*, *Netrix*, *Nutrix*, *Obstetrix*, *Famulatrix*, *Coffrix*, *Ornatix*, *Sarcinatrix*, *Fextrix*, *Balneatrix*, *Portatrix*, *Saltatrix*, *Divinatrix*, *Conjectrix*, *Comtrix*, *Debitrix*, *Creditrix*, *Donatrix*, *Ambulatrix*, *Mercatrix*, *Adsectrix*, *Assectatrix*, *Palpatrix*, *Preceptrix*, *Pistrix*. I am,

Yours,

*Eliz. Potatrix.*

*St. James's*

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 29.*

LETTERS from *Brussels* of the 2d of *July*, N. S. say, that the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Engene* having received Advice, That the Marshal *Villars* had drawn a considerable Body out of the Garrison of *Tournay*, to reinforce his Army, marched towards that Place, and came before it early in the Morning of the 27th. As soon as they came into that Ground, the Prince of *Nassau* was sent with a strong Detachment to take Post at *St. Amand*; and at the same Time my Lord *Orkney* received Orders to possess himself of *Mortagne*; both which were successfully executed; whereby we are Masters of the *Scheld* and the *Scarp*. Eight Men were drawn out of each Troop of Dragoons and Company of Foot in the Garrison of *Tournay*, to make up the Reinforcement which was ordered to join Marshal *Villars*; but upon Advice that the Allies were marching towards *Tournay*, they endeavoured to return into the Town; but were intercepted by the Earl of *Orkney*, by whom the whole Body was killed or taken. These Letters add, That 1200 Dragoons (each Horseman carrying a Foot-Soldier behind him) were detached from *Mons* to throw themselves into *Tournay*; but upon Appearance of a great Body of Horse of the Allies, retired towards *Conde*. We hear that the Garrison does not consist of more than 3500 Men. Of the 60 Battalions designed to be employed in this Siege, seven are *English*, viz. two of Guards, and the Regiments of *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Evans* and *Meredith*.





By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half-Sister to Mr. Bickerstaff,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 36. Saturday, July 2. 1709.

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*From my own Apartment, June 30.*

MANY Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for some Time; therefore you must expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper to be such, as more immediately and naturally fall under the Consideration of our Sex. History therefore written by a Woman, you will easily imagine to consist of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuse of, and Obedience to, that Passion. As to the Faculty of Writing it self, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded, that Style and Ornament shall be so much consulted, as Truth and Simplicity; which later Qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond the other Sex. While therefore the Administration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you shall from Time to Time have an exact Account of all false Lovers, and their shallow Pretences for breaking off; of all Termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke; of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners suitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of such Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is necessary further to advertise the Reader, that the usual Places of Resort being utterly out of my Province or Observation, I shall be obliged frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way. The following Letter I lately received from *Epsom*.

Epsom,



Epsom, June 28.

**I**T is now almost three Weeks since what you writ about happened in this Place: The Quarrel between my Friends did not run so high as I find your Accounts have made it. The Truth of the Fact you shall have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the Persons concerned in this Scene were Lady Autumn, and Lady Springly: Autumn is a Person of good Breeding, Formality, and a singular Way practised in the last Age; and Lady Springly, a Modern Impertinent of our Sex, who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the other does Distance. Lady Autumn knows to an Hair's Breadth where her Place is in all Assemblies and Conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes Place of any Body, but understands the Place to signifie no more, than to have Room enough to be at Ease where-ever she comes. Thus while Autumn takes the whole of this Life to consist in understanding Punctilio and Decorum, Springly takes every Thing to be becoming, which contributes to her Ease and Satisfaction. These Heroines have married two Brothers, both Knights. Springly is the Spouse of the elder, who is a Baronet; and Autumn, being a rich Widow, has taken the younger, and her Purse endowed him with an equal Fortune and Knighthood of the same Order. This Jumble of Titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching Torment to Autumn, who took Place of the other on no Pretence, but her Carelessness and Disregard of Distinction. This secret Occasion of Envy broiled long in the Breast of Autumn; but no Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, kept all Things quiet till the Accident, of which you demand an Account.

It was given out among all the gay People of this Place, that on the 9th Instant several Damsels, swift of Foot, were to run for a Suit of Head-Cloaths at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this Occasion invited Springly to go with her in her Coach to see the Race. When they came to the Place where the Governor of Epsom and all his Court of Citizens were assembled, as well as a Crowd of People of all Orders, a brisk young Fellow addresses

addresses himself to the younger of the Ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his Service to conduct her into the Musick-Room. Springly accepts the Compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing Crowd, while Autumn is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach; but she did it at last: And as it is usual to see by the Horses my Lady's present Disposition, she orders John to whip furiously Home to her Husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her foolish fond Heart to marry into a Family where she was so little regarded; she that might — Here she stops; then rises up and stamps and sits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approach with a supple beseeching Gesture. My Dear, said he, — Tell me no Dears, replied Autumn, — in the Presence of the Governor and all the Merchants — What will the World say of a Woman that has thrown herself away at this Rate? Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him, He that marries a Fortune is of Course guilty of all Faults against his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an Hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole Company together. Down she sate, and a profound Silence ensued. You know a premeditated Quarrel usually begins and works up with the Words, Some People. The Silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say, There are some People who fancy, that if some People — Springly immediately takes her up, There are some People who fancy, if other People — Autumn repartees; People may give themselves Airs; but other People, perhaps, who make less Ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who set themselves out more. All the other People at the Table sate mute, while these two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Use of the Word People, instancing the very Accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant Hints. Therefore, says Autumn, red'ning, There are some People will go abroad in other People's Coaches, and leave those with

whom they went to shift for themselves; and if, perhaps, those People have married the younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those People for what he is. Springly *smartly answers*, People may bring so much ill Humour into a Family, as People may repent their receiving their Money; *and goes on*, — Every Body is not considerable enough to give her Uneasiness. Upon this, Autumn comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her Sister refusing, my Lady gave her a Box on the Ear — Springly returns; Ay, ay, said she, I knew well enough you meant me by your some People; and gives her another on t'other Side. To it they went with most Masculine Fury; each Husband ran in. The Wives immediately fell upon their Husbands, and tore Perriwigs and Cravats. The Company interposed; when (according to the Slip-Knot of Matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the Ladies and their Husbands fell upon all the rest of the Company; and having beat all their Friends and Relations out of the House, came to themselves time enough to know, there was no bearing the Jest of the Place after these Adventures, and therefore marched off the next Day. It is said, the Governor has sent several Joints of Mutton, and has proposed divers Dishes very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his Address and Knowledge in Roast and Boiled, all our Hopes of the Return of this good Company depend. I am,

Dear Jenny,

Your Ready Friend  
and Servant,

Martha Tatler.

White's Chocolate-house, June 30.

THIS Day appeared here a Figure of a Person, whose Services to the Fair Sex have reduced him to a kind of Existence, for which there is no Name. If there be a Condition between Life and Death, without being absolutely Dead or living, his State is that. His Aspect and Complexion



on in his robust Days gave him the illustrious Title of *Africanus*: But it is not only from the warm Climates in which he has served, nor from the Disasters in which he has suffered, that he deserves the same Appellation with that renowned *Roman*; but the Magnanimity with which he appears in his last Moments, is what gives him the undoubted Character of *Hero*. *Cato* stabb'd himself, and *Hannibal* drank Poison; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poisoned Juices. The old Heroes fled from Torments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Supply for remaining in them. An ordinary Spirit would sink under his Oppressions, but he makes an Advantage of his very Sorrow, and raises an Income from his Diseases. Long has this Worthy been conversant in Bartering, and knows that when Stocks are lowest, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquillity, he thinks that now he has not a Bone sound, but a thousand nodous Parts for which the Anatomists have not Words, and more Diseases than the College ever heard of, it is the only Time to purchase an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertainment more surprizing and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an Inhabitant of neither World without Hand to lift, or Leg to move, scarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, so keen upon biting the whole World, and making Bubbles at his *Exit*. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he feared there was some Trick in it, and believed him already dead: What, says the Knight, is Mr. *Partridge*, whom I met just now going on both his Legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and shall *Africanus*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounced alive?

WHAT heightened the Tragi-Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Observation of it provoked *Monoculus* (who is the most elo-

quent of all Men) to many excellent Reflections, which he spoke with the Vehemence and Language both of a Gamester and an Orator. ‘ When I cast (said that delightful Speaker) my Eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call my self as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to shew what Contradictions Nature is pleased to form in the same Species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do all Acts of Nature, except begetting my Like; and yet by an unintelligible Force of Spleen and Fancy, I every Moment imagine I am dying. It is utter Madness in thee to provide for Supper; for I’ll bet you ten to one, you don’t live till half an Hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in Fear every Moment, though I’ll lay ten to three, I drink three Pints of burnt-Claret at your Funeral three Nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou that hast no Sense of Death, art happier than one that always fears it.’ The Knight had gone on, but that a third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight’s Eloquence and Philosophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Constitution, as much as he mock’d that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

*St. James’s Coffee-house, July 1.*

THIS Day arrived three Mails from *Holland*, with Advices relating to the Posture of Affairs in the *Low-Countries*, which say, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin*, on the Causeway between *Tournay* and *Lisle*, to *Epain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marshal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is said, he detached ten thousand Men under the Command of the Chevalier de *Luxemburg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Conde* and *St. Guillain*, where it is to be joined by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops, and after their Conjunction, to attempt to march  
into

into *Brabant*. But they write from *Brussels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the same Parts, they are under no Apprehensions from these Reports for the Safety of their Country. They further add from *Brussels*, that they have good Authority for believing that the *French* Troops under the Conduct of the Marshal *de Bezons* are retiring out of *Spain*.



By *Mrs. Jenny Dittaff*, Half-Sister to *Mr. Bickerstaff*.

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N<sup>o</sup> 37. Tuesday, July 5. 1709.

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*White's Chocolate-house, July 2.*

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be supposed to go to *White's*, should pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Style of, that Place. But though I never visit these publick Haunts, I converse with those that do; and for all they pretend so much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loss to entertain the present Company, without sacrificing the last, as we ourselves. This Reflection has led me into the Consideration of the Use of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the Sin of superfluous Discourse in Regard to Conversation, without entring into it as it respects Religion.

I FORESEE my Acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this Subject, ask me, How I shall celebrate *Mrs. Aise Copswood*, the *Yorkshire* Huntress, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if she were on her Nag, and going to take a *Five-Bar-Gate*; and is as loud as if she were fol-



lowing her Dogs? I can easily answer that; for she is as soft as *Damon*, in Comparison of her Brother-in-Law, *Tom Belfrey*, who is the most accomplished Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman-like Activities and Accomplishments. It is allowed, that he is a profess'd Enemy to the *Italian* Performers in Musick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Customs and known Usages of our Island, he is to be preferred, for the Generality of the Pleasure he bestows, much before those Fellows, though they sing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox-hunter? I have been at a musical Entertainment in an open Field, where it amaz'd me to hear to what Pitches the chief Masters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordshire*, and the most eminent of all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Bucks* was to answer to *Fowler*; *Mr. Tinbreast* of *Cornwall* was appointed to open with *Sweetlips*, and *Beaux Slimber* a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp just set in: *Tom Belfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on all Occasions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hare or Stag; for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently suited, and loved one another, and were as much together as *Banistor* and *King*. When *Fowler* first alarm'd the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note; *Sweetlips's* Treble succeeded, and shook the Wood; *Tinbreast* echo'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were soon after all at a Loss, till we rid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in half Notes: But the Day and the Time was recovered by *Tom Belfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, though they drowned every other Voice: For *Belfrey* carries a Note four Furlongs, three Rood and six Paces, further than any other in *England*.

I FEAR the Mention of this will be thought a Digression from my Purpose about Speech: But I answer, No. Since this is used where Speech rather should be employed, it may come into Consideration in the same Chapter: For Mr. *Bellfrey* being at a Visit where I was, viz. his Cousin's (*Lady Dainty's*) in *Soho*, was asked, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he struck up a Fox-chase: *Lady Dainty's* Dog, *Mr. Sippet*, as she calls him, started and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the neighbouring Parishes into the Square. Never was Woman in such Confusion as that delicate Lady. But there was no stopping her Kinsman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the most violent Laughter: My Lady look'd as if she was shrieking; *Mr. Sippet* in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as *Bellfrey* became silent, up gets my Lady, and takes him by the Arm to lead him off; *Bellfrey* was in his Boots. As she was hurrying him away, his Spurs take hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of China: He cries, *What! Are your Crocks rotten? Are your Petticoats ragged? A Man can't walk in your House for Trincums.*

E V E R Y County of *Great Britain* has one Hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who roar instead of speaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are also given to greater Fluency of Words than is necessary, sure she that disturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole Parishes and Counties, and sometimes (with an Estate that might make him the Blessing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horses, without the Relish of any one Enjoyment, which is peculiar to the Faculties of humane Nature. I know it will here be said, that

talking of meer Country 'Squires at this Rate, is, as it were, to write against *Valentine* and *Orson*. To prove any Thing against the Race of Men, you must take them as they are adorned with Education, as they live in Courts, or have received Instructions in Colleges.

BUT I am so full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Belfrey*, that I must defer pursuing this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Observations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, some by profound Eloquence on small Occasions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumstances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whisperer without Business, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and a very large Crowd, which I shall not forestall, who are common (though not commonly observed) Impertinents, whose Tongues are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Despisers of us Women, though we have their Superiors, the Men of Sense, for our Servants.

*St. James's Coffe-house, July 4.*

THERE has arrived no Mail since our last; so that we have no Manner of Foreign News, except we were to give you, for such, the many Speculations which are on Foot concerning what was imported by the last Advices. There are, it seems, sixteen Battalions and seventeen Squadrons appointed to serve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garrison of which Place consists of but eleven Battalions and four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the last Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark* and *Prussia*, and his Majesty *Augustus*, were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potsdam*. These Letters mention, That two *Polish* Princes of the Family of *Sapioba* and *Lubermirsky*, lately arrived from *Paris*, confirm the Reports of the Misery in *France* for Want of Provisions, and give a particular In-

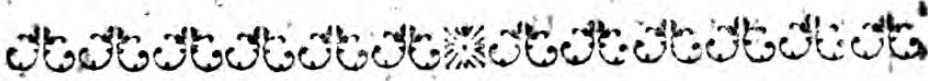
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stance of it, which is, That on the Day Monsieur Rouille returned to Court, the common People gathered in Crowds about the Dauphin's Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

*Mrs. Distaff has taken upon her, while she writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propose Remedies against the greatest Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a small Treatise concerning the Second Word, with an Appendix on the Use of a Reply, very proper for all such as are married to Persons either ill-bred or ill-natured. There is in this Tract a Digression for the Use of Virgins, concerning the Words, I will.*

*A Gentlewoman, who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whisper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the said Servant can clear-starch, lisp and tread softly, she shall have suitable Encouragement in her Wages.*



By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, Half-Sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

N<sup>o</sup>. 38. Thursday, July 7. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, July 6.*

I FIND among my Brother's Papers the following Letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other End, but to shew the good Effect his Writings have already had upon the ill Customs of the Age.

S I R, London, June 13.  
 T HE End of all publick Papers ought to be the Benefit and Instruction, as well as  
 M 5 the

the Diversion of the Readers: To which I see none so truly conducive as your late Performances; especially those tending to the rooting out from among us that unchristian-like and bloody Custom of Duelling; which, that you have already in some Measure performed, will appear to the Publick in the following no less true than heroick Story.

A NOBLE Gentleman of this City, who has the Honour of serving his Country as Major in the Train-Bands, being at that general Mart of Stock-jobbers call'd *Jonathan's*, endeavouring to raise himself (as all Men of Honour ought) to the Degree of Colonel at least; it happened that he bought the *Bear* of another Officer, who, though not commissioned in the Army, yet no less eminently serves the Publick than the other, in raising the Credit of the Kingdom, by raising that of the Stocks. However, having sold the *Bear*, and Words arising by the Delivery, the most noble Major, no less scorning to be outwitted in the Coffee-house, than to run into the Field, according to Method, abused the other with the Titles of, *Rogue*, *Villain*, *Bearskin-Man*, and the like. Whereupon Satisfaction was demanded, and accepted: So, forth the Major marched, commanding his Adversary to follow him. To a most spacious Room in the Sheriff's House, near the Place of Quarrel, they come; where, having due Regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's Blood in that barbarous Manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up Affronts without Satisfaction, they strip'd, and in decent Manner fought full fairly with their wrathful Hands. The Combat lasted a Quarter of an Hour; in which Time Victory was often doubtful, and many a dry Blow was strenuously laid on by each Side, till the Major finding his Adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further Chastisement, with

most

most shrill Voice cry'd out, *I am satisfy'd, enough.* Whereupon the Combat ceased, and both were Friends immediately.

THUS the World may see, how necessary it is to encourage those Men, who make it their Business to instruct the People in every Thing necessary for their Preservation. I am inform'd, a Body of worthy Citizens have agreed on an Address of Thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing Subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly esteemed Officers preserved from Death.

