

**STEELE RICHARD, ДЖОЗЕФ  
АДДИСОН**

**THE TATLER,  
VOLUME 1**

Джозеф Аддисон  
**The Tatler, Volume 1**

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# Joseph Addison

## The Tatler, Volume 1

### Preface

*The original numbers of the Tatler were reissued in two forms in 1710-11; one edition, in octavo, being published by subscription, while the other, in duodecimo, was for the general public. The present edition has been printed from a copy of the latter issue, which, as recorded on the title-page, was "revised and corrected by the Author"; but I have had by my side, for constant reference, a complete set of the folio sheets, containing the "Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff" in the form in which they were first presented to the world. Scrupulous accuracy in the text has been aimed at, but the eccentricities of spelling—which were the printer's, not the author's—have not been preserved, and the punctuation has occasionally been corrected.*

*The first and the most valuable of the annotated editions of the Tatler was published by John Nichols and others in 1786, with notes by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Dr. John Calder, and Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester; and though these notes are often irrelevant and out of date, they contain an immense amount of information, and have been freely made use of by subsequent editors. I have endeavoured to preserve what is of value in the older editions, and to supplement it, as concisely as possible, by such further information as appeared desirable. The eighteenth-century diaries and letters published of late years have in many cases enabled me to throw light on passages which have hitherto been obscure, and sometimes useful illustrations have been found in the contemporary newspapers and periodicals.*

*The portraits of Steele, Addison, and Swift, the writers most associated with the Tatler, have been taken from contemporary engravings in the British Museum; and the imaginary portrait of Isaac Bickerstaff in the last volume is from a rare picture drawn by Lens in 1710 as a frontispiece to collections of the original folio numbers.*

G. A. A.

August 1898.

## Introduction

When the first number of the *Tatler* appeared in 1709, Steele and Addison were about thirty-seven years of age, while Swift, then still counted among the Whigs, was more than four years their senior. Addison and Steele had been friends at the Charterhouse School and at Oxford, and though they had during the following years had varying experiences, their friendship had in no way lessened. Addison had been a fellow of his college, had gained the patronage of Charles Montague and Lord Somers, had made the grand tour, and published an account of his travels; had gained popularity by his poem "The Campaign," written in celebration of the victory at Blenheim; had been made an Under-Secretary of State, and finally (in December 1708) had been appointed secretary to Lord Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Steele, on the other hand, had enlisted in the Guards, without taking any degree; had obtained an ensign's commission after dedicating to Lord Cutts a poem on Queen Mary's death; and had written a little book called "The Christian Hero," designed "to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures." At the close of the same year (1701) he brought out a successful comedy, "The Funeral," which was followed by "The Lying Lover" and "The Tender Husband," plays which gave strong evidence of the influence of Jeremy Collier's attack on the immorality of the stage. "The Tender Husband" owed "many applauded strokes" to Addison, to whom it was dedicated by Steele, who wished "to show the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life." In 1705 Steele married a lady with property in Barbados, and on her death married, in 1707, Mary Scurlock, the "dear Prue" to whom he addressed his well-known letters. For the rest, he had been made gentleman-waiter to Prince George of Denmark, and appointed Gazetteer, with a salary of £300, less a tax of £45 a year. He was disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Under-Secretaryship vacated by Addison.

From 1705 onwards there is evidence of frequent and familiar intercourse between Swift and Addison and Steele. After Sir William Temple's death, Swift had become chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who gave him the living of Laracor; and during a visit to England in 1704 he had gained a position in the front rank of authors by the "Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books." At the close of 1707 he was again in England, charged with a mission to obtain for the Irish clergy the remission of First Fruits and Tenths already conceded to the English, and throughout 1708 what he calls "the triumvirate of Addison, Steele and me" were in constant communication. In that year Swift published a pamphlet called "A Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners," which anticipated many of the arguments used in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and he also commenced his attack on John Partridge, quack doctor and maker of astrological almanacs. On the appearance of Partridge's "Merlinus Liberatus" for 1708, Swift—borrowing a name from the signboard of a shoemaker—published "Predictions for the year 1708, wherein the month and day of the month are set down, the persons named, and the great actions and events of next year particularly related, as they will come to pass. Written to prevent the people of England from being further imposed on by vulgar almanack-makers. By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." Isaac Bickerstaff professed to be a true astrologer, disgusted at the lies told by impostors, and he said that he was willing to be hooted at as a cheat if his prophecies were not exactly fulfilled. His first prediction was that Partridge would die on the 29th of March; and on the 30th a second pamphlet was published, "The accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions ... in a letter to a person of quality, in which a detailed account is given of Partridge's death, at five minutes after seven, by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation.... Whether he had been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed." The joke was maintained by Swift and others in various pieces, and when Partridge, in his almanac for 1709, protested that he was still living, Swift replied, in "A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," which was advertised in the

fifth number of the *Tatler*, that he could prove that Partridge was not alive; for no one living could have written such rubbish as the new almanac. In starting his new paper Steele assumed the name of the astrologer Isaac Bickerstaff, rendered famous by Swift, and made frequent use of Swift's leading idea. He himself summed up the controversy in the words, "if a man's art is gone, the man is gone, though his body still appear."

Much has been written on the interesting question of the early history of the periodical press; but with one exception none of its predecessors had much effect on the *Tatler*. John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury* was the forerunner of our *Notes and Queries*; and it was followed by the *British Apollo* (1708-11), the second title of which was "Curious Amusements for the Ingenious. To which are added the most Material Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen." *The Gentleman's Journal* of 1692-4, a monthly paper of poems and other miscellaneous matter, was succeeded, in 1707, by Oldmixon's *Muses' Mercury; or, The Monthly Miscellany*, a periodical which contained also notices of new plays and books, and numbered Steele among its contributors. Defoe's *Review*, begun in 1704, aimed at setting the affairs of Europe in a clearer light, regardless of party; but, added Defoe, "After our serious matters are over, we shall at the end of every paper present you with a little diversion, as anything occurs to make the world merry; and whether friend or foe, one party or another, if anything happens so scandalous as to require an open reproof, the world will meet with it there." Accordingly, of the eight pages in the first number, one and a half pages consist of "Mercurie Scandale; or, Advice from the Scandalous Club, Translated out of French." The censure was to be of the actions of men, not of parties; and the design was to expose not persons but things. A monthly supplement, dealing with "the immediate subject then on the tongues of the town," was begun in September 1704; and pressure on the space before long pushed the Advices from the Scandal Club out of the ordinary issue of the *Review*. Subsequently Defoe wrote more than once in praise of the way in which his work had been taken up by Isaac Bickerstaff.

Probably the *Tatler* was started by Steele without any very definite designs for the future. According to the first number, published on April 12, 1709, the aim was to instruct the public what to think, after their reading, and there was to be something for the entertainment of the fair sex. The numbers were published three times a week, on the post-days, at the price of one penny. Each paper consisted of a single folio sheet, and the first four were distributed gratuitously. Steele probably thought that his position of Gazetteer would enable him to give the latest news, and he says that these paragraphs brought in a multitude of readers; but as the position of the *Tatler* became established, the need for the support of these items of news grew less, and after the first eighty numbers they are of rare occurrence. Quite early in the career of the paper Addison, speaking of the distress which would be caused among the news-writers by the conclusion of a peace, said that Bickerstaff was not personally concerned in the matter; "for as my chief scenes of action are coffee-houses, playhouses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle to support me.... 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."<sup>1</sup>

The subject of each article was to be indicated by the name of the coffee-house or other place from which it was supposed to come: "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 Domestic News you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment." For some time each number contained short papers from all or several of these places; but gradually it became usual to devote the whole number to one topic. The motto of the first forty numbers was "Quicquid agunt homines ... nostri farrago libelli"; but in the following numbers it was changed to "Celebrare domestica facta"; and afterwards each number generally had a quotation bearing upon

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<sup>1</sup> No. 18.

the subject of the day. Writing some time after the commencement of the latter, Steele said, in the Dedication prefixed to the first volume, "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." And elsewhere he says: "As for my labours, which he is pleased to inquire after, if they but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's cheerfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions; I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain."<sup>2</sup> At the close, speaking in his own name, Steele wrote: "The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable."<sup>3</sup>

With his usual generosity, Steele more than once spoke in the warmest terms of the assistance rendered to him by Addison. In the preface to the collected edition he said: "I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he had lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." And in 1722, after Addison's death, in a preface to his friend's play, "The Drummer," Steele wrote of the *Tatler*, "That paper was advanced indeed! for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it! For the elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his writings were not so much my purpose, as (in any intelligible manner, as I could) to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct anything that was truly good and great."

It is only fair to Steele to point out that the original idea of the *Tatler* was entirely his own, and that he alone was responsible for the regular supply of material. Addison was in Ireland when the paper was begun, and did not know who was the author until several numbers had appeared. His occasional contributions were of little importance until after eighty numbers had been published; and of the whole 271 numbers Steele wrote about 188 and Addison only 42, while they were jointly responsible for 36. Swift contributed only to about a dozen numbers; and the assistance received from other writers was so slight that it does not call for notice here. Steele, unlike Addison, was probably at his best in the *Tatler*, where he had a freer hand, and described, in a perfectly fresh and unaffected style, the impressions of the moment. Hastily composed in coffee-house or printing-office, as they often were, and at very short notice, his papers frequently appeal to the reader of the present day more than the carefully elaborated and highly finished work of his friend, who wrote only when he found a suitable topic. And if Addison's art is of a higher standard than Steele's, it is to Steele that we owe Addison. A minor poet and the author of a book of travels and of an unsuccessful opera, Addison found no opportunity for his peculiar genius until his friend provided the means in the *Tatler*. It is tolerably certain that he would himself never have taken the necessary step of founding a periodical appealing to the general public; and Steele himself said with perfect truth, "I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means."<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> No. 89.

<sup>3</sup> No. 271.

<sup>4</sup> *Spectator*, No. 532.

