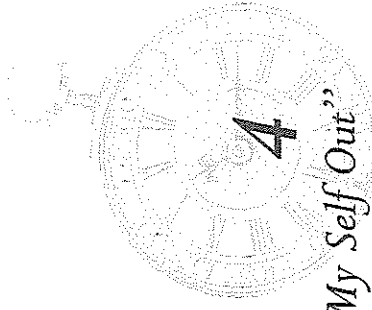


In Pepys's case, a lifetime was long enough to see the structure move out of the realm of the "isolating" at least part way towards that of the "social." Just after his death, his nephew and heir John Jackson attached this memorandum to the autopsy report: "*May the 26th, 1703. Memorandum: That the exact time of my Uncle Pepys's departure was 47 minutes past 3 in the morning, by his gold watch. J. J.*"<sup>23</sup> "We may be sure," notes Pepys's biographer Richard Ollard, that Jackson was acting at his uncle's instruction.<sup>24</sup> We may be sure also that the watch's data are more precise than any gathered on the walks to Greenwich. In 1675 Huygens had put the balance spring into place; it offered within the watch's small confines something like the isochronicity that the pendulum had made possible in larger clocks (the notion that a spring-governed watch might surpass the pendulum's precision awaited realization in the next century, with the renewed search for the longitude). Jackson evidently regarded the watch as elegant enough for special remark; it is gold, and manufactured by Thomas Tompion, the most accomplished clockmaker alive. But the minute watch is no longer an oddity. Many watches in circulation now look and work this way, and the datum of "47 minutes past 3" is part of an increasingly familiar time form.

A year before Pepys's death, diurnal narrative had gone public too.



## "To Print My Self Out,"

*Correspondence and Containment in the Spectator and Its Predecessors*

**T**he *Daily Courant*, England's first daily newspaper, made its debut on 11 March 1702, from the press of Samuel Buckley. No other news-sheet rivaled it for timing until the *Daily Post* appeared in 1719.<sup>1</sup> The *Courant's* first diurnal successor was neither a newspaper nor, strictly speaking, a rival. It was Addison and Steele's *Spectator*, first produced on 1 March 1711 by the same printer and booksellers and with a similar boast, "To be Continued every Day."<sup>2</sup> That phrase lingered in the mind of John Gay when he reported the new paper's success two months later, in a published "Letter to a Friend in the Country" about the tastes of periodical readers in the city. "[W]e were surpriz'd all at once by a Paper called The SPECTATOR, which was promised to be continued every day. . . . We had at first indeed no manner of Notion, how a Diurnal Paper could be continu'd in the Spirit and Stile of our present SPECTATORS; but to our no small Surprize, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so Prodigious a Run of Wit and Learning can proceed. . . ." <sup>3</sup> What struck readers most, Gay makes clear, was not simply the paper's "Spirit and Stile." Those had in one form become familiar through the thrice-weekly *Tatler*, which had abruptly ceased publication at the beginning of this year and whose authors (Gay rightly guesses) had gone on to this new enterprise. The consensus Gay

reports centers on "our no small Surprize" at the paper's "Prodigious" timing. Gay describes a "we" that is unified in three ways: by its activity (reading periodicals), by its response (surprise), and by its occupation of a temporal continuum created by the paper and marked by its own reappearance at regular intervals unprecedentedly small and steady for a work of "Wit and Learning": the papers "still ris[e] upon us" like the daily sun, at a "Run" which recalls the root meaning of that only other daily, the *Courant*.

By 1711, the "we" whom Gay describes as reading and responding were coordinated in time by their scrutiny of another instrument as well, one of metal rather than print. Pope, in a couplet published two weeks after Gay's "Letter," found the two procedures close enough for simile.

'Tis with our *Judgments* as our *Watches*, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.<sup>4</sup>

Pope here echoes a comparison used by Suckling in the epilogue to his play *Aglaura* (1638):

But as when an authentique Watch is showne,  
Each man windes up, and rectifies his owne,  
So in our verie Judgements.<sup>5</sup>

The differences in Pope's version measure considerable cultural change, touching timepieces and opinions, over the intervening decades. In Suckling's milieu, as David Landes points out, "no one trust(s) his own watch to work; each owner willingly submits to a higher authority."<sup>6</sup> Pope's readers manifest by contrast a confidence more like that which Pepys placed in his minute watch on the walk to Greenwich, but it is now a confidence better warranted, more generally distributed, and communalized. Other testimony confirms the impression. In 1698 the French traveler Henri Misson depicted London as a place where timekeeping had become extraordinarily privatized: "There are not a great many large [i.e., tower] clocks in London, so that you have little Advantage by them in your Houses; but the Art [of clockmaking] is so common here, and so much in Vogue, that almost every Body has a Watch, and but few private Families are without a Pendulum."<sup>7</sup> Like Misson's observation and John Jackson's memorandum, Pope's figure makes clear that the minute watch, which was rare forty years before, is now a familiar commodity widely possessed, at least within that circle to whom Pope addresses his poem.<sup>8</sup> Pope further takes for granted that these

watches work well enough to approximate each other but not well enough to "go just alike," and that the small discrepancies have themselves become a familiar datum to his readers, who have had the experience of checking their watches against each other. The couplet conjures up a milieu in which watches shuttle easily between secret and social spaces, ticking in many pockets, emerging often for consultation and comparison—a milieu in which time, measured in minutes on private timepieces, is subject to both a general consensus (detectably inexact, but more closely and widely coordinated than fifty years ago) and a residual, insistent idiosyncrasy—a proprietary pride (*my watch tells the time*).

Further signs of change inhere in the way Pope redistributes Suckling's pronouns. In Suckling the watches are individualized ("his") and the judgments communalized ("our"). Pope distributes things more evenly: both watches and judgments are at once "our" property and "each his own." Yet Pope's structure finally plumps for community, not simply because of the doubled *our* but because of the figure it serves. The very act of making the metaphor increases the number of things that hold together over those that pull apart: our telling of time does "go just alike" our forming of judgments, even though the times and judgments are not identical. We are very like ourselves (so the involuted simile seems to say). The *Essay's* opening gambit is to provoke consensus on the subject of divergence—to dissolve by one degree the solipsism it describes by enabling each reader to recognize (and possibly to laugh at) the solipsism itself as common ground, and to see the place of the "each" within the "our."<sup>9</sup>

What Pope performs as simile, historians of his period have reconstituted as argument. By his remaking of Suckling, Pope confirms Jürgen Habermas's account of the development of the public sphere, away from a realm defined by display (where monolithic authority "is shown" and duly acknowledged) and toward that conversational region where private property holders gather in order to compare their judgments, seek consensus, and sustain a sense of both their individual autonomy and their collective authority. In this world neither watches nor judgments submit to authority; collectively they constitute authority, though of a vexed and complex kind. In this newer order the time of the minute watch, in both its consistency and its variance, is familiar and pervasive enough to serve as emblem for the ongoing activity of the owners: the forming of opinion.

Pope's couplet not only maps a process, it points to origins as well. In early eighteenth-century England new conceptions of community took

shape at a nexus of print and place: in the periodical papers on coffee house tables. The two strongest analyses of how this happened emphasize the very activities that Pope yokes in simile: the telling of time and the forming of judgments. Benedict Anderson shows how the newspaper synchronized the community in time, while Jürgen Habermas demonstrates how the periodical essay, which was “an immediate part of coffee-house discussions and considered [itself a] literary piece,” focused its readers’ attention and judgment on themselves as a newly defined entity.<sup>10</sup> Both scholars make important and persuasive arguments; each (as is the wont in such mighty overviews) gets wrong a small but significant point. For Habermas “the moral weeklies were a key phenomenon” in the formation of the public sphere—but “weeklies” is a misnomer for papers that appeared three or six days a week (42). Habermas argues that these papers mapped a new social configuration by taking their readership as their topic: “In the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, the public held up a mirror to itself; it [came] to a self-understanding through entering itself into ‘literature’ as an object” (43). One of the key components of this mirroring involved sound as well as sight—a print simulation of speech. By various strategies the periodicals “attested to their proximity to the spoken word.” The papers “were not only made the object of discussion by the public of the coffee houses but were viewed as integral parts of this discussion. . . . One and the same discussion transposed into a different medium was continued in order to reenter, via reading, the original conversational medium” (42).

For Anderson, on the other hand, the newspaper helps form the imagined community far less through its content than by its timing. “The date at the top of the newspaper” is “the single most important emblem on it,” Anderson argues, because it “provides the essential connection—the steady onward clocking of homogeneous, empty time” (33). It works, that is, like the watch in Pope, but at the level of the calendar, by coordinating a daily “mass ceremony” whose “significance . . . is paradoxical. It is performed in silent privacy, in the lair of the skull. Yet each communicant is well aware that the ceremony he performs is being replicated simultaneously by thousands (or millions) of others of whose existence he is confident, yet of whose identity he has not the slightest notion. Furthermore, this ceremony is incessantly repeated at daily . . . intervals throughout the calendar. What more vivid figure for the secular, historically clocked, imagined community can be envisioned?” (35). Anderson here does justice to the timing but underestimates the complexity of the newspaper’s initial context.<sup>11</sup> Doubtless the

papers—news and essays—were often read in “silent privacy,” but the evidence confirms Habermas in suggesting that their venues of absorption were not only the “lair of the skull” but also the noise, community, and conversation of coffee houses and tea tables, whose habitués read them aloud and talked them over. Anderson and Habermas agree that the papers did much to foster in their readers a sense that they were part of a community by virtue of their engagement with the printed sheet, both as its readers (according to Anderson) and as its topic (according to Habermas). The two accounts, though, evince complementary blind spots: each is most revealing where the other is least exact. Habermas ignores the true timing of the papers he discusses, while Anderson overlooks the complex traffic that they facilitated among silence, print, and speech.

By innovations on precisely those two points, the *Spectator* effected a unique intervention in the process that interests both Anderson and Habermas: the construction of identity among its readers. As Habermas suggests, the *Spectator* does mirror and define its readership by making them a constant presence in the paper, as subjects of stories, as objects of judgment, and as writers of letters that Mr. Spectator prints and answers. But in the *Spectator* the metaphor of the mirror works perhaps more literally than Habermas specifies; like actual mirrors, the paper enacts a reversal of the image it presents to those who stand before it. Mr. Spectator imagines his readers as talkative and intensely sociable. Isaac Bickerstaff, the supposed author of the *Tatler*, had done so too. As his paper’s title suggests, he mirrors his readership not only by his subject matter but also by his persona; he is gregarious like them, cast in their image. Mr. Spectator, by contrast, depicts himself, in the first number and in the 554 to follow, as different from his audience in one central respect. He is preternaturally private, a “Silent Man” who has never “spoken above three sentences” in his whole life, and who has chosen now to write instead.<sup>12</sup> The paper’s first readers understood themselves (within the fiction) to be receiving through print a daily, current report from an intensely private consciousness. The rhetorical strategy produces in effect a new hybrid of genres. The *Spectator* read like an essay, came out like a daily newspaper, and looked like one too in its typeface and general design.<sup>13</sup> From the vantage, though, of its first readers and of its putative author, its most surprising innovations—its timing and persona—gave it the salient features of a diary, but of a diary turned inside out: the work not of a public or social figure composing a more secret version of the self in a single, sequestered manuscript, but of a wholly secretive sensibility

imparting itself in print, to be read by a wide and varied public in the diurnal rhythm, and at the running moment, of its making.

Nothing like this had been attempted before and nothing before had succeeded like this. The evidence suggests that the *Spectator* matched or outdid all contemporary papers, news or literary, in sheer number of copies sold.<sup>14</sup> The importance of the paper's timing to its initial success is difficult to re-cover, in part because the *Spectator's* very popularity put it through quick and abiding transformations. Before the end of its two-year run its publishers began reissuing the papers in indexed volumes, and the consequent emphasis on topicality over temporality has affected the reading of them ever since. Two years after the paper's final number, the merchant Joseph Collet could suggest that his daughter read the essays as a combination of wisdom and conduct literature by selecting those on the right subjects: "I enjoyn you to study the *Spectators*, especially those which relate to Religion and Dometick Life. Next to the Bible you cannot read any writings so much to your purpose. . . ." <sup>15</sup> Twentieth-century readings tend to follow Collet's counsel in form if not in spirit. The *Spectator* is most often read and taught, whether in anthologies or in the definitive edition, by topical clusters—on wit, Milton, social mores, Sir Roger, imagination. The paper's timing, which most "Surpriz'd" its first readers, is the feature least conspicuous to later ones. Yet Addison and Steele were doing something emphatically new with diurnal publication. Mr. Spectator is the first figure, real or feigned, to appear in print day by day, and is also the first print *idolon* to define his whole character in terms of an obsessively cultivated privacy about his own experience.

