

# The TATTLER.

By Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

*Militat omnis amans.* Ovid.

From Tuesday July 4. to Thursday July 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I Was this Morning reading the Tenth Canto in the Fourth Book of *Spencer*, in which Sir *Scudamore* relates the Progress of his Courtship to *Amoret* under a very beautiful Allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmix'd of any in that most excellent Author. I shall transcribe it, to use Mr. *Bays's* Term, for the Benefit of many *English* Lovers, who have by frequent Letters desired me to lay down some Rules for the Conduct of their virtuous Amours; and shall only premise, That by the Shield of Love, is meant a generous constant Passion for the Person beloved.

When the Fame, says he, of this celebrated Beauty first flew Abroad, I went in Pursuit of her to the *Temple of Love*. This Temple, continues he, bore the Name of the Goddess *Venus*, and was seated in a most fruitful Island, walled by Nature against all Invaders. There was a single Bridge that led into the Island, and before it a Castle garrison'd by 20 Knights. Near the Castle was an open Plain, and in the midst of it a Pillar, on which was hung the Shield of Love; and underneath it, in Letters of Gold, was this Inscription:

*Happy the Man who well can use his Bliss;  
Wooe ever be the Shield, Fair Amoret be his.*

My Heart panted upon reading the Inscription: I struck upon the Shield with my Spear. Immediately issued forth a Knight well mounted, and compleatly armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I receiv'd him as well as I could, and by good Fortune threw him out of the Saddle. I encounter'd the whole Twenty successively, and leaving them all extended on the Plain, carried off the Shield in Token of Victory. Having thus vanquish'd my Rivals, I pass'd on without Impediment, till I came to the outermost Gate of the Bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called, but could get no Answer. At last I saw one on the other Side of the Gate, who stood peeping thro' a small Crevice. This was the Porter; he had a double Face resembling a *Janus*, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden Danger. His Name, as I afterwards learned, was *Doubt*. Over-against him sat *Delay*, who entertain'd Passengers with some idle Story, while they lost such Opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the Porter saw my Shield, he open'd the Gate; but upon my entering, *Delay* caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her Fooleries. However, I shook her off, and pass'd forward, till I came to the Second Gate, *The Gate of good Desert*, which always stood wide open; but in the Porch was an hideous Giant that stop'd the En-

trance. His Name was *Danger*. Many Warriors of good Reputation, not able to bear the Sternness of his Look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first Sight of him, except some few, who watching their Opportunity, slip'd by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the first Sight of my Shield, he immediately gave Way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder Parts much more deformed and terrible than his Face; *Hatred*, *Murder*, *Treason*, *Envy*, and *Detraction*, lying in Ambush behind him, to fall upon the Heedless and Unwary.

I now entered *The Island of Love*, which appeared in all the Beauties of Art and Nature, and feasted every Sense with the most agreeable Objects. Amidst a pleasing Variety of Walks and Allies, shady Seats, and flow'ry Banks, sunny Hills, and gloomy Vallies, were Thousands of Lovers sitting or walking together in Pairs, and singing Hymns to the Deity of the Place.

I could not forbear envying this happy People, who were already in Possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the Temple, the Structure was beautiful beyond Imagination: The Gate stood open. In the Entrance sat a most amiable Woman, whose Name was *Concord*.

On either Side of her stood Two young Men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learn'd, they were both her Sons, but begotten of her by Two different Fathers; their Names *Love* and *Hatred*.

The Lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join Hands; tho' I could not but observe, that *Hatred* turned aside his Face, as not able to endure the Sight of his younger Brother.

I at length entered the Inmost Temple, the Roof of which was raised upon an Hundred Marble Pillars, decked with Crowns, Chains, and Garlands. The Ground was strow'd with Flowers. An Hundred Altars, at each of which stood a Virgin Priestess clothed in White, blaz'd all at once with the Sacrifice of Lovers, who were perpetually sending up their Vows to Heaven in Clouds of Incense.

In the Midst stood the Goddess her self upon an Altar, whose Substance was neither Gold nor Stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her Neck flew numberless Flocks of little Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all about her Altar lay scattered Heaps of Lovers, complaining of the Disdain, Pride, or Treachery, of their Mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his Grievs, broke out into the following Prayer:

*Venus*, Queen of Grace and Beauty, Joy of Gods and Men, who with a Smile becalmest the Seas, and renewest all Nature; Goddess, whom all the different Species in the Universe obey with Joy and Pleasure, grant I may at last obtain the Objects of my Vows.