If more is said here of Steele than of Addison, it is because it is Steele whose name is most intimately connected with the *Tatler*. The field in which Addison shone brightest was the *Spectator*, where the whole plan was arranged in the manner best suited to his genius. But his influence is, nevertheless, visible in the development of the earlier paper, and some of his individual articles are equal to anything he afterwards wrote. It is only necessary to mention his papers on the Distress of the News-Writers<sup>5</sup>; on the poetaster, Ned Softly<sup>6</sup>; on the pedant and "broker in learning," Tom Folio<sup>7</sup>; on the Political Upholsterer, who was more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family<sup>8</sup>; and on the Adventures of a Shilling.<sup>9</sup> His, too, are the Vision of Justice<sup>10</sup>; the story of a dream;<sup>11</sup> and the amusing account of the visit to London of Sir Harry Quickset, who, with his old-world breeding, was the forerunner of Sir Roger de Coverley.<sup>12</sup>

Unlike the members of the *Spectator's Club*, the *dramatis personæ* introduced in the *Tatler* do not occupy a very prominent place in the development of the work. Isaac Bickerstaff himself, an old man of sixty-four, "a philosopher, an humourist, an astrologer, and a censor," is rather vaguely sketched, and his familiar, Pacolet, is made use of chiefly in the earlier numbers. The occasional references to Bickerstaff's half-sister, Jenny Distaff,<sup>13</sup> and her husband, Tanquillus, and to his three nephews and their conduct in the presence of a "beautiful woman of honour,"<sup>14</sup> gave Steele a framework for some charming sketches of domestic life. It is not until No. 132 that we have the amusing account of the members of Bickerstaff's Club, the Trumpet, in Shire Lane. There were Sir Geoffrey Notch, a gentleman of an ancient family, who had wasted his estate in his youth, and called every thriving man a pitiful upstart; Major Matchlock, with his reminiscences of the Civil War; Dick Reptile, and the Bencher who was always praising the wit of former days, and telling stories of Jack Ogle, with whom he pretended to have been intimate in his youth. Very little use was afterwards made of this promising material.

The poet John Gay has given an excellent account of the work accomplished by Steele and Addison in a pamphlet called "The Present State of Wit" (1711). Speaking of the discontinuance of the *Tatler*, he says: "His disappearing seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity: every one wanted so agreeable an amusement; and the coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's Lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together. It must, indeed, be confessed that never man threw up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer; his reputation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever any living author's was before him.... There is this noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors: the latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest some time since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth. Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the age, either in morality, criticism, or good breeding, he has boldly assured them that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded them, with an

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<sup>5</sup> *Tatler*, [No. 18](#).

<sup>6</sup> No. 163.

<sup>7</sup> No. 158.

<sup>8</sup> Nos. 155, 160.

<sup>9</sup> No. 249.

<sup>10</sup> Nos. 100, 102.

<sup>11</sup> No. 117.

<sup>12</sup> No. 86.

<sup>13</sup> [No. 10](#).

<sup>14</sup> [No. 30](#).

authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense.

"It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning. He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the 'Change; accordingly, there is not a lady at Court, nor a banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England.

"Lastly, his writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and though we cannot yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since."

Gay's opinion has been confirmed by the best judges of nearly two centuries, and there is no need to labour the question of the wit and wisdom of the *Tatler*. But some examples may be cited in illustration of the topics on which Steele and his friends wrote, and the manner in which they dealt with them. The very first numbers contained illustrations of most of what were to be the characteristics of the paper. There is the account of the very pretty gentleman at White's Chocolate-house thrown into a sad condition by a passing vision of a young lady; the notice of Betterton's benefit performance; the comments on the war; the campaign against Partridge, with the declaration that all who were good for nothing would be included among the deceased; the discussion on the morality of the stage, with praise of Mrs. Bicknell and reproaches upon a young nobleman who came drunk to the play; the comparison of the rival beauties, Chloe and Clarissa; the satire on the Italian opera, and on Pinkethman's company of strollers; and the allegorical paper on Fælicia, or Britain. All these and other matters are dealt with in the four numbers which were distributed gratuitously; as the work progressed the principal change, besides the disappearance of the paragraphs of news, was the development of the sustained essay on morals or manners, and the less frequent indulgence in satire upon individual offenders, and in personal allusions in general. This change seems to have been the result partly of design, and partly of circumstances, including Addison's influence on the work. Steele himself said, as we have seen, that the *Tatler* was raised to a greater height than he had designed; but no doubt he realised that he must feel his way, and be at first a *tatler* rather than a preacher. After some grave remarks about duelling in an early paper ([No. 26](#)), he makes Pacolet, Bickerstaff's familiar, say, "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."

Follies and weaknesses are ridiculed in the *Tatler* in a genial spirit, by one who was fully alive to his own imperfections, and point is usually given to the papers by a sketch of some veiled or imaginary individual. In this way Bickerstaff treats of fops,<sup>15</sup> of wags,<sup>16</sup> of coquettes,<sup>17</sup> of the lady who condemned the vice of the age, meaning the only vice of which she was not guilty;<sup>18</sup> of impudence;<sup>19</sup> and of pride and vanity.<sup>20</sup> In a graver tone he attacks the practice of duelling;<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> No. 142.

<sup>16</sup> No. 184.

<sup>17</sup> [No. 27](#).

<sup>18</sup> No. 210.

<sup>19</sup> No. 168.

gamesters and sharpers;<sup>22</sup> drunken "roarers" and "scowlers";<sup>23</sup> and brutal pastimes at the Bear Garden and elsewhere.<sup>24</sup> The campaign against swindlers exposed Steele to serious threats on more than one occasion.<sup>25</sup>

Of what Coleridge called Steele's "pure humanity" there is nowhere better evidence than in the *Tatler*. It is enough to cite once more the well-known examples of the account of his father's death and his mother's grief;<sup>26</sup> the stories of Unnion and Valentine,<sup>27</sup> of the Cornish lovers,<sup>28</sup> of Clarinda and Chloe,<sup>29</sup> and of Mr. Eustace,<sup>30</sup> and the charming account of the married happiness of an old friend, with the pathetic picture of the death of the wife, and the grief of husband and children.<sup>31</sup> In the last number Steele said, "It has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life"; and we know from his letters that when he wrote of children he was only expressing the deep affection which he felt for his own. Equally in advance of his time was his respect for women, one of whom—Lady Elizabeth Hastings—he has immortalised in the words, "To love her is a liberal education."<sup>32</sup> In the same number he wrote, "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." In a time of much laxity he constantly dwelt on the happiness of marriage; "wife is the most amiable term in human life."<sup>33</sup> But good nature must be cultivated if the married life is to be happy,<sup>34</sup> and all unnecessary provocations avoided. "Dear Jenny," says Bickerstaff to his sister, "remember me, and avoid Snap-Dragon."<sup>35</sup> Women must be rightly educated before they can expect to be treated by, and to influence men as they should.<sup>36</sup> The make of the mind greatly contributes to the ornament of the body; "there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures that a woman must think well to look well."<sup>37</sup> The habit of scandal-mongering and other weaknesses are the result of an improper training of the mind.<sup>38</sup> "All women especially," says Thackeray, "are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them." His pity extended to the hunted deer: "I have more than once rode off at the death," he says; "to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as a little spirit."<sup>39</sup>

Steele's teaching on morals and right living enters intimately into his literary criticism. His love for Shakespeare was real and intelligent; there is no formal discussion of the rules of the drama, but throughout the *Tatler* there are references which show the keenest appreciation of Shakespeare's powers as poet and philosopher. "The vitiated tastes of the audience at the theatre could only be amended," says Steele, "by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by

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<sup>20</sup> Nos. 127, 186.

<sup>21</sup> Nos. [25](#), [26](#), [29](#), [31](#), [38](#), [39](#).

<sup>22</sup> Nos. 56, &c.

<sup>23</sup> Nos. [40](#), [45](#).

<sup>24</sup> No. 134.

<sup>25</sup> See Nos. 115, 271.

<sup>26</sup> No. 181.

<sup>27</sup> [No. 5](#).

<sup>28</sup> No. 82.

<sup>29</sup> No. 94.

<sup>30</sup> No. 172.

<sup>31</sup> Nos. 95, 114.

<sup>32</sup> [No. 49](#).

<sup>33</sup> [No. 33](#).

<sup>34</sup> No. 149.

<sup>35</sup> No. 85. See, too, No. 104.

<sup>36</sup> Nos. 141, 248.

<sup>37</sup> No. 212.

<sup>38</sup> Nos. 40, 42, 47.

<sup>39</sup> No. 68.

Shakespeare and others, from whence it is 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 dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them."<sup>40</sup> Still more remarkable are the allusions to "Paradise Lost," for Milton was then even less appreciated than Shakespeare. As in so many other things, Addison's more elaborate criticism in the *Spectator* was foreshadowed in the *Tatler* by Steele; and the comparison of passages by Milton and Dryden<sup>41</sup> must have been very striking to the reader of that time, who usually knew Shakespeare or Chaucer only through the adaptations of Dryden or Tate.

Though it is not true, as some have represented, that the *Tatler* is for the most part a mere society journal, concerned chiefly with the gossip of the day, yet its contributors made use of the scenes and events familiar to their readers in order to bring home the kindly lessons they wished to teach; and in so doing they have given us a picture of the daily life of the town which would alone have given lasting interest to the paper. The distinctly "moral" papers have had countless imitators, and sometimes therefore they are apt to pall upon us, but the social articles are at least as interesting now as when they were written, and one of the reasons why some excellent judges have preferred the *Tatler* to the *Spectator*, is that there is a greater proportion of these gossiping papers, combining wisdom with satire, and bringing before us as in a mirror the London of Queen Anne's day. Bickerstaff takes us from club to coffee-house, from St. James's to the Exchange; we see the poets and wits at Will's, the politicians at White's, the merchants at Garraway's, the Templars at the Smyrna; we see Betterton and the rest on the stage, and the ladies and gentlemen in the front or side boxes; we see Pinkethman's players at Greenwich, Powell's puppet-show, Don Saltero's Museum at Chelsea, and the bear-baiting and prize-fights at Hockley-in-the-Hole. We are taken to the Mall at St. James's, or the Ring in Hyde Park, and we study the fine ladies and the beaux, with their red heels and their amber-headed canes suspended from their waistcoats; or we follow them to Charles Lillie's, the perfumer, or to Mather's toy-shop, or to Motteux's china warehouse; or to the shops in the New Exchange, where the men bought trifles and ogled the attendants. Or yet again we watch the exposure of the sharpers and bullies, and the denunciation of others who brought even greater ruin on those who fell into their clutches. We see the worshipping and the flirtations in the church, with Smalridge and Atterbury, Hoadly and Blackall among the preachers, and hear something of the controversies between High and Low Church, Whig and Tory. We hear, too, of the war with France, and of the hopes of peace. Steele tells us not only of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, but of privates and non-commissioned officers, of their lives and tragedies, of their comrades and friends. All Sergeant Hall knew of the battle was that he wished there had not been so many killed; he had himself a very bad shot in the head, but would recover, if it pleased God. "To me," says Steele, recalling his own service as a trooper, "I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler impulse than that of gentlemen and officers.... Sergeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths rather than a word should be spoken at the Red Lattice, or any part of the Butcher Row, in prejudice to his courage or honesty." His letter to his friend was "the picture of the bravest sort of man, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes."<sup>42</sup>

Something must be said of the events of 1710, which led to the discontinuance of the *Tatler*. The trial of Dr. Sacheverell in March was followed by the fall of the Whigs in the autumn; and in October Steele lost his post of Gazetteer. Swift says it was "for writing a *Tatler* some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave him the post at first." There was a growing coldness between Swift and his old friends, and on the 3rd of November Swift wrote, "We have scurvy *Tatlers* of late, so

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<sup>40</sup> [No. 8.](#)

<sup>41</sup> [No. 6.](#)

<sup>42</sup> No. 87.

pray do not suspect me." On the preceding day Swift's first paper in the Tory *Examiner* had been published. He still met Steele from time to time, and he says that he interceded for him with Harley, but was frustrated by Addison. However this may be, it is certain that Harley saw Steele, and that as the result of their interview Steele retained his post as Commissioner of the Stamp Office, and brought the *Tatler* to a close on January 2, 1711, without consulting Addison. "To say the truth, it was time," says Swift; "for he grew cruel dull and dry." It is true that there is a falling off towards the close of the *Tatler*, but that it was not want of matter that brought about the abandonment of the paper is proved by the commencement only two months later of the *Spectator*. Steele himself said that on many accounts it had become an irksome task to personate Mr. Bickerstaff any longer; he had in some places touched upon matters concerning Church and State, and he could not be cold enough to conceal his opinions. Gay tells us, in "The Present State of Wit," that the town being generally of opinion that Steele was quite spent as regards matter, was the more surprised when the *Spectator* appeared; people were therefore driven to accept the alternative view that the *Tatler* was laid down "as a sort of submission to, or composition with, the Government for some past offences."