*Your Humble Servant,*

A. B.

I FEAR the Word *Bear* is hardly to be understood among the polite People; but I take the Meaning to be, that one who insures a real Value upon an imaginary Thing, is said to sell a *Bear*, and is the same Thing as a Promise among Courtiers, or a Vow between Lovers. I have writ to my Brother to hasten to Town; and hope, that printing the Letters directed to him, which I knew not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and therefore I add also the following:

*Mr. Bickerstaff,*

*July 5. 1709.*

YOU have hinted a generous Intention of taking under your Consideration the Whippers without Business, and Laughters without Occasion; as you tender the Welfare of your Country, I intreat you not to forget or delay to publick-spirited a Work. Now or never is the Time. Many other Calamities may cease with the War; but I dismally dread the Multiplication of these Mortals under the Ease and Luxuriousness of a settled Peace. half the Blessing of which may be destroyed by them. Their Mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched Belief, That their Mimickry passes for real Business; or true Wit. Dear Sir convince them, that



\* that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of  
 \* them; nor ever did, does, or to all Futurity e-  
 \* ver can, look like either of them; but that it is  
 \* the most curied Disturbance in Nature, which  
 \* is possible to be inflicted on Mankind, under  
 \* the noble Definition of a sociable Creature. In  
 \* doing this, Sir, you will oblige more humble  
 \* Servants, than can find Room to subscribe their  
 \* Names.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 6.*

IN Purfuanee of my last Date from hence, I  
 am to proceed on the Accounts I promised of se-  
 veral Personages among the Men, whose conipi-  
 cuous Fortunes, or Ambition in shewing their  
 Follies, have exalted them above their Fellows:  
 The Levity of their Minds is visible in their eve-  
 ry Word and Gesture, and there is not a Day  
 passes but puts me in Mind of Mr. *Wycherley's*  
 Character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with*  
*the Affectation of the fine Gentleman.* Now though  
 the Women may put on Softness in their Looks,  
 or affected Severity, or impertinent Gaiety, or  
 pert Smartness, their Self-Love and Admiration  
 cannot, under any of these Disguises, appear so  
 invincible as that of the Men. You may easily  
 take Notice, that in all their Actions there is a  
 secret Approbation either in the Tone of their  
 Voice, the Turn of their Body, or Cast of their  
 Eye, which shews that they are extremely in  
 their own Favour.

TAKE one of your Men of Business, he shall  
 keep you half an Hour with your Hat off, enter-  
 taining you with his Consideration of that Affair  
 you spoke of to him last, till he has drawn a  
 Crowd that observes you in this Grimace. Then  
 when he is publick enough, he immediately runs  
 into Secrets, and falls a Whispering. You and  
 he make Breaks with Adverbs; as, *But however,*  
*thus far;* and then you whisper again, and so on,  
 till

till they who are about you are dispersed, and your busy Man's Vanity is no longer gratify'd by the Notice taken of what Importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your Pretender to Business is never in Secret, but in Publick.

T H E R E is my dear Lord *No-where*, of all Men the most gracious and most obliging, the Terror of all *Valets de Chambre*, whom he oppresses with good Breeding, in enquiring for my good Lord, and for my good Lady's Health. This imitable Courtier will whisper a Privy-Counsellor's Lacquey with the utmost Goodness and Condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a Part in a Secret, if he knows that there is a Secret, *What it is*, he will whisper you, *that Time will discover*; then he shruggs, and calls you back again — *Sir, I need not say to you, That these Things are not to be spoken of — And hark'ee, No Names, I would not be quoted.* What adds to the Jest is, that his Emptiness has its Moods and Seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his Discoveries, except he is in very good Humour, or has seen some Body in Fashion talk to you. He will keep his *Nothing* to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of 'em; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a Woman so inconsiderable as this frequent Character.

B U T my Mind (now I am in) turns to many no less observable: Thou dear *Will Shoestring*! I profess my self in Love with thee? How shall I speak thee? How shall I address thee? How shall I draw thee? Thou dear *Outside*! Will you be combing your Wig, playing with your Box, or picking your Teeth? Or chusest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only Purpose in speaking, to shew your Teeth? Rub them no longer, dear *Shoestring*: Do not premeditate Murder: Do not for ever whiten: Oh! that for my Quiet and his own they were rotten.

B U T

BUT I will forget him, and give my Hand to the courteous *Umbra*; He is a fine Man indeed, but the soft Creature bows below my Apron-String, before he takes it; yet after the first Ceremonies, he is as familiar as my Physician, and his Insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my Doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the Messages of Ladies Ails in Town to their Midwives and Nurses. He understands too the Art of Medicine as far as to the Cure of a Pimple or a Rash. On Occasions of the like Importance, he is the most assiduous of all Men living, in consulting and searching Precedents from Family to Family; then he speaks of his Obsequiousness and Diligence in the Style of real Services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great Friendship, he bows, and says, *Madam, all the good Offices in my Power, while I have any Knowledge or Credit, shall be at your Service.* The Consideration of so shallow a Being, and the intent Application with which he pursues Trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that Sort of Men we usually call an *Impertinent*: And I am, upon mature Deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an Hour upon Matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn Air, yet I consider, that these Things are of Weight in his Imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my Service. If therefore it be a just Rule, to judge of a Man by his Intention, according to the Equity of good Breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise, to do you Service, ought in Return to have a proportionable Place both in your Affection and Esteem; so that the courteous *Umbra* deserves the Favour of all his Acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.



AS impotent Kindness is to be returned with all our Abilities to oblige; so impotent Malice is to be treated with all our Force to depress it. For this Reason, *Fly-Blow* (who is received in all the Families in Town thro' the Degeneracy and Iniquity of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, though he is one of the weakest of Fools: He has by Rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any Man of Figure, Wit and Virtue, in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this Creature tells you the worst Passage of his Life. Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whisper the next Man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a *Fly* that feeds on the sore Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the Frequency of pronouncing the Particle *But*; for which Reason I never hear him spoke of with common Charity, without using my *But* against him: For a Friend of mine saying the other Day, Mrs. *Distaff* has Wit, good Humour, Virtue and Friendship; this Oaf added, *But* she is not handsome. Coxcomb! The Gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 6.*

THE Approaches before *Tournay* have been carried on with great Success; and our Advices from the Camp before that Place of the 11th Instant say, That they had already made a Lodgment on the *Glacis*. Two hundred Boats were come up the *Scheld* with the heavy Artillery and Ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the Enemy's Defences, and raised on the Batteries the 15th. A great Body of Miners are summoned to the Camp to countermine the Enemy. We are convinced of the Weakness of the Garrison by a certain Account, That they called a Council of War, to consult whether it

was not advisable to march into the Citadel, and leave the Town defenceless. We are assured, That when the Confederate Army was advancing towards the Camp of Marshal *Villars*, that General dispatched a Courier to his Master with a Letter, giving an Account of their Approach, which concluded with the following Words: *The Day begins to break, and your Majesty's Army is already in Order of Battel. Before Noon, I hope to have the Honour of congratulating your Majesty on the Success of a great Action; and you shall be very well satisfied with the Marshal Villars.*

*IT is to be noted, That when any Part of this Paper appears dull, there is a Design in it.*



By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

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N<sup>o</sup>. 39.      Saturday, July 9. 1709.

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*Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.*

AS I am called forth by the immense Love I bear to my Fellow-Creatures, and the warm Inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble Impulse, than by setting forth the Excellence of Virtue and Knowledge in their native and beautiful Colours. For this Reason I made my late Excursion to *Oxford*, where those Qualities appear in their highest Lustre, and are the only Pretences to Honour and Distinction. Superiority is there given in Proportion to Men's Advancement in Wisdom and Learning; and that just Rule of Life is so universally received among those happy People, that you shall see an

Earl walk bare-headed to the Son of the meanest Artificer, in respect to seven Years more worth and Knowledge than the Nobleman is possessed of. In other Places they bow to Mens Fortunes, but here to their Understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the Order, the Discipline, the Regularity of their Lives, is to a Philosopher, who has by many Years Experience in the World, learned to contemn every Thing but what is revered in this Mansion of select and well-taught Spirits. The Magnificence of their Palaces, the Greatness of their Revenues, the Sweetness of their Groves and Retirements, seem equally adapted for the Residence of Princes and Philosophers; and a Familiarity with Objects of Splendour, as well as Places of Recess, prepares the Inhabitants with an Equanimity for their future Fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the Faces of the ingenious Youth, see Ministers of State, Chancellors, Bishops and Judges. Here only is humane Life! Here only the Life of Man is a rational Being! Here Men understand and are employed in Works worthy their Noble Nature. This transitory Being passes away in an Employment not unworthy a future State, the Contemplation of the great Decrees of Providence. Each Man lives as if he were to answer the Questions made to Job, *Where wast thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Who shut up the Sea with Doors, and said, Hitberto thou shalt come, and no further?* Such Speculations make Life agreeable, make Death welcome.

BUT alas! I was torn from this noble Society by the Business of this dirty mean World, and the Cares of Fortune: For I was obliged to be in London against the 7th Day of the Term, and accordingly governed my self by my Oxford Almanack, and came last Night; but find, to my great Astonishment, that this ignorant Town began the  
Term



Term on the 24th of the last Month, in Opposition to all the Learning and Astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which, the Term certainly was to commence on the 1st Instant. You may be sure a Man who has turned his Studies as I have, could not be mistaken in Point of Time; for knowing I was to come to Town in Term, I examined the passing Moments very narrowly, and called an eminent Astronomer to my Assistance. Upon very strict Observation we found, that the Cold has been so severe this Last Winter, (which is allowed to have a benumbing Quality) that it retarded the Earth in moving round from *Christmas* to this Season full seven Days and two Seconds. My learned Friend assured me further, That the Earth had lately received a Shog from a Comet that cross'd its Vortex, which, if it had come ten Degrees nearer us, had made us lose this whole Term. I was indeed once of Opinion, That the *Gregorian* Computation was the most regular, as being eleven Days before the *Julian*; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven Days after the Chancellor and Judges, and eighteen before the Pope of *Rome*; and that the *Oxonian* Computation is the best of the three.

THESE are the Reasons which I have gathered from Philosophy and Nature; to which I can add other Circumstances in Vindication of the Account of this learned Body who published this Almanack.

IT is notorious to Philosophers, that Joy and Grief can hasten and delay Time. Mr. *Lock* is of Opinion, That a Man in great Misery may so far lose his Measure, as to think a Minute an Hour; or in Joy, make an Hour a Minute. Let us examine the present Case by this Rule, and we shall find, that the Cause of this general Mistake in the *British* Nation, has been the great Success of the last Campaign, and the following Hopes of Peace. Stocks ran so high at the *Change*,  
that

that the Citizens had gained three Days of the Courtiers; and we have indeed been so happy this Reign, that if the University did not rectify our Mistakes, we should think our selves but in the second Year of her present Majesty. It would be endless to enumerate the many Damages that have happened by this Ignorance of the Vulgar. All the Recognizances within the Diocess of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing on the first Day of this fictitious Term. The University has been nonsuited in their Action against the Booksellers for printing *Clarendon* in *Quarto*. Indeed, what gives me the most quick Concern, is the Case of a poor Gentleman my Friend, who was t'other Day taken in Execution by a Set of ignorant Bailiffs. He should, it seems, have pleaded in the first Week of Term; but being A Master of Arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the *Oxonian* Computation. He shewed Mr. *Broad* the *Almanack*, and the very Day when the Term began; but the merciless ignorant Fellow, against all Sense and Learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough, but he has taken exact Notes of the Time of Arrest and sufficient Witnesses of his being carried into Gaol; and has, by Advice of the Recorder of Oxford, brought his Action; and we doubt not but we shall pay them off with Damages, and blemish the Reputation of Mr. *Broad*. We have one convincing Proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Justice are Witnesses of: The Dog that comes constantly to *Westminster* on the first Day of the Term, did not appear till the first Day according to the *Oxford Almanack*; whose Instinct I take to be a better Guide than Mens erroneous Opinions, which are usually byassed by Interest. I judge in this Case, as King *Charles II.* victualled his Navy with the Bread which one of his Dogs chose of several Pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the Asseverations of the Victuallers. Mr. *Cowper*, and other learned Counsel,  
have

have already urged the Authority of this Almanack in Behalf of their Clients. We shall therefore go on with all Speed in our Cause; and doubt not, but Chancery will give at the End what we we lost in the Beginning, by protracting the Term for us till *Wednesday* come Se'nnight. And the Univerfity Orator shall for ever pray, &c.

*From my own Apartment; July 7.*

THE Subject of Duels has, I find, been started with fo good Succes, that it has been the frequent Subject of Conversation among polite Men; a Dialogue of that Kind has been transmitted to me *verbatim* as follows. The Persons concerned in it are Men of Honour and Experience in the Manners of Men, and have fallen upon the truest Foundation, as well as searched the Bottom of this Evil.

Mr. Sage. IF it were in my Power, every Man that drew his Sword, unless in the Service, or purely to defend his Life, Person, or Goods, from Violence, (I mean abstracted from all Puncto's or Whims of Honour) should ride the Wooden-Horse in the *Tilt-Yard* for such first Offence, for the second stand in the Pillory, and for the third be Prisoner in *Bedlam* for Life.

Col. Plume. I remember that a Rencounter or Duel was so far from being in Fashion among the Officers that served in the Parliament-Army, that on the contrary, it was as disreputable, and as great an Impediment to Advancement in the Service, as being bashful in Time of Action.

Sir Mark. YET I have been informed by some old Cavaliers, of famous Reputation for brave and gallant Men, that they were much more in Mode among their Party, than they have been during this last War.

Col. Plume. THAT is true too Sir.

Mr.



Mr. Sage. BY what you say, Gentlemen, one should think that our present military Officers are compounded of an equal Proportion of both those Tempers; since Duels are neither quite discountenanced, nor much in Vogue.

Sir Mark. THAT Difference of Temper in Regard to Duels, which appears to have been between the Court and Parliament-Men of the Sword, was not ( I conceive ) for want of Courage in the later, not of a liberal Education, because there were some of the best Families in *England* engaged in that Party; but Gallantry and Mode, which glitter agreeably to the Imagination, were encouraged by the Court, as promoting its Splendour; and it was as natural that the contrary Party (who were to recommend themselves to the Publick for Men of serious and solid Parts) should deviate from every Thing Chimerical.

Mr. Sage. I HAVE never read of a Duel among the *Romans*; and yet their Nobility used more Liberty with their Tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir Mark. PERHAPS the *Romans* were of Opinion, that ill Language and brutal Manners, reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a Man's Reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the Person's Throat who had reflected upon it: But the Custom of those Times had fixed the Scandal in the Action; whereas now it lies in the Reproach.

Mr. Sage. AND yet the only Sort of Duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon Motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

Sir Mark. COLONEL Plume, Pray what was the Method of single Combat in your Time among the Cavaliers? I suppose, that as the Use of Clothes continues, though the Fashion of them has been mutable; so Duels, though still in Use, have

have had in all Times their particular Modes of Performance.

Col. *Plume*. W E had no constant Rule but generally conducted our Dispute and Tilt, according to the last that had happened between Persons of Reputation among the very top Fellows for Bravery and Gallantry.

Sir *Mark*. I F the Fashion of Quarrelling and Tilting was so often changed in your Time, Colonel *Plume*, a Man might fight, yet lose his Credit for want of understanding the Fashion.

Col. *Plume*. W H Y, Sir *Mark*, in the Beginning of *July*, a Man would have been censured for want of Courage, or been thought indigent of the true Notions of Honour, if he had put up Words; which in the End of *September* following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome Fellow.

Sir *Mark*. B U T Colonel, Were Duels or Rencounters most in Fashion in those Days?

Col. *Plume*. Y O U R Men of nice Honour, Sir, were for avoiding all Censure of Advantage which they supposed might be taken in a Rencounter; therefore they used Seconds, who were to see that all was upon the Square, and make a faithful Report of the whole Combat; but in a little Time it became a Fashion for the Seconds to fight, and I'll tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage*. P R A Y do, Colonel *Plume*, and the Method of a Duel at that Time, and give us some Notion of the Puncto's upon which your nice Men quarrelled in those Days.

Col. *Plume*. I W A S going to tell you, Mr *Sage*, That one Cornet *Modish* had desired his Friend, Captain *Smart*'s Opinion in some Affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain *Smart* sent Major *Adroit*, (a very topping Fellow of those Times) to the Person that had slighted his Advice. The Major never enquired into the Quarrel, because it was not the Manner then among the very topping Fellows: but got two Swords of  
an

equal Length, and then waited upon Cornet *Modish*, desiring him to choose his Sword, and meet his Friend Captain *Smart*. Cornet *Modish* came with his Friend to the Place of Combat; there the Principals put on their Pumps, and stripped to their Shirts, to shew they had nothing but what Men of Honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark*. AND did the Seconds stand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume*. IT was a received Custom till that Time; but the Swords of those Days being pretty long, and the Principals acting on both Sides upon the Defensive, and the Morning being frosty, Major *Adroit* desired that the other Second, who was also a very topping Fellow, would try a Thrust or two only to keep them warm, till the Principals had decided the Matter, which was agreed to by *Modish's* Second, who presently whipt *Adroit* through the Body, disarm'd him, and then parted the Principals who had received no Harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. BUT was not *Adroit* laugh'd at?

