

The TATTLER.

By Isaac Tickerstaff Esq;

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius Aetas. Hor.

From Tuesday December 19. to Thursday December 21. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 20.

IT would be a good Appendix to the *Art of Living and Dying*, if any one would write the *Art of Groaning Old*, and teach Men to resign their Pretensions to the Pleasures and Gallantries of Youth, in Proportion to the Alteration they find in themselves by the Approach of Age and Infirmities. The Infirmities of this Stage of Life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active Part of our Days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present Follies, the Ambition of many of us is alio to be the same Sort of Fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed Lover of Women, that our Sex grows old with a much worse Grace than the other does; and have ever been of Opinion, that there are more well-pleas'd old Women than old Men. I thought it a good Reason for this, that the Ambition of the Fair Sex being confined to advantagious Marriages, or shining in the Eyes of Men, their Parts were over sooner, and consequently the Errors in the Performance of them. The Conversation of this Evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two Fop Women shall not make a Ballance for the Crowds of Coxcombs among our selves, diversified according to the different Pursuits of Pleasure and Businels. Returning Home this Evening a little before my usual Hour, I scarce had seated my self in my Easy-Chair, stirred the Fire and stroaked my Cat, but I heard some Body come rumbling up Stairs. I saw my Door opened, and a Human Figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, 'twas some Minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate Friend *Sams Trusty*. Immediately I rote up, and placed him in my own Seat, a Compliment I pay to few. The first Thing he utter'd was, *Isaac*, Fetch me a Cup of your Cherry-Brandy before you offer to ask any Question. He drank a lusty Draught, sat silent for some Time, and at last broke out; I am come (quoth he) to insult thee for an old fantastick Dotard, as thou art in ever defending the Women. I have this Evening visited Two Widows, who are now in that State I have often heard you call an After-life: I suppose you mean by it, an Existence which grows out of past Entertainments, and is an untimely Delight in the Satisfaction which they once set their Hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but Patience, (continued he) till I give you a succinct Account of my Ladies, and of this Night's Adventure. They are much of an Age, but very different in their Characters: The one of them, with all the

Advances which Years have made upon her, goes on in a certain Romantick Road of Love and Friendship which she fell into in her Teens; the other has transferred the amorous Passions of her first Years to the Love of Cronies, Petts and Favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the Genius of each of them will best appear by the Account of what happened to me at their Houses. About Five this Afternoon, being tired with Study, the Weather inviting, and Time lying a little upon my Hands, I resolv'd, at the instigation of my Evil Genius, to visit them, their Husbands having been our Contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much Trouble, for both live in the very next Street. I went first to my Lady *Camomile*, and the Butler, who had lived long in the Family, and seen me often in his Master's Time, ushered me very civilly into the Parlour, and told me, tho' my Lady had given strict Orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the Black-Boy acquaint his Lady, that I was to wait upon her. In the Window lay Two Letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a Wafer: The first directed to the Divine *Cosmelia*, the second to the Charming *Lucinda*; but both, by the indented Characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady Hands. Such uncommon Addresses increased my Curiosity, and put me upon asking my old Friend the Butler, If he knew who those Persons were? Very well, says he: This is from Mrs. *Furbish* to my Lady, an old School-Fellow and great Crony of her Ladyship's, and this the Answer. I enquired in what County she lived. Oh dear! says he, but just by in the Neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this Morning, and that Letter came and was answered within these Two Hours. They have taken an odd Fancy, you must know, to call one another hard Naines, but for all that they love one another hugely. By this Time the Boy returned with his Lady's humble Service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could not possibly see me; nor any Body else, for it was Opera Night.

Methinks, (says I) such innocent Folly as Two old Women's Courtship to each other should rather make you merry, than put you out of Humour. Peace, good *Isaac*, (says he) no Interruption I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. *Feeble's*, she that was formerly *Betty Frisk*; you must needs remember her; *Tom. Feeble* of *Brafen Nose* fell in Love with her for her fine Dancing. Well, Mrs. *Ursula*, without further Ceremony, carries me directly up to her Mistress's Chamber, where I found her environ'd by Four of the most mischievous Animals that can ever infest a Family: An old Shock Dog with one Eye; a Monkey chained to one Side of the Chimney, a great grey Squirrel to the other, and a Parrot waddling