Excellent testimony to the immediate popularity of the *Tatler* is furnished by the fact that its successive numbers were reprinted in Dublin and in Edinburgh. At least sixty-nine numbers of the Dublin issue, in quarto, were printed. The Scottish re-issue was a folio sheet, commenced about February 1710, and continued until the close of the paper. The date of each number of the Edinburgh paper—"printed by James Watson, and sold at his shop next door to the Red Lion, opposite to the Lucken Booths"—is five or six days later than that of the original issue; it was evidently worked off as soon as the London post came in. Other evidence of the popularity of the *Tatler* in the provinces is afforded by the foundation of the "Gentleman's Society" at Spalding. Maurice Johnson, a native of Spalding and a member of the Inner Temple, gives this account of the matter: "In April 1709, that great genius Captain Richard Steele ... published the *Tatlers*, which, as they came out in half-sheets, were taken in by a gentleman, who communicated them to his acquaintances at the coffee-house then in the Abbey Yard; and these papers being universally approved as both instructive and entertaining, they ordered them to be sent down thither, with the Gazettes and Votes, for which they paid out of charity to the person who kept the coffee-house, and they were accordingly had and read there every post-day, generally aloud to the company, who would sit and talk over the subject afterwards. This insensibly drew the men of sense and letters into a sociable way of conversing, and continued the next year, 1710, until the publication of these papers desisted, which was in December, to their great regret." Afterwards the *Spectator* was taken in, and a regular society was started in 1712, by the encouragement of Addison, Steele, and other members of Button's Club.

One indication of the popularity of the *Tatler* in its own day is the long subscription list prefixed to the reprint in four octavo volumes. Some copies were printed on "royal," others on "medium" paper; and the price of the former was a guinea a volume, while that of the latter was half a guinea. There was also an authorised cheap edition, in duodecimo, at half a crown a volume, besides a pirated edition at the same price. A still more conclusive proof of the success of the *Tatler* was the number of papers started in imitation of its methods. Addison mentioned some of those periodicals in No. 229, where details will be found of the "Female Tatler," "Tit for Tat," and the like. But besides these, several spurious continuations of the *Tatler* appeared directly after the discontinuance of the genuine paper, including one by William Harrison, written with Swift's encouragement and assistance. But Harrison, as Swift said, had "not the true vein for it," and his paper reached only to fifty-two numbers, which were afterwards reprinted as a fifth volume to the collected edition of the original *Tatler*. Gay said that Steele's imitators seemed to think "that what was only the garnish of the former *Tatlers* was that which recommended them, and not those substantial entertainments which they everywhere abound in." The town, in the absence of anything better, welcomed their occasional and faint endeavours at humour; "but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the *Spectator*." Steele himself said that his imitators held the censorship in commission.

## The Preface.<sup>43</sup>

In the last *Tatler* I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work, as well as some account of the assistances I have had in the performance. I shall do this in very few words; for when a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. I have in the dedication of the first volume made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an inclination in the town towards anything that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that at my first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, though at the same time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the Shower in Town,<sup>44</sup> and the Description of the Morning,<sup>45</sup> are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that genealogy of the family sent to me by the post, and written, as I since understand, by Mr. Twysden,<sup>46</sup> who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Westminster Abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the course of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second *Tatler*, and the epistle from Mr. Downes the prompter,<sup>47</sup> with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman,<sup>48</sup> who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women under the names of Musical Instruments, the Distress of the News-writers, the Inventory of the Playhouse, and the Description of the Thermometer,<sup>49</sup> which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

Thus far I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands which have been concerned in these volumes, with relation to the spirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendship of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can possibly reap from any accomplishments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given me by the gentlemen above mentioned (with whom I have now accounted) has not been able to atone for the exceptions made against me for some raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the episcopacy of the Church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadly. I mention this only to defend myself against the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion;<sup>50</sup> and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmost frankness allowed merit wherever I

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<sup>43</sup> This Preface was originally prefixed to the fourth volume of the collected edition issued in 1710-11.

<sup>44</sup> No. 238.

<sup>45</sup> [No. 9.](#)

<sup>46</sup> See [No. 11.](#)

<sup>47</sup> No. 193.

<sup>48</sup> Addison.

<sup>49</sup> Nos. 153, [18](#), [42](#), 220.

<sup>50</sup> Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards Bishop of Bangor, Salisbury, and Winchester, successively, was in 1709 engaged in controversy with Dr. Francis Atterbury, who represented the high-church party. George Smalridge, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, was a Jacobite.

found it, though joined in interests different from those for which I have declared myself. When my Favonius<sup>51</sup> is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the dean in the sixty-sixth *Tatler* drawn for Dr. Atterbury, I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in these cases with honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise: for wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is, that he had some honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more: only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters, through a false sense of justice; and to the demands of duellists, through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them: as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them (with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame) by applying to the duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the liar, "He is a coward to man, and a brave to God."

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<sup>51</sup> See Nos. 72, 114.

## **To Mr. Maynwarding.** <sup>52</sup>

SIR,

The 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 pleasureable, 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 happened very luckily, that a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman<sup>53</sup> had written Predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised 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 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 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 such impostures, 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 the two volumes in octavo, on a royal or medium paper.<sup>54</sup> This is indeed an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be 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 myself,

Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient, and most humble Servant,

*ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.*

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<sup>52</sup> Arthur Maynwarding was descended from the ancient family of the Maynwardings of Over Peover, Cheshire. He was born in 1668, at Ightfield, Shropshire, and was educated at the Shrewsbury Grammar School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where Smalridge was his tutor. Filled with prejudices against the Revolution, he came to London to study law, but a political satire which he published brought him under Dryden's notice, and the kind reception given him by several Whig statesmen, to whom he was introduced, caused him to change his views on politics, and after his father's death in 1693 he gave up the law and determined to push his fortunes at the Court. He was made a Commissioner of Customs and afterwards Auditor of the Imprests. He was admitted to the Kit-Cat Club, and in 1706 the interest of Godolphin procured him a seat in the House of Commons. Upon the fall of the Whig ministry in 1710, Maynwarding set up the *Medley*, a weekly paper in which the attacks of the *Examiner* were answered, and wrote various political pamphlets. But his health soon broke down, and he died in November, 1712. Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, was the sole executrix of his will, by which he divided his small property of some £3000 between her, a son that he had by her, and his sister. There appear to have been many good points in his character. His "Life and Posthumous Works" were published by Oldmixon in 1715. "Maynwarding, whom we hear nothing of now, was the ruling man in all conversations, indeed what he wrote had very little merit in it" (Pope, in Spence's "Anecdotes," 1820, p. 338). Steele says that Harley told him that he had to thank Maynwarding for his post of Gazetteer.

<sup>53</sup> Swift.

<sup>54</sup> "Encouragement of these volumes," in the octavo edition. The list of subscribers to the original octavo edition comprised the names of some four hundred of the most prominent persons of the day.

**No. 1.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
***Tuesday, April 12, 1709***

Quicquid agunt homines ... nostri farrago libelli.

*Juv., Sat. I. 85, 86.*<sup>55</sup>

Though 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, yet 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 politic persons, who are so public spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of State. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being men 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 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.<sup>56</sup> I have also resolved to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have taken 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 my readers 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 mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable 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;<sup>57</sup> poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house;<sup>58</sup> learning, under the title of Grecian;<sup>59</sup>

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<sup>55</sup> This motto was repeated at the head of each of the first 40 numbers in the folio issue.

<sup>56</sup> These were the days on which the post left London for the different parts of the country.

<sup>57</sup> White's Chocolate-house, five doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street, was established in 1698. It was burnt on April 28, 1733, while kept by Mr. Arthur. Plate VI. of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" depicts gamblers engrossed in play in a room in this house during the fire; see also Plate IV. Swift gives it a bad character in his "Essay on Modern Education;" it had a strong character for gambling (Timbs's "Clubs and Club Life in London," where, at p. 48, there is a sketch of White's from an old drawing). The house became a private club, as we now have it, about 1736.

<sup>58</sup> Will's Coffee-house, named after Will Urwin, its proprietor, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, at the end of Bow Street. The present house, 21 Russell Street, is probably part of the old building. Will's was ceasing to be the resort of the wits in 1709; it was in its glory at the close of the seventeenth century. The wits' room, where Dryden presided, was on the first floor.

<sup>59</sup> The Grecian, in Devereux Court in the Strand, was probably the most ancient coffee-house in or about London. In 1652 an English Turkey merchant brought home with him a Greek servant, who first opened a house for making and selling coffee. This man's name was Constantine, and his house was much resorted to by lawyers, Greek scholars, and Members of the Royal Society. (See Thoresby's Diary, i. 111, 117.) Foote and Goldsmith afterwards frequented it. In Dr. King's "Anecdotes" there is a story of two gentlemen friends who disputed at the Grecian Coffee-house about the accent of a Greek word to such a length that they went out into Devereux Court and drew swords, when one of them was killed on the spot.

foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house;<sup>60</sup> and what else I shall on any other subject offer, shall be dated from my own apartment.

I once more desire my readers to consider that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under twopence each day merely for his charges,<sup>61</sup> to White's under sixpence, nor to the Grecian without allowing him some plain Spanish,<sup>62</sup> to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney<sup>63</sup> 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 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 helps 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 not speak of anything until it is passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> The St. James's Coffee-house was the last house but one on the S.W. corner of St. James's Street. It was frequented by Whig statesmen, and was closed about 1806. Swift and Steele were at a supper given by the keeper on the 19th November, 1710.