Col. *Plume*. ON the contrary, the very topping Fellows were ever after of Opinion, That no Man who deserved that Character, could serve as a Second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes finding their Account in it, the Humour took without Opposition.

Mr. *Sage*. P R A Y Colonel, How long did that Fashion continue?

Col. *Plume*. NOT long neither, Mr. *Sage*; for as soon as it became a Fashion, the very topping Fellows thought their Honour reflected upon, if they did not profer themselves as Seconds when any of their Friends had a Quarrel; so that sometimes there were a Dozen of a Side.

Sir *Mark*. BLESS me! If that Custom had continued, we should have been at a Loss now for our very pretty Fellows; for they seem to be the proper Men to officer, animate and keep  
up



up an Army: But, pray Sir, how did that sociable Manner of Tilting grow out of Mode?

Col. *Plume*. WHY, Sir, I'll tell you: It was a Law among the Combatants, That the Party which happened to have the first Man disarm'd or kill'd, should yield as vanquish'd; which some People thought might encourage the Modishes and Smarts in quarrelling, to the Destruction of only the very topping Fellows; and as soon as this Reflection was started, the very topping Fellows thought it an Incumbrance upon their Honour to fight at all themselves. Since that Time, the Modishes and the Smarts, throughout all *Europe*, have extoll'd the *French King's* Edict.

Sir *Mark*. OUR very pretty Fellows, whom I take to be the Successors of the very topping Fellows, think a Quarrel so little fashionable, that they will not be expos'd to it by another Man's Vanity, or Want of Sense.

Mr. *Sage*. BUT, Colonel, I have observed in your Account of Duels, that there was a great Exactness in avoiding all Advantage that might possibly be between the Combatants.

Col. *Plume*. THAT's true, Sir; for the Weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage*. YES, Sir; but suppose an active, adroit strong Man, had insulted an awkward or a feeble, or an unpractis'd Swords-Man.

Col. *Plume*. THEN, Sir, they fought with Pistols.

Mr. *Sage*. BUT, Sir, There might be a certain Advantage that Way; for a good Marksman will be sure to hit his Man at 20 Yards Distance; and a Man whose Hand shakes (which is common to Men that debauch in Pleasures, or have not us'd Pistols out of their Hostlers) won't venture to fire, unless he touches the Person he shoots at. Now, Sir, I am of Opinion, that one can get no Honour in killing a Man (if one has it all Rug) as the Gamesters say, when they have  
a Trick

a Trick to make the Game secure, though they seem to play upon the Square.

*Sir Mark.* IN Truth, *Mr. Sage*, I think such a Fact must be Murder in a Man's own private Conscience, whatever it may appear to the World.

*Col. Plume.* I HAVE known some Men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a Cloak without Pistols.

*Mr. Sage.* I BELIEVE a Custom well established would outdo the grand Monarch's Edict.

*Sir Mark.* AND Bullies would then leave off their long Swords; but I don't find that a very Pretty Fellow can stay to change his Sword when he is insulted by a Bully with a long Diego, though his own at the same Time be no longer than a Pen-knife; which will certainly be the Case, if such little Swords are in Mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the Hectors of your Time and the very Topping Fellows?

*Col. Plume.* SIR, Long Swords happened to be generally worn in those Times.

*Mr. Sage.* IN answer to what you were saying, *Sir Mark*, give me Leave to inform you, that your Knights-Errant, (who were the very Pretty Fellows of those ancient Times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own trusty Weapons to the Stumps; but would venture as boldly with the Page's leaden Sword, as if it had been of enchanted Metal. Whence, I conceive, there must be a Spice of Romantick Gallantry in the Composition of that very Pretty Fellow.

*Sir Mark.* I AM of Opinion, *Mr. Sage*, that Fashion governs a very Pretty Fellow; Nature, or common Sense, your ordinary Persons, and sometimes Men of fine Parts.

*Mr. Sage.* BUT what is the Reason, that Men of the most excellent Sense and Morals (in other Points) associate their Understandings with

the very Pretty Fellows in that Chimera of a Duel?

Sir *Mark*. THERE's no disputing against so great a Majority.

Mr. *Sage*. BUT there is one Scruple, (Col. *Plume*) and I have done: Don't you believe, there may be some Advantage even upon a Cloak with Pistols? Which a Man of nice Honour would scruple to take.

Col. *Plume*. FAITH, I can't tell, Sir; but since one may reasonably suppose, that (in such a Case) there can be but one so far in the Wrong as to occasion Matters to come to that Extremity, I think the Chance of being kill'd should fall but on one; whereas, by their close and desperate Manner of Fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark*. WHY Gentlemen, if they are Men of such nice Honour, (and must fight) there will be no Fear of foul Play, if they threw up Cross or Pile who should be shot.



N<sup>o</sup>. 40. Tuesday, July 12. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, July 11.*

LETTERS from the City of London give an Account of a very great Consternation that Place is in at present, by reason of a late Enquiry made at *Guildhall*, Whether a noble Person has Parts enough to deserve the Enjoyment of the great Estate of which he is possess'd? The City is apprehensive, that this Precedent may go further than was at first imagined. The Person against whom this Inquisition is set up by his Relations, is a Peer of a neighbouring Kingdom, and has in his Youth made some few Bulls, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his Goods and Chattels. This is the more astonishing,



ing, in that there are many Persons in the said City who are still more guilty than his Lordship, and who, though they are Idiots, do not only possess, but have also themselves acquired great Estates, contrary to the known Laws of this Realm, which vests their Possessions in the Crown.

THERE is a Gentleman in the Coffee-house at this Time exhibiting a Bill in Chancery against his Father's younger Brother, who by some strange Magick has arrived at the Value of half a Plumb, as the Citizens call an hundred thousand Pounds; and in all the Time of growing up to that Wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary Words or Actions to discover any Proof of Reason. Upon this Foundation my Friend has set forth, that he is illegally Master of his Coffers, and has writ two Epigrams to signify his own Pretensions and Sufficiency for spending that Estate. He has inserted in his Plea some Things which I fear will give Offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a Man has a little of the Knave mix'd with the Fool, he is nevertheless liable to the Loss of Goods; and makes the Abuse of Reason as just an Avoidance of an Estate as the total Absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty Men are so full of themselves, that there is no perswading them; and my Friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting *Solomon*, who always uses the Word *Fool* as a Term of the same Signification with unjust, and makes all Deviation from Goodness and Virtue to come under the Notion of *Folly*, I say he doubts not, but by the Force of this Authority, let his Idiot Uncle appear never so great a Knave, he shall prove him a Fool at the same Time.

THIS Affair led the Company here into an Examination of these Points; and none coming here but Wits, what was asserted by a young Lawyer, that a Lunatick is in the Care of the Chancery, but a Fool in that of the Crown, was recei-

ved with general Indignation. ‘ Why that? says  
 ‘ old *Renault*. Why that? Why must a Fool be  
 ‘ a Courtier more than a Madman? This is the  
 ‘ Iniquity of this dull Age: I remember the  
 ‘ Time when it went on the mad Side; all your  
 ‘ Top-Wits were Scourers, Rakes, Roarers, and  
 ‘ Demolishers of Windows. I knew a mad Lord  
 ‘ who was drunk five Years together, and was the  
 ‘ Envy of that Age, who is faintly imitated by  
 ‘ the dull Pretenders to Vice and Madnefs in this.  
 ‘ Had he lived to this Day, there had not been  
 ‘ a Fool in Fashion in the whole Kingdom. When  
 ‘ *Renault* had done speaking, a very worthy Man  
 ‘ assumed the Discourse: This is (said he) Mr.  
 ‘ *Bickerstaff*, a proper Argument for you to treat  
 ‘ of in your Argument from this Place; and if  
 ‘ you would send your *Pacolet* into all our Brains,  
 ‘ you would find, that a little Fibre or Valve,  
 ‘ scarce discernable, makes the Distinction be-  
 ‘ tween a Politician and an Idiot. We should  
 ‘ therefore throw a Veil upon those unhappy In-  
 ‘ stances of human Nature, who seem to breathe  
 ‘ without the Direction of Reason and Under-  
 ‘ standing, as we should avert our Eyes with Ab-  
 ‘ horrence from such as live in perpetual Abuse  
 ‘ and Contradiction to these noble Faculties. Shall  
 ‘ this unfortunate Man be divested of his Estate,  
 ‘ because he is tractable and indolent, runs in no  
 ‘ Man’s Debt, invades no Man’s Bed, nor spends  
 ‘ the Estate he owes his Children and his Cha-  
 ‘ racter; when one who shews no Sense above  
 ‘ him, but in such Practices, shall be esteemed in  
 ‘ his Senses, and possibly may pretend to the  
 ‘ Guardianship of him who is no ways his Infe-  
 ‘ rior, but in being less wicked? We see old Age  
 ‘ brings us indifferently into the same Impotence  
 ‘ of Soul, wherein Nature has placed this Lord.

T H E R E is something very fantastical in the  
 Distribution of Civil Power and Capacity among  
 Men. The Law certainly gives these Persons in-  
 to the Ward and Care of the Crown, because that

is best able to protect them from Injuries, and the Impositions of Craft and Knavery; that the Life of an Idiot may not ruin the Intail of a noble House, and his Weakness may not frustrate the Industry or Capacity of the Founder of his Family. But when one of bright Parts, as we say, with his Eyes open, and all Mens Eyes upon him, destroys those Purposes, there is no Remedy. Folly and Ignorance are punished! Folly and Guilt are tolerated! Mr. *Lock* has somewhere made a Distinction between a Madman and a Fool: A Fool is he that from right Principles makes a wrong Conclusion; but a Madman is one who draws a just Inference from false Principles. Thus the Fool who cut off the Fellow's Head that lay asleep, and hid it, and then waited to see what he would say when he awak'd, and miss'd his Head-piece, was in the Right in the first Thought, that a Man would be surprized to find such an Alteration in Things since he fell asleep; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he could awake at all after his Head was off. A Madman fancies himself a Prince; but upon his Mistake, he acts suitably to that Character; and though he is out in supposing he has Principalities, while he drinks Gruel, and lies in Straw, yet you shall see him keep the Port of a distressed Monarch in all his Words and Actions. These two Persons are equally taken into Custody: But what must be done to half this good Company, who every Hour of their Life are knowingly and willingly both Fools and Madmen, and yet have Capacities both of forming Principles, and drawing Conclusions, with the full Use of Reason?

*From my own Apartment, July 11.*

THIS Evening some Ladies came to visit my Sister *Fenny*; and the Discourse after very many frivolous and publick Matters, turned upon the main Point among the Women, the Passion of



Love. *Sappho*, who always leads on this Occasion, began to shew her Reading, and told us, That Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* had, upon a parallel Occasion, said the tenderest Things she had ever read. The Circumstance, said she, is such as gives us a Notion of that protecting Part which is the Duty of Men in their honourable Designs upon, or Possession of, Women. In *Suckling's* Tragedy of *Brennoralt* he makes the Lover steal into his Mistress's Bedchamber, and draw the Curtains; then, when his Heart is full of her Charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the Violence of his Desires into Thoughts of a warmer Nature, Sleep, which is the Image of Death, gives this generous Lover Reflections of a different Kind, which regard rather her Safety than his own Passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these Words:

- ‘ So Misers look upon their Gold,
- ‘ Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose;
- ‘ The Pleasure of the Sight scarce equalling
- ‘ The Jealousy of being dispossest by others.
- ‘ Her Face is like the *Milky Way* i'th' Sky,
- ‘ A Metting of gentle Lights without Name!

*Heav'ns! Shall this fresh Ornament of the World,  
These precious Love-Lines, pass with other common  
Things  
Amongst the Wastes of Time? What Pity 'twere!*

WHEN *Milton* makes *Adam* leaning on his Arm, beholding *Eve*, and lying in the Contemplation of her Beauty, he describes the utmost Tenderness and Guardian Affection in one Word:

*Adam with Looks of Cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd.*

THIS is that Sort of Passion which truly deserves the Name of Love, and has something more generous than Friendship it self; for it has a constant Care of the Object beloved, abstracted from its own Interests in the Possession of it. *Sappho* was proceeding on the Subject, when my Sister produced a Letter sent to her in the Time of my Absence, in Celebration of the Marriage-State, which is the Condition wherein only this Sort of Passion reigns in full Authority. The Epistle is as follows:

*Dear Madam,*

YOUR Brother being absent, I dare take the Liberty of writing to you my Thoughts of that State, which our whole Sex either is or desires to be in: You'll easily guess I mean Matrimony, which I hear so much decry'd, that it was with no small Labour I maintained my Ground against two Opponents; but, as your Brother observed of *Socrates*, I drew them into my Conclusion, from their own Concessions; thus:

*In Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,  
A Wife in Wedding-Sheets, and in a Shroud.  
How can a Marriage-State then be accurs'd,  
Since the last Day's as happy as the first?*

IF you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first Sense, by their talking against Marriage.

*Yours,*

Maria a.

I OBSERVED *Sappho* began to redden at this Epistle; and turning to a Lady, who was playing with a Dog she was so fond of, as to carry him abroad with her; Nay, says she, I cannot blame the Men if they have mean Ideas of our Souls and Affections, and wonder so many are

brought to take us for Companions for Life, when they see our Endearments so triflingly plac'd : For to my Knowledge, Mr. *Trueman* would give half his Estate for half the Affection you have shewn to that *Shock* : Nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the Cholick last Week with lapping sour Milk. What more could you do for your Lover himself? What more! reply'd the Lady : There is not a Man in *England* for whom I could lament half so much. Then she stifled the Animal with Kisses, and call'd him Beau, Life, Dear, Monsieur, pretty Fellow, and what not, in the Hurry of her Impertinence. *Sappho* rose up; as she always does at any thing she observes done, which discovers in her own Sex a Levity of Mind, which renders them inconsiderable in the Opinion of ours.



— *Celebrare Domestica Facta.*

N<sup>o</sup> 41. *Thursday, July 14. 1709.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July 12.*

**T**HERE is no one Thing more to be lamented in our Nation, than their general Affectation of every Thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own Countrymen when they have crossed the Seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous Condition before our Eyes at Home : Else how is it possible, that on the 29th of the last Month, there should have been a Battel fought in our very Streets of *London*, and no Body at this End of the Town have heard of it. I protest, I, who make it my Business to enquire after Adventures, should



should never have known this, had not the following Account been sent me inclosed in a Letter. This, it seems, is the Way of giving out of Orders in the Artillery-Company; and they prepare for a Day of Action with so little Concern, as only to call it, *An Exercise of Arms.*

*An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery Company, to be performed on Wednesday June 29. 1709. under the Command of Sir Joseph Woolfe, Knight and Alderman, General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sberiff, Lieutenant-General; Captain Richard Synge, Major; Major John Shorey, Captain of Granadiers; Captain William Grayhurst, Capt. John Butler, Capt. Robert Carellis, Captains.*

THE Body march from the *Artillery-Ground* through *Moregate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhil, Cheap-side, St. Martins, St. Anne's Lane*, Hault the Pikes under the Wall in *Noble-street*, Draw up the Firelocks facing the *Goldsmiths Hall*, make ready and face to the Left, and fire, and so ditto three Times. Beat to Arms, and march round the Hall, as up *Lad-Lane, Gutter-Lane, Honey-Lane*, and so wheel to the Right, and make your Salute to my Lord, and so down *St. Anne's Lane*, up to *Aldersgate-street, Barbican*, and draw up into *Red-Cross-street*, the Right at *St. Paul's Alley* in the Rear. March of Lieutenant-General with half the Body up *Beech-Lane*: He sends a Sub-Division up *Kings Head-Court*, and takes Post in it, and marches two Divisions round into *Red-Lion-Market*, to defend that Pass, and succour the Division in *Kings-Head-Court*, but keeps in *White-Cross-street*, facing *Beech-Lane*, the rest of the Body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up *Beech-Lane*, is attacked, but forces the Division in the Court into the Market, and enters with three Divisions while he presses the

Lieutenant-General's main Body; and at the  
 same Time, the three Divisions force those of  
 the Revolters out of the Market, and so all the  
 Lieutenant-General's Body retreats into *Chiswel-*  
*street*, and lodges two Divisions in *Grub-street*;  
 and as the General marches on, they fall on  
 his Flank, but soon made to give Way; but  
 having a Retreating Place in *Red-Lion-Court*,  
 but could not hold it, being put to Flight  
 through *Paul's Alley*, and pursued by the Gene-  
 ral's Granadiers, while he marches up and at-  
 tacks their main Body, but are opposed again  
 by a Party of Men as lay in *Black-Raven-*  
*Court*; but they are forced also to retire soon  
 in the utmost Confusion, and at the same Time  
 those brave Divisions in *Paul's Alley* ply their  
 Rear with Granadiers, that with Precipitation  
 they take to the Rout along *Bunhill-Row*: So  
 the General marches into the *Artillery-Gronnd*,  
 and being drawn up, finds the Revolting Party  
 to have found Entrance, and makes a Show as  
 if for a Battel, and both Armies soon engage in  
 Form, and fire by Platoons.

