



N° 38. Thursday, July 7, 1709.

STEEL AND ADDISON.

By Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF, Half-sister to  
Mr. BICKERSTAFF\*.

*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.

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I FIND among my brother’s Papers the following letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to shew the good effect his Writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

“SIR,

London, June 23.

“The end of all public papers ought to  
“be the benefit and instruction, as well as

\* See N° 36, *Note 1*; N° 77, and N° 155, *Notes on ADDISON’s alterations and corrections.*

“the



“ the diversion of the readers: to which I see  
 “ none so truly conducive as your late per-  
 “ formances; especially those tending to the  
 “ rooting out from among us that unchristian-  
 “ like and bloody custom of DUELLING; which,  
 “ that you have already in some measure per-  
 “ formed, will appear to the public in the fol-  
 “ lowing no less true than heroic story.

“ A noble gentleman of this city, who has  
 “ the honour of serving his country as Major  
 “ of the Trainbands, being at the general  
 “ mart of stock-jobbers, called JONATHAN’S,  
 “ endeavouring to raise himself (as all men of  
 “ honour ought) to the degree of Colonel at  
 “ least; it happened that he bought the \* *Bear*  
 “ of another officer, who, though not com-  
 “ missioned in the army, yet no less eminently  
 “ serves the public than the other, in raising  
 “ the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of  
 “ the stocks. However, having sold the *Bear*,  
 “ and words arising about the delivery, the  
 “ most noble Major, no less scorning to be  
 “ out-witted in the coffee-house, than to run  
 “ into the field, according to method, abused  
 “ the other with the titles of rogue, villain,  
 “ bear-skin-man, and the like. Whereupon  
 “ satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; so,  
 “ forth the Major marched, commanding his  
 “ adversary to follow. To a most spacious

\* See Note on “ the Bear-skin,” TAT. N<sup>o</sup> 7; N<sup>o</sup> 28;  
 and N<sup>o</sup> 41.



“ room in the sheriff’s house, near the place of  
 “ quarrel, they come; where, having due re-  
 “ gard to what you have lately published \*,  
 “ they resolved not to shed one another’s blood  
 “ in that barbarous manner you prohibited;  
 “ yet, not willing to put up affronts without  
 “ satisfaction, they stripped, and in decent  
 “ manner fought full fairly with their wrathful  
 “ hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an  
 “ hour; in which time victory was often doubt-  
 “ ful, and many a dry blow was strenuously  
 “ laid on by each side, until the Major, finding  
 “ his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give  
 “ him further chastisement, with most shrill  
 “ voice cried out, ‘ I am satisfied, enough!’  
 “ Whereupon the combat ceased, and both  
 “ were friends immediately.

“ Thus the world may see, how necessary  
 “ it is to encourage those men, who make it  
 “ their business to instruct the people in every  
 “ thing necessary for their preservation. I am  
 “ informed, a body of worthy citizens have  
 “ agreed on an address of thanks to you for  
 “ what you have *writ* on the foregoing subject,  
 “ whereby they acknowledge one of their high-  
 “ ly esteemed officers preserved from death.

“ Your humble servant,

“ A. B.”

\* See the Papers on Duelling, TATLER, N° 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, 39, and *Notes*.

I fear



I fear the word BEAR is hardly to be understood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a *Bear*, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have *writ* to my brother to hasten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and, therefore, I add also the following:

“ Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

July 5, 1709.

“ You have hinted a generous intention of  
“ taking under your consideration the WHISPER-  
“ ERS without Business, and LAUGHERS without  
“ Occasion; as you tender the welfare of your  
“ country, I intreat you not to forget or delay  
“ so public-spirited a work. Now or never is  
“ the time. Many other calamities may cease  
“ with the war; but I dismally dread the mul-  
“ plication of these mortals under the ease  
“ and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the  
“ blessing of which may be destroyed by them.  
“ Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretch-  
“ ed belief, that their mimickry passes for real  
“ business, or true wit. Dear Sir, convince  
“ them, that it never was, is, or ever will be,  
“ either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all  
“ futurity ever can, look like either of them;  
“ but that it is the most cursed disturbance in

B b 4

“ nature,



“ nature, which is possible to be inflicted on  
“ mankind, under the noble definition of a so-  
“ ciable creature. In doing this, Sir, you will  
“ oblige more humble servants than can find  
“ room to subscribe their names.”

WHITE'S Chocolate-house, July 6.

In pursuance of my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in shewing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: The levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. WYCHERLEY's character of a Coxcomb: “ He is ugly  
“ all over with the affectation of the fine gen-  
“ tleman.” Now though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your MEN of Business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a croud



croud that observes you in this grimace. Then, when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a Whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as, “But how—ever, thus far;” and then you Whisper again, and so on, until they who are about you are dispersed, and your Busy man’s vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear Lord No-WHERE, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of *Valets de Chambre*, whom he oppresses with good breeding, by enquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady’s health. This inimitable courtier will Whisper a privy counsellor’s lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. “What it is,” he will Whisper you, that “time will discover;” then he shrugs, and calls you back again——“Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of——and harkye, no names, I would not be quoted.” What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himself,



himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a Woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less observable: Thou dear WILL SHOE-STRING! I profess myself in love with thee! how shall I speak thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear Outside! Will you be combing your wig\*, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or choosest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to shew your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear SHOESTRING†: do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous UMBRA. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my

\* Combing the peruke, when large wigs were in fashion, was an act of gallantry even at public places; for this purpose they carried large combs of ivory or tortoise-shell curiously ornamented in their pockets. At the court, in the mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen conversed and combed their wigs. Many passages in old plays prove, that in the last century, and after the year 1700, this was the practice of gentlemen on all visits of ceremony or business, in the presence of the ladies, and at public places.

† Sir WILLIAM WHITLOCKE, Knt. Member for Oxon, Benchet of the Middle Temple: and the learned knight mentioned N<sup>o</sup> 43, and *Note*. P.

apron-



apron-string, before he takes it; yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says, "Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be *in* your service." The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an IMPERTINENT: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently



tinently kind or wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous UMBRA deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason, FLY-BLOW (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will Whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *But*; for which reason I never heard him *spoke* \* of with common charity, without using my *But* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, "Mrs. DISTAFF has wit, "good-humour, virtue, and friendship;" this

\* *Spoken*, the *præter.* for the *participle*.



oaf added, “ *But* she is not handsome.”  
 “ Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what  
 “ I was, not what I was not.”

“ Mrs. DISTAFF hath received the Dialogue  
 “ dated Monday Evening, which she has sent  
 “ forward to Mr. BICKERSTAFF at Maiden-  
 “ head: and in the mean time gives her ser-  
 “ vice to the parties.”

N. B. “ It is to be noted, that when any part  
 “ of this Paper appears dull, there is a design  
 “ in it.”

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

S T E E L E.




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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.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

GRECIAN Coffee-house, July 7.

**A**S I am called forth by the immense love  
 I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the  
 warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as  
 far