<sup>61</sup> Cf. the *Spectator*, No. 31: "Laying down my penny upon the bar."

<sup>62</sup> Wine.

<sup>63</sup> A waiter. See Nos. [10](#), [26](#).

<sup>64</sup> This introduction was repeated in Nos. [2](#) and [3](#) of the original issue.

## White's Chocolate-house, April 11

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when 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 looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young gentleman pulled off his nightcap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do out of the window till about four o'clock, he sits him down, and spoke not a word till twelve at night; after which, he began to inquire, if anybody knew the lady. The company asked, "What lady?" But he said no more until 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 all the week, but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to anything but his passion, was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered 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 set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened by a long absence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raised 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 further 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.<sup>65</sup>

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<sup>65</sup> "The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or who ever shall be, in love." (Original folio.) For Viscount Hinchinbroke ("Cynthio"), see [No. 5](#).

## Will's Coffee-house, April 8

On Thursday last<sup>66</sup> was presented, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton,<sup>67</sup> the celebrated comedy, called "Love for Love."<sup>68</sup> Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry,<sup>69</sup> Mrs. Bracegirdle,<sup>70</sup> and Mr. Doggett,<sup>71</sup> 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 itself was covered 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

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<sup>66</sup> April 7, 1709. Cibber acknowledges that Steele did the stage very considerable service by the papers on the theatre in the *Tatler*.

<sup>67</sup> For further particulars of Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), see Nos. 71 and 167. Cibber says: "I never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton wherein my judgment, my ear and my imagination were not fully satisfied.... The person of this excellent actor was suitable to his voice, more manly than sweet, not exceeding the middle stature, inclining to be corpulent; of a serious and penetrating aspect; his limbs nearer the athletic than the delicate proportion; yet, however formed, there arose from the harmony of the whole a commanding mien of majesty."

<sup>68</sup> By Congreve, 1695.

<sup>69</sup> Mrs. Elizabeth Barry on this occasion spoke an epilogue, written by Rowe. She was the daughter of Edward Barry, barrister, whose fortunes were ruined by his attachment to Charles I. Tony Aston, in his "Supplement to Cibber's Apology," says she was woman to Lady Shelton, of Norfolk, his godmother; and Curll tells us that she was early taken under the protection of Lady Davenant. She was certainly on the stage in 1673. At her first appearance there was so little hope of her success, that at the end of the season she was discharged [from] the theatre. It is probable that at this time she became acquainted with Lord Rochester, who took her under his protection, and gave her instructions in her theatrical performances. By his interest she seems to have been restored to the stage, and, improving daily in her profession, she soon eclipsed all her competitors, and in the part of Monimia in "The Orphan" established her reputation, which was enhanced by her performance as Belvidera in "Venice Preserved," and as Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage." "In characters of greatness," says Cibber, "Mrs. Barry had a presence of elevated dignity, her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her, and when distress or tenderness possessed her she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony.... In tragedy she was solemn and august, in comedy alert, easy, and genteel, pleasant in her face and action, filling the stage with a variety of gesture. She could neither sing nor dance, no not in a country dance. She adhered to Betterton in all the revolutions of the theatre, which she quitted about 1707, on account of ill-health." She returned, however, for one night with Mrs. Bracegirdle, April 7, 1709, and performed Mrs. Frail in "Love for Love" for Betterton's benefit. She died at Acton in 1713. Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Varbruggen were sworn as Comedians in Ordinary to her Majesty, 30th Oct., 2 Anne (1703). On the 3rd March, 1692, Mrs. Barry received £25 for acting in "The Orphan" before their Majesties, and on the 10th June, 1693, £25 for Caius Marius. (Lord Chamberlain's Records, Warrant Books, No. 20, p. 151; No. 18, pp. 30, 242.)

<sup>70</sup> Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle was the daughter of Justinian Bracegirdle, of Northamptonshire. By the imprudence of her father, who ruined himself by becoming surety for some friends, she was early left to the care of Betterton and his wife, whose attentions to her she always acknowledged to be truly paternal. By them she was first introduced to the stage, and, while very young, performed the page in "The Orphan." Increasing in years, and in ability, she became the favourite performer of the times. Cibber describes her in these terms: "Mrs. Bracegirdle was now but just blooming in her maturity; her reputation, as an actress, gradually rising with that of her person; never any woman was in such general favour of her spectators, which, to the last scene of her dramatic life, she maintained by not being unguarded in her private character. This discretion contributed not a little to make her the *Cara*, the darling of the theatre: for it will be no extravagant thing to say scarce an audience saw her that were less than half of them lovers, without a suspected favourite among them: and though she might be said to have been the universal passion and under the highest temptations, her constancy in resisting them served but to increase the number of her admirers. And this perhaps you will more easily believe, when I extend not my encomiums on her person beyond a sincerity that can be suspected; for she had no greater claim to beauty than what the most desirable brunette might pretend to. But her youth and lively aspect threw out such a glow of health and cheerfulness, that, on the stage, few spectators that were not past it, could behold her without desire. There were two very different characters in which she acquitted herself with uncommon applause: if anything could excuse that desperate extravagance of love, that almost frantic passion of Lee's Alexander the Great, it must have been when Mrs. Bracegirdle was his Statira: as when she acted Millamant, all the faults, follies, and affectation of that agreeable tyrant were venially melted down into so many charms and attractions of a conscious beauty." In the theatrical disputes of the times, she adhered to her benefactor Betterton, and continued to perform with applause until 1707, when, on the preference being given to Mrs. Oldfield in a contention between that actress and Mrs. Bracegirdle, she left the stage, except for one night, when she returned with Mrs. Barry to the theatre, and performed Angelica for Betterton's benefit (the performance described in this number). She died in 1748.

<sup>71</sup> Thomas Doggett died in 1721. In 1695 he created the character of Ben in Congreve's "Love for Love." Afterwards he was associated with Steele in the management of Drury Lane Theatre.

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, epigrams, 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. But, however the company is altered, all have shown 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 Antony 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 twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey;<sup>72</sup> who, besides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric 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 operas.<sup>73</sup>

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<sup>72</sup> D'Urfey's "Modern Prophets" was produced in 1709. Thomas D'Urfey died in 1723, aged 70, leaving Steele a watch and chain, which his friend wore at the funeral. He wrote many plays and songs. See also Nos. [11](#), [43](#).

<sup>73</sup> See [No. 4](#).

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

Letters from the Hague of the 16th say, that Major-General Cadogan<sup>74</sup> 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.<sup>75</sup> 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<sup>76</sup> alluded to, when being asked the names of those who were to be plenipotentiaries for the ensuing peace, answered, with a serious air, "There are about a 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 latter end of this month, is now altered to a resolution of marching towards the camp about the 20th of the next. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zealand 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 Rouillé<sup>77</sup> is returned to him from the Court of France. Monsieur Vendôme being reinstated in the favour of the Duchess 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 surprise two battalions of the allies which lay at Alost; but those battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant-General Wood<sup>78</sup> appeared on this occasion at the head of 5000 foot, and 1000 horse, upon which the enemy withdrew, without making any further attempt.

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<sup>74</sup> William, First Earl Cadogan (1675-1726), was an able officer who took a very prominent part in Marlborough's campaigns. In January, 1709, he was made lieutenant-general, and he was dangerously wounded at the siege of Mons. He was appointed Lieutenant of the Tower of London in December.

<sup>75</sup> The news-paragraphs in the earlier numbers of the *Tatler* are here preserved for the sake of completeness, but for the most part the details recorded are not of permanent interest, and do not call for comment. The reader may be reminded generally that in the spring of 1709 the French, after the battle of Oudenarde and the fall of Lille, followed by a very severe winter, were driven to think of terms of peace. The negotiations, however, fell through for the time, and the campaign was begun in the Netherlands, where Marlborough and Prince Eugene had an army of 110,000 men. The French were entrenched under Villars between Douay and Béthune, and were strengthened by part of the garrison of Tournay. Marlborough seized the opportunity of attacking the half-defended town, which was obliged to surrender on July 29, after a siege of nineteen days. The French then made a great effort, and brought an army of 100,000 men into the field, with the result that the battle of Malplaquet (Sept. 11) was a very bloody and hard-earned victory for the allies. The subsequent fall of Mons brought the campaign to a close.

<sup>76</sup> Marlborough.

<sup>77</sup> A merchant entrusted by Lewis XIV. to negotiate terms of peace with the Dutch.

<sup>78</sup> General Wood played a distinguished part in the battles of Donauwerth (1704) and Ramilies (1706).

## From my own Apartment

I am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle—viz. the death of Mr. Partridge,<sup>79</sup> under whose name there is an almanack come out for the year 1709, in one page of which it is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living, and that 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 itself, 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 myself 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.<sup>80</sup>

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<sup>79</sup> See the Introduction.

<sup>80</sup> "A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge in his Almanack for the present year 1709. By the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., London, printed in the year 1709." (Advertisement in folio issue.) In a pamphlet called "Predictions for the Year 1712. By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.; in a Letter to the author of the Oxford Almanack. Printed in the year 1712," this "Vindication" is thus noticed: "I can't but express my resentment against a gentleman who personated me in a paper called 'Mr. Bickerstaff's Vindication.' I'm grieved to find the times should be so very wicked, that one impostor should set up to reform another, and that a false Bickerstaff should write against an imaginary Partridge. And I am heartily concerned that one who shows so much wit, such extreme civility, and writes such a gentlemanlike style, should prefix my name to writings in which there appears so little solidity and no knowledge of the Arabian philosophy. If this paper should be transmitted to posterity (as, perhaps, it might have been by the authority of the name it wears in the front) it might have been a lasting reflection upon me to the end of the world.... Till seeing four volumes of writings—the collected edition of the *Tatler*—pretended to be mine, and a serious philosopher's name prefixed to papers as free from my solidity as they are full of wit, I thought it high time to vindicate myself, and give the world a taste of my writings; for I am now persuaded 'twill be more for my reputation to convince than to despise mankind."

**No. 2.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From Tuesday, April 12, to Thursday, April 14, 1709**

**Will's Coffee-house, April 13**

There 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 considered, and made more public. The turn the poet<sup>81</sup> gives it is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance.<sup>82</sup> A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured 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 complaisancy 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 very impertinent!" In a word, this match was wedlock in its most terrible appearances. She, at last weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle of water. "The virtue 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 mouth, 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.

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<sup>81</sup> William Harrison (1685-1713) was a favourite with Swift and Addison. He wrote verses, and a continuation of the *Tatler*, and afterwards obtained office in the diplomatic service; but his health soon broke down, and he died when 28.