Much might be said for the Improvement of  
 this System; which, for its Style and Invention,  
 may instruct Generals and their Historians, both  
 in fighting a Battel, and describing it when 'tis  
 over. These elegant Expressions, *Ditto — And*  
*so — But soon — But having — But could not —*  
*But are — But they — Finds the Party to have*  
*found, &c. —* do certainly give great Life and  
 Spirit to the Relation.

INDEED I am extremely concerned for the  
 Lieutenant-General, who, by his Overthrow and  
 Defeat, is made a deplorable Instance of the  
 Fortune of War, and Vicissitudes of Human Af-  
 fairs: He, alas! has lost in *Beech-Lane* and *Chis-*  
*wel-street*, all the Glory he lately gained in and  
 about *Holborn* and *St. Giles's*. The Art of Subdi-  
 viding first, and Dividing afterwards, is new and  
 surprizing; and according to this Method, the  
 Troops

Troops are disposed in *Kings-Head-Court*, and *Red-Lion-Market*: Nor is the Conduct of these Leaders less conspicuous in their Choice of the Ground or Field of Battel. Happy was it, that the greatest Part of the Atchievements of this Day was to be performed near *Grub-stroet*, that there might not be wanting a sufficient Number of faithful Historians, who being Eye-witnesses of these Wonders, should impartially transmit them to Posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the Dark as to the Name and Title of that extraordinary Hero who commanded the Divisions in *Paul's Alley*; especially because those Divisions are justly styled brave, and accordingly were to push the Enemy along *Bunhill-Row*, and thereby occasion a general Battel. But *Pallas* appeared in the Form of a Shower of Rain, and prevented the Slaughter and Desolation which were threatned by these extraordinary Preparations.

*Hi Motus Animorum atque hæc Certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui factu compressa quiescunt.*

*Will's Coffee-house, July 13.*

SOME Part of the Company keep up the old Way of Conversation in this Place, which usually turned upon the Examination of Nature, and an Enquiry into the Manners of Men. There is one in the Room so very judicious, that he manages Impertinents with the utmost Dexterity. It was diverting this Evening to hear a Discourse between him and one of these Gentlemen. He told me before that Person joined us, that he was a *Questioner*, who, according to his Description, is one who asks Questions not with a Design to receive Information, but an Affectation to shew his Uneasiness for Want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are Crowds of that modest Ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate



that they are in Doubt. By this Time *Will Why-*  
*not* was fate down by us. So Gentlemen, says he,  
*In how many Days, think you, we shall be Masters of*  
*Tournay? Is the Account of the Action of the Viva-*  
*rois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined*  
*that England had so much Money in it as you see it*  
*has produced? Pray Sirs, what do you think? Will*  
*the Duke of Savoy make an Irruption into France?*  
 But (says he) *Time will clear all these Mysteries.*  
 His Answer to himself gave me the Altitude of  
 his Head, and to all his Questions he answered  
 very satisfactorily — *Sir, have you heard that this*  
*Slaughterford never own'd the Fact for which he*  
*died? Have the News-Papers mentioned that Mat-*  
*ter? But, pray, Can you tell me what Method will*  
*be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as*  
*you say, Time will clear. Ay, ay, says he, and*  
*whispers me, They will never let us into these Things*  
*beforehand. I whispered him again, We shall know*  
*it as soon as there is a Proclamation — He tells me*  
*in t'other Ear, You are in the right of it. Then*  
 he whispered my Friend to know what my Name  
 was; then made an obliging Bow, and went to  
 examine another Table. This led my Friend and  
 me to weigh this wandering Manner in many o-  
 ther Incidents, and he took out of his Pocket  
 several little Notes or Tickets to solicit for  
 Votes to Employments: As ‘ *Mr. John Taplash*  
 ‘ *having served all Offices, and being reduced to*  
 ‘ *great Poverty, desires your Vote for Singing-*  
 ‘ *Clerk of this Parish. Another has had ten*  
 ‘ *Children, all whom his Wife has suckled her*  
 ‘ *self; therefore humbly desires to be a School-*  
 ‘ *Master.*

• THERE is nothing so frequent as this Way  
 of Application for Offices. It is not that you are  
 fit for the Place, but because the Place would  
 be convenient for you, that you claim a Merit  
 to it. But commend me to the great *Kirleus*,  
 who has lately set up for Midwifery, and to help  
 Child-birth, for no other Reason, but that he is  
 himself



himself the *Unborn Doctor*. The Way is, to hit upon something that puts the Vulgar upon the Stare, or that touches their Compassion, which is often the weakest Part about us. I know a good Lady, who has taken her Daughters from their old Dancing-master, to place them with another, for no other Reason, but because the new Man has broke his Leg, which is so ill set, that he can never dance more.

*From my own Apartment, July 13.*

AS it is a frequent Mortification to me to receive Letters, wherein People tell me, without a Name, they know I meant them in such and such a Passage; so that very Accusation is an Argument, That there are such Beings in human Life, as fall under our Description, and our Discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this Case I am treated as I saw a Boy was t'other Day, who gave out pocky Bills: Every plain Fellow took it that pass'd by, and went on his Way without farther Notice: At last came one with his Nose a little abridg'd; who knocks the Lad down, with a, *Why you Son of a W — e, do you think I am p — d?* But *Shakespear* has made the best Apology for this Way of talking against the publick Errors: He makes *Faques*, in the Play, call'd, *As you like it*, exprefs himself thus:

*Why, Who cries out on Pride,  
That can therein tax any private Party?  
What Woman in the City do I name,  
When that I say, the City Woman bears  
The Cost of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?  
Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her Neighbour?  
Or, What is he of basest Function,  
That says his Bravery is not on my Cost?  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.*

*There then ! How then ? Then let me see wherein  
My Tongue hath wrong'd him : If it do him Right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself : If he be free,  
Why then my Taxing like a wild Goose flies,  
Unclaimed of any Man.*



— — Celebrare Domestica Facta.

N<sup>o</sup> 33.

Saturday, July 16. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, July 15.*

**L**OOKING over some old Papers, I found a little Treatise written by my Great-Grandfather concerning *Bribery*, and thought his Manner of treating that Subject not unworthy my Remark. He there has a Digression concerning a Possibility, that in some Circumstances a Man may receive an Injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine Things said on the Subject ; but the whole wrap'd up in so much Jingle and Pun, (which was the Wit of those Times) that it is scarce intelligible ; but I thought the Design was well enough in the following Sketch of the old Gentleman's Poetry : For in this Case, where two are Rivals for the same Thing, and propose to obtain it by Presents, he that attempts the Judge's Honesty, by making him Offers of Reward, ought not to complain when he loses his Cause by a better Bidder. The good old Dogrel runs thus :

*A poor Man once a Judge besought,  
To judge aright his Cause,  
And with a Pot of Oil salutes  
This Judger of the Laws.*

*My*

*My Friend, quoth he, thy Cause is good :  
He glad away did trudge ;  
Anon his wealthy Foe did come  
Before this partial Judge.*

*An Hog well fed this Churl presents,  
And craves a Strain of Law ;  
The Hog receiv'd, the poor Man's Right  
Was judg'd not worth a Straw.*

*Therewith he cry'd, O! Partial Judge,  
Thy Doom has me undone ;  
When Oil I gave, my Cause was good,  
But now to Ruin run.*

*Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,  
And see thy Cause of Foil ;  
An Hog came since into my House,  
And broke thy Pot of Oil.*

*Will's Coffee-house, July 15.*

THE Discourse happened this Evening to fall upon Characters drawn in Plays, and a Gentleman remark'd, That there was no Method in the World of knowing the Taste of an Age, or Period of Time so good, as by the Observations of the Persons represented in their Comedies. There were several Instances produced, as *Ben Johnson's* bringing in a Fellow smoaking, as a Piece of Foppery ; but, said the Gentleman, (who entertained us on this Subject) this Matter is no where so observable as in the Difference of the Characters of Women on the Stage in the last Age, and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a Poverty of Genius in *Shakespear*, that his Women made so small a Figure in his Dialogues ; but it certainly is, that he drew Women as they then were in Life ; for that Sex had not in those Days that Freedom in Conversation ; and their Characters

raſters were only, that they were Mothers, Siſters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the Ladies, ſhining Wits, Politicians, Virtuofæ, Free-Thinkers, and Diſputants; nay, there was then hardly ſuch a Creature even as a Coquet: But Vanity had quite another Turn, and the moſt conſpicuous Woman at that Time of Day was only the beſt Houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into Life an Aſſembly of Matrons of that Age, and introduce the learned Lady *Woodby* into their Company, they would not believe the ſame Nation could produce a Creature ſo unlike any Thing they ever ſaw in it.

BUT theſe Ancients would be as much aſtoniſhed to ſee in the ſame Age ſo illuſtrious a Pattern to all who love Things Praise-worthy, as the divine *Aspasia*. Methinks, I now ſee her walking in her Garden like our firſt Parent, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celeftial conſcious Virtue in her Aſpect. Her Countenance is the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compaſſion, Knowledge, and Innocence.

*There dwells the Scorn of Vice and Pity too.*

In the miſt of the moſt ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the leaſt Affectation, ſhe conſults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that ſupream Power which beſtow'd it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Courſe of Arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady Courſe of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the laſt Age all the Freedom and Eaſe of this. The Language and Mien of a Court ſhe is poſſeſſed of in the higheſt Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage, are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aspasia* is a Female Philoſopher, who does not only live up to the Reſignation of  
the



the most retired Lives of the ancient Sages, but also to the Schemes and Plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This Lady is the most exact Oeconomist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the Praise of it; and shuns Applause with as much Industry, as others do Reproach. This Character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; But I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

BUT, alas! If we have one or two such Ladies, How many Dozens are there like the restless *Poluglossa*, who is acquainted with all the World but herself; who has the Appearance of all, and Possession of no Virtue: She has indeed in her Practice the Absence of Vice, but her Discourse is the continual History of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Restraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the Character of *Aspasia*, that as Vice is terrible to her only as it is the Object of Reproach, so Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applause.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 15.*

IT is now twelve a Clock at Noon, and no Mail come in; therefore I am not without Hopes, that the Town will allow me the Liberty which my Brother News-Writers take, in giving them what may be for their Information in another Kind, and indulge me in doing an Act of Friendship by publishing the following Account of Goods and Moveables.

THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewise several Castles  
to

to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country-Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all sides of them; being the Moveables of *Cb———r R———ch*, Esq; who is breaking up House-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the Hours of six and ten in the Evening.

### The INVENTORY.

SPIRITS of right *Nantz* Brandy, for Lament Flames and Apparitions.

THREE Bottles and a half of Lightning.

ONE Shower of Snow in the whitest *French* Paper.

TWO Showers of bowner Sort.

A SEA, consisting of a Dozen of large Waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A DOZEN and a half of Clouds, trimm'd with black, and well conditioned.

A RAINBOW a little faded.

A SET of Clouds after the *French* Mode, streaked with Lightning, and furbelow'd.

A NEW Moon something decay'd.

A PINT of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all that is left of two Hogheads sent over last Winter.

A COACH very finely gilt, and little used, with a Pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A SETTING-SUN, a Pennyworth.

AN Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Caesar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry the Eighth*, and Signior *Valentini*.

A BASKET-HILT Sword, very convenient to carry Milk in.

ROXANA's Night-Gown.

OTHELLO's Handkerchief.

THE Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A WILD

A WILD Boar, kill'd by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Dio-  
clesian*.

A SERPENT to sting *Cleopatra*.

A MUSTARD-BOWL to make Thunder  
with.

ANOTHER of a bigger Sort, by Mr. *D-is's*  
Directions, little used.

SIX Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-  
Dances, with six Flower-Pots for their Partners.

THE Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

THE Complexion of a Murderer in a Band-  
Box; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork,  
and a Cole-black Peruke.

A SUIT of Clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a bloody  
Shirt, a Doublet curiously pink'd, and a Coat  
with three great Eyelet-Holes upon the Breast.

A BALE of red *Spanish* Wool.

MODERN Plots, commonly known by the  
Name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard-  
Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over  
them.

THREE Oak Cudgels, with one of Crab-  
Tree; all bought for the Use of Mr. *Pen-  
kethman*.

MATERIALS for Dancing; as Masques,  
Castanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

AURENGEZEBE's Scymeter, made by  
*Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A PLUME of Feathers, never used but by  
*Oedipus* and the Earl of *Essex*.

THERE are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-  
Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-  
pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-Wheel,  
an Altar, an Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breast-  
plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed-Baby.

THESE are the hard Shifts we Intelligencers  
are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to  
excuse us, if a Westerly Wind blowing for a  
Fortnight together, generally fills every Paper  
with an Order of Battle; when we show our  
Martial Skill in each Line, and according to the  
Space

Space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever observing that no Muster is to be made, but when the Wind is in a Cross-Point, which often happens at the End of a Campaign, when half the Men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes ten deep, his Ranks close: The *Post-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater Exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* Way, Sword in Hand, Pell-Mell, without Form or Discipline; but sure to bring Men enough into the Field; and where-ever they are raised, never to lose a Battel for Want of Numbers.



— *Bene Nummatum decorat Suaedela Venusque.* Hor.

N<sup>o</sup> 43.

Tuesday, July 19, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 18.*

I WRITE from hence at present to complain, That Wit and Merit are so little encouraged by People of Rank and Quality, that the Wits of the Age are obliged to run within *Temple-Bar* for Patronage. There is a deplorable Instance of this in the Case of Mr. D — y, who has dedicated his inimitable Comedy, called, *The Modern Prophets*, to a worthy Knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his Plan, which was, *To ridicule the Ridiculers of our established Doctrine.* I have elsewhere celebrated the Contrivance of this excellent *Drama*; but was not, till I read the Dedication, wholly let into the religious Design of it. I am afraid it has suffered Discontinuance at this gay End of the Town, for no other Reason but the *Piety* of the Purpose. There  
is



is however in this Epistle the true Life of Panegyritical Performance; and I do not doubt but, if the Patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good Pretensions to it, *viz.* of *Uncommon Understanding*, who would give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble Person to whom these Words (which are the Body of the Panegyrick) would fit to a Hair.

‘ YOUR Easiness of Humour, or rather your  
 ‘ harmonious Disposition, is so admirably mixed  
 ‘ with your Composure, that the rugged Cares and  
 ‘ Disturbance that publick Affairs brings with it,  
 ‘ which does so vexatiously affect the Heads of o-  
 ‘ ther great Men of Business, &c. does scarce e-  
 ‘ ver ruffle your unclouded Brow so much as  
 ‘ with a Frown. And what above all is Praise-  
 ‘ worthy, you are so far from thinking your self  
 ‘ better than others, that a flourishing and opu-  
 ‘ lent Fortune, which by a certain natural Cor-  
 ‘ ruption in its Quality, seldom fails to infect o-  
 ‘ ther Possessors with Pride, seems in this Case as  
 ‘ if only providentially disposed to enlarge your  
 ‘ Humility.

‘ BUT I find, Sir, I am now got into a very  
 ‘ large Field, where though I could with great  
 ‘ Ease raise a Number of Plants in Relation to  
 ‘ your Merit of this plauditory Nature; yet for  
 ‘ fear of an Author’s general Vice, and that the  
 ‘ plain Justice I have done you should by my  
 ‘ Proceeding and others mistaken Judgment, be  
 ‘ imagined Flattery, a Thing the Bluntness of  
 ‘ my Nature does not care to be concerned with,  
 ‘ and which I also know you abominate.

IT is wonderful to see how many Judges of these fine Things spring up every Day by the Rise of Stocks, and other elegant Methods of abridging the Way to Learning and Criticism. But I do hereby forbid all Dedications to any Persons within the City of London, except Sir Francis, Sir  
 Stephen,

*Stephen*, and the Bank, will take Epigrams and Epistles as Value received for their Notes; and the *East-India* Companies accept of Heroick Poems for their sealed Bonds. Upon which Bottom, our Publishers have full Power to treat with the City in Behalf of us Authors, to enable Traders to become Patrons and Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain Degrees of Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, according to the Quantity of the Commodities which they take off our Hands.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.*

THE Learned have so long laboured under the Imputation of Driness and Dulness in their Accounts of their Phænomena, that an ingenious Gentleman of our Society has resolved to write a System of Philosophy in a more lively Method, both as to the Matter and Language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the Plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his Account by Way of Fable of the Worlds about us, had so much Vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his Hypothesis, to give the Reader a Taste of my Friend's Treatise, which is now in the Press.