What follows is an inquiry into the force of this fiction: how this figure, produced with this timing, achieved this preeminence. The oddity of Mr. Spectator's self-containment was of course a joke, but it was a joke that lasted and thrived over the longest series of papers that any non-news periodical had yet produced. Plainly, in yoking a practice of daily writing with the embodiment of a profoundly secretive self, and in making these the constant components of the paper (whatever topic it happened to be taking up on any particular day), Addison and Steele had hit upon a combination and configuration that many readers wished to buy into. I argue that the combination made possible a transaction between paper and audience which incorporated both the Habermasian imaging and the Andersonian "clocking" of the readership, but with unprecedented rhetorical intricacy and appeal. The paper cultivated a new correspondence with its readers, as both a communication (corresponding *with* them) and a mirroring (corresponding *to* them).

The *Spectator* mapped the grounds of this correspondence differently from any predecessor. It offers to mirror its readers not in their social mode, as they move through that "Talking World" where, Bickerstaff once estimated, they spend "one third Part of the Day" (*S* 264, 3-337), but in their private mode, at the level of consciousness that continues through each waking day whether they are engaged in talk or not. Mr. Spectator posits his self-containment as a heightened reflection of a universal condition—a condition founded in the way the mind functions over time. His paper enacts both continuity and containment by its own exacting calendar: it too operates every day, as no "reflective" paper had before, and (again like no predecessor) presents itself from the start more as monad than miscellany.

By its fusion of silence with diurnal form, the *Spectator* fosters a fiction of reciprocity between itself and its readers, in which each party not only mirrors the other but appears to occupy the other's place in space and over time. Readers occupy Mr. Spectator both as objects of his attention and as presences in his paper. He occupies them—or rather "informs" them—as the figure of that silent part of themselves which they, as gregarious social beings, least recognize. In a reckoning to which the paper repeatedly returns, he fills their space, time, and mind at every stratum from the secret to the social (he fills the "lairs of their skulls," the talk in their gathering places, the succession of their days) and they fill his (his essays, his thoughts, his days). The daily paper becomes not merely the medium for this reciprocal filling, but also a running argument in favor of a diurnal paradigm for achieving, recognizing, and inhabiting the fullness of time.

Since self-containment is an intrinsic condition of the mind in time, time becomes the means of management. By precept and example, the *Spectator* advocates a reckoning by days. The calibrations of the calendar are both narrow and contiguous enough to constitute ready-made containers, easily filled; the paper argues that to fill them in succession, from the resources of a contained and continuous consciousness, is to possess a life in full. By its fiction of reciprocity, the paper undertakes to induct its readers in this process. To read Mr. Spectator's daily self-rendering will be in some sense to compose it, to inhabit it, and even to recognize and accept his public prose as a comprehensive account of oneself; Mr. Spectator's public journal becomes a version of, or surrogate for, the reader's private diary. Absorbing the journal and absorbed in it, readers become diurnalists too.

The *Spectator*, then, bears the same relationship to the minute watch in its culture that Pepys's diary bears to the much rarer private timepieces in his.

In a world where minute watches are rarities, Pepys performs in secret manuscript a newly serial, precise, and private rendition of the self in time. In a culture where the possession of a private timepiece has become an increasingly widespread social practice, particularly among the *Spectator's* literate and prosperous audience, the paper performs in print a subjectivity that is recognizably akin to Pepys's in its secrecy and its sense of time. With the *Spectator's* success, the discourses of time and self that Pepys reads on new clocks and writes in his private book go influentially, abidingly public.

#### PREDECESSORS

The *Spectator* pursues unity with its reader by means of an unprecedented cluster of unities in its design: one voice delivering one discourse, usually on one topic, on one folio half-sheet appearing once each day (Sundays excepted). In the *Spectator's* tenth number Addison surveys the first successes of this scheme, and touches for the first time on an argument to which he will often return. "I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the *SPECTATOR* appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland* . . . ?" (§ 10; 1.45). Here is Habermas's periodical mirror privatized, a promised image not only of the outward community ("my Readers") but of the inner psyche of each member. "Publick Prints" deal in events remote, dispersed, and various; they are plural in number and nature. The singular *Spectator* works on a matter more unified, and so close at hand as to be contained within: self-knowledge, to be effected by a one to one correspondence (figured as both exchange and match) between Mr. *Spectator* and "ones-self." The oddity and impact of the new paper may perhaps best be understood in the ways that it set itself up against and within the periodical traditions of the public prints that had preceded it. By the time the *Spectator* appeared, almost a century of news-books and newspapers, news letters and literary periodicals, had produced various formats for representing heterogeneous material within the unity of the printed product, and for constructing correspondences with both its contributors and its readers. In the makeup of the *Spectator*, a much more recent tradition proved equally important: Steele and Addison's *Tatler* had gradually developed away from heterogeneity towards the figures of unity and containment that the *Spectator* would in turn intensify.

The date on the top of the newspaper, which is for Anderson an emblem

of the nation, was at its first appearance in the early seventeenth century a signifier of something else: the new prevalence of measure over occasion as a paradigm for the production and distribution of news. Occasional news texts—broad-sides and pamphlets prompted by specific events—had existed long before and would persist for another century and more. On 23 May 1672 there appeared a quarto pamphlet displaying signs of a new scheme on its title page. It was called *The Weekly News* and the specific month and date of issue appeared below the name. The promise of periodicity had come to English print. In the months that followed, the promise was equivocally fulfilled, with the pamphlets published irregularly, usually twice a week. In mid-October, though, the news-books began to be numbered consecutively and to be issued at approximately weekly intervals.<sup>16</sup> The *News's* identity resided almost exclusively in the regular sequence of its dates and serial numbers, rather than in its title, which its publishers chose to alter often as a sales strategy. Apart from their numbering, these news-books were designed and sold as ordinary books, and in the paradigm of that practice new titles sold faster than old.

Among the favorite alternative rubrics in this early period were "coranto" (i.e., a "running" account) and "The Continuation of our weekly *News*." The wording makes clear that the new periodicity developed out of a desire, on the part of both makers and readers, for a sense of narrative continuity. Still, the continuity (such as it was) came in clumps. *A Perfect Diurnall of the Passages in Parliament* (1643–9) was the first of many mid-century papers to feature "Diurnall" in its title, but it appeared, like most of its contemporaries, at intervals of a week.<sup>17</sup> It narrated parliamentary proceedings day by dated day, but its readers took in that information at a rate seven times slower than that at which it had been gathered. The *Diurnall*, like most news-books, bore *two* dates in its heading, to denote the time span covered: "From the 16. of January to the 23. of January."

With an increase in the number of news-books, the pace of reader intake quickened. The Civil Wars gave rise to so many new weeklies that in 1644 it was briefly possible for an avid (and nonpartisan) London news reader to simulate "diurnality" by reading a different paper (or even several) every day of the week save Sunday.<sup>18</sup> During the Commonwealth, Protectorate, and Restoration, government suppression drastically reduced the number of licensed print venues until, beginning in 1665, there was only one, with a new format and frequency. The *London Gazette* was, as Sutherland remarks, "a complete innovation" (11). Unlike the earlier periodicals it was a folio

half-sheet rather than a book, and it appeared twice a week (on Mondays and Thursdays). In 1679 the lapse of the licensing act coupled with the news cornucopia in the wake of the Popish Plot supplied the *Gazette* with sudden and plentiful competition, but for the rest of the century all newspapers imitated the *Gazette's* format and most copied its timing, until in 1695 three new papers increased their output to three sheets a week (Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays). When in 1702 Buckley achieved real diurnality with *The Daily Courant*, he duplicated the *Gazette's* format even more closely than most, with one pointed substitution. The *Gazette's* design was calculated to display the crucial words "Published by Authority" as prominently as possible in every number. The phrase appeared in authoritative black-letter font just below the title, framed above and below by emphatic horizontal lines; beneath this the paper's span dates ("From Monday February 22. to Thursday February 25.") appeared in smaller typeface. In the line-framed space that the *Gazette* gave over to "Authority," Buckley simply placed his *Daily's* single date, as if to say that that alone was authority enough—an impression that the paper's serial numbers, situated (like the *Gazette's*) in the upper right-hand corner but ascending day by day at twice the speed of any rival news-sheet, might be expected to confirm.

In Buckley's paper, the temporal unity represented by the date at the top presided over considerable geographic heterogeneity, with many short reports datelined to many points in Europe and beyond. Like the corantos of a century before, the *Courant* depended heavily on published news shipped from the continent; unlike any journalist before him, Buckley acknowledged his indebtedness by heading each cluster of reports with the name of the European paper from which he had translated it. The visual effect was to bring together a multitude of authorial sources under the *Courant's* single rubric. Throughout the seventeenth century, the proportions of foreign and domestic intelligence in newspapers and papers had varied wildly, but by Buckley's time the sequence of such reports had been widely established. Foreign news came first, domestic news second (usually on the verso of the news-sheet and often in the last column). The arrangement was expedient for the compositor, who could not conveniently insert late-received news anywhere but at the paper's end. Since the freshest news was likely to be local, it made sense for the compositor to save the London news for last, where accumulation would not disrupt coherence. To read from start to finish a paper so laid out was to begin with events comparatively long ago

and far away (at Paris or Prague, or in countries even more remote) and to approach ever closer to one's own situation in time and space. The date at the top of the morning's paper, then as now, acted as asymptote, approached but rarely broached by the events reported; the imprint at the bottom of the verso offered a corresponding anchor in space: the bookseller's address would be, for many (perhaps most) of the paper's readers, very familiar and very near. This spatialized self-definition had, for English readers, a temporal correlative that the *Courant* frequently signaled. Since all its continental source papers were datelined in the New Style calendar, eleven days later than in England's Old Style, many of the dates that headed reports from Europe were subsequent to that on the top of the paper. With every such discrepancy the English reader would be reminded (however subliminally) of the nation's calendrical insularity and idiosyncrasy. Addison and Steele, in *Tatlers* and *Spectators* that resembled Buckley's paper and preceded from the same press, would make much of both this spatialized focus and this perceived insularity.

From the beginning, the ways that journalism moved through space and time, and the ways it represented them, were deeply influenced by the kinds of delivery services, incoming and outgoing, available to the paper's makers. In the early coranto and many of its successors, the shipping news was not only a staple source of copy but also a brief genealogy: the boats whose arrival the paper announced to its mercantile readers had also supplied the information, by way of foreign prints and sailors' talk, that brought this number into being (Sutherland 123–31). Within England, postal arrangements did much to structure the timing involved with both getting news and spreading it. Until 1680, London had no internal system of delivery other than the "occasional": porters for hire carried what needed carrying. The sudden advent of the penny post, a system of hourly delivery, greatly increased the speed and efficiency with which the papers could gather news, while the countryside postal schedule determined the rate at which they could put it out.

The appearance in 1695 of three papers with the same new word in their title—*The Post-Boy*, *The Flying Post*, and *The Post Man*—established a new kind of synchrony between print and delivery, and with it a new frequency of output. The papers "were published on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the three days on which the mails left London in the late evening for all parts of the country" (Sutherland 26). The thrice-weekly pattern remained in



place for most newspapers for over twenty-five years. Competition produced two other *Posts*—the *London* and the *English*—with the same frequency on the alternate timetable: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Perhaps because they appeared on the three non-post days of the week (their imitative names were misnomers), they did not do as well or last as long. But they did make it possible, for the first time since mid-century, to read a different newspaper every day. When the *Courant* appeared during their run, its novelty and its greater success consisted in its unification of disparate time and print elements already in play. Readers could now take in the same paper every day.