<sup>82</sup> There is a similar story in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

## The MEDECINE

### A Tale—for the Ladies

*Miss Molly, a famed toast, was fair and young,  
Had wealth and charms, but then she had a tongue  
From morn to night, the eternal larum run,  
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.*

*Sir John was smitten, and confessed his flame,  
Sighed out the usual time, then wed the dame:  
Possessed he thought of every joy of life,  
But his dear Molly proved a very wife.  
Excess of fondness did in time decline,  
Madam loved money, and the knight loved wine.  
From whence some petty discords would arise,  
As, "You're a fool"; and, "You are mighty wise!"*

*Though he and all the world allowed 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."<sup>83</sup>  
And, "What, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!  
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine,  
Sure, never virtuous love was used like mine!"*

*Oft as the watchful bellman marched his round,  
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.  
By four the knight would get his business done,  
And only then reeled off, because alone;  
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,  
But armed with bordeaux, he durst venture home.*

*My lady with her tongue was still prepared,  
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:  
"Tis a fine hour? In a sweet pickle made!  
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.  
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,  
Devoured with spleen, and stranger to delight;  
'Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,  
Resolved to break my heart, as well as rest."*

*"Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damned obstreperous spouse!"*

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<sup>83</sup> The Rose Tavern, in Russell Street, adjoined Drury Lane Theatre, and was a favourite resort during and after the play.

*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 uncursed with wife and noise."*

*Long this uncomfortable life they led,  
With snarling meals, and each, a separate bed.  
To an old uncle oft she would complain,  
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.  
Old Wisewood smoked the matter as it was,  
"Cheer up!" cried he, "and I'll remove the cause."*

*"A wonderous spring within my garden flows,  
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose  
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,  
The best elixir t' appease man and wife;  
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,  
'Tis water called, but worth its weight in wine.  
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,  
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:  
Smile, and look pleased, when he shall rage and scold,  
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;  
One month this sympathetic medecine tried,  
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.  
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,  
Or every prattling hussy'll beg a dose."*

*A water-bottle's brought for her relief,  
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief:  
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,  
And female-like, impatient for th' event:*

*The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,  
Prepared for clamour, and domestic war.  
Entering, he cries, "Hey! where's our thunder fled?  
No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?"  
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,  
Curtseys, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:  
Wondering, he stared, scarcely his eyes believed,  
But found his ears agreeably deceived.  
"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 nightclothes, Moll, become thee mightily!"*  
With that, he sighed, her hand began to press,  
And Betty calls, her lady to undress;  
*"Nay, kiss me, Molly, for I'm much inclined."  
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.**

*Thus the fond pair to bed enamoured went,  
The lady pleased, and the good knight content.*

*For many days these fond endearments passed,  
The reconciling bottle fails at last;  
'Twas used and gone: Then midnight storms arose,  
And looks and words the union discompose.  
Her coach is ordered, 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 thyself 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 medicine, 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 Ratisbon 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 excellences 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 peace. 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 Empire 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 make 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 boldly 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 63rd year, or grand climacteric, there has not one man died of the French nation who was younger than his Majesty, except a very few, who were taken suddenly near the village of Hochsted<sup>84</sup> in Germany; and some more, who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, 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, though at the same time all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one morsel carried out of any market in the kingdom, but what is delivered upon credit.

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<sup>84</sup> The Battle of Blenheim.

**No. 3.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From *Thursday, April 14, to Saturday, April 16, 1709***

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

This evening, the comedy called "The Country Wife"<sup>85</sup> was acted in Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignell.<sup>86</sup> The part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action, she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered 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 choose 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 of 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 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 lived 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.<sup>87</sup> I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the Reformers of Manners,<sup>88</sup> in their severity towards plays, but must allow that a good

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<sup>85</sup> By Wycherley, first acted in 1683.

<sup>86</sup> Mrs. Bicknell (or Bignell) was born about 1695. It is not clear whether she was married, or whether the name Bicknell was taken to distinguish her from her sister, Mrs. Young, who was also an actress. We first hear of her acting in 1706; she took parts in which sauciness and coquetry were the chief features. Her last recorded appearance was on the 2nd of April, 1723; and she died in May. She signed a petition "M. Bicknell"; probably her name was Margaret, her mother's name. Steele alludes to her as "pretty Mrs. Bignell" in [No. 11](#), and as his friend in the *Guardian*, No. 50. She was Miss Prue in Congreve's "Love for Love," and Miss Hoyden in Vanbrugh's "Relapse." In the *Spectator* (No. 370) Steele praises her dancing.

<sup>87</sup> Cibber writes thus of this actress: "Mrs. Mountford, whose second marriage gave her the name of Verbruggen, was mistress of more variety of humour than I ever knew in any one woman actress. This variety, too, was attended with an equal vivacity, which made her excellent in characters extremely different.... She was so fond of humour, in what low part soever to be found, that she would make no scruple of defacing her fair form to come heartily into it." She could act admirably as a Devonshire lass, a pretty fellow, or a fine lady. Mrs. Verbruggen's first husband, the actor Mountford, was killed by Captain Hill, with the assistance of Lord Mohun, in 1692, because Hill, who was making unsuccessful suit to Mrs. Bracegirdle was jealous of her fellow-actor. Mountford was then in his thirty-third year. Mrs. Mountford's second husband, John Verbruggen, is described by Tony Aston as "nature without extravagance." ... "That rough diamond shone more bright than all the artful polished brilliants that ever sparkled on our stage." The same writer says of Mrs. Verbruggen: "She was all art, but dressed so nice, it looked like nature. She was the most easy actress in the world. Her maiden name was Percival."

<sup>88</sup> Various Societies for the Reformation of Manners were founded in the reign of William III. An "Account" of these societies was published in 1699, and Defoe often wrote on the subject. In 1708 the Society for London and Westminster secured the conviction of 3299 "lewd and scandalous" persons, guilty of Sunday trading swearing, drunkenness, &c.

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 public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustered 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 something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain, out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps resentment 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 myself 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 public 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 merely 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 merely mechanic, 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 hawkers just now has 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."<sup>89</sup> 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,<sup>90</sup> who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry hangings. Therefore, in order to 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 figured 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:

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<sup>89</sup> See Steele's apology to Blackmore, author of this poem, in No. 14. Sir Richard Blackmore (died 1729) was a Whig physician who wrote epics on religious and other subjects, and was often at loggerheads with the actors and wits. Though he was not a poet, Addison and Steele praised him on account of the religious tone of his work (see *Spectator*, Nos. 6, 339).

<sup>90</sup> Vanderbank, or as his father sometimes wrote his name, Vandrebanc, was a son of Peter Vanderbank, a Parisian, who came into England with Gascar the painter, about 1674, and died at Bradfield, in Hertfordshire, in 1697. His father was admired for the softness of his prints, and still more for the size of them, some of his heads being the largest that had then appeared in England; but the prices he received by no means compensated for the time employed on his works, and he was reduced to want, and died at the house of Mr. Forester, his brother-in-law. After his death, his widow sold his plates to one Brown, a print-seller, who made a great profit by them. His eldest son had some share in the theatre at Dublin; the youngest, William, was a poor labourer, who gave an account of his father and the family to Vertue. The person mentioned in this paper was probably his father's name-son, and might be, as Walpole conjectures, an engraver. Whatever concern the father might have had in any manufacture of tapestry, he could not be the person meant here, for at this time he had been dead above ten years. The suite of tapestry, in the Duke of Ancaster's sale, with Vanderbank's name to it, mentioned by Walpole, must therefore be supposed to belong to the son, who is said, upon the authority of the French translator of the *Tatler*, to have represented nature very happily in works of tapestry, and to have been a man inimitable in this way. (See Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," 1782, vol. v. p. 166.)

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 yourself; 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 ballanced 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 underparts 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<sup>91</sup> of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said of his way [whom] you employ to set forth your worthy. Waller and Denham had worn out the expedient of "Advice to a Painter."<sup>92</sup> 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 extremely 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 calico-printer: do you think there is a girl in England, that would wear anything but the taking of Lille, 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 damsel, 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 critic 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 mottoes, or are worked upon poetical grounds.

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<sup>91</sup> Trick (the early editions have "gigg").

<sup>92</sup> Waller wrote "Instructions to a Painter" and "Advice to a Painter," and Denham "Directions to a Painter."

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

Letters from Turin of the 3rd 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 20th of the next month. In the meantime, 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 Lyons. 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,"<sup>93</sup> this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman, Mr. John Bickerstaff.<sup>94</sup> 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 heroic actor, 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.<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>93</sup> Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem," 1707.

<sup>94</sup> Bickerstaff acted the part of the Captain in Mrs. Centlivre's farce, "A Bickerstaff's Burying; or, Work for the Upholders" (1713), which was dedicated to the "magnificent Company of Upholders, whom the judicious Censor of Great Britain has so often condescended to mention." In the "British Apollo," vol. ii. No. 107 (Feb. 27 to March 1, 1710), is a "New Prologue to 'Don Quixote' for Mr. Bickerstaff's Benefit at the Theatre Royal, spoken by himself." The prologue ends: "I need not from the ladies fear my doom, When it shall thus be said, in my behalf, He bears the awful name of BICKERSTAFF." In the *Daily Courant* for Feb. 4, 1710, there was advertised a performance of the "Comical History of Don Quixote" at Drury Lane, "at the desire of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., for the benefit of his cousin, John Bickerstaff."

<sup>95</sup> George Powell, actor and dramatist, gave way often to drink. He died in 1714. Addison praised his acting of tragic parts in No. 40 of the *Spectator*. See also [No. 31](#). An order to the comedians in Dorset Gardens forbade them acting till further order, because they had allowed Powell to play after he was committed for drawing his sword on Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Davenant. This is dated May 3, 10 Will. III. (1698); but on May 4 there was another order for the comedians to resume acting. (Lord Chamberlain's Records, Warrant Book No. 19, p. 80.) Cibber's remarks on this incident will be found in his "Apology," chap. x.

**No. 4.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From *Saturday April 16, to Tuesday, April 19, 1709***

It is usual with persons who mount the stage for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public 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 paltry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public 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 public. It is certain, that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to show me 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 physic, but having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither; therefore resolved 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 politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, shall take anything 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, with a description of the beauty's manner, 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 anything, 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<sup>96</sup>, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellences. 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. Jervas.<sup>97</sup> 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 riband, to represent that sort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief, 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-pleased: 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 here. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another has just now written 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 room 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.

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<sup>96</sup> In a copy of the original edition of the *Tatler*, with MS. notes written early in the last century, which was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, in April, 1887, the ladies here described were said to be Mrs. Chetwine and Mrs. Hales respectively. Mrs. Hales was a maid of honour who married Mr. Coke, vice-chamberlain, in July, 1709 (Luttrell's "Brief Relation," vi. 462); "Mrs. Chetwine" was probably the wife of William Richard Chetwynd, afterwards third Viscount Chetwynd, who married Honora, daughter of John Baker, Consul at Algiers; or the wife of his brother Walter, M.P. for Stafford, and Master of the Buckhounds. In 1717, Lady M. W. Montagu, describing a week spent by a fashionable lady, said, 'Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c.; a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal' (Pope's Works, ix. 385).