‘ The Inferior Deities having designed on a  
 ‘ Day to play a Game at Football, knead toge-  
 ‘ ther a numberless Collection of dancing Atoms  
 ‘ into the Form of seven rowling Globes: And  
 ‘ that Nature might be kept from a dull Inacti-  
 ‘ vity, each separate Particle is endued with a  
 ‘ Principle of Motion, or a Power of Attraction,  
 ‘ whereby all the several Parcels of Matters draw  
 ‘ each other proportionably to their Magnitudes  
 ‘ and Distances, into such a remarkable Varieiy  
 ‘ of different Forms, as to produce all the won-  
 ‘ derful Appearances we now observe in Empire,  
 ‘ Philosophy and Religion. But to proceed,  
 ‘ AT

‘ AT the beginning of the Game, each of the  
 ‘ Globes being struck forward with a vast Violence,  
 ‘ ran out of Sight, and wandered in a straight Line  
 ‘ through the infinite Spaces. The nimble Dei-  
 ‘ ties pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the  
 ‘ eager Chace; each of them caught hold of  
 ‘ one, and stamped it with his Name; as *Saturn*,  
 ‘ *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and so of the rest. To prevent  
 ‘ this Inconvenience for the future, the seven are  
 ‘ condemned to a Precipitation, which in our in-  
 ‘ ferior Style we call *Gravity*. Thus the Tangen-  
 ‘ tial and Centripetal Forces, by their Counter-  
 ‘ ter-struggle make the Celestial Bodies describe  
 ‘ an exact Ellipsis.

*THERE will be added to this, an Appendix, in  
 Defence of the first Day of the Term according to the  
 Oxford Almanack, by a learned Knight of this Realm,  
 with an Apology for the said Knight's Manner of Dress;  
 proving, That his Habit, according to this Hypothesis,  
 is the true Modern and Fashionable; and that  
 Buckles are not to be worn, by this System, till the  
 10th of March, in the Year 1714, which, according  
 to the Computation of some of our greatest Divines, is  
 to be the first Year of the Millenium; in which blessed  
 Age, all Habits will be reduced to a Primitive Simpli-  
 city; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in  
 a Constancy of Dress, in spite of all the Allurements  
 of prophane and heathen Habits, shall be rewarded with  
 a never-fading Doublet of a thousand Years. All Points  
 in the System which are doubted, shall be attested by the  
 Knight's extemporary Oath, for the Satisfaction of his  
 Readers.*

*Will's Coffee-house, July 18.*

WE were upon the Heroick Strain this Even-  
 ing, and the Question was, What is the true Sub-  
 lime? Many very good Discourses happened  
 thereupon; after which a Gentleman at the Ta-  
 ble, who is, it seems, writing on that Subject, as-

umed the Argument; and though he ran through many Instances of Sublimity from the ancient Writers, said, He had hardly known an Occasion wherein the true Greatness of Soul, which animates a General in Action, is so well represented, with regard to the Person of whom it was spoken, and the Time in which it was writ, as in a few Lines in a modern Poem: There is (continued he) nothing so forc'd and constrain'd, as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies; to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a Simile to what he himself is, or the Thing which he is going to act: But there is nothing more proper and natural for a Poet, whose Business it is to describe, and who is Spectator of one in that Circumstance when his Mind is working upon a great Image, and that the Idea's hurry upon his Imagination; I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a Poet to relieve and clear himself from the Burthen of Thought at that Time, by uttering his Conception in Simile and Metaphor. The highest Act of the Mind of Man, is to possess it self with Tranquillity in imminent Danger, and to have its Thoughts so free, as to act at that Time without Perplexity. The ancient Authors have compared this sedate Courage to a Rock that remains immoveable amidst the Rage of Wind and Waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a Similitude, and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other Times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a *Lybian* Lion, which may give indeed very agreeable Terrors to a Description; but is no Compliment to the Person to whom it is applied: Eagles, Tigers and Wolves, are made use of on the same Occasion, and very often with much Beauty; but this is still an Honour done to the Brute, rather than the Hero. *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Bacchus* and *Hercules* have each of them furnished very good Similes in their Time, and made, doubtless,



less, a greater Impression on the Mind of a Heathen, than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the sublime Image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem called, *The Campaign*; where the Simile of a ministering Angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active Courage, engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confusion of Elements, and a Scene of Divine Vengeance. Add to all, That these Lines compliment the General and his Queen at the same Time, and have all the natural Horrors heighten'd by the Image that was still fresh in the Mind of every Reader.

*'Twas then Great Marlbro's mighty Soul was prov'd,  
That, in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst Confusion, Horror and Despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;  
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,  
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,  
Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.  
So when an Angel by Divine Command,  
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;  
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,  
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.*

THE whole Poem is so exquisitely noble and Poetick, that I think it an Honour to our Nation and Language. The Gentleman concluded his Critick on this Work, by saying, that he esteem'd it wholly new, and a wonderful Attempt to keep up the ordinary Ideas of a March of an Army, just as they happen'd in so warm and great a Style, and yet be at once familiar and heroick. Such a Performance is a Chronicle as well as a Poem, and will preserve the Memory of our Heroe, when all the Edifices and Statues erected to his Honour are blended with common Dust.



— *Nullis Amor est medicabilis Herbis.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 44. Thursday, July 21. 1709.

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*White's Chocolate-house, July 19.*

**T**HIS Day, passing through *Convent-Garden*, I was stopp'd in the *Piazza* by *Pacolet*, to observe what he called the *Triumph of Love and Youth*. I turned to the Object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by fresh prancing Horses; the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacquies with Insolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I asked immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do you not see there the mourning *Æsculapius*? The Mourning? said I. Yes, *Isaac*, said *Pacolit*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languishing hopeless Lover of the Divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. The excellent and learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the strongest Instance imaginable, that Love is the most powerful of all Things.

**Y**OU are not so ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æsculapius*, as the Patron and most successful of all who profess the Art of Medicine. But as most of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Impulse, he has very little troubled himself with the Doctrine of Drugs; but has always given Nature more Room to help herself, than any of her Learned Assistants; and consequently has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reason he is half deify'd by the People; and has ever been justly courted by all the World, as if he were a Seventh Son.

IT

IT happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduced, by a long and violent Fever, to the most extream Danger of Death; and when all Skill failed, they went for *Æsculapius*. The renowned Artist was touch'd with the deepest Compassion to see the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth and Death. All his Skill and his Passion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, beautiful even in Sickness: But, alas! the unhappy Physician knew not, that in all his Care he was only sharpening Darts for his own Destruction. In a Word, his Fortune is the same with that of the Statuary, who fell in Love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æsculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recovered, Long before this Disaster, *Æsculapius* was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous Amusements of Old Age, in increasing unwieldy Stores, and providing in the midst of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it self. But these low Considerations are now no more, and Love has taken Place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphosis; the anxious mean Cares of an Usurer are turned into the Languishments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, says the aged *Æsculapius*, I submit, I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Gilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I sit amidst a Crowd of painted Deities on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, clasp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that beloved Metal, but as it adorn's the Person, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I ask not to live, O *Hebe*! Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanasia, Euthanasia*, that is all I implore. When *Æsculapius* had finished his

Complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep Morals on the Uncertainty of Riches with this remarkable Exclamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou! And how little dost thou supply us with real Happiness, when the Usurer himself can forget thee for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art!

*Will's Coffee-house, July 19.*

THE Company here, who have all a delicate Taste of Theatrical Representations, had made a Gathering to purchase the Moveables of the neighbouring Playhouse, for the Encouragement of one which is setting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Method the Goods have been sold this Evening) have been so unfair, that this generous Design has been frustrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made for Cyrus* was missing, as also the *Chariot and two Dragons*: But upon Examination it was found, that a Gentleman of *Hampshire* had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his Country-Seat; and that on *Saturday* last he pass'd through *Stanes* attired in that Robe, and drawn by the said *Dragons*, assisted by two only of his own Horses. This Theatrical Traveller has also left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to send the faded *Rainbow* to the Scowlers, and when it comes Home, to dispatch it after him. At the same Time C — R — Esq; is invited to bring down his *Setting-Sun* himself, and be Box-keeper to a Theatre erected by his Gentleman near *Southampton*. Thus there has been nothing but Artifice in the Management of this Affair; for which Reason I beg Pardon of the Town, that I inserted the Inventory in my Paper, and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful Design of vending these Rarities: But I meant only the Good of the World in that and all other Things which I divulge.

AND



AND now I am upon this Subject, I must do my self Justice in Relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made Mention of a Person who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of Bath; I was tender of naming Names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger Promises, when he invites People to his Dramatick Representations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane lewd Jester, whom he calls *Punch*, speak to the Dishonour of *Isaac Bickerstaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon to dispute my Title to the Appellation of *Esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powell* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatikal and vain Person to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Mecum certasse feretur*; that is to say, It will be an Honour to him to have it said he contended with me; but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by these Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is cheated, and hinder'd from seeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch's* Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Discretion of the said *Powell*, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak sawcily of his Betters. He! To pretend to make Prologues against me! ——— But a Man never behaves himself with Decency in his own Case; therefore I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little Fellow, who is himself but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood speak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can despise all that his Puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*. He has pretended to write to me also from the Bath, and says, He thought to have deferred giving me an Answer till he came to his Books; but that my Writings

tings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expressions that become a School-boy, better than one that is to teach others: And when I have said a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Ob! I thank you for that* — *I am your humble Servant for that.* Ah! Mr. Powell, these smart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Design is to have all Men *Automata*, like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wise, and can look through these thin Devices. I know you design to make a Reply to this; but before you stick close to my Words; for if you bring me into Discourses concerning the Government of your Puppets, I must tell you. *I netther am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leisure to answer you.* It is really a burning Shame this Man should be tolerated in abusing the World with such Representations of Things: But his Parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge*.

*From my own Apartment, July 14.*

I MUST beg Pardon of my Readers that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Discourse having been very busy in helping an old Friend of mine out of Town. He has a very good Estate, is a Man of Wit; but he had been three Years absent from Town, and can't bear a Jest; for which Reason I have, with some Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright Bankrupt. He was so fond of dear *London*, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to Night safe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.*

THIS Morning we received by Express, the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Instant, N. S. The Place was assaulted at the Attacks of General *Schuylemberg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the same Time. The Action at both those Parts of the Town was very obstinate, and the Allies lost a considerable Number at the beginning of the Dispute; but the Fight was continued with so great Bravery, that the Enemy observing our Men to be Masters of all the Posts which were necessary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hostages were received from the Town, and others sent from the Besiegers, in Order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. We have also this Day received Advice, That Sir *Fohn Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted several Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the *Dutch* Privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters advise, That the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou* lived but eight Days.



*Credo Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam  
In Terris. —*

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N<sup>o</sup> 45.

*Saturday, July 23. 1709.*

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*White's Chocolate-house, July 22.*

THE other Day I took a Walk a Mile or two out of Town, and strolling where-ever Chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a By-Road, along which was a very agreeable Quickset, of an extraordinary Heighth, which surrounded a

very delicious Seat and Garden. From one Angle of the Hedge, I heard a Voice cry, Sir, Sir — This raised my Curiosity, and I heard the same Voice say, but in a gentle Tone, Come forward, come forward. I did so, and one through the Hedge called me by my Name, and bad me go on to the Left, and I should be admitted to visit an old Acquaintance in Distress. The Laws of Knight-Errantry made me obey the Summons without Hesitation; and I was let in at the Back-Gate of a lovely House by a Maid-Servant, who carried me from Room to Room, till I came into a Gallery; at the End of which, I saw a fine Lady dressed in the most sumptuous Habit, as if she were going to a Ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate Sorrow in her Face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into Tears, and cry'd, Sir, Do not you know the unhappy *Teraminta*? I soon recollected her whole Person: But (said I) Madam, The Simplicity of Dress, in which I have ever seen you at your Father's House, and the Chearfulness of Countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the Fashion and Temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the Memory of you. Your Habit was then decent and modest, your Looks serene and beautiful: Whence then this unaccountable Change? Nothing can speak so deep a Sorrow as your present Aspect; yet your Dress is made for Jollity and Revelling. It is (said she) an unspeakable Pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail my self to any that is not an utter Stranger to Humanity.

WHEN your Friend my Father died, he left me to a wide World, with no Defence against the Insults of Fortune; but rather, a thousand Snares to intrap me in the Dangers to which Youth and Innocence are exposed, in an Age wherein Honour and Virtue are become meer Words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their native Sense,  
and



and obey them as the Guides and Motives of their Being. The wickedest of all Men living, the abandoned *Decius*, who has no Knowledge of any good Art or Purpose of human Life, but as it tends to the Satisfaction of his Appetites, had Opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a House where mixed Company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base Intention which he has since brought to pass: *Decius* saw enough in me to raise his brutal Desires, and my Circumstances gave him Hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering Expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private Terrors of Poverty it self, could not for some Months prevail upon me; yet however I hated his Intention, I still had a secret Satisfaction in his Courtship, and always exposed my self to his Solicitations. See here the Bane of our Sex! Let the Flattery be never so apparent, the Flatterer never so ill thought of, his Praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own Deceit. I was therefore ever fond of all Opportunities and Pretences of being in his Company. In a Word, I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this Place, Where I have been ever since immur'd; and from the fatal Day after my Fall from Innocence, my Worshiper became my Master and my Tyrant.

THUS you see me habited in the most gorgeous Manner, not in Honour of me as a Woman he loves, but as this Attire charms his own Eye, and urges him to repeat the Gratification he takes in me, as the Servant of his brutish Lusts and Appetites. I know not where to fly for Redress; but am here pining away Life in the Solitude and Severity of a Nun; but the Conscience and Guilt of an Harlot. I live in this lewd Practice with a religious Awe of my Minister of Darkness, upbraided with the Support I receive from him, for the inestimable Possession of Youth, of Innocence, of Honour, and of Conscience.

science. I see, Sir, my Discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in so strong Colours, as to let *Decius* see I am discovered to be in his Possession, that I may be turned out of this detestable Scene of regular Iniquity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your Writings have the good Effect of gaining my Enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this unhappy Step, by preferring an innocent laborious Poverty, to all the guilty Affluence the World can offer me.

*Will's Coffee-house, July 21.*

TO shew that I do not bear an irreconcilable Hatred to my mortal Enemy, Mr. *Powel* at Bath, I do his Function the Honour to publish to the World, that Plays represented by Puppets are permitted in our Universities, and that Sort of *Drama* is not wholly thought unworthy the Critick of learned Heads: But as I have been conversant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the Criticks call it, I must be so humble as to make a Request to Mr. *Powell*, and desire him to apply his Thoughts to answering the Difficulties with which my Kinsman, the Author of the following Letter, seems to be embarrassed.

To my Honoured Kinsman, *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq;

Dear Cousin,

**H**AD the Family of the *Beadlestaffs*, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own Name, and in the University's, (as it is our Office) made you a Compliment: But your short Stay here robbed us of an Opportunity of paying our due Respects, and you of receiving an ingenious Entertainment, with which we at present divert our selves and Strangers. A Puppet-Show at this Time supplies the want of an ACT. And since  
the

*the Nymphs of this City are disappointed of a luscious Musick-Speech, and the Country Ladies of hearing their Sons or Brothers speak Verses; yet the vocal Machines, like them, by the Help of a Prompter, say Things as much to the Benefit of the Audience, and almost as properly their own. The Licence of a Terræ-Filius is refined to the well-bred Satire of Punchenello. Now, Cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French Nightcap, nor Long Pockets, yet you must own him to be a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow; Nay, since he seldom leaves the Company, without calling, Son of a Whore, demanding Satisfaction, and Duelling, he must be owned a Smart Fellow too. Yet, by some Indecencies towards the Ladies, he seems to be of a third Character, distinct from any you have yet touch'd upon. A young Gentleman who sat next me (for I had the Curiosity of seeing this Entertainment) in a tufted Gown, red Stockings, and long Wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red Heels, and a dangling Cane) was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft Love-Scene with his Ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some Rules for adjusting the extravagant Behaviour of this Almanzor of the Play, and by writing a Treatise on this Sort of Dramatick Poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned World.*

*FROM its being conveyed in a Cart after the Thespian Manner, all the Parts being recited by one Person, as the Custom was before Æschylus, and from the Behaviour of Punch as if he had won the Goal, you may possibly deduce its Antiquity, and settle the Chronology, as well as some of our modern Criticks. In its natural Transitions from mournful to merry; as, from the hanging of a Lover, to dancing upon the Rope; from the Stalking of a Ghost, to a Lady's presenting you with a Fig; you may discover such a Decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our Tragi-Comedies. But I forget my self; 'tis not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear Cousin, to give you these Hints, to shew you, that the Beadlestaffs don't walk before Men of Letters to no Purpose; and that though we do but hold up the*  
Train

*Train of Arts and Sciences, yet like other Pages, we are now and then let into our Ladies Secrets. I am*

From Mother Gour-  
don's at Hedington  
near Oxon, June 18.

Your most affectionate  
Kinsman,  
Benjamin Beadlestaff.

