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N° 24. Saturday, June 4, 1709.

A D D I S O N\*.

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*Quicquid agunt homines*——

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

“Whate’er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
“Our medley Paper seizes for its theme.” P.

WHITE’S Chocolate-house, June 2.

**I**N my Paper of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others, I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to shew also what is meant by a VERY PRETTY FELLOW, which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some

\* This Paper N° 24, is assigned to ADDISON, on the authority of the *List* delivered by STEELE to Mr. T. Tickell. See his edition of ADDISON’S “Works” in 4to.

have



have this distinction from the fair-sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour\*.

The chief of this sort is Colonel BRUNETT, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, because he is so in another; and every man treats BRUNETT well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others. It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain *upon* him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the colonel can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations, I pronounce him a

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 9, N<sup>o</sup> 26, and *notes*.



true woman's man, and in the first degree  
"A very Pretty Fellow."

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy, than a very Pretty Fellow? for he is admitted at all hours: all he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.—By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be merely "Pretty Fellows." But, where nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for success, and his very errors and absurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his life's end: for it being in a manner necessary that he should be of no consequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man, whose son has been some years a "Pretty Fellow," who is himself at this hour a "VERY Pretty Fellow."

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One must move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their influence and favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute, or observation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as for their Bacchanalian performances must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles: the first is called HOGSHEAD; the second, CULVERIN; and the third, MUSQUET. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of BACCHUS, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. HOGSHEAD is a prettier Fellow than CULVERIN, by two quarts; and CULVERIN than MUSQUET, by a full pint. It is to be feared HOGSHEAD is so often too full, and CULVERIN\* over-loaded, that MUSQUET

\* "EXAMINER," vol. III. N<sup>o</sup> 48. It would seem from the passage in the *Examiner* here referred to, that three men of distinction at that time, probably noblemen, were supposed to be denoted under the names of *Hogshead*, *Culverin*, and *Musquet*, from *Wapping*; or, as they are named by the *Examiner*,



QUET will be the only lasting "Very Pretty Fellow" of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as JO CARRY, for his excessive strength and vigour; TOM DRYBONES, for his generous loss of youth and health; and CANCRUM, for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits, are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who stole BETTY PEPIN \* may own it, for he is allowed to be "a VERY Pretty Fellow."

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a TOAST † is in the country, gives as much perplexity as she herself does in

Examiner, "*Tun, Gun, and Pistol, from Wapping.*" They are there mentioned among others, said to have been, "with at least fifty more, sufferers of figure, under this author's satyr, in the days of his mirth, &c." See also GUARDIAN, N<sup>o</sup> 53.

\* A kept mistress of a Baronet at that time in the vicinity of London and Brentford, who dissipated his fortune in contesting elections, &c. See N<sup>o</sup> 31; and N<sup>o</sup> 129.

† See TATLER, N<sup>o</sup> 31 and N<sup>o</sup> 129.

town :



town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful import. A Toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a Toast makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the croud of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim  
gave



gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a **TOAST**.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass \*. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to shew

\* It was the fashion of the time, to inscribe verses thus to the reigning beauties. Several of these sprightly productions, "on the toasting-glasses of the Kit-cat Club," by the Lords HALIFAX, WHARTON, LANDSDOWNE, and CARBURY, by Mr. MAYNWARING, and other poetical members of that ingenious society, may be seen in NICHOLS's "Select Collection of Miscellany Poems," vol. V. p. 168 — 178. 276. Lady Sunderland in particular, one of the Duke of Marlborough's daughters, was celebrated under the name of *The Little Whig*; and the Toast and pride of the party. The first stone of the theatre in the Haymarket, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, was inscribed with the words "LITTLE WHIG." See Dr. Garth's prologue at the opening of that theatre. *Muse's Mercury* for Feb. 1707. 4to. p. 35. "As beautiful as Madam SPANHEIM," was likewise about this time a proverbial saying, in compliment to Baron Spanheim's daughter, who by her marriage in 1710, became Marchioness *De Montandre*.

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her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the TOAST is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of TOASTS, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration.



ration. Frontlet will never be chosen more;  
and Gatty is a *Toast* for life.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I have the honour of the following letter  
from a gentleman whom I receive into my  
family, and order the heralds at arms to enroll  
him accordingly.

“ Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

“ THOUGH you have excluded me the  
“ honour of your family, yet I have ventured  
“ to correspond with the same great persons as  
“ yourself, and have wrote this post to the  
“ King of France; though I am in a manner  
“ unknown in his country, and have not been  
“ seen there these many months.

“ TO LEWIS *Le Grand*.

“ Though in your country I'm unknown,  
“ Yet, Sir, I must advise you;  
“ Of late so poor and mean you're grown,  
“ That all the world despise you.

“ Here vermin eat your majesty,  
“ There meagre subjects stand unfed;  
“ What surer signs of poverty,  
“ Than many lice, and little bread?

“ Then, Sir, the present minute chuse,  
“ Our armies are advanced:  
“ Those terms you at the Hague refuse,  
“ At Paris won't be granted.

“ Consider



“ Consider this, and Dunkirk raze,  
 “ And ANNA’s title own;  
 “ Send one Pretender out to graze,  
 “ And call the *other* home.

“ Your humble servant,

“ BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.”

Nº 25. Tuesday, June 7, 1709.

S T E E L E\*.

*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

“ Whate’er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
 “ Our medley Paper seizes for its theme.” P.

WHITE’s Chocolate-house, June 6.

A Letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a DUEL, has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate

\* STEELE was the author of this Paper, and of all that relate to “ *Duelling*.” See Nº 26. Nº 28. Nº 29. Nº 38. and Nº 39.

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