<sup>97</sup> Charles Jervas, portrait painter (died 1739), became principal painter to George I. and George II. He also made a translation of "Don Quixote," first published in 1742.

## Will's Coffee-house, April 18

Letters from the Haymarket inform us, that on Saturday night last the opera of "Pyrrhus and Demetrius"<sup>98</sup> 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 pleased with the suspense 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.<sup>99</sup> 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 performance was done in Italian: and a great critic fell into fits in the gallery, at feeling, not only time and place, but languages and nations confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion, that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, 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,<sup>100</sup> wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy why oysters are cried, card-matches<sup>101</sup> sung, and turnips 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 schoolmistress, concerning samplers.<sup>102</sup> Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that Mayfair is utterly abolished;<sup>103</sup> and we hear Mr. Pinkethman<sup>104</sup> 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 sat 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 Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a patient Grissel next tide from Billingsgate.<sup>105</sup>

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<sup>98</sup> A translation of Owen McSwiney (1709) from the Italian of Scarlatti.

<sup>99</sup> In the *Spectator* (Nos. 1, 5, 13, &c.) Addison often wrote against the Italian opera. In 1706, Dennis published "An Essay on the Operas after the Italian Manner, which are about to be established on the English Stage: with some reflections on the damage which they may bring to the Public." He traces to the recent alterations in the entertainments of the stage, the fact that familiar conversation among all classes was confined to two points, news and toasting, neither of which required much intelligence.

<sup>100</sup> The street cries of 1709 are described in Lauron's "Habits and Cries of the City of London." They included "Any card-matches or save-alls" and "Twelve-pence a peck, oysters."

<sup>101</sup> Matches made by dipping pieces of card in melted sulphur. In the *Spectator* (No. 251), Addison speaks of vendors of card-matches as examples of the fact that those made most noise who had least to sell.

<sup>102</sup> In vol. ii. of Dr. W. King's Works (1776) is "An Essay on the Invention of Samplers, by Mrs. Arabella Manly, schoolmistress at Hackney."

<sup>103</sup> May Fair was abolished in 1709, after it had on several occasions been presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury at Westminster. This fair was granted by King James II. under the Great Seal, in the fourth year of his reign, to Sir John Coell and his heirs for ever, in trust for Henry Lord Dover and his heirs for ever, to be held in the field called Brookfield, in the parish of St. Martin's, Westminster, to commence on the first day of May, and to continue fifteen days yearly. It soon became the resort of the idle, the dissipated, and the profligate, insomuch that the peace-officers were frequently opposed in the performance of their duty; and, in the year 1702, John Cooper, one of the constables, was killed, for which a fencing-master, named Cook, was executed. (See also [No. 20](#).) The fair was revived under George I., but was finally abolished through the exertions of the sixth Earl of Coventry.

<sup>104</sup> William Pinkethman, the popular actor and droll, was spoken of by Gildon as "the flower of Bartholomew Fair, and the idol of the rabble." In June, 1710, he opened a theatre at Greenwich, and in 1711 his "wonderful invention called The Pantheon, or, The Temple of the Heathen Gods," with over 100 figures, was to be seen in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden (*Spectator*, No. 46, advertisement).

<sup>105</sup> "It is credibly reported that Mr. D-y has agreed with Mr. Pinkethman to have his play acted before that audience as soon as it

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has had its first sixteen days' run in Drury Lane" (folio). The play was D'Urfey's "Modern Prophets."

## 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 23rd 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 despatched 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 surprise 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 further attempt. On the 22nd 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 21st instant, the deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden with the President Rouillé, but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. 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,<sup>106</sup> 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 valiant 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,<sup>107</sup> 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,<sup>108</sup> who makes all the public despatches. This minister is master of all the languages in use to great perfection: he is held in the highest veneration imaginable for a severe honesty, and love of his country: he lives in a court, unsullied with any of its artifices, the refuge of the oppressed, and terror of oppressors. Martio<sup>109</sup> 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,<sup>110</sup> and singularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his country. Philander<sup>111</sup> 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 public negotiations. These letters add, that Verono,<sup>112</sup> 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.<sup>113</sup>

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<sup>106</sup> Britain.

<sup>107</sup> John, Lord Somers, President of the Council.

<sup>108</sup> Sidney, Lord Godolphin, the Lord High Treasurer; or (according to the MS. notes in the copy mentioned above) Lord Sunderland.

<sup>109</sup> Edward, Earl of Orford.

<sup>110</sup> At La Hogue, 1692.

<sup>111</sup> Probably Lord Halifax.

<sup>112</sup> Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

<sup>113</sup> "Advertisement.—Upon the humble petition of Running Stationers, &c., this paper maybe had of them, for the future, at the price of one penny" (folio). The first four numbers were distributed gratuitously.

**No. 5.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From Tuesday, April 19, to Thursday, April 21, 1709**

**White's Chocolate-house, April 20**

Who names that lost thing, love, without a tear,  
Since so debauched by ill-bred customs here,  
To an exact perfection they have brought  
The action, love, the passion is 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 uprightly wit? Lesbia, with that heavenly voice? And Sacharissa, with all those excellences in one person, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to public 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,<sup>114</sup> 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.*<sup>115</sup>

But the stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him, he will never have her: for would you believe it, though Cynthio has wit, good sense, fortune, and his very being depends on 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 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 ancients, 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 confidante, or spy, upon all the passions in

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<sup>114</sup> Edward Richard Montagu, styled Viscount Hinchinbroke, who died before his father, on October 3, 1722, was the only son of Edward, third Earl of Sandwich. He was born about 1690, and became colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, and Lord Lieutenant of Huntingdonshire. In 1707, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecot, Wilts, and of Anne, daughter of the first Duke of Montagu. (See Nos. 1, 22, 35, 85, and the *Lover*, No. 38.)

<sup>115</sup> These lines are part of a song by Lord Cutts, under whom Steele had served as secretary when in the army. The verses will be found in Nichols' "Select Collection" (1780), ii. 327.

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 figure 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'll find, when her eyes have made their 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 the other day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his man of an errand yesterday without any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered 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 very perfectly remembers that he spoke to me yesterday.

## Will's Coffee-house, April 20

This week<sup>116</sup> being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions 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."<sup>117</sup> 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 easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company,<sup>118</sup> alluding to the knowledge the author seems to have of the world, "The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien."

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<sup>116</sup> Passion Week.

<sup>117</sup> First published as "By a Person of Quality." "The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift, this kind of man I thought him at that time. We have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still." (Steele's "Apology," 1714.) This pamphlet is closely in accord with the *Tatler* in its condemnation of gaming, drunkenness, swearing, immorality on the stage, and other evils of the time. Swift suggests, too, a revival of censors.

<sup>118</sup> Forster suggests that it was Addison.

## 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 be forthwith 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, he was struck with so sensible an affliction, that he burst into tears. His sorrow was aggravated by letters which immediately after arrived from the Court of Madrid, wherein his Nuncio acquainted his Holiness, 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 Commacchio, 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 returned from Solleure, 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 busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops, which lately served in Hungary, had orders to be in Saxony in the middle 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 22<sup>nd</sup> 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 7<sup>th</sup> of this month, the States of Spain had with much magnificence acknowledged the Prince of Asturias presumptive heir of the crown. This was performed at Buen Retiro; the deputies took the oaths on that occasion by the hands of Cardinal Portocarrero. Those 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 accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague of the 26<sup>th</sup> 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. Rouillé,<sup>119</sup> 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.

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<sup>119</sup> See [No. 1](#).

## 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 public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world, provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any further than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus if anything 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 deceased merit<sup>120</sup> 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 Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private sentinel: 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 sentinel 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 Salsine, 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 Jive 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 arise, but (as it is excellently observed by Sallust<sup>121</sup>) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genius<sup>122</sup> 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 Cassar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to show that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs, as any other. But I believe the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke

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<sup>120</sup> This phrase, as well as Unnion's forgetting his wound, is criticised in a little book called, "Annotations on the *Tatler*, in two parts," 12mo, said to have been written originally in French by Monsieur Bournelle, and translated into English by Walter Wagstaff, Esq. London, Bernard Lintott, 1710. The annotator goes no farther with his annotations than to *Tatler* No. 83. See Nos. 78, 191.

<sup>121</sup> "Bell. Catal.," c. 53.

<sup>122</sup> "A man of a particular turn of mind" (Johnson).

of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection, to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious 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 of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall had made one step in the world.<sup>123</sup> 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.

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<sup>123</sup> In 1705, after the battle of Blenheim, Marlborough was made Prince of Mildenheim by the Emperor. Lewis XIV. succeeded to the French throne in 1643; Marlborough was born in 1650.

**No. 6.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From Thursday, April 21, to Saturday, April 23, 1709**

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

I am just come from visiting Sappho,<sup>124</sup> a fine lady, who writes verses, sings, dances and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the imputation of anything 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 further reflection. As I came into the room, she cries, "O 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 called, and strayed I know not whither,  
From whence I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none returned,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sate me down, there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowned sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state,  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.*<sup>125</sup>

But now I can't forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his "State of Innocence," has given my great-grand-mother 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 looked languishing on mine,  
And wreathing arms did soft embraces join,  
A doubtful trembling seized me first all o'er,  
Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before;  
What followed was all extasy and trance,  
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance,  
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults tost,*

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<sup>124</sup> It has been suggested, with little or no reason, that Sappho is meant for Mrs. Manley (Author of the "New Atalantis"), or Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas (known as "Corinna"), or Mrs. Elizabeth Heywood. See [No. 40](#).

<sup>125</sup> "Paradise Lost," viii. 283.

*I thought my breath and my new being lost.* <sup>126</sup>

She went on, and said a thousand good things at random, but so strangely mixed that you would be apt to say all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reason and judgment. When I made my escape hither I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer.<sup>127</sup> 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 Πόδας ὠχὺς, or Ποδάρχης, and his indiscretion has been often rallied by the critics, 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 et Trojanus eandem Devenient;* <sup>128</sup>

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."

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<sup>126</sup> Dryden's "State of Innocence and Fall of Man: an Opera," act iii. sc. i. In the *Spectator* (No. 345), Addison illustrated Milton's chaste treatment of the subject of Eve's nuptials by contrasting what he says with the account in the opera in which Dryden, according to Lee's verses, refined "Milton's golden ore, and new-weaved his hard-spun thought."

<sup>127</sup> Addison, on reading here this remark upon Virgil, which he himself had communicated to Steele, discovered that his friend was the author of the *Tatler*. He was at this time in Ireland, Secretary to Lord Wharton, and returned to England with the Lord Lieutenant on the 8th of September following. (Tickell's Preface to Addison's Works.)

<sup>128</sup> "Æneid," iv. 124.