*From my own Apartment, July 22.*

I AM got hither safe, but never spent Time with so little Satisfaction as this Evening; for you must know, I was five Hours with three *merry* and two *honest Fellows*. The former sang Catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the Noise they made. Well, (says *Tom Belfrey*) You Scholars, *Mr. Bickerstaff*, are the worst Company in the World. Ay, (says his Opposite) You are dull to Night; prithee be merry. With that I huzza'd, and took a Jump cross the Table, then came clever upon my Legs, and fell a Laughing. Let *Mr. Bickerstaff* alone (says one of the *honest Fellows*) when he's in a good Humour, he's as good Company as any Man in *England*. He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his Hat off his Head, and clap'd it upon my own, and burst out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an Hour. One of the *honest Fellows* got behind me in the Interim, and hit me a sound Slap on the Back; upon which he got the Laugh out of my Hands, and it was such a Twang on my Shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good Humour of the Company; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a Bumper of Claret, that made me stare again. Nay, (says one of the *honest Fellows*) *Mr. Isaac* is in the right, there is no Conversation in this; What signifies Jumping, or hitting one another on the Back? Let's drink about. We did so from seven a Clock till eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the Manner of the  
wife



wife *Pythagoras*, begin to reflect upon the Passages of the Day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to Death; and as it is my Way to write down all the good Things I have heard in the last Conversation to furnish my Paper, I can from this only tell you my Sufferings and my Bangs.

I NAMED *Pythagoras* just now, and I protest to you, as he believed Men after Death entered into other Species, I am now and then tempted to think other Animals enter into Men, and could name several on two Legs, that never discover any Sentiments above what is common with the Species of a lower Kind; as we see in these bodily Wits whom I was with to Night, whose Parts consist in Strength and Activity; but their boisterous Mirth gives me great Impatience for the Return of such Happiness as I enjoyed in a Conversation last Week. Among others in that Company, we had *Florio*, who never interrupted any Man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His Discourse ever arises from the Fulness of the Matter before him, and not from Ostentation or Triumph of his Understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that End in View; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterness, is owing rather to his good Nature than his Discretion; for which Reason, he is esteemed a Gentleman perfectly qualified for Conversation, in whom a general Good-will to Mankind takes off the Necessity of Caution and Circumspection.

WE had at the same Time that Evening the best Sort of Companion that can be, a good-natur'd old Man. This Person meets in the Company of young Men, Veneration for his Benevolence, and is not only valued for the good Qualities of which he is Master, but reaps an Acceptance from the Pardon he gives to other Mens Faults: And the ingenuous Sort of Men with whom

whom he converses, have so just a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reason, as *Senecio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleasure before Youth, so young Men never set up for Wisdom before *Senecio*; so that you never meet, where he is, those Monsters of Conversation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converses but with Followers of Nature and good Sense, where all that is uttered is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Desire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a just Conversation, the very Essence of which is mutual Good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquired Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are all but subordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are subservient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the Company; for Conversation is composed of an Assembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are distinguished by Fortune: Therefore he who brings his Quality with him into Conversation, should always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends. — But the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpose, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senecio*, with a Spice of the Wit of the last Age, say, *viz.* That a *merry Fellow* is the *saddest Fellow* in the World.



*Non bene convenient, nec in una Sede morantur,  
Majestas & Amor. —*

N<sup>o</sup>. 46. Tuesday, July 26. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 25.*

**W**E see every Day Volumes written against that Tyrant of humane Life called *Love*, and yet there is no Help found against his Cruelties, or Batrier against the Inroads he is pleased to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Instances of what I have asserted. That Expectation cannot be raised too high for the Novelty of the History, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengzebe*, who has resided for some Years in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentleman. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, appeared from the Hour of twelve till that of two at a Coffee-house near the *Change*, and had a Seat (though without a Canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Usury and Abatement, with all Things necessary for helping the Distressed, who are willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the rest; or such joyous Youths, whose Philosophy is confined to the present Hour, and were desirous to call in the Revenue of next half Year to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himself after this Manner: And as Alliances are necessary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Interests of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When  
all

all Mankind were attacking that unhappy Monarch, and those who had neither Valour or Wit to oppose against him, would be still shewing their impotent Malice by laying Wagers in Opposition to his Interests, *Aurengzebe* ever took the Part of his Contemporary, and laid immense Treasures on his Side in Defence of his important Magazine of *Toulon*. *Aurengzebe* also had all this while a constant Intelligence with *India*; and his Letters were answered in Jewels, which he soon made Brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his Imperial Castor, which he always wears cock'd in Front, to show his Defiance; with an Heap of Imperial Snuff in the Middle of his ample Visage, to shew his Sagacity. The Zealots, for this little Spot called *Great Britain*, fell universally into this Emperor's Policies, and paid Homage to his superior Genius, in forfeiting their Coffers to his Treasury.

BUT Wealth and Wisdom are Possessions too solemn not to give Weariness to active Minds, without the Relief (in vacant Hours) of Wit and Love, which are the proper Amusements of the Powerful and the Wise: This Emperor therefore, with great Regularity, every Day at five in the Afternoon, leaves his Money-Changers, his Publicans, and little Hoarders of Wealth, to their low Pursuits, and ascends his Chariot to drive to *Will's*; where the Taste is refined, and a Relish given to Men's Possessions, by a polite Skill in gratifying their Passions and Appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a Miser, to gaze only on his Ingots or his Treasures; but with a nobler Satisfaction, to live the Admiration of others, for his Splendor and Happiness in being Master of them. But a Prince is no more to be his own Caterer in his Love, than in his Food; therefore *Aurengzebe* has ever in Waiting two Purveyors for his Dishes, and his Wenches for his retired Hours, by whom the Scene of his



his Diversion is prepared in the following Manner :

THERE is near *Covent-Garden*, a Street known by the Name of *Drury*, which, before the Days of Christianity, was purchased by the Queen of *Paphos*, and is the only Part of *Great Britain* where the Tenure of Vassalage is still in Being. All that long Course of Building is under particular Districts or Ladiships, after the Manner of Lordships in other Parts, over which Matrons of known Abilities preside, and have, for the Support of their Age and Infirmities, certain Taxes paid out of the Rewards of the amorous Labours of the Young. This Seraglio of *Great Britain* is disposed into convenient Allies and Apartments, and every House, from the Cellar to the Garret, inhabited by Nymphs of different Orders, that Persons of every Rank may be accommodated with an immediate Consort, to allay their Flames, and partake of their Cares. Here it is, that when *Aurengezebe* thinks fit to give a Loose to Dalliance, the Purveyors prepare the Entertainment; and what makes it more august is, that every Person concerned in the Interlude has his set Part, and the Prince sends before-hand Word what he designs to say, and directs also the very Answer which shall be made to him.

IT has been before hinted, that the Emperor has a continual Commerce with *India*; and it is to be noted, that the largest Stone that rich Earth has produced, is in our *Aurengezebe's* Possession.

BUT all Things are now disposed for his Reception. At his Entrance into the *Seraglio*, a Servant delivers him his Bever of State and Love, on which is fixed this ineffinable Jewel as his Diadem. When he is seated, the Purveyors, *Pandarus* and *Nuncio*, marching on each Side of the Matron of the House, introduce her into his

his Presence. In the midſt of the Room, they bow all together to the Diadem.

W H E N the Matron —

*W H O E V E R* thou art, (as thy awful Aspect ſpeaks thee a Man of Power) be propitious to the Manſion of Love, and let not the Severity of thy Wiſdom diſdain, that by the Representation of naked Innocence, or paſtoral Figures, we revive in thee the Memory at leaſt of that Power of Venus, to which all the Wiſe and the Brave are ſome Part of their Lives devoted. *Aurengezebe* conſents by a Nod, and they go out backward.

A F T E R this, an unhappy Nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the Hands of a Raviſher, with her Trefſes diſhevel'd, runs into the Room with a Dagger in her Hand, and falls before the Emperor.

*P I T T !* Oh, pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy Virgin, whom one of thy Train has robbed of her Innocence, which was all her Portion — Or rather, let me die like the memorable *Lucretia* — Upon which ſhe ſtabs herſelf. The Body is immediately examined after the Manner of our Coronets. *Lucretia* recovers by a Cup of right *Nants*; and the Matron, who is her next Relation, ſtops all Proceſs at Law.

T H I S unhappy Affair is no ſooner over, but a naked Mad-woman breaks into the Room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies *Aurengezebe*, the Object of all her Fury and Love, ſhe calls for Petticoats, is ready to ſink with Shame, and is dreſſed in all haſte in new Attire at his Charge. This unexpected Accident of the Mad-woman, makes *Aurengezebe* curious to know, whether others who are in their Senſes can gueſs at his Quality. For which Reaſon the whole Convent is examined one by one. The Matron marches in with a tawdry Country-Girl — Pray *Winifred* (ſays ſhe) Who do you think that fine Man with thoſe Jewels and Pearls is? — I believe (ſays *Winifred*) it is our Land-lord —

lord — It must be the Squire himself — The Emperor laughs at her Simplicity — Go Fool, says the Matron: Then turning to the Emperor — Your Greatness will pardon her Ignorance! After her, several others of different Characters are instructed to mistake who he is in the same Manner: Then the whole Sisterhood are called together, and the Emperor rises, and cocking his Hat, declares, He is the *Great Mogul*, and they are his Concubines. A general Murmur goes through the whole Assembly, and *Aurengezebe* certifying, that he keeps them for State rather than Use, tells them, they are permitted to receive all Men into their Apartments; then proceeds through the Crowd, among whom he throws Medals shaped like Half-Crowns, and returns to his Chariot.

THIS being all that passed the last Day in which *Aurengezebe* visited the Womens Apartments, I consulted *Pacolet* concerning the Foundation of such strange Amusements in Old Age: To which he answered; You may remember, when I gave you an Account of my good Fortune in being drowned on the 30th Day of my humane Life, I told you of the Disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the End of my *Stamen*, which was sixty Years. I may now add an Observation to you, That all who exceed that Period, except the latter Part of it is spent in the Exercise of Virtue and Contemplation of Futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent Old Age, because, with regard to all the Enjoyments of the Years of Vigour and Manhood, Childhood returns upon them: And as Infants ride on Sticks, build Houses in Dirt, and make Ships in Gutters, by a faint Idea of Things they are to act hereafter; so old Men play the Lovers, Potentates and Emperors, for the decaying Image of the more perfect Performances of their stronger Years: Therefore be sure to insert *Æsculapins* and *Aurengezebe* in  
your

your next Bill of Mortality of the Metaphorically Defunct.

*Will's Coffee-House, July 24.*

AS soon as I came hither this Evening, no less than ten People produced the following Poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the Penny-Post from an unknown Hand. All the Battel-Writers in the Room were in Debate, who could be the Author of a Piece so martially written; and every Body applauded the Address and Skill of the Author, in calling it a *Postscript*: It being the Nature of a Postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the Letter it self. Thus the Verses being occasioned by a March without Beat of Drum, and that Circumstance being no ways taken notice of in the Stanza's, the Author calls it a Postscript; not that it is a Postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a Postscript. Common Writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the Book it self, supply it by a Preface; but a Postscript seems to me the more just Way of Apology; because otherwise a Man makes an Excuse before the Offence is committed. All the Heroick Poets were gheffed at for its Author; but though we could not find out his Name, yet one repeated a Couplet in *Hudibras* which spoke his Qualifications.

*I'th' Midst of all this warlike Rabble,  
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.*

THE Poem is admirably suited to the Occasion: For to write without discovering your Meaning, bears a just Resemblance to Marching without Beat of Drum.



*On the March to Tournay without Beat of Drum.*

The Brussels POSTSCRIPT.

Could I with plainest Words express  
That great Man's wonderful Address,  
His Penetration, and his tow'ring Thought;  
It would the gazing World surprize,  
To see one Man at all Times wise,  
To view the Wonders he with Ease has wrought.

Refining Schemes approach his Mind,  
Like Breezes of a Southern Wind,  
To temperate a sultry glorious Day;  
Whose Fannings, with an useful Pride,  
Its mighty Heat doth softly guide,  
And having clear'd the Air, glide silently away.

Thus his Immensity of Thought,  
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,  
His Temper always softning Life's Disease;  
That Fortune, when she does intend  
To rudely frown, she turns his Friend,  
Admires his Judgment, and applauds his Ease.

His great Address in this Design,  
Does now, and will for ever shine,  
And wants a Waller but to do him Right:  
The whole Amusement was so strong,  
Like Fate he doom'd them to be wrong,  
And Tournay's took by a peculiar Slight.

Thus, Madam, all Mankind behold  
Your vast Ascendant, not by Gold,  
But by your Wisdom, and your pious Life:  
Your Aim no more, than to destroy  
That which does Europe's Ease annoy,  
And supersede a Reign of Shame and Strife.

St. James's

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 24.*

MY Brethren of the Quill, the ingenious Society of News-Writers, having with great Spirit and Elegancy already informed the World, that the Town of *Tournay* capitulated on the 28th Instant, there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good Company here, that we have Reason to hope for an Opportunity of thanking Mr. *Withers* next Winter in this Place, for the Service he has done his Country. No Man deserves better of his Friends than that Gentleman, whose distinguishing Character it is, that he gives his Orders with the Familiarity, and enjoys his Fortune with the Generosity of a Fellow-Soldier. His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* had also an eminent Part in the Reduction of this important Place. That illustrious Youth discovers the peculiar Turn of Spirit and Greatness of Soul, which only make Men of high Birth and Quality useful to their Country; and considers Nobility as an imaginary Distinction, unless accompanied with the Practice of those generous Virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our Military Glory is arrived at its present Height, and that Men of all Ranks so passionately affect their Share in it, is certainly owing to the Merit and Conduct of our glorious General: For as the great Secret in Chymistry, tho' not in Nature, has occasioned many useful Discoveries; and the fantastick Notion of being wholly disinterested in Friendship, has made Men do a thousand generous Actions above themselves; so, though the present Grandeur and Fame of the Duke of *Marlborough* is a Station of Glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their Actions to an higher Pitch, by having that great Example laid before them.



*Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.*

N<sup>o</sup> 47. Thursday, July 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 27.*

MY Friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his Letters from *Epsom* of the 25th Instant, which give, in general, a very good Account of the present Posture of Affairs in that Place; but that the Tranquillity and Correspondence of the Company begins to be interrupted by the Arrival of Sir *Taffety Trippet*, a Fortune-hunter, whose Follies are too gross to give Diversion; and whose Vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a publick Offence. If People will indulge a splenetick Humour, it is impossible to be at Ease, when such Creatures as are the Scandal of our Species, set up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more easy therefore to laugh Sir *Taffety* into Reason, than convert him from his Foppery by any serious Contempt. I knew a Gentleman that made it a Maxim to open his Doors, and ever run into the Way of Bullies, to avoid their Insolence. The Rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: They are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your Ignorance makes them out of your good Graces; or, that 'tis only Want of Admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunn'd and avoided. But Sir *Taffety* is a Fop of so sanguine a Complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the Fair One he at present pursues to get rid of the Chace, without being so tired,

as for her own Ease to fall into the Mouth of the Mongrel she runs from. But the History of Sir *Taffety* is as pleasant as his Character.