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The impatient Lover pronounced this with great Vehemence; but I in a soft Murmur besought the Goddess to lend me her Assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my Eye on a Company of Ladies, who were assembled together in a Corner of the Temple waiting for the Anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder, and of a more composed Countenance, than the rest, who all appeared to be under her Direction. Her Name was *Womanhood*. On one Side of her sat *Shamefacedness*, with Blushes rising in her Cheeks, and her Eyes fixed upon the Ground. On the other was *Chearfulness*, with a smiling Look, that infused a secret Pleasure into the Hearts of all that saw her. With these sat *Modersty*, holding her Hand on her Heart; *Courtesy*, with a graceful Aspect, and obliging Behaviour; and the Two Sisters, who were always linked together, and resembled each other, *Silence* and *Obedience*.

*Thus sat they all around in seemly Rate,  
And in the Midst of them a goodly Maid,  
Ev'n in the Lap of Womanhood there sat,  
The which was all in Lilly white array'd;  
Where Silver Streams among the Linen stray'd;  
Like to the Morn, when first her shining Face  
Hath to the Gloomy World its self betray'd.  
That same was fairest Amoret in Place,  
Shining with Beauty's Light, and Heav'nly Virtue's  
(Grace,*

As soon as I beheld the charming *Amoret*, my Heart throbb'd with Hopes. I stepped to her, and seized her Hand; when *Womanhood* immediately rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so rude a Manner to lay hold on a Virgin. I excused myself as modestly as I could, and at the same Time displayed my Shield; upon which, as soon as she beheld the God emblazoned with his Bow and Shafts, she was struck mute, and instantly retired.

I still held fast the fair *Amoret*, and turning my Eyes towards the Goddess of the Place, saw that she favoured my Pretensions with a Smile, which so emboldened me, that I carried off my Prize.

The Maid, sometimes with Tears, sometimes with Smiles, entreated me to let her go: But I led her through the Temple-Gate, where the Goddess *Concord*, who had favoured my Entrance, befriended my Retreat.

This Allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The Persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper Places. The Poets assigned to *Doubt*, *Delay*, and *Danger*, are admirable. The Gate of *Good Desert* has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful Groupe of Figures in the Corner of the Temple. Among these, *Womanhood* is drawn like what the Philosophers call an Universal Nature, and is attended with beautiful Representatives of all those Virtues that are the Ornaments of the Female Sex, considered in its natural Perfection and Innocence.

#### Advertisements.

\*\*\* On Monday next will be delivered to Subscribers, by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, and J. Morphew near Stationers-hall, The First Volume of the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; in Octavo, on a fine Royal and Medium Papers.

And the Second Volume will be deliver'd in about a Fortnight, it being necessarily defer'd for Want of Paper, which is just come by the Fleet now arriv'd from *Holland*.

N. B. Several Persons having subscribed in Scotland, Ireland, and other Parts, whose Names are not yet returned, the whole List of Subscribers will be reprinted in the Second Volume, as well to correct the Errors that may have happened in this, as to insert the Names not yet received.

The same Day they will be publish'd in 12mo,

being fitted for the Pocket, and printed on a neat Elzevir Letter, and good Paper.

Note, Those already published are the spurious and incorrect Edition, several Times advertised against in this Paper; and all Buyers shall be informed in this Paper how to distinguish the Genuin from the Counterfeit Copy.

**M**orning-Gowns for Men and Women, of Silk, Stuffs, and Callicoes (being the Goods of Persons that failed) which were to be disposed of at the Olive-Tree and Still, are now to be sold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up the Pair of Stairs, over-against the Horse at Charing-Cross; with a fresh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being 1s on each Gown.

**F**OR Sale by the Candle, this Day, being the 6th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 6 in the Afternoon, (only one Cask in a Lot) 20 Pipes of new excellent White (and 6 Pipes of new Red deep and bright) Lisbon Wines, near, an entire Parcel just landed; now in a Cellar on Wiggin's Key, between Billingsgate and the Custom-house; 14 Pipes of new Canary, near, and lately landed, in a Warehouse fronting the Thames, on Galley-Key, between the Custom-house and Tower-Dock; 7 Puncheons of very good Bourdeaux Fr. Brandy, near, an entire Parcel, lately imported from Guernsey, lying under a Barber's Shop in Eastcheap near the Qu.'s Weigh-house; 40 half Chests of new Red Florence Wine, lately landed out of the Greyhound, now in a Cellar near the Ipswich Arms Inn in Cullum-street by Fenchurch-street; 9 whole Chests of new Red Florence Wine, in a Cellar under Mr. Hatfield's in St. Clement's-lane, between Lombard-street and Cannon-street. All the aforesaid Wines and Brandy are to be tasted till the Hour of Sale. To be sold by T. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Fryars.