The post assured the papers a means of delivery, the papers guaranteed the post a steady source of income (then as now there were special newspaper rates), and the symbiosis between the two affected not only the papers' timing but also their form and meaning. A widespread perception developed, which Steele and Addison would soon exploit in new ways, of the periodical as a site for correspondence between writers and readers—for an exchange more fluid and reciprocal than that figured by the "letters" department in modern magazines. The phenomenon began in necessity. The early domestic papers (those that promised "News both from City and Country") depended in part on their readers to supply the news and rewarded them with free copies of the paper. For London news the correspondence might be conversational, and the item prefaced "We hear . . ."; country news came in by post, and might be datelined thus: "Essex, By Letters from a place called Much Waltham in this County, we have this strange but true Relation . . ." (Sutherland, 102–3). Non-news periodicals made letters from readers an even more conspicuous component of their form. The Royal Society's monthly *Philosophical Transactions* gave over considerable space to direct transcriptions of their correspondence, and Duntton's *Athenian Mercury*, like its modern descendants the advice and information columns (e.g., Ann Landers or "The Straight Dope"), treated questions sent in by its readers as its necessary point of departure, its *raison d'être*. These might be brief queries, but as the paper prospered they sometimes ran longer, into a kind of casuistry: substantial autobiographies leading up to a moral quandary. The format made Habermasian mirroring particularly explicit. The paper's readers saw themselves made over as potential writers, and saw the "Athenians" (the putative committee of teachers and counselors who answered the queries) refigured as attentive and responsive (though still authoritative) readers.<sup>19</sup>

In the newspapers, the phenomenon of mixed authorship became manifest in a visual correlative: by the time the papers arrived in the hands of their intended readers, they often bore a combination of print and script. The practice began as an attempt to make the news as current as possible. "The term 'Postscript,'" writes Morison, "dates from the later seventeenth century. . . . [It] was applied to written additions of late news inserted in the margins of printed papers by the clerks of the booksellers through whom the subscribers received their copies" (63). Some papers left space blank in anticipation of this later filling. Even after the "Postscript" became formalized as a printed addendum on a separate sheet (sold either separately or enfolded in the parent paper), the blank space remained in place. It had turned out to be a strong selling point. Londoners could buy and read the paper, fill the blank space with news (personal or otherwise) that they wished to convey, and dispatch it to friends in the country at the newspaper rate, which was cheaper than the regular post. The recipient took in a paper in which the offices of writer and of reader visibly converged.

For many, the presence of script on the printed news-sheet must have seemed the residuum of an older, still flourishing news medium created exclusively by scribal hands and pens. The news letter was produced in scriptoria that might contain as many as fifty clerks writing out copies simultaneously. It looked like a letter and moved like one. It arrived by post, handwritten and headed with a date and a formal, elaborately calligraphic greeting "Sir," "Madam," "My Lord." Its readers thus saw themselves made present in the letter from its outset. They paid well for this privilege, and for the larger one that manuscript made possible: letters could legally convey information that the government did not allow to appear in print. Newsletters had existed in England since the 1630s (Sutherland 6), but perhaps the output of the formidable journalist Henry Muddiman best exemplifies their place and process. In late 1659 Muddiman was designated by General George Monck as a kind of press agent for the incipient Restoration. He was soon made assistant to the new secretary of state Sir Edward Nicholas, and given control of all news media, both print and script.

The former office sustained the latter. In the Secretary's service, Muddiman had access to all domestic correspondence and much foreign information supplied by the Secretary's vast intelligence network; he also received "free postage not only for his own letters and news-letters, but for those letters . . . addressed to him." From the information he gathered by these means, he printed two weekly news-books (one on Mondays, one on

Thursdays) of government-sanctioned reports, as well as a newsletter (once, twice, or thrice weekly, depending on the subscriber) that revealed much more about parliamentary proceedings and other matters to a wide variety of subscribers paying £5 apiece: "peers and members of parliament, post-masters and country booksellers, clergymen and doctors, army officers, merchants, innkeepers and others" (Sutherland 7). With some of them, the correspondence was genuinely reciprocal: Muddiman asked for news and subscribers supplied it. The peculiar appeal of the newsletter, and the appetite for the kind of news that only it could supply, buttressed it for several decades against increasing competition from print. Although some newsletters succumbed to the pressure, many continued to thrive into the second decade of the eighteenth century, well past the introduction of the thrice-weekly papers and the *Daily Courant*.<sup>20</sup> The newsletters by now ordered their topics as did the newspapers: foreign news first, London last—with late-breaking stories often inscribed vertically down the margins. Impossible in print, this epistolary effect, like the vocative address and the idiosyncratic handwriting, confirmed in the reader a sense of receiving privileged information privately dispatched—of participating in a personal conversation on matters of moment.

That more people wanted this experience than could afford it is indicated by the long-running success of a paper that contrived to fulfill the desire by simulacrum. *Dawks's News-Letter* (1695–1716) was an extraordinary hybrid of many of the elements that the century's journalism had put into play: novel timing and salable spacing; print and script; privacy and publication. The first evening newspaper, it looked like an elegantly handwritten letter but was made entirely by the press. Ichabod Dawks had devised a typeface that mimicked manuscript.<sup>21</sup> As a piece of print, his paper could not deal in forbidden news, but it offered (with the reader's mild connivance) most of the newsletter's other gratifications. *Dawks's* prefatory "Sir," printed in calligraphy as elaborate as that in the newsletters, was now impressed by type-block and addressed to no one in particular, but any male who bought the paper might choose to recognize himself in the vocative. He might also, in keeping with the year-old practice of the written postscript, extend the *News-Letter* by one link into a chain letter of his own: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper," Dawks promised in an early number, "and blank space left that any gentleman may write his own private business."<sup>22</sup>

The paper's innovative timing abetted this purpose. It appeared between four and five on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and in its ample blank

space London buyers could inscribe their very latest "private business" before dispatching the paper to the country by the post that night; sometimes too booksellers would add written postscripts of their own. The recipient would hold a paper that displayed two manuscript styles, one of machine-made uniformity, with "a very settled appearance, as settled and as formal as an Indenture"; the other more erratic and (in most cases) personally familiar. Dawks, though, infused familiarity into his copy, as did the newsletters he imitated. His odd enterprise thrived, Morison argues, because Dawks understood what some of his competitors in both manuscript and print did not: "that in this time of transition there was not one public but two publics, corresponding to two habits of reading. The cheapness and dispatch of the printer had brought into existence a fresh market for news, but there remained numbers of older readers who were used to the more personal tone of the written newsletters and they preferred them if they could get them at the cost and with the speed of the newspapers. Thus with these two traditions, there were two styles of news-writing."<sup>23</sup> Dawks wrote the old style in a newly invented typeface that simulated old script, and by that stratagem appealed to several audiences: London as well as country, street buyers as well as subscribers, young as well as old.

The paper ran twenty years, long enough to be laughed at in mid-career by Richard Steele in a still newer kind of paper, the *Tatler*. Isaac Bickerstaff reports on a day spent in the coffeehouse among news readers. He mocks the inaccuracy of *Dawks's* foreign news; in this regard it resembles all the other papers. In other ways it differs: "But Mr. Dawks concluded his Paper with a courteous Sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole Company. *We wish, says he, all our Customers a merry Whitsuntide, and many of them. Honest Ichabod is as extraordinary a Man as any of our Fraternity [i.e., newsmongers], and as particular. His Style is a Dialect between the Familiarity of Talking and Writing, and his Letter such as you cannot distinguish whether Print or Manuscript, which gives us a Refreshment of the Idea from what has been told us from the Press by others. This wishing a good Tide had its Effect upon us, and he was commended for his Salutation, as showing as well the Capacity of a Bell-man as an Historian.*"<sup>24</sup> Steele's last comparison may possess a particular resonance. In the years since the bell-man passed Pepys's window only to be apprehended in secret script, the profession had added to its tasks of night-watching, well-wishing, time-telling, and information-giving a new enterprise: letter-gathering. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, the bell's sound makes its way from



the street into letters as it did into Pepys's diary, but now as an enforcer of conclusion, rather than a figure of middleness. "The bell rings for my letter," writes Mary Coke to her husband Thomas in 1701, "and makes me lose the happiness of fancying I am talking with my dear," because she must now hurry to get the missive into the hands of the passing bellman, who will bear it either to a nearby receiving house or directly to the recipient.<sup>25</sup> "The post-bell rings," wrote Mary Wortley Montagu in 1712, bringing her letter to a sudden close, "my next shall be longer. . . ."<sup>26</sup> At the time of *Tatler* 178, the bellman's activities as postman had just changed from ad hoc arrangement to an elaborately articulated new institution, Charles Povey's half-penny post. Steele compares Dawks to a bellman at just the moment when the bellman had become an instrument—and hence a figure—of that epistolary community of correspondents into which *Dawks's News-Letter* has for ten years made a curious intervention.

Perhaps it is because he fosters community that Dawks here subtly alters Steele's tone. Bickerstaff has mocked pretty severely the contentiousness and gullibility of the coffeehouse news readers. Here, though, a tincture of kinship tempers the amusement. "This wishing . . . had its Effect upon us," he writes; the pronoun joins Bickerstaff with the objects of his recent derision, as "our Fraternity" joins him with "Honest *Leabod*" in the brotherhood of newsmongers. One hundred seventy-eight numbers in, the *Tatler* has made the grounds of such a kinship fairly clear. Bickerstaff too has pursued some of the same ends that he attributes to Ichabod here: the fostering of "Familiarity" in print, a sense of "Talking and Writing" mixed (or, as Mary Coke puts it, a "fancy" that writing is "talking"), a community fused by correspondence. Like *Dawks*, the *Tatler* makes ingenious use and combination of the expectations and desires its readers bring to reading. But Steele and Addison have devised means more intricate, in their rhetoric and print format, than script-like font and hearty tone.

When Steele started the *Tatler*, on 12 March 1709, he had been editing the *London Gazette* for two years, and would continue to do so for most of the new paper's run. The *Tatler* fell heir to two concurrent periodical traditions that were sometimes intertwined: that of the printed news-sheet, of which the *Gazette* was the oldest and in many ways the stodgiest surviving specimen, and that of the periodical literary miscellany, of which the *Tatler* immediately established itself as the most successful enterprise yet launched.<sup>27</sup> Both traditions supplied the *Tatler* with strategies of containment and correspondence: ways of arranging mixed materials on the page and

construing them as a unity; ways of simultaneously addressing and mirroring the readership. The *Tatler* slightly altered every familiar strategy it took up. The early numbers make clear how carefully (and accurately) Steele had worked out a set of variants on tradition that would heighten the paper's appeal by sharpening its definitions of itself, its apparent author, and its audience. Yet these definitions changed substantially during the paper's twenty-two-month run, especially as Addison began to participate actively in the paper's making. He and Steele now took the paper's own initial tradition and developed it in directions that would ultimately make their shift from the *Tatler* to the *Spectator* less a contradiction than a continuation. The *Tatler*, that is, gradually initiates constructions that the *Spectator* would take up—constructions of time and audience, talk and print, silence and self-possession.

The vast majority of readers who picked up the *Tatler's* free first number would not have known that its maker was also the *Gazetteer*. Nonetheless, they might have detected at a glance the free sheet's print genealogy, its formal kinship with newspapers and literary periodicals. Like the *Gazette*, the *Courant*, and the thrice-weekly *Posts*, the *Tatler* divided its copy into sections, with headings that specified the place and date of the report (the first dateline, for example, read "*White's Chocolate-house, April 7*"). In the paper's preamble, Bickerstaff laid out the *Tatler's* particular geography, its spatial scheme for putting the world into print. Before "I had resolv'd upon" this work, Bickerstaff writes,

*I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World. . . .*

*[I] shall divide [my] Relations of the Passages which occur in Action or Discourse throughout this Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner.*

*All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the Title of Graecian; Foreign and Domestick News, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other Subject, shall be dated from my own Apartment. (T 1; 1.16)*

Miscellanies like the *Gentleman's Journal* had dealt in "Matter" just as variegated, though more diffusely. Comic periodicals like the *English Lucian* (1698) had mildly mocked the newspapers by dating preposterous reports from familiar local neighborhoods rather than exotic distant cities; others, like Ned Ward's *Weekly Comedy* (1699) and *Humours of a Coffee-House* (1707)

had made a fictional coffeehouse the setting for extravagant serial narratives. What is new with Steele is his specificity, and the uses to which he puts it. By datelining from actual coffeehouses long associated with particular activities, Steele manages not only to categorize and hence contain his subjects more precisely than had the earlier miscellanies, but also to set up his paper from the start as a particularly polished, comprehensive, and multifaceted social mirror. He claims, that is, that the categories of person and experience in which he will deal originate not with him but with his readers, who already occupy them as actual, physical spaces—local habitations with well-known names. The mirroring, he implies here, is about to become animated into a more kinetic two-way traffic. About four-fifths of every *Tatler* will originate at the very coffeehouse tables where the paper will be read a day or two later.