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ding in the middle of the Room. However, for a white, all was in a profound Tranquility. Upon the Mantle-Tree, for I am a pretty curious Observer, stood a Pot of Laimbetive Electuary, with a Stick of Liquorish, and near it a Phyal of Rose-Water and Powder of Tutty. Upon the Table lay a Pipe filled with Betony and Colt's-Foot, a Roll of Wax-Candle, a Silver Spitting-Pot, and a *Seville* Orange. The Lady was placed in a large Wicker Chair, and her Feet wrapped up in Flannel, supported by Cushions; and in this Attitude (would you believe it *Isaac*) was she reading a Romance with Spectacles on. The first Compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon Conversation, a violent Fit of Coughing seized her. This awakened Shock, and in a Trice the whole Room was in an Uproar; for the Dog barked, the Squirrel squealed, the Monkey chattered, the Parrot screamed, and *Ursula*, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You *Isaac*, who know how any harsh Noise affects my Head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous Din of these discordant Sounds. At length all was appeased, and Quiet restored: A Chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the Parrot fixed his Horny Beak, as sharp as a Pair of Sheers, in one of my Heels, just above the Shoe. I sprung from the Place with an unmutual Agility, and so being within the Monkey's Reach, he snatches off my new Bob Wig, and throws it upon Two Apples that were roasting by a sullen Sea-Coal Fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further Damage than singeing the Foretop. I put it on, and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my Chair towards the other Side of the Chimney. The good Lady, as soon as she had recovered Breath, employed it in making a Thousand Apologies, and with great Eloquence, and a numerous Train of Words, lamented my Misfortune. In the middle of her Harangue, I felt something scratching near my Knee, and feeling what it should be, found the Squirrel had got into my Coat-Pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his Burrow, he made his Teeth meet through the Flethy Part of my Fore-Finger. This gave me an unexpressible Pain. The *Hungary* Water was immediately brought to bath it, and Gold-beaters Skin applied to stop the Blood. The Lady renewed her Excuses; but being now out of all Patience, I abruptly took my Leave, and hobbling down Stairs with heedless Haft, I set my Foot full in a Pail of Water, and down we came to the Bottom together. Here my Friend concluded his Narrative, and, with a composed Countenance, I began to make him Compliments of Condoleance; but he started from his Chair, and said, *Isaac*, you may spare your Speeches, I expect no Reply: When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next Woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one.

Advertisjments.

AT the GREAT WHEAT-SHEAF painted upon a Copper Plate, next the Bell-Savage Inn upon Ludgate-Hill, is sold all Sorts of rich Foreign Silks, with Gold and Silver Brocades. Likewise Plain and Flower'd Velvets for Gowns and Petticoats, and Coach Linings; with all Sorts of Silk Morning-Gowns, for Blank Lottery Tickets, at as high a Price as any Person shall give for them, and the above said Goods as cheap as for Specie.

THIS is to give Notice, That there is an extraordinary Remedy for the STONE and STRANGURY, which lately cured a Gentleman that had for 3 Days a total Suppression of Urine, who in half an Hour after he had taken it made above a Gallon of Water; and it likewise brought away 13 Stones from one, and 9 from another, (who both live near Temple-Bar.) To be had only of Mr. Rogers at the Sun in Fleetstreet, and of Mr. Aylmer at the Three Pigeons in Cornhill, Booksellers, at 5s. the Paper, with printed Directions.

THIS Day is published, The Poll of the Livery-Men of the City of London, at the late Election for Members of Parliament, begun Monday October 9, 1710. and ended the Saturday following; shewing who each Person poll'd for, the Names of those that did not poll, and the Objections at the Scrutiny: Compar'd with the Lists delivered in upon Oath to

the Rt. Hon. Sir Sam. Garrard Bar. Lord-Mayor. The Whole being a compleat List of the Livery. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

WHEREAS a Gold Ring was taken up in Katharine-street on Monday last: If the right Owner will come to Mrs. Hill's at the Sword and Cross near the Savoy-Gate in the Strand, describing the Marks, and paying the Charge, they may have it again.

THIS Day, being the 21st Instant, will be opened by the Original and Beneficial Society in Swan-Yard against Somerlet-House in the Strand, Two Offices of Insurance on Births for Two Months, the one at 3s. the other at 1s. 6d. each Claim. Those that have enter'd in the former Offices for 3 Months, may enter in this for 2 Months. Note, undeniable Security is already given by Proposals to be seen and had at the Office gratis, where Attendance is given.

A Freehold Farm in Minster in the Isle of Shepoy in Kent (late Sir John Robinson's) consisting of about 90 Acres of Arable and Marsh Land, is to be sold. Particulars may be had at Mr. Forster's, an Attorney, on Snow-hill.