**F**OR Sale by the Candle, to Morrow, being the 7th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 6 in the Afternoon, about 90 Cask, viz. Pipes, Hogsheds, and Quarter Cask, (only one Cask in a Lot) of new excellent Maderas Wine, of the true Flavour, near, an entire Cargo, just landed; now in Cellars at Cox-Key, between London-Bridge and Billingsgate, and may be tasted this Day from 7 to 1, and from 2 to 7, and to Morrow till the Hour of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Crutched-Fryars.

**F**rancis Burton, Milliner, is removed from the New Exchange in the Strand, to the Three Stags Heads in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden.

\* \* \* There is just publish'd, England's newest Way in all Sorts of Cookery, Pastry, and all Pickles that are fit to be used. Adorn'd with Copper Plates, setting forth the Manner of placing Dishes upon Tables, and the newest Fashions of Mincepies. By Henry Howard, Free-Cook of London, and late Cook to his Grace the Duke of Ormond. The 3d Edition, with Additions of Beautifying Waters, and other Curiosities. Sold by Chr. Coningsby at the Ink-Bottle against Clifford's-Inn-Gate in Fetter-lane in Fleetstreet.

\* \* \* There is just publish'd, A Treatise of Frauds, Convin and Collusion: Wherein is treated of Fraudulent Conveyances, of Fraudulent Mortgages, Marriage Agreements, Last Wills, Assignments in Contracts, by false Affirmation, Counterfeits, Gaming, in Suits at Law, in Attornies, Officers, Bankrupts, &c. what Conveyances shall be said Fraudulent or not in Respect of Consideration or Revocation; Actions for Fraud and Convin, how to be laid; Declarations, Pleadings; where Fraud may be pleaded, &c. Tryal and Verdict, Indictments, Informations, and Pleadings, &c. To which is added, an Abstract of the Act 8 Q. A. against Frauds committed by Tenants. Printed for T. Osborn in Grays-Inn near the Walks, and S. Buler at Berdnerd's-Inn Gate in Holborn. Pr. 3 s. 6 d.

\* \* \* The Daily Self-Examinant; or, An Earnest Persuasive to the Duty of Daily Self-Examination; with devout Prayers, Meditations, Directions, and Ejaculations, for an holy Life, and happy Death. By Robert Warren, M. A. Pr. bound 6 d. A Devout Christian Preparative to Death: Written by Erasmus. Now render'd into English by the same Author. With Prayers and Directions for Sick and Dying Persons, &c. Pr. bound 6 d. or Two Guinea's per Hundred each to those who give them away. Both printed for E. Parker at the Bible and Crown in Lombard-street.

\* \* \* A short View of Mr. Whiston's Chronology of the Old Testament, and his Harmony of the Four Evangelists, &c. In which may be seen, by what Steps he has arrived to the Height of Impiety he is now at. The 2d Edition. By John Wright, M. A. Rector of Kerton in Nottinghamshire. Pr. 1 s. Ontaga; A Poem on the last Judgment, &c. In 8vo. Price 4 d. Both printed for E. Parker at the Bible and Crown in Lombard-street.

\* \* \* This Day is publish'd, Rules of Government; or, A true Balance between Sovereignty and Liberty. Written by a Person of Honour, immediately after the late Civil War, and now publish'd to prevent another. Price 1 s. A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, in 2 Vol. being a compicat Answer to the Rights of the Christian Church. Both printed for B. Linrott at the Cross-Keys between the Two Temple-Gates, Fleetstreet.

**T**O be lett, in Devonshire-street, near Red-Lion-Square, A good House ready fitted up, at a moderate Rent, clear of all Taxes and Parochial Assessments. Enquire of Mr. Hart at Serle's Coffee-house in Lincoln's-Inn-Square.

**A** Pair of very good Coach-Horses to be dispos'd of. They have been used by a Lady for these 3 Years past as a Waiting Job; but she being now much out of Order, has no more Occasion for them; so that they are now to be lett for the same Use, and are to be seen at the 3 Cups Inn in Holborn.

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