## 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 inquiries into antiquity, and think anything news which gives us new 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 re-demand 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 showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day Achilles assembles the council, and encourages Calcas 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' 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.

It was the twenty-first day after Chryseis' 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 condemning 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 22nd, 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 twenty-third 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 battle, 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 twenty-third day; after which the Greeks threw up a great entrenchment to secure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both sides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day the battle 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 enterprise and retire from Troy. But by the advice of Nestor, he is persuaded 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 sentinels asleep, they 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 tenth canto. The sequel of this journal will be inserted 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 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 priest to that see. The Pope has despatched 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 felucca was arrived there in five days from Marseilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an insurrection, by reason of the scarcity of provisions, and that the Intendant had ordered some companies of marines, and the men belonging to the galleys, 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 publicly for want of pay, and it was generally believed they would pillage the magazines, as the garrison 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 Alicante, 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 Konsbruch a third. Major-General Palmes, Envoy Extraordinary from her Britannic 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 Commacchio; 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 22nd of February last, that on the 12th of that month the Grand Signior took occasion, at the celebration of the festivals of the Mussulmen, to set all the Christian slaves which were in the galleys at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenburgh continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants, and some disturbances lately happened there 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; 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 Cæsar, 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 Cæsar'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 Cæsar'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. Bayes' in "The Rehearsal,"<sup>129</sup> 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 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 shows 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.

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<sup>129</sup> "The Rehearsal," act i. sc. 2. This play of the Duke of Buckingham's was produced in 1671, and the poet Bayes, as finally drawn after revision, was a satire on Dryden.

**No. 7.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From *Saturday, April 23, to Tuesday, April 26, 1709***

It 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) myself 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 sprightliest wits 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 o'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, but no longer, except you will transmit to me 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,<sup>130</sup> near Stationers' Hall, by the Penny Post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Jervas<sup>131</sup> 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 stockjobbers 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 it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bearskin,<sup>132</sup> which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities. I say, I give also the said bearskin, 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 to 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 stockjobbers.

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, 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.

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<sup>130</sup> John Morphew was the publisher of the *Tatler*.

<sup>131</sup> See [No. 4](#).

<sup>132</sup> Stockjobbers, who contract for a sale of stock which they do not possess, are called sellers of bearskins; and universally whoever sells what he does not possess was said to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods. "You never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bearskins—*i.e.* stockjobbers, &c." (Swift). See [No. 38](#).

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 Bentivolio,<sup>133</sup> to defend his works from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

Item, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society.<sup>134</sup>

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 my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, persons, 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, an half-lawyer, a complete justice. The two next, a chemist, 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 itself) a very farce; and since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such, to attend me. I humbly therefore beseech Mrs. Barry<sup>135</sup> 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. Pinkethman<sup>136</sup> to follow in the habit of a cardinal, and Mr. Bullock<sup>137</sup> in that of a privy councillor. 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 anything, 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.

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<sup>133</sup> Dr. Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, took a leading part in the controversy regarding the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris. In 1709 he published critical notes on the Tusculan Disputations.

<sup>134</sup> There are several sneers at the members of the Royal Society in the *Tatler*.

<sup>135</sup> See [No. 1](#).

<sup>136</sup> See [No. 4](#).

<sup>137</sup> William Bullock was a comic actor whose abilities are praised by Gildon and others. He was the original Sir Tunbelly Clumsy in Vanbrugh's "Relapse." Later on in this number (p. 70), Steele says that Bullock had a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and in No. 188 he compares Bullock and Pinkethman in a satirical vein.

## White's Chocolate-house, April 25

Easter Day being a time when you can't well meet with any but humble adventures; and there being such a thing as low gallantry, as well as a low comedy, Colonel Ramble<sup>138</sup> and myself 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 though 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 tailor, attended by others, leading one of Madame Depingle's<sup>139</sup> maids to the church, in order to their espousals. It was his sword tucked so high above his waist, and the circumflex which persons of his profession take in their walking, that made him appear at a distance wounded and falling. But the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itself. 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 soused, that there did not appear one inch or single thread about him unmarried.<sup>140</sup> 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 Florimel, 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 coquettes. 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 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 men's 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.

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<sup>138</sup> Perhaps Colonel Hunter, afterwards Governor of New York; or Colonel Brett, one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre.

<sup>139</sup> See [No. 34](#).

<sup>140</sup> The pun is, of course, on the word "unmarried."

## Will's Coffee-house, April 25

This evening, the comedy, called "Epsom Wells,"<sup>141</sup> was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock,<sup>142</sup> 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 Biskett 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 Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman 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 Antony and Ventidius. The whole comedy is very just, and the low part of human life represented with much humour and wit.

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<sup>141</sup> By Thomas Shadwell, 1676.

<sup>142</sup> See note on p. 67, above.

## 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 Councillor of the Aulic 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 Thungen 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 declared, that if this affair be not wholly concluded by the 15th 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, it is 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 Commachio, 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 part from thence the 1st instant with 6000 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 Mecklenburg; 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 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 the 4th, 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 auxiliaries 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 Lille, 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.

**No. 8.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From Tuesday, April 26. to Thursday, April 28, 1709**

**Wills Coffee-house, April 26**

The play of "The London Cuckolds"<sup>143</sup> 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 Shakespeare and others, from whence it is 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 dramas 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 mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's<sup>144</sup> picture of the Battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man,<sup>145</sup> and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through 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 mere 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.'<sup>146</sup> ('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 character 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 rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

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<sup>143</sup> A very coarse play by Edward Ravenscroft, produced in 1682, and often acted on Lord Mayors' days and other holidays.

<sup>144</sup> Charles Le Brun, who was born in 1619, and died in 1690, was the son of a sculptor, of Scotch extraction. Under Colbert's patronage he founded the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, at Paris, and he received many honours from Louis XIV. Le Brun's painting of the Defeat of Porus is 16 feet high and 39 feet 5 inches long.

<sup>145</sup> Porus was an Indian king who was defeated and put to death by Alexander the Great. See Q. Curtius, viii. 12, 14.

<sup>146</sup> "Bell. Catil." cap. 61.

## **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 a thousand 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 Berne 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 Catholics, of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the meantime the deputies of Berne 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 3rd of May advise, that the President Rouillé, after his last conference with the deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, 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 meantime it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador 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 Lille. 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 Hamburg and Dantzic, 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 impertinences, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My *valet-de-chambre*<sup>147</sup> 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 pleasing ideas of Elysian Fields, deceased worthies walking in them, sincere lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had misspent 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 shook its very centre, and rocked 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 myself, 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.<sup>148</sup>

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 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 exposed 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 darkness: 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

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<sup>147</sup> Steele seems to have forgotten that he was Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and had only an old maid-servant. (Nichols.)

<sup>148</sup> Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, died on October 21, 1708, after a few days' illness. This dream gives a picture of the state of England from his death until the conclusion of the negotiations at the Hague in 1709.

on those abodes to which her consort was ascended.<sup>149</sup> Methought, a long period of time had passed away in mourning and in darkness, 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 seemed equally suitable to his genius.

When this illustrious person<sup>150</sup> touched on the shore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleasure in the glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding subjects, were ever capable to suspend her sorrow for one moment, until 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 warrior'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.<sup>151</sup>

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<sup>149</sup> The mourning of Queen Anne was so long that the manufacturers remonstrated, and secured a limit to the duration of public mournings.

<sup>150</sup> About this time the D[uke]. of M[arlborough]. returned from Holland with the preliminaries of a peace.—(Steele.)

<sup>151</sup> "Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Mr. Quarterstaff for his kind and instructive letter dated the 26th instant" (folio).

**No. 9.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**From *Thursday, April 28, to Saturday, April 30, 1709***

**Will's Coffee-house, April 28**

This evening we were entertained with "The Old Bachelor,"<sup>152</sup> 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 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 "easy writers," whose abilities Mr. Wycherley one day described excellently well in one word: "That," said he, "among these fellows is called easy writing, which any one may easily write." Such jaunty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them, that an ingenious kinsman of mine,<sup>153</sup> 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, showed 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 pared the street, and sprinkled round the floor.  
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dext'rous airs,  
Prepared 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 smallcoal-man was heard with cadence deep,  
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.  
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;  
And Brickdust Moll had screamed through half a street;  
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out at nights to steal for fees.  
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands;  
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

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<sup>152</sup> Congreve's first play, produced in 1693. See also No. 193. This piece is attacked in Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," 1698.

<sup>153</sup> Swift.

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 evenings; as, a medley of verses signifying, grey-peas are now cried warm: that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the playhouse: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux 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<sup>154</sup> and his heirs enjoy his pills, Sir. William Read<sup>155</sup> has the cure of eyes, and Monsieur Rozelli<sup>156</sup> 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. Scoggan,<sup>157</sup> the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned 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 Naturalisation<sup>158</sup> 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 itself with new subjects. Therefore an author of that nation, called La Bruyère, I shall make bold with on such occasions. The last person I read of in that writer, was Lord Timon.<sup>159</sup> Timon, says my author, is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with 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 infirmity, 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 stepped his lordship's

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<sup>154</sup> A Scotch physician in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. An advertisement of his "famous Scots Pills" requested the public to beware of counterfeits, especially an ignorant pretender, one Muffen, who kept a china-shop.

<sup>155</sup> "Henley would fain have me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at Sir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the Queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go; neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt" (Swift's "Journal," April 11, 1711). Read was knighted in 1705, for services done in curing soldiers and sailors of blindness gratis. Beginning life as a tailor, he became Queen Anne's oculist in ordinary, and died in 1715. See *Spectator*, No. 547.

<sup>156</sup> Rozelli, the inventor of a specific for the gout, died at the Hague. In [No. 33](#) was an advertisement of the "Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Signior Rozelli, at the Hague, giving a particular account of his birth, education, slavery, monastic state, imprisonment in the Inquisition at Rome, and the different figures he has since made, as well in Italy, as in France and Holland... Done into English from the second edition of the French." This work, like the continuation of 1724, has been wrongly attributed to Defoe. Rozelli advertised in the *London Gazette*, for July 19, 1709, that the book was entirely fictitious, and a libel upon his character.

<sup>157</sup> We learn from Ben Jonson, that Scoggan, or Skogan, was M.A., and lived in the time of Henry IV. "He made disguises for the King's sons, writ in ballad-royal daintily well, and was regarded and rewarded." Jonson calls him the moral Skogan; and introduces him with Skelton, the poet laureate of Henry VIII., into his Masque, entitled "The Fortunate Isles," where he keeps them in character, and makes them rhyme in their own manner.