FOR Sale by the Candle, to Morrow the 22d Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 4 in the Afternoon precisely, (only one Cask in a Lot) 60 Pipes of new excellent Canary Wines, neat and entire, of the very last Vintage, racy, and of a delicate Flavour, imported by the Martin-Galley, Capt. Martin, now landing, and will be put in two Cellars in Burtolph-Wharf Gate-way, between London-bridge and Billingsgate: Also 20 Pipes and 7 Hhds of new excellent Canty Florence Wine of the very last Vintage, fresh, deep, bright, and of the right Flavour, neat, an entire Parcel just landed, now in a Cellar in the Gate-way of Sommer's-Key near Billingsgate, and near London-bridge. All the aforesaid new Canaries and new Florence, are to be tasted this Day from 8 to 1, and from 2 till 5, and all to Morrow till the Time of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Seething-lane.

FOR Sale by the Candle, on Friday the 29th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 4 in the Afternoon, about 60 Hhds and 12 Tierces of new excellent French O'Brien Claret of the very last Vintage, consisting of the best Qualities, the entire Cargo of a French Prize lately arrived in the River, and will be landed this Week. Catalogues thereof shall be timely dispersed by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Seething-lane, between Tower-street and Crouched-Fryars.

FOR Sale by the Candle, on Wednesday the 10th of January next, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 4 after Noon, about 36 Tuns of new excellent French (Prize) Claret, fresh, deep, bright, and of a most curious Flavour, of the best Growths, and of the very last Vintage; 5 Puncheons of French (Prize) Brandy, 4 Tuns of new French (Prize) White Wine, extraordinary good; 28 Barrels of new superfine Prunants, and 22 Chests of very good Soap; the entire Cargoes of two French Prizes brought into Dartmouth by Capt. Daniel Nastell of Guernsey, now in the Custody of Mr. Tho. Plumley, Merchant, in Dartmouth aforesaid. And there shall be expos'd to View and Tast the aforesaid Wines, Brandy, Prunants, and Soap, from to Morrow the 22d Instant till the Time of Sale. Catalogues shall be timely dispersed. To be sold by T. Tomkins, Broker, in Seething-lane.

A Most incomparable Paste for the Hands, far exceeding any Thing ever yet in Print; it makes them most delicately white, slick and plump, fortifies them against the Sharpness of the Air, or Scorching of the Fire. A Hand cannot be so spoiled, but the constant Use of this Paste will recover it. Sold only at Mr. Alcroft's, Toyshop, over-against the Royal-Exchange, at 1s. 6d. the Pot, with Directions.

There is just publish'd, from the Office at the Wheat-Sheaf over-against Tom's Coffee-house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, Proposals for the Benefit of the Clergy, and Widows of Clergy-men, by a joint Contribution; whereby a Clergy man, by a Contribution of 10s. (as in the Proposals is at large express'd) may be entitl'd to the Sum of 750l. on his being instituted and inducted into a Rectory or Vicaridge in England or Ireland, or sent as a Missionary by the Corporation of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts; or by a Contribution of 5s. may be entitl'd to the Sum of 375 l. or by a Contribution of 2s. 6d. to the Sum of 187l. 10s. in the Cases aforesaid, with other Advantages for the Widows and Children of the Contributors. Proposals at large may be had at the Office abovementioned.

AT the Golden Lamb and Green Door in Hatton-Garden, between Holborn and the Globe Tavern, lives Dr. Souza, a Physician, who (with the blessing of God) cures the Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Black and Yellow Jaundice, and other Distempers.

AT the Flower-de-Luce near Lyon's-Inn, behind St. Clement's, this Day will be open'd Two new Books for insuring a Weekly Dividend, one of 1000 l. it full, the other of 500 l. it full, on the Birth of a Child that shall live 24 Hours; the 1st 200 to stay 5 Weeks from their Entrance, the 2d 6, the 3d 7, the 4th 8, and all after 9 Weeks, and so to continue. The 1st Subscribers can't pay above 2 or 3 Weeks Contribution at most, and the last not above 9; with many other Advantages, which in the Proposals to be had at the Office will more fully appear, and convince every one that this is the most beneficial Society ever yet opened. At the same Place on the 12th Instant was open'd 2 Books for Marriage, insuring 1000 l. or a Dividend of all the 10s. the Subscribers pay in the 1st, and 500 l. or a Dividend of all the 5s. the Subscribers pay in the 2d; wherein all that enter in the 1st 150 are allowed to marry in 2 Months from the Date of their Policies, the 2d 150 in 3, the 3d 150 in 4 Months, and so to continue, which fills space, they being convenient, and answering the Time of those that have insured in other Offices for 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 Months. Proposals for all may be had at the Office.