Such reciprocity refigures too the city in which the coffeehouses are located. As government Gazetteer Steele dealt almost exclusively in foreign rather than domestic news. The *Tatler's* datelines, so like the newspaper's in form and so different in content, enable him to present London—and by extension, Britain—as a world unto itself, "Known and Knowing," a container in which a continuous exchange of "Action" and "Discourse" is about to commence. Even the news of the larger world becomes a particular London property. "You will have" news, Bickerstaff promises, not from foreign ports (as in the *Gazette* or *Courant*) but from St. James's, the Whig coffeehouse near Whitehall and Parliament, where the business of knowing the world, transacted through reading and conversation, shapes what is known about it. From the construction of London as a sealed container, two corollaries develop, one of time and one of space. First, the paper's datelines will deal exclusively in the local time of the world it addresses. Even in the reports of foreign news, narratives of New Style events on the continent will appear under Old Style headings, whose dates (unlike those in the *Courant*) will always make sense within the calendrical timing that Britain now uniquely inhabits. These are the dates of this place alone. Second, Bickerstaff lays out a sequence of datelines that recapitulates the ordinary newspaper's familiar motion even as it miniaturizes its scope: the *Tatler* will enact over the course of its columns a sequential closing in from the larger world to the local—from the continent to London in the newspapers, from the sociability of the coffeehouses to the privacy of "My Own Apartment."

Isaac Bickerstaff, who occupies the apartment and authors the paper, had

in fact made his name as a figure for self-containment of another order. Swift had invented him a year earlier in order to mock the pretense of the astrological almanacs in general, and of the popular astrologer John Partridge in particular, to push past the ordinary limits of human time and write the future. "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." had first appeared as a rival astrologer who, in an almanac-pamphlet of his own, foretold the death of Partridge on 29 March 1708, and who in subsequent publications affirmed repeatedly and hilariously, over the vociferous objections of the real Partridge, that his prediction had come exactly true. He had, in effect, put Partridge in his proper temporal place, insisting on time limits where Partridge acknowledged none. In the *Tatler* Bickerstaff refers occasionally to his astrological prowess, but rarely exercises it. Mostly, he reaffirms the death of Partridge (as at the end of *Tatler* 1, in the first dispatch from his apartment). His method has become local and empirical rather than prophetic. As Swift's anti-astrologer, he has found more suitable employment outside the world of the annual almanac in the rhythm of a periodical that deals exclusively with the present and is timed to travel with the post.

Steele marked the change from Swift's initial conception another way as well.<sup>28</sup> Bickerstaff's new title, *The Tatler*, appeared above his name on the masthead, and from the first Steele used it to signal a new mode of correspondence with his readers, a way of making them present in the paper. Earlier personal titles (the tradition was a long one) denoted solo acts that the papers performed for their readers: the *Spy* spied, Mr. Review reviewed, "fattling," by contrast, necessitates community; it requires both listeners and speakers, often in alternating roles. Steele's title implies that the paper's "Action and Discourse" will be addressed to its readers, and more important, undertaken with them. As Bickerstaff claims in the preamble, the title is also calculated to widen the circle of participants until it encompasses "all Persons, without Distinction"—particularly of gender. "I resolve also to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have invented the Title of this Paper" (7 1; 1.15). This is the first of many moves that the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* will make to invite women readers to see themselves mirrored in the paper's masthead, substance, and method. The strategies are complicated (and, from a present viewpoint, compromised); but they hinge on a suggestion of androgyny in the authorial *eidolon*, here represented by the conjunction at the top of the paper of Bickerstaff's masculine name and feminized title.<sup>29</sup> He does not merely write a *Tatler*, he is one—loquacious, gregarious, "the greatest wit in his club"—

as readers soon recognized and long remembered: Bickerstaff "understood himself very well," wrote one reader to Steele five years later, "when he called himself *Tatler*." <sup>30</sup> The paper's success (and the correspondent's nostalgia) suggests that Bickerstaff understood his audience as well. By many strategies in the early *Tatlers* Steele establishes a passion for talk as the common ground on which his audience, male and female, can unite: here the distinctions between the gendered modes of talk (feminized "tattle" and masculinized "wit") dissolve sufficiently so that a self-proclaimed *Tatler* will be applauded (as Gay and countless others applauded Bickerstaff) for a wit. In its initial conception and opening numbers, the *Tatler* takes farther than any predecessor the strategy of "attest[ing] its] proximity to the spoken word," which Habermas calls crucial in the formation of the public sphere (Habermas 42). By its title and its coffeehouse dateline, it constructs a correspondence between author and readers based on talk: talk transpiring in houses, public and domestic, on the street, and in corresponding spaces on the page; talk contained but unconstrained.

With Addison's increasing collaboration, Steele began to experiment with the paper's prose containers, to re-evaluate the sources by which they were to be filled, and to alter the model of correspondence that the paper set forth. The first changes involved the relations between Bickerstaff's most remote news, channeled through "St. James's," and its most local, "From my own Apartment." When Steele started the *Tatler*, he had plainly counted on occupying many inches of its columns with foreign intelligence gathered from his sources at the *Gazette*. <sup>31</sup> Addison, though, in his debut as Isaac Bickerstaff in *Tatler* 18, abjured this dependency on distant events. The news writers, Bickerstaff notes, are frantic at the prospect of a peace with France; with no more wars to misrepresent they will lose their livelihood. At paper's end, he excepts himself: "I cannot be thought to speak this out of an Eye to any private Interest; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are Coffee-houses, Play-houses, and my own Apartment, I am in no Need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battle, to support me. . . I shall still be safe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers, in Being" (*T* 18; 1.151). The passage restates the contract of correspondence laid out in the first number, whereby Bickerstaff will draw his matter from places and persons close by (and red-tribute it accordingly), but it also reaffirms a desire Steele had expressed three weeks earlier for an even greater self-sufficiency. "[W]hen we have nothing to say to you from Courts and Camps," Bickerstaff had written in

number 11, "we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from our selves" (*T* 1.102). Because the "we" here is clearly editorial, the phrase "from our selves" points to a source more solitary than "Lovers," "Poets," or "Cits." It echoes the dateline Bickerstaff originally listed last—"From my own Apartment"—at a point when he has started to give that heading new priority. In the *Tatler* just preceding (no. 10), this dateline had appeared at the start of the paper for the first time, as it would often in the months to follow, sometimes extending its dominion to include topics that Steele had originally assigned to other departments. In *Tatler* 64 (5 September) Steele datelined one of the year's biggest stories, Marlborough's victory at Malplaquet, from Bickerstaff's residence. On this occasion even news "from Courts and Camps" reaches the *Tatler*'s reader directly "from our selves," not from St. James's. <sup>32</sup>

When Addison returned from Ireland (whence, as secretary of state, he had sent in his first contributions to the *Tatler*), he and Steele developed Bickerstaff's journalistic self-sufficiency further through a shift in form. Their first collaborative *Tatler*, no. 75, set a precedent that most subsequent numbers would follow: the coffeehouse datelines disappeared, and the dispatch from Bickerstaff's apartment occupied the entire paper. The *Tatler*, within six months of its debut, had changed its structure. In its early numbers, it had taken as its motto a line from Juvenal, "*Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli*" [Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream, / Our motley paper seizes for its theme]. <sup>33</sup> Steele had at first planned to embody the farrago of topics by a multiplicity of venues and headings. Such subdivisions now gave way to a unity differently shaped: the paper presented, more often than not, a single essay on a single topic. The new form refigured the correspondence between the paper and its readers. *Homines*—"Lovers," "Poets," "Cits"—would still read representations of their doings in the *Tatler*'s pages, but all shunted through a single switching house: Bickerstaff's "Apartment," which is to say his experience, his judgment, his mind. Addison and Steele had in effect exchanged their motto from Juvenal for its ancestor in Terence: "Nothing human is alien to me." In *Tatler* 1, for example, readers had received an account of a theatrical benefit for Thomas Betterton under the literary dateline of Will's coffeehouse. A year later they could read of Betterton's death and funeral in a dispatch Bickerstaff wrote from his own apartment, a narrative whose form insisted on the priority of the perceiver as determinant of the thing perceived. Bickerstaff reported not so much the public mourning as the private thoughts and memories of the

actor that preoccupied him on his walk to the burial in Westminster (*T* 167; 2.422–26). Addison in his first contribution had listed “the Coffee-Houses, Play-houses, and my own Apartment” as the *Tatler*’s three chief “Scenes of Action.” Now he and Steele had subsumed the first two under the third, where one mode of “Action” performed by one actor mediated all others: “The Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff.”

That phrase soon became an alternate title for the *Tatler*, whose new structure and terminology highlighted, in contrast with the original format, the solitude of the *eidolon* rather than his gregariousness. The now-dominant dateline places him “Apart” from the world he writes about; “Lucubration” (which Samuel Johnson would later define as “anything composed by candle-light”) encloses him even more tightly, in the illuminated circle in which he works. This is a space not for talk, but for inscription. By displacing the coffeehouse datelines, the *Tatler* now represented its correspondence with its readers less as conversation than as written exchange. The timing of the writing had shifted contours, too. Where the multiple datelines bore multiple dates, the unified essays bear only one, and often offer an extended, diary-like account of what Bickerstaff calls (in the first *Tatler* headed wholly from his apartment) “the History of the Day.”

The *Tatler* had now introduced a discernible dissonance between its title and its form, between idle and variegated chat and unified essay, but this seems to have played as yet another of those doublings that had been selling points from the start. If Bickerstaff could “correspond to” women as well as men, could parade as both wit and tattler, then his mock-solemn night-written lucubrations might, in their affability, be taken as just one step removed from talk. Addison and Steele had mastered a dialect more subtle than Dawks’s (and this is part of Steele’s condescension to his periodical sibling), able to move more smoothly along the spectrum “between the Familiarity of Speech and Writing,” and the paper’s popularity, which was immense from the start, continued to increase. Steele’s motives in ending the *Tatler* rather abruptly on 2 January 1711, after a twenty-month run, seem to have had little to do with commerce, and much more to do with politics. The election of October 1710 had put the Whigs out of power. Steele had given up control of the *Gazette* to the Tories, and may have agreed to end the *Tatler* too (which had satirized Harley over the summer) in exchange for retaining his office as commissioner of stamps. He and Addison may also have already conceived the new undertaking of the *Spectator*.

That possibility gets support from what appears to be the *Tatler*’s implicit

dramatization, in its closing numbers, of its reasons for coming to an end. Steele stages, in Bickerstaff’s voice, a critique of talk in the culture which leads up to an abandonment, in his own voice in the final number, of Bickerstaffian talk altogether. Political overtones are audible: a certain kind of satiric tattling had gotten Steele into trouble and now he terminates its medium. He develops the motifs of talk versus silence, copious chat versus self-containment, in ways that suggest that political pressures may have converged with a self-reckoning on the part of the authors. First, he and Addison may have become dissatisfied with “tattling” as a model for the form of correspondence and communion between author and reader that they had developed, and second, they may have had the silent Mr. Spectator and his daily schedule already in view. Bickerstaff undertakes to cure his readers of loquacity. He deems it a problem in terms that call his whole successful project into question. He prescribes for the loquacious a method of self-containment that relies on a form of time-reckoning that has not mattered much in the *Tatler* but that the *Spectator* will make central to its composition: small steady measures, closely and continually tracked.

