

‘ this is to be accounted for I know not; but Mens Estimation follows us according to the Company we keep.
 ‘ If you are what you were to me, you can go a great
 ‘ Way towards my Recovery; if you are not, my good
 ‘ Fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower Approaches.

I am, S I R,

Your affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant.

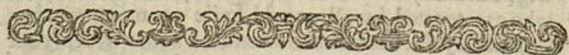
THIS was answered with a Condescension that did not, by long impertinent Professions of Kindness, insult his Distress, but was as follows.

Dear Tom,

“ I Am very glad to hear that you have Heart enough
 “ to begin the World a second Time. I assure you, I
 “ do not think your numerous Family at all diminished
 “ (in the Gifts of Nature for which I have ever so much
 “ admired them) by what has so lately happened to you.
 “ I shall not only countenance your Affairs with my Appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a
 “ considerable Sum at common Interest for three Years.
 “ You know I could make more of it; but I have so
 “ great a Love for you, that I can wave Opportunities
 “ of Gain to help you; for I do not care whether they
 “ say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or
 “ fifty thousand Pounds more then I wanted when I
 “ was living.

T

Your obliged humble Servant.



N^o 457. *Thursday, August 14.*

Multa & præclara minantis.

Hor.

I Shall this Day lay before my Reader a Letter, written by the same Hand with that of last *Friday*, which contained Proposals for a Printed News paper, that should take in the whole Circle of the Penny-post.

S I R,

SIR,

THE kind Reception you gave my last *Friday's* Letter, in which I broached my Project of a News-Paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the *Lowndes* of the learned World, and cannot think any Scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, tho' all the Money we raise by it is on our own Funds, and for our private Use.

I have often thought that a *News-Letter of Whispers*, written every Post, and sent about the Kingdom, after the same manner as that of Mr. *Dyer*, Mr. *Darwkes*, or any other Epistolary Historian, might be highly gratifying to the Publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By Whispers I mean those Pieces of News which are communicated as Secrets, and which bring a double Pleasure to the Hearer; first, as they are private History, and in the next Place, as they have always in them a Dash of Scandal. These are the two chief Qualifications in an Article of News, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary Manner, to the Ears of the Curious. Sickness of Persons in high Posts, Twilight Visits paid and received by Ministers of State, Clandestine Courtships and Marriages, Secret Amours, Losses at Play, Applications for Places, with their respective Successes or Repulses, are the Materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two Persons, that are each of them the Representative of a Species, who are to furnish me with those Whispers which I intend to convey to my Correspondents. The first of these is *Peter Husb*, descended from the ancient Family of the *Huskes*. The other is the old Lady *Blaff*, who has a very numerous Tribe of Daughters in the two great Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. *Peter Husb* has a whispering Hole in most of the great Coffee-houses about Town. If you are alone with him in a wide Room, he carries you up into a Corner of it, and speaks in your Ear. I have seen *Peter* seat himself in a Company of seven or eight Persons, whom he never saw before in his Life; and after having looked about to see there was no one that over-heard him, has communicated to them in a low Voice, and under the Seal
of

of Secrecy, the Death of a great Man in the Country, who was perhaps a Fox-hunting the very Moment this Account was given of him. If upon your entring into a Coffee-house you see a Circle of Heads bending over the Table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my Friend *Peter* is among them. I have known *Peter* publishing the *Whisper of the Day* by eight o' Clock in the Morning at *Garraway's*, by twelve at *Will's*, and before two at the *Smyrna*. When *Peter* has thus effectually lunched a Secret, I have been very well pleased to hear People whispering it to one another at second Hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, Sir, the great Incentive to Whispering is the Ambition which every one has of being thought in the Secret, and being look'd upon as a Man who has Access to greater People than one would imagine. After having given you this Account of *Peter Husb*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blast*, who is to communicate to me the private Transactions of the Crimp Table, with all the *Arcana* of the Fair Sex. The Lady *Blast*, you must understand, has such a particular Malignity in her Whisper, that it blights like an Easterly Wind, and withers every Reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular Knack at making private Weddings, and last Winter married above five Women of Quality to their Footmen. Her Whisper can make an innocent young Woman big with Child, or fill an healthful young Fellow with Distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a Visit into an Intrigue, and a distant Salute into an Assignment. She can beggar the Wealthy, and degrade the Noble. In short, she can whisper Men Base or Foolish, Jealous or Ill-natur'd, or, if Occasion requires, can tell you the Slips of their Great Grandmothers, and traduce the Memory of honest Coachmen that have been in their Graves above these hundred Years. By these and the like Helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome News-Letter. If you approve my Project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next Post, and question not but every one of my Customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every Piece of News I send him is a Word in his Ear, and lets him into a Secret.

H A V I N G