IT happened, that when he first set up for a Fortune-hunter, he chose *Tunbridge* for the Scene of Action; where were at that Time two Sisters upon the same Design. The Knight believed of Course the elder must be the better Prize; and consequently makes all his Sail that Way. People that want Sense, do always in an egregious Manner want Modesty, which made our Hero triumph in making his Amour as publick as was possible. The adored Lady was no less vain of his publick Addresses. An Attorney with one Cause is not half so restless as a Woman with one Lover. Where-ever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other Partner at Balls, saluted at the most conspicuous Parts of the Service at Church, and practised in Honour of each other all the remarkable Particularities which are usual for Persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the World. These two Lovers seemed as much made for each other as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounced it a Match of Nature's own making; but the Night before the Nuptials, (so universally approved) the younger Sister, envious of the good Fortune even of her Sister, who had been present at most of their Interviews, and had an equal Taste for the Charms of a Fop (as there are a Set of Women made for that Order of Men;) the younger, I say, unable to see such a Prize pass by her, discovered to Sir *Taffety*, that a Coquet Air, much Tongue, and three Suits, was all the Portion of his Mistress. His Love vanished that Moment, himself and Equipage the next Morning. It is uncertain where the Lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his Character as a Follower of Love and Fortune till he arrived at *Epsom*, where there is at present a young Lady of Youth, Beauty and Fortune,



tune, who has alarmed all the Vain and Impertinent to infest that Quarter. At the Head of this Assembly, Sir *Taffety* shines in the brightest Manner, with all the Accomplishments which usually ensnare the Heart of Woman; with this particular Merit, (which often is of great Service) that he is laughed at for her Sake. The Friends of the Fair One are in much Pain for the Sufferings she goes through from the Perseverance of this Hero; but they may be much more so from the Danger of his succeeding, toward which they give an helping Hand, if they dissuade her with Bitterness; for there is a fantastical Generosity in the Sex, to approve Creatures of the least Merit imaginable, when they see the Imperfections of their Admirers are become Marks of Derision for their Sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a Woman in her own Judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 27.*

IN the several Capacities I bear, of Astrologer, Civilian and Physician, I have with great Application studied the publick Emolument: To this End serve all my Lucubrations, Speculations, and whatever other Labours I take, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this Motive am I induced to publish a never-failing Medicine for the Spleen: My Experience in this Dittemper came from a very remarkable Cure on my ever worthy Friend *Tom Spindle*, who through excessive Gaiety, had exhausted that natural Stock of Wit and Spirits he had long been blessed with: He was sunk and flattened to the lowest Degree imaginable, sitting whole Hours over the *Book of Martyrs*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*; his other Contemplations never rising higher than the Colour of his Urine, or the Regularity of his Pulse. In this Condition I found him, accompanied by the

I learned Dr. *Drachm*, and a good old Nurse. *Drachm* had prescribed Magazines of Herbs, and Mines of Steel. I soon discovered the Malady, and descanted on the Nature of it, till I convinced both the Patient and his Nurse, that the Spleen is not to be cured by Medicine, but by Poetry. *Apollo*, the Author of Physick, shone with diffusive Rays on the best of Poets as well as of Physicians; and it is in this double Capacity that I have made my Way, and have found sweet, easy, flowing Numbers, are oft superior to our noblest Medicines. When the Spirits are low, and Nature sunk, the Muse with sprightly and harmonious Notes, gives an unexpected Turn with a Grain of Poetry, which I prepare without the Use of Mercury. I have done Wonders in this Kind; for the Spleen is like the *Tarantula*, the Effects of whose malignant Poison are to be prevented by no other Remedy but the Charms of Musick: For you are to understand, that as some noxious Animals carry Antidotes for their own Poisons; so there is something equally unaccountable in Poetry: For though it is sometimes a Disease, it is to be cured only by it self. Now I knowing *Tom Spindle's* Constitution, and that he is not only a pretty Gentleman, but also a pretty Poet, found the true Cause of his Distemper was a violent Grief that moved his Affections too strongly: For during the late Treaty of Peace, he had writ a most excellent Poem on that Subject; and when he wanted but two Lines in the last Stanza for finishing the whole Piece, there comes News that the *French* Tyrant would not sign. *Spindle* in a few Days took his Bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great Probability the *French* would now sue to us for Peace. I saw immediately a new Life in his Eyes; and knew, that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing Verses which he would believe worse than his own; I read him therefore the

*Baussets*

*Brussels Postscript.* After which I recited some Heroick Lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the Tympanum of his Ear, that I doubt not but I kept out all other Sounds for a Fortnight; and have Reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the Day before his Poem.

THIS (you see) is a particular Secret I have found out, *viz.* That you are not to chuse your Physician for his Knowledge in your Distemper, but for having it himself. Therefore I am at Hand for all Maladies arising from Poetical Vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other Day to one in Love, I took indeed their three Guineas, and gave them my Advice, which was to send for *Æsculapius*. *Æsculapius*, as soon as he saw the Patient, cries out, 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Oh! the unequal Pulse! These are the Symptoms a Lover feels; such Sighs, such Pangs, attend the uneasy Mind; nor can our Art, or all our boasted Skill, avail— Yet, O Fair! for thee — Thus the Sage ran on, and owned the Passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater Pain than ever he cured: After which he concluded, All I can advise, is Marriage: Charms and Beauty will give new Life and Vigour, and turn the Course of Nature to its better Prospect. This is the new Way; and thus *Æsculapius* has left his beloved Powders, and writes a *Recipe* for a Wife at sixty. In short, my Friend followed the Prescription, and married Youth and Beauty in its perfect Bloom.

*Supine in Silvia's snowy Arms he lies,  
And all the busy Care of Life desies:  
Each happy Hour is fill'd with fresh Delight,  
While Peace the Day, and Pleasure crowns the Night.*

*From my own Apartment, July 27.*

TRAGICAL Passion was the Subject of the Discourse where I last visited this Evening; and



a Gentleman who knows that I am at present Writing a very deep Tragedy, directed his Discourse in a particular Manner to me. It is the common Fault (said he) of you, Gentlemen, who write in the Buskin Style, that you give us rather the Sentiments of such who behold Tragical Events, than of such who bear a Part in 'em themselves. I would advise all who pretend this Way, to read *Shakespear* with Care, and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called Tragedy. The Way of common Writers in this Kind, is rather the *Description* than the *Expression* of Sorrow. There is no Medium in these Attempts; and you must go to the very Bottom of the Heart, or it is all meer Language; and the Writer of such Lines is no more a Poet, than a Man is a Physician for knowing the Names of Distempers, without the Causes of them. Men of Sense are professed Enemies to all such empty Labours: For he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a Wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a Tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The Gentleman went on with much Warmth; but all he could say had little Effect upon me: But when I came hither, I so far observed his Counsel, that I looked into *Shakespear*. The Tragedy I dipped into, was *Henry the Fourth*. In the Scene where *Morton* is preparing to tell *Northumberland* of his Son's Death, the old Man does not give him Time to speak, but says,

*The Whiteness of thy Cheeks  
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell thy Errand;  
Even such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in Look, so Woe be-gone,  
Drew Priam's Curtain at the Dead of Night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt:  
But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue,  
And I my Piercy's Death ere thou report'st it.*



THE Image in this Place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this Man in all this is but rising towards his great Affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a Simile? But when he is certain of his Son's Death, he is lost to all Patience, and gives up all the Regards of this Life; and since the last of Evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the World.

*Now let not Nature's Hand  
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,  
And let the World no longer be a Stage,  
To feed Contention in a lingering Act;  
But let one Spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the wide Scene may end,  
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.*

READING but this one Scene has convinced me, that he who describes the Concern of great Men, must have a Soul as noble, and as susceptible of high Thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my *Drama* for some Time, and turn my Thoughts to Cares and Grievs, somewhat below that of Heroes, but no less moving. A Misfortune proper for me to take Notice of, has too lately happened: The disconsolate *Maria* has three Days kept her Chamber for the Loss of the beauteous *Fidelia*, her Lapdog. *Lesbia* herself did not shed more Tears for her Sparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether *Fidelia* was kill'd or stolen; but she was seen in the Parlour-Window when the Train-Bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives Notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a Kiss of her Lady.



— *Virtutem verba putant, ut*  
*Lucum Ligna* —      Hor.

N<sup>o</sup> 48.      Saturday, July 30. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, July 29.*

**T**HIS Day I ob'iged *Pacolet* to entertain me with Matters which regarded Persons of his own Character and Occupation. We chose to take our Walk on *Tower-hill*; and as we were coming from thence in order to stroll as far as *Garraway's*, I observed two Men, who had but just landed, coming from the Water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their Mien and Aspect; but though they seemed by their Visage to be related, yet was there a Warmth in their Manner, as if they differed very much in their Sentiments of the Subject on which they were talking. One of them seem'd to have a natural Confidence, mixed with an ingenuous Freedom in his Gesture, his Dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming: The other in the midst of an over-bearing Carriage, betrayed (by frequent looking round him) a Suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some Attack upon him. This Person was much taller than his Companion, and added to that Height the Advantage of a Feather in his Hat, and Heels to his Shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his Friend. They made a full Stop as they came within a few Yards of the Place where we stood. The plain Gentleman bowed to *Pacolet*; the other looked upon him with some Displea-

Displeasure: Upon which I asked him, Who they both were? When he thus informed me of their Persons and Circumstances.

YOU may remember, *Isaac*, that I have often told you, there are Beings of a superior Rank to Mankind, who frequently visit the Habitations of Men, in order to call them from some wrong Pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from Methods which will lead them into Errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the Occurrences of his Life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of Difficulties, and received Favours where he could never have expected such Benefits; as well as met with cross Events from some unseen Hand, which have disappointed his best-laid Designs. Such Accidents arrive from the Interventions of Aerial Beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the Nature of Man, and attend his Steps in the Tracks of Ambition, of Business, and of Pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the Manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your Evening-Walks, and have often, by throwing some Accident in your Way, as the passing by of a Funeral, or the Appearance of some other solemn Object, given your Imagination a new Turn, and changed a Night you have destined to Mirth and Jollity, into an Exercise of Study and Contemplation. I was the old Soldier who met you last Summer in *Chelsea* Fields, and pretended that I had broken my Wooden-Leg, and could not get Home; but I snap'd it short off on purpose that you might fall into the Reflections you did on that Subject, and take me into your Hack. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that Fracture, and asked me, Whether I thought I should next Winter feel Cold in the Toes of that Leg? As is usually observed, that those who lose Limbs are sensible of Pains in the extreme Parts, even after those Limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you

then in the Story of the Battle of the *Boin*, prevented an Affignation, which would have led you into more Disasters than I then related.

TO be short: Those two Persons you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real Men, but are mere Shades and Figures: One is named *Alethes*, the other *Verisimilis*. Their Office is to be the Guardians and Representatives of *Conscience* and *Honour*. They are now going to visit the several Parts of the Town, to see how their Interests in the World decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false Imputations they daily meet with in the Commerce and Conversation of Men. You observed *Verisimilis* frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at, is, that I told him one Day, though he strutted and dressed with so much Ostentation, if he kept himself within his own Bounds, he was but a Lacquey, and wore only that Gentleman's Livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the Heart; for you must know he has pretended a long Time to set up for himself, and gets among a Crowd of the more unthinking Part of Mankind, who take him for a Person of the first Quality; though his Introduction into the World was wholly owing to his present Companion.

THIS Encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired *Pa-colet* to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me in the Gesture of the Persons: For when they look'd at each other in Discourse, the well-dress'd Man suddenly cast down his Eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful Superiority over him. After some further Discourse, they took Leave. The plain Gentleman went down towards *Thames-street*, in order to be present, at least, at the Oaths taken at the *Custom-house*; and the other made directly for the Heart of the City. It is incredible how great a Change there immediately appeared in the Man of Honour when he got rid of his uneasy Companion: He ad-  
justed



justed the Cock of his Hat a-new, settled his Sword-Knot, and had an Appearance that attracted a sudden Inclination for him and his Interests in all who beheld him. For my Part (said I to *Pacolet*) I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this Person, of the lower Quality; for he looks much more like a Gentleman than the other. Don't you observe all Eyes are upon him as he advances: How each Sex gazes at his Stature, Aspect, Address and Motion? *Pacolet* only smiled, and shook his Head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further Observation. We kept on our Way after him till we came to *Exchange-Alley*, where the plain Gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the Manner of eminent Merchants, as if ready to receive Application; but I could observe no Man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a Fop; and I heard many Whispers against the other, as a whimsical Sort of Fellow, and a great Enemy to Trade. They crossed *Cornhill* together, and came into the full *Change*, where some bowed, and gave themselves Airs in being known to so fine a Man as *Verisimilis*, who, they said, had great Interest in all Princes Courts; and the other was taken Notice of by several as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, He had formerly been a Man of Consideration in the World; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange Infatuation or other, had a Way of cutting off their own Bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their Stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the Reception these Gentlemen met with upon *Change*, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every Body made their Compliments. He was of the common Height, and in his Dress there seemed great Care to appear no Way particular, except in a certain exact and feat Manner of Behaviour and Circumspec-

tion. He was wonderfully careful that his Shoes and Cloathes should be without the least Speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an Accident depended his very Life and Fortune. There was hardly a Man on *Change* who had not a Note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their Money lay in his Hands, without demanding Payment. I asked *Pacolet*, What great Merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an Appearance to command that extraordinary Deference? *Pacolet* answered, This Person is the Dæmon or Genius of Credit; his Name is *Umbra*. If you observe, he follows *Alethes* and *Verisimilis* at a Distance; and indeed has no Foundation for the Figure he makes in the World, but that he is thought to keep their Cash; though at the same Time, none who trust him, would trust the others for a Groat. As the Company rolled about, the three Spectres were jumbled into one Place: When they were so, and all thought there was an Alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the Business of the whole *Change*. But their Affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy Bulk, that *Alethes* took his Leave, and said, He would not engage further than he had an immediate Fund to answer. *Verisimilis* pretended, that though he had Revenues large enough to go on his own Bottom, yet it was below one of his Family to condescend to trade in his own Name; therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled, to see the glorious Mart of *London* left with no other Guardian but him of Credit. But *Pacolet* told me, That Traders had nothing to do with the Honour and Conscience of their Correspondents, provided they supported a general Behaviour in the World, which could not hurt their Credit or their Purses: For (said he) you may in this one Tract of Building of *London* and *Westminster* see the imaginary Motives on which the greatest Affairs move, as well as in the rambling over the  
Face.

Face of the Earth. For though *Alethes* is the real Governor, as well as Legislator of Mankind, he has very little Business but to make up Quarrels, and is only a general Referee, to whom every Man pretends to appeal: but is satisfied with his Determinations no farther than they promote his own Interest. Hence it is, that the Soldier and the Courtier model their Actions according to *Verisimilis's* Manner, and the Merchant according to that of *Umbra*. Among these Men, Honour and Credit are not valuable Possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a Principle of Justice; but meerly as they are serviceable to Ambition and to Commerce. But the World will never be in any Manner of Order or Tranquillity, till Men are firmly convinced, that Conscience, Honour and Credit, are all in one Interest; and that without the Concurrence of the former, the latter are but Impositions upon our selves and others. The Force these delusive Words have, is not seen in the Transactions of the busy World only, but also have their Tyranny over the Fair Sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, what Pangs of Reflection, preferring the Consideration of her Honour to her Conscience, has given her? She could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a Gallon this Winter of *Tom Dafsapas's* Potions; That she still pines away for fear of being a Mother; and knows not, but the Moment she is such, she shall be a Murderess: But if Conscience had as strong a Force upon the Mind as Honour, the first Step to her unhappy Condition had never been made; she had still been innocent, as she is beautiful. Were Men so enlighten'd and studious of their own Good, as to act by the Dictates of their Reason and Reflection, and not the Opinion of others, Conscience would be the steady Ruler of humane Life; and the Words, *Truth, Law, Reason, Equity* and *Religion*, would be but synonymous Terms for that  
only



only Guide which makes us pass our Days in our own Favour and Approbation.



*Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 49.      Tuesday, August 2. 1709.

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*White's Chocolate-house, August 4.*

THE Imposition of honest Names and Words upon improper Subjects, has made so regular a Confusion amongst us, that we are apt to sit down with our Errors, well enough satisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our selves from the Tyranny under which we are reduced by such Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of humane Life, none has suffered so much in this Kind, as Love; under which rever'd Name a brutal Desire call'd Lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a Matron from a Prostitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other Day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having some Time since quoted those excellent Lines of the Satirist:

*To an exact Perfection they have brought  
The Action Love, the Passion is forgot.*

HOW could you (said he) leave such a Hint so coldly? How could *Aspasia* and *Semphronia* enter into your Imagination at the same Time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave them?

THE



THE Figures which the ancient Mythologists and Poets put upon Love and Lust in their Writings, are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without Design or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Person beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with; but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondness, though the Child so regarded is as insensible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your Benevolence. On the other Side, the Sages figured Lust in the Form of a Satire; of Shape, Part humane, Part bestial; to signify that the Followers of it prostitute the Reason of a Man to pursue the Appetites of a Beast. This Satire is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood-Nymphs and Shepherdesses, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Resorts of retired Virgins) to shew, that lawless Desire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and shuns the Object it lov'd, as soon as it has made it like it self. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it self, and weeps for Assistance, without an immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Lust, a watchful Thief which seizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same Time.

FROM this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satire*, we may settle our Notions of these different Desires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aspasia* must therefore be allow'd to be the first of the beauteous Order of Love, whose unaffected Freedom, and conscious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Distance which we bear towards her in all

our Thoughts of her; and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Instances of her being the truest Object of Love of any of her Sex. In this accomplish'd Lady, Love is the constant Effect, because it is never the Design. Yet, though her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to loose Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Person in the Lover, a Regard for *Aspasia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Lucippe* could but see her Train of Fops assembled, and *Aspasia* move by them, she would be mortified at the Veneration with which she is beheld, even by *Lucippe's* own unthinking Equipage, whose Passions have long taken Leave of their Understandings.

AS Charity is esteemed a Conjunction of the good Qualities necessary to a virtuous Man, so Love is the happy Composition of all the Accomplishments that make a fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is seen in all his Actions; and such as have the beauteous Boy for their Inspirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenness of Desire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Bosoms; while they who are instigated by the Satire, are ever tortured by Jealousies of the Object of their Wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

*FLORIO*, that generous Husband, and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which their Desires produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Instances of her Husband's Friendship, and sees it the End of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and *Amanda's*  
Relish

Relish of the Goods of Life is all that makes them pleasing to *Florio*: They behave themselves to each other when present with a certain apparent Benevolence, which transports above Rapture; and they think of each other in Absence with a Confidence unknown to the highest Friendship: Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows lessen'd by Participation.

ON the other Hand, *Corinna*, who is the Mistress of *Limberham*, lives in constant Torment: Her Equipage is an old Woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham's* Father; and a Chambermaid, who is *Limberham's* Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this Guard, and in this Conversation, *Corinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dress, make her the Envy of all the strolling Ladies in the Town; but *Corinna* knows she herself is but Part of *Limberham's* Householdstuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other Moveable. But while her Keeper is perswaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within his Doors since his last Visit, no *Persian* Prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brocade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile is a Cupboard of Plate. All this is shar'd between *Corinna* and her Guard in his Absence. With this great Oeconomy and Industry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchase the constant Tortures of Jealousy, the Favour of spending his Estate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers; and *Corinna* is a Wench but of common Size of Wick- edness, were you to know what passes under the Roof where fair *Messalina* reigns with her humble Adorer.