In *Tatler* no. 264, which appeared two and a half weeks before the series’ end and bore the motto *Favete Linguis* [Be silent] (Horace, *Odes* 3.1.2), Bickerstaff analyzes loquacity as a form of robbery: “A Man that talks for a Quarter of an Hour together in Company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great Part of my Span. A Quarter of an Hour may be reckoned the Eight and fortieth Part of a Day, a Day the Three hundred and sixtieth Part of a Year, and a Year the Threescore and tenth Part of Life. By this moral Arithmetick, supposing a Man to be in the Talking World one third Part of the Day, whoever gives another a Quarter of an Hour’s hearing, makes him a Sacrifice of more than the Four hundred thousandth Part of his Conversable Life” (*T* 3.337). By Bickerstaff’s own calculations, the charge falls fairly close to home. The *Tatler* required about “a Quarter of an Hour’s hearing” three times a week<sup>34</sup>—though Bickerstaff may feel that he has already exonerated himself by pointing out that “An Author [as opposed to a talker] may be . . . thrown aside when he grows dull” (*T* 3.335–36). As punishment for talkers, Bickerstaff has devised an instrument of close temporal confinement:

For the utter Extirpation of these Orators and Story-Tellers, which I look upon as very great Pests of Society, I have invented a Watch, which divides the Minute into Twelve Parts, after the same Manner that the ordinary

Watches are divided into Hours; and will endeavour to get a Patent, which shall oblige every Club or Company to provide themselves with one of these Watches (that shall lie upon the Table as an Hour-Glass is often placed near the Pulpit) to measure out the Length of a Discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a Man one Round of my Watch, that is, a whole Minute to speak in. . . . (T 3.337)

Old tradition, new technology: what is striking is the shift in scale. Bickerstaff's invention abbreviates sixtyfold the duration measured out by sermon-glass and ordinary watches alike, but it is not really an invention at all: the seconds hand, which is in Steele's world what the minute hand was in Pepys's, tracks time just this way. Bickerstaff conjures up, for comic purposes, a culture-wide application (in "every Club and Company") of the latest chronometry for a time-discipline articulated, in Foucauldian fashion, literally down to the minute. "*Methusalem* might be half an Hour in telling what a Clock it was," Bickerstaff has just remarked, "but as for us Post-diluvians, we ought to do every Thing in Hast" (T 3.337). Within this history, Bickerstaff figures his watch as the defining instrument of the new epoch, arbitrating containment and continuity in the age of haste, and performing Anderson's "clocking of homogeneous, empty time" at a lively clip: one talker one minute, another the next.

Within the essay, Steele keeps the alignments among the watch, the paper, and the author pointedly uncertain. On the one hand, the paper has long done for Bickerstaff what he now wants his watch to do for others: it has "measured out," more palpably than an actual watch could do, "the Length of [his] Discourse": two columns on two pages, one prose unit (essay) on one half-sheet. Towards the end of the essay, Bickerstaff pushes the comparison: "I shall only add, That this Watch, with a Paper of Directions how to use it, is sold at *Charles Lillie's*." The watch does not exist, but the "Paper of Directions" does. Readers now hold it in their hands, where it embodies the self-contained discourse it advocates, and directs them, as would the timepiece for which it serves as surrogate, to mimic its own measured utterance. Having brought the analogy so far, though, Steele all but undoes it in the following sentence. Having exhorted others, Bickerstaff registers discomfort at the unavoidable equivocation with which his paper's title, and his own identity, infuse his present counsel: "I am afraid, a *Tatler* will be thought a very improper Paper to censure this Humour of being Talkative; but I would have my Readers know, that there is a great Differ-

ence between *Tattle* and Loquacity, as I shall show at large in a following Lubrication, it being my Design to throw away a Candle upon that Subject, in order to explain the whole Art of Tatling in all its Branches and Subdivisions." By its shape and length the sentence sustains the very sense of uncase, voiced at its outset, which it endeavors to offset.

In the remaining *Tatlers* the uncase never lifts; instead it closes in, and down. The promised paper fails to deliver the promised distinction. Bickerstaff again censures the loquacious, this time as murderers rather than thieves (he ends by quoting Horace's first *Satire*, in which the poet, trapped by a talker, fears that "he shall die by an eternal Tongue"). But Bickerstaff does not demonstrate the "great Difference between *Tattle* and Loquacity." Instead, a week later, he himself falls silent. The last *Tatler* displays none of the familiar certifications of his authority: no masthead, no motto, no "Apartment," only the serial number and, heading the prose, the date of issue. In the paper's first sentences Steele explains these absences. "I . . . have nothing further to say to the World under the Character of *Isaac Bickerstaff*" (T 271; 3.362). His diction, substituting "say" for "write," is commonplace enough, but may work particularly here. Steele sustains to the end the equivocation between "the Familiarity of Talking and Writing" which the paper capitalized on at the start, and now lets go the *eidolon* who made that confusion rhetorically rich and financially lucrative. This last paper, dated "today" and bearing Steele's own signature, is more explicitly a letter than anything the *Tatler* had previously produced—and in that way too it brings the *Tatler's* mode of correspondence to an end. In two months, Steele and Addison will launch a new *eidolon* who only writes, rarely talks.

A year and a half later, Nahum Tate looked back to this time of transition in a celebratory poem published in *Spectator* 488:

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a *Mute* was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her *Censor's Silence* mourn'd.  
*Robb'd* of his *sprightly Beams* she wept the *Night*,  
Till the *Spectator* rose, and *blaz'd* as bright.  
So the first *Man* the *Sun's* first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd, till circling *Day* his Joys renew'd. . . .

(4.233)

The metaphors are rather a mess, but a significant one. They render accurately the key transformations in *eidolon*, in timing, and in the mode of correspondence between paper and reader. Tate's first line pinpoints a

moment—when Steele had “nothing further to say”—but it elides a process. The *Tatler* had been “turning mute” by stages almost throughout its run, from the varied venues and their chatty paradigms in the early numbers, to the solitary “Lucubrations” of the later, and finally to the critique of talk at the close. If Tate’s line, poised at the transitional cusp, slightly misrepresents the past, it compactly adumbrates the future: when next the *Tatler* “to a Mute was turn’d,” it was by means of a definitive mutation: gregarious Isaac Bickerstaff became silent Mr. Spectator.<sup>35</sup> The mutation entailed a change of timing, too, enacted here in the shift from imagery of silence to that of sun. Mr. Spectator reappears every day. With the shift in *eidolon* and schedule, the audience alters too. Tate figures the readership of the *Tatler* as a collective (“Great Britain”), as had the paper itself, especially in its early days, but he figures the admirers of the *Spectator* as individuals (“The *Fira Man*”), thus registering some of the novelties in the later paper’s mode of address. Yet the sun metaphor accords the *Spectator* enormous power over the collective as a decisive agent in the Andersonian imagination of community; Gay had used it too, in describing the daily papers “rising upon us, and uniting ‘us’ in admiration as they rise. The *Spectator*, these figures argue, now defines its readers’ days, and may even make them too (no sun, no day).

In a short preamble, Addison praises Tate’s epigram as “ingenious”; the fact that he publishes it suggests that he deems it accurate too. In devising and disseminating the *Spectator* eighteen months earlier, he and Steele had mirrored to some extent the predicament shared by themselves and many in their audience: as *Whigs*, they were suddenly outsiders, politically muted by a shift in power. Making muteness the occasion for mutation, they now set about discovering what power could be attained, what transactions with the polity could be achieved, by a figure of silence played out over continuous, calendrically calibrated time.

“TO PRINT MY SELF OUT”

The *Spectator* establishes from its outset, and as the absolute condition of its existence, that self-containment towards which the *Tatler* had been tending late in its run. The motto atop the new paper’s first number casts the undertaking as a kind of metamorphosis:

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

[Not smoke after flame does he plan to give, but after smoke the light,  
that he may set forth striking and wondrous tales.]

(Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 1.143–44)<sup>36</sup>

Horace here writes about beginnings but casts them metaphorically as moments of transmutation—from fire to smoke (in the case of bad beginnings) or from smoke to firelight (in the case of good ones). He has just condemned, in language appropriate to Addison and Steele’s new tight-lipped persona, the empty boasting, the pointless “opening of the mouth” on the part of the poet who begins his epic with a promise to narrate the entire Trojan War. He here praises the comparatively restrained narrative contract Homer subscribes to in the opening lines of the *Odyssey* (from their modest smoke he will produce a lasting light); a few lines further on, Horace will make that praise proverbial by commending Homer’s way of plunging the reader in *medias res*.

The whole passage, Addison apparently realized, bears directly on his new enterprise (he would often use it as epigraph later in the paper’s run), and particularly on the curious combination of fictional autobiography and manifesto which the first *Spectator* sets forth. There Addison depicts his emergent *eidolon* in the midst of a metamorphosis of his own, brought about by the converging pressures of past and future upon the present. Mr. Spectator, recollecting his “very first Appearance in the World” and anticipating his eventual disappearance from it, determines upon a course wholly new to him, one which his first essay both announces and initiates. In the very act of writing this, his “very first Appearance in the World” of print, he shifts from near-perfect silence into a highly idiosyncratic kind of utterance, from a mode of existence elusive and evanescent, like that of smoke, to one potentially more abiding and effectual, like that of fire and light, or print on paper.

The *Spectator*’s silence begins as jest, then shifts to something more substantial. Mr. Spectator relates “that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, she dreamt that she was brought to Bed of a Judge,” and that he himself, once born, “seemed to favour my Mother’s Dream” by such “Gravity of . . . Behavior” as “[throwing] away my Rattle before I was two Months old,” and refusing to use “my Coral ’till they had taken away the Bells from it.” Towards the essay’s end, though, mortality shades the joke. In Mr. Spectator’s initial outing, thoughts of birth and death not only pervade the prose, but appear to account for it—to have prompted its sudden inception.



When I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing; and to Print my self out, if possible, before I Die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made, should be in the Possession of a Silent Man. For this Reason therefore, I shall publish a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries. . . . (S 1.5)

From its inception in lifelong silence to its prospective prolificity in print, Mr. Spectator conceives this whole project in terms of "Fulness," the optimal reciprocal relation between a container and the thing contained. He proposes to "communicate the Fulness of my Heart," not in the unregulated flow of speech but in a well-defined "Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning." As silence has bounded the life, paper will portion out its revelation. Like Samuel Pepys, Mr. Spectator chooses a single, short, precisely dated unit, defined by the shape and size of a piece of paper, as the ideal vessel for the self; and in the daily repetition of that unit he hopes to fashion an instrument of the self's continuance and, ultimately, its completeness.

Mr. Spectator, of course, writes from a different vantage in time than Pepys. For Pepys, even at his diary's inception, each day provides its own narrative; its amplitude fills the entry. The fullness Mr. Spectator intends to communicate, on the other hand, is cumulative. It has gathered over a lifetime of days, and what he promises now are "Thoughts," not linear narrative. It is instead the paper's readers who will experience these disclosures in diurnal sequence. The passage (and the paper) figure them as Mr. Spectator's "Contemporaries" not so much in that they have occupied the same span of life (as beneficiaries and legatees ordinarily do not; Mr. Spectator will often make clear that he is addressing an audience younger than himself) as in that they occupy with him the exact time of its revelation; they will receive his "Discoveries" "every Morning," in the same putative rhythm in which they are written.

What that rhythm is supposed to render, Mr. Spectator touches upon in the passage's most striking clause. "I am resolved . . ." he writes, "to Print my self out, if possible, before I Die." The word "out" does double duty. It traces the self-reversal Mr. Spectator now proposes, whereby he will turn himself inside-out and lay open his private consciousness to public scrutiny. But it also suggests completion, even exhaustion (as in to "wear out"), and

so writes into the undertaking the same strict equation between person and page that operates in Pepys's diary. By its logic, each successive daily entry constitutes a piece of the self, and the aggregate contains the whole. In both Pepys's formulation and Addison's, the equation proves reversible. Diarists stop writing only when they die, and to cease before that is in effect to die betimes. Pepys in his final sentence betook himself "to that course which [is] almost as much as to see myself go into my grave."<sup>37</sup> Mr. Spectator anticipates a slightly different order of events, hoping to "Print my self out . . . before I Die." His words, though, portend not sequence but synchronicity. In them, Addison provides the earliest of countless signals throughout the paper's run concerning this creature's peculiar propensity for evanescence. A real-life diarist may survive his final page by many decades, but Mr. Spectator can exist for only as many days as he writes. On this day, prose and the press have brought him into being; on the date he last prints himself out he will die like a diarist, leaving only his book of days behind him.

At the same time, the conditional interjection "if possible" insists on Mr. Spectator's "actual" existence by raising a question of timing that could only apply, albeit comically, to a living person. With so much accumulated "self" to "Print out," at the rate of a "Sheet-full . . . every Morning," Mr. Spectator wonders whether his life-span will allow him enough days to complete the task. His speculation lends urgency to the enterprise, and offers a tacit explanation, founded in the character's predicament, for the novelty of daily publication.