<sup>158</sup> 7 Anne, cap. 5, was an "Act for naturalising Foreign Protestants." After the preamble, "Whereas many strangers of the Protestant or reformed religion would be induced to transport themselves and their estates into this kingdom, if they might be made partakers of the advantages and privileges which the natural-born subjects thereof do enjoy," it was enacted that all persons taking the oaths, and making and subscribing the declaration appointed by 6 Anne, cap. 23, should be deemed natural-born subjects; but no person was to have the benefit of this Act unless he received the sacrament. The Act was repealed by 10 Anne, c. 5, because "divers mischiefs and inconveniences have been found by experience to follow from the same, to the discouragement of the natural-born subjects of this kingdom, and to the detriment of the trade and wealth thereof."

<sup>159</sup> It has been alleged that there is here an allusion to the Duke of Ormond, whose servants enriched themselves at their master's expense (see *Examiner*, vol. iii. p. 48). But in the *Guardian*, No. 53, Steele, writing in his own name, declared that the character of Timon was not disgraceful, and that when he drew it he thought it resembled himself more than any one else.

secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat steward. In an instant followed a chaise, which was entered 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 beaux 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 falsehood 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 eavesdropper 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 keyhole: 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,<sup>160</sup> and forms herself into the exact manner of Lindamira: in a word, becomes a sincere convert to everything 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 of forbearance of the usual peevish way with which the aged treat the young, than this, except that of our famous Noye,<sup>161</sup> 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 squandered 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.

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<sup>160</sup> The tucker, an edging round the top of a low dress, began to be discontinued about 1713, as appears from complaints in the *Guardian*, *passim*.

<sup>161</sup> "William Noye, of St. Burian in Cornwall, gentleman, was made Attorney-General in 1631; his will is dated June 3, 1634, about a month or six weeks before his death. The expedient did not operate an alteration in his son so altogether favourable; for within two years Edward was slain in a duel by one Captain Byron, who was pardoned for it" (Wood's "Athen. Oxon." 1691, i. 506). Noye's character is drawn in the first book of Clarendon's "History of the Civil War."

## 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 sixty days, besides biscuits for twenty-five 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 14,000 foot, and 4000 horse. On the day these letters were despatched, the Earl of Galway received advice, that the Marquis de Bay was preparing for some enterprise, 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, aide-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 Brussels of the 6th of May, N.S., which advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of 20,000 men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lille, 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 per cent.

These advices add, that the Marshal 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 Marshal 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.<sup>162</sup>

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<sup>162</sup> "Mr. Bickerstaff has received the epistles of Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff, Timothy Pikestaff and Wagstaff, which he will acknowledge farther as occasion shall serve" (folio).

**No. 10.**  
**[STEELE.**  
**By Mrs. <sup>163</sup> JENNY DISTAFF, half-**  
**sister to Mr. BICKERSTAFF.**  
**From *Saturday, April 30, to Tuesday, May 3, 1709***  
**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 despatch of the next advices from 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 pleased 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 hands on, is, a treatise concerning "The Empire of Beauty," and the effects it has had in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, "The Bachelor'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 operas, 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 falsehood. 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 in hand, but he pleases every one else by-the-bye. 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;<sup>164</sup> 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" the 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

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<sup>163</sup> The word "Miss" was still confined, in Steele's day, to very young girls or to young women of giddy or doubtful character. Thus Pastorella in [No. 9](#) is called "Miss," and similarly we find "Miss Gruel" in [No. 33](#). In the "Original Letters to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*," printed by Charles Lillie (i. 223) there is a "Table of the Titles and Distinctions of Women," from which what follows is extracted. "Let all country-gentlewomen, without regard to more or less fortune, content themselves with being addressed by the style of 'Mrs.' Let 'Madam' govern independently in the city, &c. Let no women after the known age of 21 presume to admit of her being called 'Miss,' unless she can fairly prove she is not out of her sampler. Let every common maid-servant be plain 'Jane,' 'Doll,' or 'Sue,' and let the better-born and higher-placed be distinguished by 'Mrs. Patience,' 'Mrs. Prue,' or 'Mrs. Abigail.'"

<sup>164</sup> Perhaps there is here an illusion to Mrs. Anne Oldfield (died 1730), and Brigadier-General Charles Churchill, brother of the Duke of Marlborough. Mrs. Oldfield acted as Lady Betty Modish in Cibber's "Careless Husband," a part which was not only written for, but copied from her. Her son by Churchill married Lady Mary Walpole.

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: insomuch, 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 myself 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 myself, 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 *quidnunc*, a phrase I shall never inquire 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 devotion, a perfect neglect of the world." Sure, if our sex had the liberty of frequenting public-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,<sup>165</sup> 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 meantime, 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,<sup>166</sup> 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,<sup>167</sup> 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'st have me learn;  
That womankind's peculiar joys  
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, called "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost."<sup>168</sup> The enamoured Antony resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence 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 ourselves 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 critics.

<sup>165</sup> A coffee-house in Pall Mall. Swift and Prior frequented it: "Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven receiving acquaintance." "I walked a little in the Park till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house."—"Journal to Stella," Oct. 15, 1710; Feb. 19, 1711.)

<sup>166</sup> The sixth and last volume of the "Dryden" Miscellany Poems was published by Tonson in 1709. The elder Tonson, who was founder and secretary of the Kit Cat Club, died in 1736.

<sup>167</sup> By Elizabeth Singer, who became Mrs. Rowe in 1710, and died in 1737. Besides poems which gained for her the friendship of Prior, Dr. Watts, and Bishop Ken, she published "Friendship in Death, in twenty letters from the Dead to the Living," and "Letters Moral and Entertaining."

<sup>168</sup> Dryden's version of "Antony and Cleopatra" was produced in 1673.

—*Tristitiam et metus*  
*Tradam protectis in mare Criticum*  
*Portare ventis.*<sup>169</sup>

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney,<sup>170</sup> from the St. James's Coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very style and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

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<sup>169</sup> Horace, 1 Od. xxvi. 2. The joke consists in Mrs. Jenny Distaff mistaking Horace's "Creticum" for "Criticum," and so misapplying the passage.

<sup>170</sup> See [No. 1](#).

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

We are advised by letters from Berne, 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 Marshal 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 to the viceroy the necessity his Imperial Majesty was under, of desiring an aid from that kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary expenses 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 galleys 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 public 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 23rd 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 Consbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an ensuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the Imperialists have had several successful skirmishes with the malcontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the 6th, say, that the Marshal 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 appeared before Alicante 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 enterprise 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 St. Germain, pressed down by their multitude 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 enraged 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 Duchess 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, with menaces against the Government, are publicly 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, it is feared, will end in a pestilence. Letters from Bordeaux 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 Rouillé, 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. It is 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 it is supposed that the Duke d'Alba, ambassador 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.<sup>171</sup>

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<sup>171</sup> "In the absence of Mr. Bickerstaff, Mrs. Distaff has received Mr. Nathaniel Broomstick's letter" (folio).

**No. 11.**  
**[STEELE.]**  
**By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.**  
**From *Tuesday May 3, to Thursday, May 5, 1709***

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

A kinsman<sup>172</sup> has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business had 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 marked 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 bowed,  
Cato alone his empire disallowed;  
With inborn strength alone opposed mankind,  
With heaven in view, to all below it blind:  
Regardless of his friend's applause, or moan,  
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone.

"Thus when the Ruler of the genial day,  
Behind some darkening planet forms his way,  
Desponding mortals, with officious care,  
The concave drum, and magic brass prepare;  
Implore him to sustain the important fight,  
And save depending worlds from endless night.  
Fondly they hope their labour may avail,  
To ease his conflict, and assist his toil.  
Whilst he in beams of native splendour bright, }  
(Though dark his orb appear to human sight) }  
Shines to the gods with more diffusive light. }  
To distant stars with equal glory burns,  
Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden urns.  
Sure to retain his known superior tract,  
And proves the more illustrious by defect."

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaëton: he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but won't stay for his direction of it. Avail and toil, defect and tract, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason

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<sup>172</sup>Jabez Hughes (died 1731), the author of these verses, was the younger brother of John Hughes. He published several translations, and his "Miscellanies in Verse and Prose" appeared in 1737.

I was willing to entertain anything he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon, naturally raises great reflections in the soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to the beholders: All which glory and shame must end in what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his exit. In real life, this is a chimera; and by noble spirits, it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution: and if we consider the speeches of the mighty philosophers, heroes, law-givers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute, country fellow, who said in the pains of the colic, "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.<sup>173</sup>

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. The drama is called, "The Modern Prophets,"<sup>174</sup> 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 Mrs. Bignell,<sup>175</sup> whom he has, with great subtlety, 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 anything 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 a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, a huge kick: the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and 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 sudden 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 latter 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 yourselves and those you dance with: nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick, and are kicked, like friends and equals.

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<sup>173</sup> "Honest Ned" was a farmer on the estate of Anthony Henley, who mentions this saying in a letter to Swift.

<sup>174</sup> D'Urfey's "Modern Prophets" attacked the enthusiasts known as "French Prophets," who were in the habit of assembling in Moorfields to exert their alleged gifts. Lord Chesterfield says that the Government took no steps, except to direct Powell, the puppet-show man, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it put an end to the fanatics.

<sup>175</sup> See [No. 3](#).

## 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, though I write myself "Esquire," was nobody: 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.<sup>176</sup>

"DEAR COUSIN,

"Since you have been pleased to make yourself 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 yourself) have come to pass after so surprising a manner; it is 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 Welsh 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, or staff of staffs; and that it has applied itself to astronomy with great success, after the example of our aforesaid forefather. The descendants 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-à-Becket, as the legends say; they have been always sought after by the ladies; but whether it be to show 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 opinionated 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<sup>177</sup> 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

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<sup>176</sup> The letter is by Heneage Twysden. (See Steele's Preface.) Heneage Twysden was the seventh son of Sir William Twysden, Bart., of Roydon Hall, East Peckham, Kent. At the time of his death (1709, aged 29) he was a captain of foot in Sir Richard Temple's Regiment, and aide-de-camp to John, Duke of Argyle. Near his monument in the north aisle of the Abbey are two other small ones to the memory of his brothers Josiah and John. Josiah, a captain of foot, was killed in Flanders in 1708, in his 23rd year; John was a lieutenant in the admiral's ship, under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and perished with him in 1707, in his 24th year. [Chalmers.]—Heneage Twysden was killed at the battle of Blarequies.

<sup>177</sup> The allusion is to the staff carried by the First Lord of the Treasury.

men in the kingdom<sup>178</sup> 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: it is this unlucky branch has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, serjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is overrun. Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's evil; but his rascally descendants 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 clothes 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 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,

"Your humble Servant,

*"D. DISTAFF.*

"From the Heralds' Office, *May 1.*"

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<sup>178</sup> The House of Commons.

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

As politic 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 further 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 2nd 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 Marli on the 1st instant, N.S., and our last advices from Spain inform us, that the Prince of Asturias had made his public entry into Madrid in great splendour. 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 had 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 22nd of the last month, and would decamp on the 24th, in order to march upon the enemy, who lay at Badajos.

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