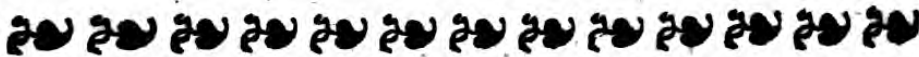
*MESSALINA* is the profess'd Mistress of Mankind; she has left the Bed of her Husband and beauteous Offspring, to give a Loose to Want of Shame and Fulness of Desire. Wretched *Nocturnus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fribbles in his Gait, and skuttles from Place to Place to dispatch his necessary Affairs in painful Day-light, that he may return to the constant Twilight preserv'd in that Scene of Wantonness, *Messalina's* Bed-chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Potter's Shoulders, the spruce Nightcap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry, this the Freedom of our fine Gentlemen: For this they preserve their Liberty, and keep clear of the Bugbear, Marriage. But he does not understand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow, that Life without the Rules of Morality is a wayward uneasy Being, with Snatches only of Pleasure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reasonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment. I have seen in a Play of old *Haywood's*, a Speech at the End of an Act, which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married Man in the Play, upon some endearing Occasion, look at his Spouse with an Air of Fondness, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition:

*Oh Marriage! Happiest, easiest, safest State:  
 Let Debauchees and Drunkards scorn thy Rites,  
 Who, in their nauseous Draughts and Lusts, profane  
 Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.  
 How can the Savage call it Loss of Freedom,  
 Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at  
 A faithful, beauteous Friend?  
 Blush not, my Fair One, that thy Love applauds thee.  
 Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,  
 That my full Heart o'erflow: in Praise of thee.*

*Thou*



*Thou art by Law, by Interest, Passion, mine:  
 Passion and Reason join in Love of thee.  
 Thus, through a World of Calumny and Fraud,  
 We pass both unreprouch'd, both undeceiv'd;  
 While in each other's Intorest and Happiness,  
 We without Art all Faculties employ,  
 And all our Senses without Guilt enjoy.*



N<sup>o</sup> 50.      *Thursday, August 4. 1709.*

*White's Chocolate-house, August 2.*

*The History of Orlando the Fair. Chap. I.*

**W**HATEVER malicious Men may say of our Lucubrations, we have no Design but to produce unknown Merit, or place in a proper Light the Actions of our Contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves; whether it be by Vice or Virtue. For we shall never give Accounts to the World of any Thing, but what the Lives and Endeavours of the Persons (of whom we treat) make the Basis of their Fame and Reputation. For this Reason it is to be hoped, that our Appearance is reputed a publick Benefit; and though certain Persons may turn what we mean for Panegyrick into Scandal, let it be answered once for all, That if our Praises are really designed as Raillery, such malevolent Persons owe their Safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for History. It is not every Man who deals in Ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn Story like *Æsculapius*; nor every Stock-jobber of the *India Company* can assume the Port, and personate the Figure of *Aurengzebe*. My noble Ancestor, Mr. *Shakespear*, who was of the Race of  
 the

The *Staffs*, was not more fond of the memorable Sir *John Falstaff*, than I am of those Worthies; but the *Latins* have an admirable Admonition express'd in two Words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging my self on those delightful Subjects, and calls me to do Justice to others, who make no less Figures in our Generation: Of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent Hero and Lover *Orlando* the Handsome, whose Disappointments in Love, in Gallantry, and in War, have banished him from publick View, and made him voluntarily enter into a Confinement, to which the ungrateful Age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *Lustra* and more are wholly pass'd since *Orlando* first appeared in the Metropolis of this Island: His Descent is noble, his Wit humourous, his Person charming. But to none of these recommendatory Advantages was his Title so undoubted, as that of his Beauty. His Complexion was fair, but his Countenance manly; his Stature of the tallest, his Shape the most exact; and though in all his Limbs he had a Proportion as delicate as we see in the Works of the most skilful Statuaries, his Body had a Strength and Firmness little inferior to the Marble of which such Images are form'd. This made *Orlando* the universal Flame of all the Fair Sex; innocent Virgins sigh'd for him, as *Adonis*; experienced Widows, as *Hercules*. Thus did this Figure walk alone the Pattern and Ornament of our *Species*, but of course the Envy of all who had the same Passions, without his superior Merit and Pretences to the Favour of that enchanting Creature, *Woman*. However, the generous *Orlando* believed himself formed for the World, and not to be engross'd by any particular Affection. He sigh'd not for *Delia*, for *Coloris*, for *Chloe*, for *Betty*, nor my Lady, nor for the ready Chambermaid, nor distant Baroness: *Woman* was his Mistress, and the whole Sex his Seraglio. His Form was  
always

always irresistible: And if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least Favour from a Lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a Smile from a Side-Box has made *Jack Spruce* half mad; we can't think it wonderful that *Orlando's* repeated Conquests touch'd his Brain: So it certainly did, and *Orlando* became an Enthusiast in Love; and in all his Address, contracted something out of the ordinary Course of Breeding and Civility. However, (powerful as he was) he would still add to the Advantages of his Person, that of a Profession which the Ladies always favour, and immediately commenced Soldier. Thus equipp'd for Love and Honour, our Hero seeks distant Climes and Adventures, and leaves the despairing Nymphs of *Great Britain* to the Courtships of Beaus and Witlings till his Return. His Exploits in foreign Nations and Courts, have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that Veracity which we profess in our Narrations: But after many Feats of Arms, (which those who were Witnesses to them have suppress'd out of Envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own Mouth in our publick Streets) *Orlando* returns home full, but not loaded with Years. Beaus born in his Absence made it their Business to decry his Furniture, his Dress, his Manner; but all such Rivalry he suppress'd (as the Philosopher did the Sceptick, who argued there was no such Thing as Motion) by only moving. The beautiful *Villaria*, who only was formed for his Paramour, became the Object of his Affection. His first Speech to her was as follows.

Madam,

*It is not only that Nature has made us two the most accomplished of each Sex, and pointed to us to obey her Dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an Ambition*

*Ambition in following the mighty Persons you have favoured. Where Kings and Heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your General to lay his Laurels.*

ACCORDING to Milton;

*The Fair with conscious Majesty approv'd  
His pleaded Reason. —*

FORTUNE having now supplied Orlando with Necessaries for his high Taste of Gallantry and Pleasure, his Equipage and Oeconomy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate Age; therefore his Figure (though highly graceful) appeared so exotick, that it assembled all the Britnos under the Age of sixteen, who saw his Grandeur, to follow his Chariot with Shouts and Acclamations, which he regarded with the Contempt which great Minds affect in the midst of Applauses. I remember I had the Honour to see him one Day stop, and call the Youths about him, to whom he spake as follows?

*Good Bastards — Go to School, and don't lose your Time in following my Wheels: I am lth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own Offspring: Hark'ee, you Sirrah with the white Hair, I am sure you are mine: There's Half a Crown. Tell your Mother, This, with the Half Crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five Shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young Dogs, did you never see a Man before? Never such a one as you, Noble General, replied a Truant from Westminster. Sirrah, I believe thee: There is a Crown for thee. Drive on Coachman.*

THIS



THIS Vehicle, though sacred to Love, was not adorn'd with Doves. Such an Hieroglyphick denoted too languishing a Passion. *Orlando* therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a Constitution which inclined him rather to seize his Prey with Talons, than pine for it with Murmurs.

*From my own Apartment, August 2.*

I have received the following Letter from Mr. *Powell* of the *Bath*, who, I think, runs from the Point between us, which I leave the whole World to judge.

To *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq;

S I R,

HAVING a great deal of more advantageous Business at present on my Hands, I thought to have deferred answering your *Tatler* of the 21<sup>st</sup> Instant, till the Company was gone, and Season over; but having resolved not to regard any Impertinences of your Paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you (as I shall find Time to do it:) First, partly lest you should think your self neglected, which I have Reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will encrease my Fame, and consequently my Audience, when all the Quality shall see with how much Wit and Raillery I shew you — I don't care a Farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being *wiehout Books*, if I don't shew much Learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

I HAVE travelled *Italy, France, and Spain*, and fully comprehend whatever any *German Artist* in the World can do; yet cannot I imagine

' gine, why you should endeavour to disturb the  
 ' Repose and Plenty which (though unworthy) I  
 ' enjoy at this Place. It cannot be, that you  
 ' take Offence at my Prologues and Epilogues,  
 ' which you are pleased to miscall Foolish and  
 ' Abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I  
 ' shall not forbear thinking that the true Reason  
 ' of your picking a Quarrel with me was, be-  
 ' cause it is more agreeable to your Principles,  
 ' as well as more to the Honour of your assured  
 ' Victory, to attack a Governour. Mr. *Isaac*,  
 ' Mr. *Isaac*, I can see into a Mill-stone as far as  
 ' another (as the Saying is.) You are for sowing  
 ' the Seeds of Sedition and Disobediencce among  
 ' my Puppets, and your Zeal for the (Good old)  
 ' Cause would make you perswade *Punch* to pull  
 ' the String from his Chops, and not move his  
 ' Jaw when I have a Mind he should harangue.  
 ' Now I appeal to all Men, if this be not con-  
 ' trary to that unaccountable and uncontrollable  
 ' Dominion, which by the Laws of Nature I ex-  
 ' ercise over them; for all Sorts of Wood and  
 ' Wire were made for the Use and Benefit of  
 ' Man: I have therefore an unquestionable Right  
 ' to frame, fashion, and put them together, as I  
 ' please; and having made them what they are,  
 ' my Puppets are my Property, and therefore  
 ' my Slaves: Nor is there in Nature any Thing  
 ' more just, than the Homage which is paid by a  
 ' less to a more excellent Being: So that by the  
 ' Right therefore of a superior Genius, I am  
 ' their supreme Moderator, although you would  
 ' insinuate (agreeably to your levelling Princi-  
 ' ples) that I am my self but a great Puppet,  
 ' and can therefore have but a co-ordinate Juris-  
 ' diction with them. I suppose I have now suffi-  
 ' ciently made it appear, that I have a paternal  
 ' Right to keep a Puppet-Show, and this Right  
 ' I will maintain in my Prologues on all Occa-  
 ' sions.

' AND

‘ AND therefore, if you write a Defence of  
 ‘ your self against this my Self-Defence, I admo-  
 ‘ nish you to keep within Bounds; for every Day  
 ‘ will not be so propitious to you as the 29th of  
 ‘ April; and perhaps my Resentment may get  
 ‘ the better of my Generosity, and I may no  
 ‘ longer scorn to fight one who is not my Equal  
 ‘ with unequal Weapons: There are such Things  
 ‘ as *Scandalums Magnatums*; therefore take heed  
 ‘ hereafter how you write such Things as I can-  
 ‘ not easily answer, for that will put me in a  
 ‘ Passion.

‘ I ORDER you to handle only these two  
 ‘ Propositions, to which our Dispute may be re-  
 ‘ duced: The First, Whether I have not an ab-  
 ‘ solute Power, whenever I please, to light a Pipe  
 ‘ with one of *Punch*’s Legs, or warm my Fingers  
 ‘ with his whole Carcass? The Second, Whether  
 ‘ the Devil would not be in *Punch*, should he by  
 ‘ Word or Deed oppose my sovereign Will and  
 ‘ Pleasure? And then, perhaps, I may (if I can  
 ‘ find Leisure for it) give you the Trouble of a  
 ‘ second Letter.

‘ BUT if you intend to tell me of the Origi-  
 ‘ nal of Puppet-Shows, and the several Changes  
 ‘ and Revolutions that have happened in them,  
 ‘ since *Theispis*, and I don’t care who, that’s *Noli*  
 ‘ *me tangere*; I have solemnly engaged to say no-  
 ‘ thing of what I can’t approve. Or, if you talk  
 ‘ of certain Contracts with the Mayor and Bur-  
 ‘ gesses, or Fees to the Constables, for the Privi-  
 ‘ lege of acting, I will not write one single Word  
 ‘ about any such Matters; but shall leave you  
 ‘ to be mumbled by the learned and very inge-  
 ‘ nious Author of a late Book, who knows very  
 ‘ well what’s to be said and done in such Cases.  
 ‘ He is now shuffling the Cards, and dealing to  
 ‘ *Timothy*; but if he wins the Game, I will send  
 ‘ him to play at Backgammon with you; and  
 ‘ then he will satisfy you, that Deuce-Ace makes  
 ‘ five.

‘ AND

‘ AND so, submitting my self to be tried by  
‘ my Country, and allowing any Jury of twelve  
‘ good Men, and true, to be that Country; not  
‘ excepting any (unless Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff*) to  
‘ be of the Panel, for you are neither good nor  
‘ true; I bid you heartily farewel; and am,

S I R,

*Bath,*  
*July 28.*

*Your Loving Friend,*

*Powell.*

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*The End of the First Volume.*

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A FAITHFUL  
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OF THE  
Dull as well as ingenious Passages  
IN THE  
TATTLERS.

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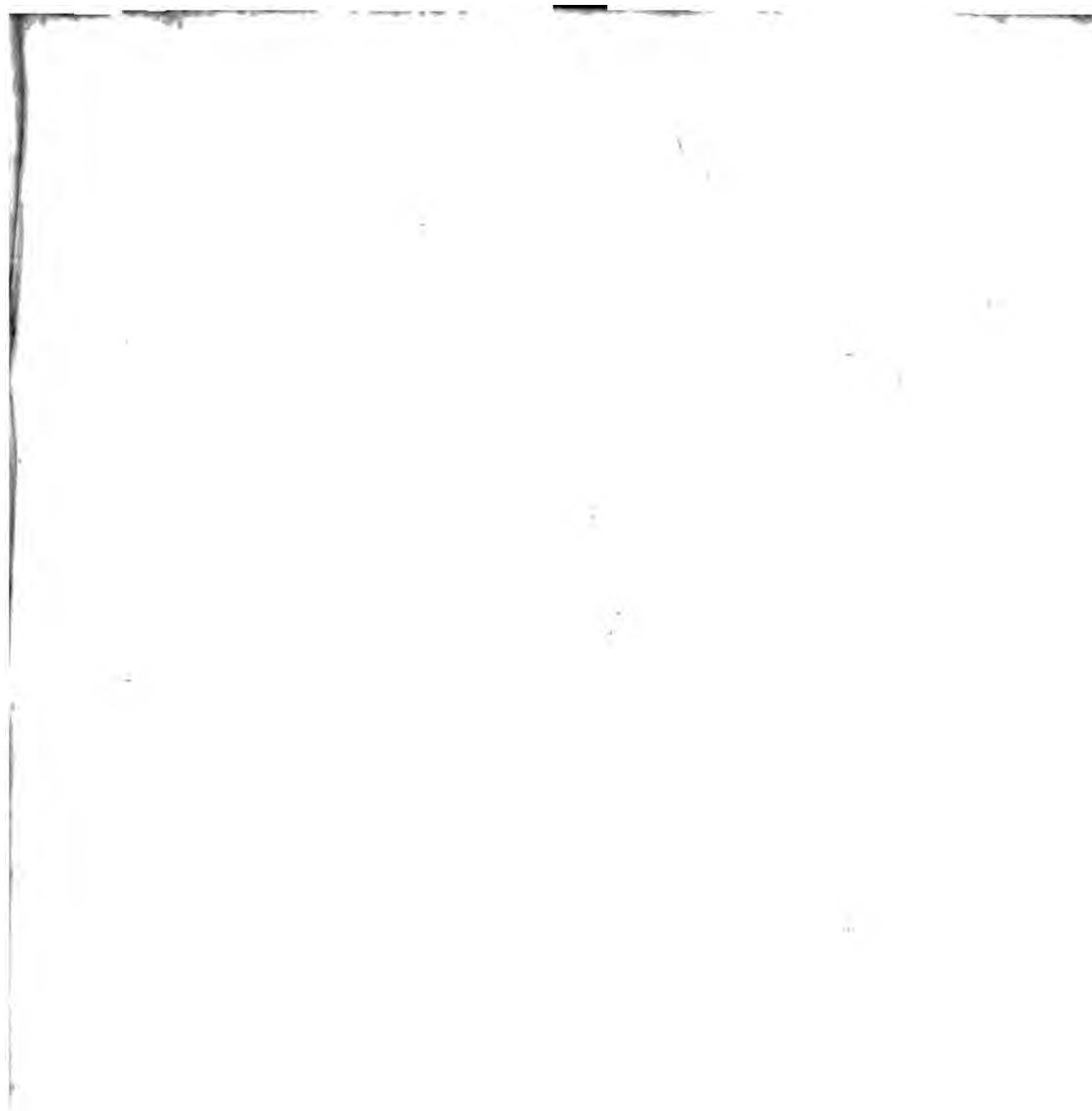
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