The urgency of the new project (the question of whether it will be possible to complete it in time) accounts, within the fiction, for the *eidolon's* choice of the medium as well as the timing by which he now undertakes to correspond with his readers. Mr. Spectator initiates his printed journal as the ideal middle way between "Taciturnity," which he here abjures, and "Speech," for which he has "neither Time nor Inclination": it will allow him to deal in words without agitating his vocal cords. Part of this reasoning is absurd. Composition generally consumes more time than talk (and Mr. Spectator will often, as in *Spectator* 2.4, draw attention to the time his papers cost him). The real logic lies in the passage's quick sequence of displacements—"Speech," "Writing," "Print"—in which one mode of correspondence gives way to another more rapid and more public. Speech and writing reach only those who can hear the words or read the page the pen has crossed; but through print Mr. Spectator can address multitudes while keeping technically silent. The distribution of his "Possession[s]" will thus

match the mode of their accumulation. Indeed, this paradoxical process has already begun. Somehow, Mr. Spectator's friends have become aware of his "Discoveries" despite the fact that, as he avers, "[I] do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life" (S 1.2). The contradiction hints at a possible parallel in the author's transactions with his audience, whereby the paper will conduct not so much a linear discourse in which Mr. Spectator "speaks" and readers attend as an osmotic transfer of material from his mind to that of his reader, a correspondence enacted in an instant (like the reflection in a mirror) rather than one transacted over time (like that of speech or writing). By this reckoning the odd phrase "to Print my self out" becomes more literal still, and the sheet that readers purchase contains not a transcription of thought but a direct impression of it, struck off in a moment. Print can, after all, make possible such contractions of time. Writing demands duration, but whole pages of prose can be pressed onto paper in an instant, and a reader can absorb words faster than a speaker can say them.

In *Spectator* 4, the first essay of the series' first full week, Steele develops the hint at length in Mr. Spectator's first detailed narrative of an encounter between himself and a fellow mortal: a curious "Conversation" he engaged in with Will Honeycomb, the now-elderly Restoration rake, "the other Night at a Play" (S 1.20). Steele traces with comic precision the gradients by which Mr. Spectator's capacity to receive impressions in silence readily converts into an ability to convey them without speech, and even to incalcate them in whatever companion comes under his power.

Steele encapsulates this involuted process in the double-jointed sentence of transition with which he begins the scene. Mr. Spectator has just finished explaining that as a "dumb Man," he can with "more than ordinary Penetration" and "without being admitted to their Conversation" perceive "the inmost Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold." At the start of the new paragraph he makes clear that such acuity is not only a privilege he exercises, but also one he can confer on others who behold him: "Those who converse with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes and the Changes of their Countenance their Sentiments of the Objects before them" (S 1.20). The process is the same, the practitioners reversed. The "dumb Man" now allows himself to be understood by the same mute signs he reads in others. But in this case the person reading and the person read collaborate in an exchange (rather than a mere "Penetration") of "Thoughts and Reflections" in which Mr. Spectator attains a peculiar ascendancy he has barely

hinted at before. "I have indulged my Silence to such an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I shak'd my Head at without my speaking." "Extravagance": the sentence duly plays out the motion mapped by the word's Latin roots. So forceful has Mr. Spectator made his "Silence" that it can push past its own confines and "wander outward" into the speech of another, who thus answers wordless "Smiles" with "concurrent Sentences." Eighteenth-century typography, with its capitalized nouns, emphasizes the alliterative *s*'s by which Steele points up the sequence of translation: from silence through sight to sound in speech.

When Will Honeycomb first speaks, he bears out what Mr. Spectator has just made clear: that this odd kind of exchange entails dialogue and even disagreement, so that Mr. Spectator's points, when rendered audible in the answers of his interlocutor, are subsumed in sentences that take issue with them. "Upon my looking with great Approbation at a blooming Beauty in a Box before us, [Will] said, 'I am quite of another Opinion: She has, I will allow, a very pleasing Aspect, but methinks that Simplicity in her Countenance is rather childish than innocent.'" The utterance includes six words "attributable" to Mr. Spectator ("She has a very pleasing Aspect") to twenty-one of Will's. The pattern of objection and subsumption continues as the two men "discuss" the woman further, but as they turn their attention to another, the conversation changes shape altogether. "When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, Will. spoke what I looked . . . in the following Manner: 'Behold, you who dare, that charming Virgin. . . .'" Dialogue and disagreement give way to a concord between the wordless observer and the companion who puts his observations into words. Mr. Spectator practices a kind of animate ventriloquy. The "dumb Man" speaks his thoughts through another man's mouth.

In a last touch, Steele makes those voiced thoughts themselves the final piece in a pattern involving silence, spectatorship, and speech. Speaking what Mr. Spectator "looks," Will can hardly be expected to recognize that he is summing up the curious dynamic that has driven the whole exchange: ". . . How is the whole Woman expressed in her Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language" (S 1.21). In short, the woman exerts the same powers of silent self-expression over Mr. Spectator that he exerts over Will. Within the sequence, he acts as versatile, indispensable middleman. First, he interprets the woman's "Look" and then, by a look of his own, he transmits his interpretation to Will, who then fulfills

the potential "Force of Language" in both looks by putting them into actual, audible words. For the first time, though, Mr. Spectator demonstrates in action that odd evanescence that he has hitherto only hinted at in his self-descriptions. Though he alone has exercised the full range of spectatorial powers (reading the thoughts of another and broadcasting thoughts of his own), he manages in the end almost to disappear from the sequence in which he has seemed an essential term. Will, in speaking the "Sentiments" that Mr. Spectator has formed about the "Object" before him, in effect, makes them his own. Steele clinches the point by posting a kind of eavesdropper at the outset of the scene. "WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who sat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himself . . ." (S 1.20). Will's early, disputative utterances ("I am quite of another Opinion . . .") might well entertain the gentleman as the monologue of a man apparently at odds with himself. But the speech Will delivers in concert with Mr. Spectator's final look makes considerably more sense; by its opening imperative ("Behold, you who dare . . ."), it might even be construed as an invitation to the gentleman and anyone else within hearing to partake of the challenges and pleasures of acute observation. For by now Will has absorbed and appropriated the spectatorial powers of two formidable practitioners—the "Woman" who can give "her Look the Force of Language," and his companion who can both read and speak the language of sight with unmatched ability. So, for the moment, can Will, who in accurately interpreting his friend, finds himself decoding the woman more deftly too: Steele implies that the old rake has in his previous utterances, and throughout his life, been judging women peremptorily rather than reading them attentively.

In this tacit critique, and in the transactions of silence, sight, and speech that give rise to it, Mr. Spectator hints for the first time at the complexity of his own stance towards women, and of his strategies for addressing what would soon become a large audience of female readers. On the one hand, the "charming Virgin," though celebrated for possessing a "Force of Language," is not permitted to speak for herself; she remains the object of a collective male gaze. On the other, her powers surpass those of all the men involved except Mr. Spectator, with whom she is in some respects equated. By identifying himself with her and construing their shared silence and seeming passivity as sources and proofs of acuity and linguistic force, Mr. Spectator might well appear to invite his women readers into a particular and potentially appealing mode of correspondence: relegated like him to seem-

ingly marginal roles in the bustling public sphere, they share with him powers that the common run of men like Will have yet to attain. In the opening paragraph of his earlier periodical, Steele had teased women as "Tatlers" (he named the paper, he says, in their honor); here, though, he identifies them as potential fellow spectators.<sup>38</sup>

The construction of such a fellowship, among both women and men, is the chief purpose of the scene at the playhouse. There Steele dramatizes a mode of interaction in which anyone who picks up the paper will participate. Like Will at the theater, readers of the *Spectator* engage in intimate discourse with a "dumb Man," and receive his revelations by an unaccustomed exertion of their own faculties. Like Will, they use their eyes as instruments more of listening than of seeing—as the means to take in words that, since Mr. Spectator does not speak, the ears alone would be helpless to hear. Steele develops the analogy between Will and reader further by the essay's end. Mr. Spectator voices the hope that his attentive readers, like his clubfellow, will not only register his thoughts but speak his words: ". . . I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women this Paper may furnish *Tea-Table Talk*." (S 1.21). As the authors will make clear again and again, that talk is furnished in two ways. First, like other papers, the *Spectator* was often read aloud, the words entering the eye and leaving the mouth of a single reader, to enter at the ears of several hearers; like no other paper, it managed to image, in the person of its sharp-eared, silent, and visually expressive *eidolon*, a synthesis of sight and sound like the one that made possible its rapid dissemination among a large audience. In these circumstances, as in Honeycomb's final speech, the "*Talk*" is direct translation: like Will the reader speaks, and like the Gentleman the listeners hear precisely what Mr. Spectator "looks" — what he sees, thinks, and makes visible in print. But of course the *Spectator* may prompt a second kind of talk, in which readers and listeners, like Will in his earlier remarks, contribute more material of their own: they may discuss what the paper says. In both cases Mr. Spectator exerts his powers of ventriloquy over a numerous audience far more significant and substantial than his silly clubfellow. The "Silent Man" produces speech without moving his mouth: his readers, whether they speak "from" him (in reading his works aloud) or "give Answer to" him, will inevitably speak *for* him, and make his thinking heard.

When Mr. Spectator observes, at the end of the scene in the playhouse, that "the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life," he has already complicated the sentence's implicit solipsism by a signal

act of inclusion. In context, the formulation proposes a reflexive relation not within one mind but between two. For Mr. Spectator, mental activity serves as mirror: he finds his greatest pleasure in the scrutiny of his own thought's "working." The reader who has found entertainment from the same source in effect stands before the same mirror, with eyes fixed (at this stage of the encounter) not upon his or her own image, but upon this curious new figure who has just emerged into view. Already, though, Mr. Spectator has imparted to his performances a second thrust as well. In delineating the peculiar powers that derive from his silent self-containment, he implicitly presents himself not merely as an object of entertainment, as a provider of particular delights, but as a paradigm for the proper use of private thought. By attentively observing him, his readers might conceivably take their mirroring one step further, might learn to appropriate his self-sufficiency and find in the "working" of their own minds the chief entertainment of their lives, and so reduplicate his pleasurable reflexivity by a matching self-awareness of their own.

Such a possibility gives point to the requirements for readership at which Steele has hinted in this essay's opening sentences. Though Mr. Spectator welcomes among his readers both the "Blanks" of society, those clones of Will Honeycomb and models of receptivity who "when they first come abroad in the Morning" are "utterly . . . at a Stand till they are set going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper," he aspires also to a more able audience whom he describes indirectly in terms of the unworthy readers who are their opposites: "These are Mortals who have a certain Curiosity without Power of Reflection, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers" (S 1.18).

Here, for perhaps the only time in the whole series, the paper's title is used pejoratively, to suggest emptiness rather than fullness. But Steele invokes this connotation in order expressly to abjure it. The purpose of the sentence, of the essay, and indeed of the whole enterprise is to remake the meaning of the paper's title so that it conjures up not a purely passive onlooker, but the active practitioner of a demanding craft; as Steele insists at this essay's conclusion, "the World . . . shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator" (S 1.22). In the essay itself, the author has warranted the worth of his spectatorship by establishing himself first as an acute reader of silent signs, then as a being endowed with extraordinarily kinetic powers of reflection: he finds pleasure in his own mind, he discerns his own image everywhere in the external world, and he prompts from his companions

an audible echo of his silent musings. He now seeks readers similarly empowered, who will peruse his papers as "Spectators" in the new, richer sense he has imparted to the term.

If he cannot find them, he has already, in effect, undertaken to create them. He will remake in his own image the mind of anyone who reads him; indeed, he has already begun that transformation. By the peculiarities of his own presence in print, he has enforced upon his audience a profound attentiveness analogous to his own: they hearken to the inflections of his rarefied whisper, the sound not (as with Pepys) of subdued speech but of articulate silence—of a voice so private that it can be heard only upon the page. In doing so, they become privy to the working of his mind not merely as consumers of its product (that is, as receivers of his published thoughts), nor even as informed observers of its process, but as almost involuntary fellow practitioners, whose own perceptions have become attuned to the nuanced modulations among silence, sight, thought, and talk which form not only fit matter for the mind's working, but also an apt model of its operations, and a limitless resource for its entertainment. Taking in the *Spectator* through their eyes and ears, allowing its words to echo in their mouths and minds, they provide living testimony to its author's powers of ventriloquy and reflection: they become the real-life avatars of a wholly fictional creation.

"TO FIND THEIR ACCOUNT":

THE DAY AS PROPERTY, THE SPECTATOR AS DIARY

By such strategies of reflection and ventriloquy, the *Spectator* transmutes self-containment into a mode of correspondence. By its diurnal schedule, it models calibrated continuity as a paradigm for possessing time as property, and for managing it well. In *Spectator* 10, the most famous of the paper's pronouncements on itself, Addison touches in the first sentence on the rhetorical significance of the *Spectator's* diurnal timing. "It is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my papers. . . ." The words "Day" and "daily" pervade the essay, appearing some fifteen times, closely followed by smaller subdivisions, "Morning" and "Hour." In his first number, Addison had argued the urgency of the paper's daily publication from the vantage of its putative author; now he argues from the need of its readers: "To the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow

but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture" (1.44). The mind, always active, must always be watched. Mr. Spectator's "constant and assiduous" attention to his readers' minds will provide not only a means of correction but also a pattern of proper behavior, the very opposite of the "short transient intermitting Starts of Thought" that may be the best that they can manage now.

The paper's motto, from Virgil's *Georgics*, presents in simile this argument for unremitting endeavor, an unbroken series of repeated efforts:

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
Remigis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit æveus amni.*

[As if one, whose oars can scarce force his skiff against the stream, should by chance slacken his arms, and lo! headlong down the current the channel sweeps it away.]

(*Georgics* 1.201-3)<sup>39</sup>

The intermittent oar strokes of a paper like the *Tatler* or the *Post-Man* will not suffice for the sustained project of psychological and social transformation which Addison here proposes. Part of the ingenuity of *Spectator* 10 lies in the way it grounds its argument for a genuine daily paper, a "journal" true to the etymology of the name, not (as Buckley did) in the urge to keep up with fast unfolding external events, but in the need to enact over time an ongoing narrative of internal reform.<sup>40</sup> "Knowledge of ones-self," which Addison deems more important than information about "*Muscovy* or *Polland*," requires even steadier study.

But Addison supplants Virgil's simile of the stream with his own metaphor of the field ("The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day . . ."), and the shift is significant. Neither oar strokes nor daily newspapers are, after all, truly "constant." They both simulate continuity by regular repetition, but they always entail a vacant interval between one oar stroke and the next, the appearance of this morning's paper and tomorrow's. The agricultural figure forestalls the danger of such a gap. Seeds once set in earth grow continually, and the ones Mr. Spectator speaks of seem designed to expand not in size but in duration, to fill the hours that follow their planting. This figure of temporal insemination, in which small things grow to great, sets a pattern Addison repeats throughout the paper: he guarantees explicitly to the "Blanks," and implicitly to "Families," "the female World," and

all his fellows in "the Fraternity of Spectators," that by spending "a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper," they will receive "a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours" of their waking lives (S 1.44-47).

Here, however, the rustic metaphor begins to fall apart. Mr. Spectator outstrips the ambition of ordinary farmers; he plans to reseed the same furrows every day. He thereby posits a kind of double almanac: the daily planting of a diurnal crop ("twelve Hours" worth of good conversation), synchronous with a longer-term project designed to yield a larger harvest in the season when he will have once and for all recovered his readers "out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is Fallen" (4.5). *Spectator* 10 is usually read as boasting of its ubiquity in space ("in *London* and *Westminster*," "at *Tea-Tables*, and in *Coffee-Houses*") but it makes much more of its ubiquity in time. Mr. Spectator undertakes to accompany his readers not only wherever they wander, but also whenever they are conscious. And so he acquires the lineaments of consciousness itself, quiescent by night, renewed each morning, and operant all day.

Accompaniment, after all, is not exactly what he is up to. Mr. Spectator insists that he aspires not to mere proximity with his readers, nor even to ordinary intimacy, but to a kind of self-infusion. He plants his ideas in their minds; they "imbibe" his "Notions" and he "instills" into them his "sound and wholesome Sentiments" (4.6); indeed, he will later boast that like a "Chymical" doctor he condenses "the Virtue of a full Draught" of moral medicine into the "few Drops" of his "little Diurnal Essays," and so works all the more effectively "to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of [the] People" (S 1.24; 1.506-7). (Hence, perhaps, his remarkably recurrent interest in tea, coffee, and tobacco: his readers take them into their systems, as he wishes them to absorb his papers, regularly and with relish.) The more frequent the infusions, the more potent and sustained their effects. Will Honeycomb at the playhouse enjoyed only a "short transient intermitting Start" at becoming like Mr. Spectator through exposure to him. But readers who take in the *Spectator* every day will prosper from a far more abiding transformation: they will be subdued to what they read. In the end, the arguments in favor of diurnal publication from the author's vantage (in *Spectator* 1) and from the reader's (in *Spectator* 10) converge. The daily paper will allow Mr. Spectator to "Print my self out" in the sense both of representing himself completely and of impressing his own identity and way of thinking upon his readers, as though they were soft metal fit for coining,



or sheets of paper, *tabulae rasae*, awaiting the imprint of a particularly valuable text.

Time, profit, and property dominate the figure of speech by which Addison first describes the service he aspires to perform for his readers. Just before Mr. Spectator turns to the metaphor of the mind as field, he expresses the hope that his readers may “find their Account in the Speculation of the Day” (S 10; 1.44). The idiom means merely “to get one’s money’s worth,” or, sometimes, “to collect a profit”; so Addison is simply promising that his paper will amply repay the penny’s cost and the “Quarter of an Hour’s” time that it asks of its readers. But the term “Account” also names the fiscal document, often diurnal in its rhythm, by which merchants and clerks calculate the prosperity and prospects of their enterprises. Readers of the *Spectator*, so the locution implies, can find a collateral moral reckoning in its serial pages, can set the credits of their “Virtue and Discretion” against the debits of their “Vice and Folly.” What’s more, the frequency of calculation will tend to better assure a net profit in conduct as in commerce.<sup>41</sup>

The phrase implies more still. Pepys, working first from his fiscal tabulations, produced an account of another kind, a running narrative in daily installments that summed up experience less systematically but more abundantly than ledgers alone could do. Addison’s phrase makes a parallel promise: that in the *Spectator* readers will find their own narrative, written and issued every day by a tantalizingly elusive narrator, but somehow inscribed by themselves, reflecting and recording their actions, their thinking, their secrets. Like all puns, “Account” here suggests at least the possibility of coherence among its several significations. Mr. Spectator, like Pepys before him, undertakes to negotiate anew the intricate relationships among property, private experience, and serial, secret prose. But what Pepys discovered by way of solitary practice, Addison and Steele render as a public performance—almost, indeed, as a public service in which the audience participates perforce. In Mr. Spectator’s diurnal writings, readers will discover not only his diary, but their own.

Between Pepys and Addison, Locke effected a significant intervention. Walking with his minute watch, writing in his diary, Pepys discovered to his pleasure that time could be constructed as a kind of private property. In the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Locke rewrites that volitional pleasure into a potential doom. He insists that time can only be private property; whatever clocks or watches may declare, the mind can only reckon time with reference to the rhythmic succession of its own ideas.<sup>42</sup> By Locke’s

logic, what Mr. Spectator calls “the working of my own Mind” becomes not only “the general Entertainment of my Life” but also its chief time-keeper. Addison declares his allegiance to Locke’s notions in *Spectators* 93 and 94, discussing how his readers may “travel through Time” most productively, and fill up the “Spaces of Life” that they now leave idly empty (S 93; 1.395): “Mr. Lock observes, ‘That we get the Idea of Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which succeed one another in our Minds. . . .’ To which the Author adds; . . . [W]e see, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little Notice of the Succession of Ideas that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest Contemplation, lets slip out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time shorter than it is” (S 94; 1.399).<sup>43</sup> Addison proposes to “carry this Thought further” by developing from Locke’s reasoning “a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same Time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage,” by “employing [our] Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas” (398–9). Addison’s words aptly describe his own enterprise. The *Spectator*, now nearing its hundredth number, has already proven the worth of such a method by putting it into practice. “A quick and constant Succession” of single sheets, dealing in “Ideas” and “Thoughts on many Subjects,” the series has imparted its own variety to its readers, and thereby, in Addison’s present argument, made their lives seem longer and more plentiful, while its punctual reappearances every morning have rendered the regular, real pulse against which the relative, subjective time of mind and memory unfolds. Those who read the *Spectator* regularly will have already found their own minds drawn into that most pleasurable and profitable way of working in time which Addison here propounds in his optimistic extrapolation from Locke.<sup>44</sup>

In the peroration of this essay, Addison fuses the images of time as pecuniary property and of the mind as a field to be attended “with a constant and assiduous Culture”: “How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country, that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower” (1.401–2). Like Locke’s argument, Addison’s final simile overlays the operations of time and



mind in such a way that the two become virtually indistinguishable. Time has metamorphosed from money into something less liquid but more valuable: real estate. Like the mind in the earlier figure, time is here a tract of arable land idiosyncratically farmed by every owner—the inviolable but also ineluctable property of fool and sage alike, who hold it under lifelong lease and cannot wish it away even should they want to. But the mind too has remained, as before, the site of cultivation—and has become the creator and surveyor of its own landscape as well. Only the mind's fecundity can transmute time into a cluster of "Possessions" worth possessing.

If, conversely, the mind should fail its mission and let itself and its span of life lie fallow, then time will turn on its possessor to become a prison. So asserts one of Mr. Spectator's fictitious correspondents, Samuel Slack, at the outset of a letter in which he will argue from his own case the desperate and widespread need for an instructive *Spectator* paper on the "general Disorder" and "universal" affliction of "Idleness": "The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Desire of resisting the farther Encroachments of Idleness, make me apply to you; and the Uneasiness with which I recollect the past Years, and the Apprehensions with which I expect the Future, soon determin'd me to it" (S 316; 3.148). Locke has here become, in effect, the keeper of a lockup, a kind of temporal gaoler. He has decreed, after all, that the mind, even when it does not occupy time with ideas, must nevertheless inhabit it. Samuel Slack has evidently found such habitation a state of bondage, and though he claims to have recently regained his "Liberty," he finds in "Idleness" a source of prospective as well as recollected horror. His claim to "Liberty," in fact, is mildly equivocal in its wording; the opening phrase might plausibly be read to mean that "the hope of regaining my Liberty" has prompted the letter. And indeed the letter itself constitutes the only warrant of the claim. The writing of it is an undeniable action; it separates past years and future dangers. At the moment of writing Slack stands imperiled in the middle of a desert of wasted time, past and future. This preamble initiates an exchange whose format is unusual for the *Spectator*: without directly acknowledging Slack's letter, Addison will reply to it in the next number. Letter and reply enact a collaboration between the fictional reader Slack and the fictional author Mr. Spectator. For his optimistic reading of Locke in the earlier paired essays, *Spectators* 93 and 94, Addison resorted to lectureship and direct didacticism. But here, confronting the anguish that is the underside of Locke's argument, he resorts to something more subtle: an exchange between fictional author and fictional

reader in which daily writing itself, in public *Spectators* and in private diaries, becomes the means of escape from the wasteland of lost time.

The exchange turns upon a distinction between the life experiences of author and reader: by virtue of his containment and acuity, Mr. Spectator has dealt all his days in "Fulness," in the "secret Satisfaction" of a lifetime well spent (S 1; 1.5); Slack, by his own account, has known only emptiness. Now he surpasses Mr. Spectator in his capacity to tally up the cost of time missed. In the last paragraph of *Spectator* 94 Addison conjured up the oppressive uniformity of a wasted "past Life" in his image of a "barren Country, that fills [the Eye] with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains." Slack describes a vista even less differentiated and more primal.

The Occasion of this [Slack's condition] seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more; for I shou'd then find my Time distinguish'd into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence over-spreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct my self by. Were one's Time a little strained by Business, like Water inclos'd in its Banks, it would have some determin'd Course; but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without Use or Motion. (S 316; 3.148-49)

The language here passes seamlessly from that of business to that of Genesis, and so posits a cosmological correlative for the writer's private but universal problem. Slack, echoing the Authorized Version with remarkable consistency, in effect rewrites the biblical narrative in reverse, and as autobiography: he presently finds himself beneath a "Deluge" and in need of a new Creation. "One's Time," copious and inchoate, has itself become the form-destroying flood. By way of recovery, Slack must reshape himself as his maker first shaped the world. As "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" in the opening sentences of Genesis, so Slack seeks a means to put his own "Spirits in Motion" over the "Face of Indolence" in order, like God, to effect useful and redemptive divisions, to "distinguish" "my Time" "into Portions" (as the Lord distinguished the waters by establishing dry land). The Noachian phrasing that ends the paragraph carries with it the suggestion of a punishment in which Slack operates as both avenging justice and suffering culprit. The Deluge, after all, dissolved a world already created, which would have abided indefinitely had mortals inhabited it aright, but which God reduces instead to its original condition—"without form,

and void" (in the Bible's wording), "without Use or Motion" (in Samuel Slack's). Time and mind, according to Slack's implicit allegory, constitute a kind of private cosmos ripe for shaping. They provide humanity (as Locke has argued and Addison has affirmed) with a medium and a tool sufficient to produce fruitful distinctions and so to make of life a pleasing form, a satisfying fullness. Slack by his idleness has worked his own unmaking.

For this apocalyptic affliction, he seeks a homely but a potent remedy: to distinguish his time into those natural "Portions"—days, seasons, years—whose definition and distinction constituted the very first business of Creation, and, by attending consciously to these segments of time, to make each productive in its turn. The idea of apportioning leads Slack to both of the *Spectator's* familiar tropes for time as property: land and money.

The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Number of Years, but by the Use has been made of it; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate.

...

Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness [as does Time], nor has there been so many Devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no Purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. (3.150)

By the end of the essay, though, the discussion of time's proper use modulates (as often happens in the *Spectator*) away from the analogy with land and money, and towards the redemptive efficacy of daily reading and writing: the day itself supplants the shilling and the acre as the unit of property. Slack, intent upon goading himself into reformation, cites the examples of those ancient paragons who pursued the "Improvement of every Part of Time" by means of thought and language, ink and paper: "Seneca in his Letters to *Lucilius* assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments, which he enumerates; Sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-Book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my Game, I may at least bring home some

of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day" (3.150-51). These ancients have achieved that steady, diurnal rhythm of endeavor with which Addison has proposed to enrich his readers' lives. Like Seneca the paper's audience can assert that "there [is] not a Day in which" they do not "read and epitomize" at least one "good Author."

Hence the peculiar force of the request with which Slack begins to bring his letter to a close: "Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recall to Mind, and what Arguments I use with my self to regain my Liberty: But as I am afraid 'tis no ordinary Perswasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal Use" (3.151). Ancient examples will not suffice for his dire need, Slack suggests; he seeks instead a present encounter. As arbiter of temporal wisdom Mr. Spectator outqualifies Seneca and Pliny. In their letters, they merely report their strategies for the "sollicitous Improvement of every Part of Time"; in his papers, Mr. Spectator has given proof of his in a public performance every day for the past year. In requesting Mr. Spectator's "Thoughts on the Subject" of idleness, Slack is seeking not so much an acquaintance with particular precepts as an induction into Mr. Spectator's method of moving through the days and making them productive. Oppressed all his life by a time "without Use," Slack now wishes to inhabit the opposite kind of time, the kind he sees incarnate in Addison and Steele's diurnal paper: a time so richly varied and sharply differentiated as to be of "universal Use." He wishes, in effect, to be like Mr. Spectator.

It is the prevailing irony of this number that Slack partly achieves his wish simply by expressing it. Goaded by his distress, he raises himself momentarily, in this single outpouring of his pen, to the ranks of those paragons of "Labour and Assiduity" whom he invokes as models. Like his heroes Seneca and Pliny he has written a letter, and in writing has found a sure protection against the danger of this day's futility. But he surpasses even them to stand with their superior in these matters—Mr. Spectator—and has even, for an interval, supplanted him. Slack has, after all, authored the *Spectator* for the day. He has written the "Speculation" against idleness that he so ardently desires to read and now, with its publication, he has seen it pass into "universal Use" in coffeehouses and at tea tables.

By tacitly answering Slack's appeal simply by publishing it, the *Spectator* implies two arguments about its own enterprise. First, the paper's method

of distinguishing time into "Portions" and ordering them in writing affords a ready refuge for readers who find such discipline difficult to attain. Second, so honed is Mr. Spectator's alertness to the needs of his audience, so supple is his reflexivity, and so capacious are his pages, that his readers can in effect practice his kind of ventriloquy in reverse. They can "Print *their selves out*" in his paper, can trace "the *Workings of their own Minds*" for their "Entertainment" and enlightenment, and can observe and address their own shortcomings from his vantage and his lectern. They can furnish—and become—their own *Spectators*.

In this reciprocal ventriloquy, reader's voice and author's inevitably mingle, sometimes indistinguishably: a correspondent will appear to speak for Mr. Spectator, Mr. Spectator for his readers. This continuity of identity and voice takes an unusual form in the next paper: Addison continues Slack's topic without acknowledging his letter, as though the train of thought had passed unmediated from reader to author. By the essay's end, Mr. Spectator makes explicit the remedy for empty time that he has hinted at from its outset: "I would . . . recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time" (S 317; 3.156). Recount every day, for one complete cycle of days; even after so short a "Space of Time," "the keeping a Journal" will banish idleness. The *Spectator*, having drawn from the diary paradigm some of its own most distinctive elements (its containment, its continuity), now advocates the practice *per se*.

It does so by means of a monitory fictional simulacrum. Addison has given over most of *Spectator* 317 to the transcription of one week's entries from the journal of "a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since," and who, "being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life." As the scholar of diary fiction Lorna Martens has pointed out, this journal marks a signal moment in the mixing of narrative modes: this is "the first day-to-day fictive diary that appeared in print."<sup>45</sup> The fiction here operates as negative exemplum: this journal has failed to bring about in its idle author the reformation that Addison will shortly promise to all his readers who keep a similar chronicle.

MONDAY . . .

*One a Clock in the Afternoon.* Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.  
*Two a Clock.* Sat down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.  
*From Three to Four.* Took my Afternoon's Nap. (S 317; 3.153)

Addison accounts for this sterility in the tiny biography with which he prefaces the extract: ". . . the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity." The supposed diarist, then, incarnates Samuel Slack's nightmare of an entire life lived in undifferentiated time, without distinctions between business and pleasure, and therefore ultimately without distinction of any kind. The journal maps out the "barren Hill and Plains" that Addison described, in *Spectator* 94, as the arid desert of a fool's "past Life."

In a strategy of self-advertisement, Addison attributes the vacuity of this diarist's time partly to contamination by text. The Citizen reads, and discusses with his friend Nisby, the news of the world. "*Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve.* Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's Opinion thereupon." That short reading list, of course, discloses a significant omission. The Citizen studies the daily newspaper and also (in his insatiability) the thrice-weekly *Supplement*—but he does not read the *Spectator*. Rather than pursue the "Knowledge of ones self" that Addison has advertised as his paper's chief commodity a year earlier, the Citizen invests in stories heard from afar.

TUESDAY . . . *From Four to Six.* Coffee-house. Read the News. . . . Grand Vizier strangled. . . .

*Ten.* Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY . . . Mr. Nisby of Opinion, that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

FRIDAY . . . *Twelve a Clock.* Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small-beer with the Grand Vizier. (3.154–55)

The rumors of Mehemet Bashaw's death, on which the *Courant* and other papers had been running frequent and contradictory reports in recent months (3.154, n. 2), posit a question closer to home. Of the sober Citizen as well as of the Grand Vizier it may be asked, is the man alive or dead? The last lines of the diary extract supply both answers:

SATURDAY . . . *Six.* Went to the Club. Like to have falln into a Gutter.  
Grand Vizier certainly Dead.

&c.

So, of course, is the sober Citizen—figuratively dead at the time he writes, and literally dead on the day Addison's audience reads. Addison suggests by the final "&c." that the journal will continue, but he makes clear by his timing that it will not do so for long. On the day this *Spectator* came out, rumors of the Vizier's death were only three months old; in view of this *terminus post quem*, the late Citizen must here be recording, all unwittingly, the idle expenditure of his own near-final days. His certainty about the Vizier's death in the last line of the diary extract effects an interesting inversion. Readers of this day's *Spectator* did not yet know for sure that the Vizier had died (confirmation would come a full month later), but they could see that the Citizen had died. He has mused on the wrong mortality—another's, not his own—and so missed the urgent point that Slack and the *Spectator* have been expounding on this and the previous day: that a life misspent in inattention to the proper disposition of private time amounts to a kind of living death, an uncreating like the Flood, which reduces the self to a primal chaos, or to a state near non-existence, "as tho' [it] had never been."

At the essay's end, Addison shifts focus to the reflexive realm of the private self. He argues that in mocking the idle Citizen he is advocating not the pursuit of social "Consequence" but the cultivation of inner worth. "I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in Publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of Employing ones self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise or Ostentation" (3.156). Two familiar modes of discourse reemerge here, restoring Addison's prose to that accustomed fullness it has conspicuously lacked during the fragmentary interlude of the mock journal: the notions of time as capital (whereby "Hours may . . . be . . . profitably laid out in . . . Transactions"), and of secrecy and silence as the seat and source of personal power. Addison here reminds his readers of their autonomous capabilities as investors of their own time and spectators of their own selves. Having done so he delivers, in his essay's last lines, his culminating counsel: "I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectifie the Omiss-

sions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for." Here Mr. Spectator echoes John Beadle urging his Puritan reader to keep a continuous record of the self founded on the model of the account book. In life as in commerce, the *Spectator* argues, it is not sufficient merely to conduct prudent "Transactions"; one must also record them in order to attain that honed consciousness of purpose and productivity on which every enterprise depends for its success. The setting down of "indifferent Actions" commonly performed unconsciously salvages them from oblivion, making them permanent and hence available for scrutiny. It allows the journalist to "weigh" activities that in their ordinary evanescence acquire no mass, and makes possible a reckoning of the density of endeavors in proportion to the volume of hours, the "Space of Time" they occupy. On this temporal scale, for example, the Citizen's two hours spent "read[ing] the News" and drinking "a Dish of Twist" register a contemptibly inconsiderable density. Keeping a journal will help the diarist spend "Hours" profitably as mere good intentions (and even good actions) may not, and will bring within reach the goal Slack yearns towards, the "sollicitous Improvement of every Part of Time."

Mr. Spectator argues by implication that any "one of my readers" will make better use of a journal than did the Citizen in the sample. He buttresses this claim exactly a week later by publishing a five-days' diary he has received in a letter from a young woman named Clarinda, who remarks that she has "perform'd . . . according to [his] Orders," by composing "the following Journal, which I began to write upon the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that Subject" (S 323; 3.181–82). As Mr. Spectator notes in his preamble, Clarinda's journal too chronicles a life of idleness (e.g., "From Eight to Nine. Shifted a patch for half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my Left Eyebrow" [184]). The difference this time lies in the new awareness of the self in time that the journal produces in its author. "Upon looking back into this my Journal," Clarinda concludes, "I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill; and indeed never thought of Considering how I did it, before I perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a single Action in these Five Days, that I can thoroughly approve of. . . . I will not let my Life run away in a Dream" (184–85). To encourage this correspondent "in her good Inclinations," Mr. Spectator ventures a further recommendation: "I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life

published like these Five Days of it"—that is, as a diary put into print. The suggestion enacts yet another fusion between *eidolon* and reader, by inviting Clarinda to project herself imaginatively into the scheme Mr. Spectator undertook for himself at his paper's inception: "to Print my self out," in daily installments, "before I die." When introducing Clarinda's letter, he refers to his own publishing project as "my Journal" (181).<sup>46</sup> The wording clinches the connection between the public and private genres: author and reader are diurnalizing in tandem. The periodical essay engages with the diary form, and the *Spectator* corresponds with its audience, at precisely that point where the Habermasian and Andersonian elements of the project mesh, in an operation where the text functions as mirror, and the acts of written reflection take place at intervals evenly measured and continuously tracked.

When, after twenty-two months of daily papers, the *Spectator's* creators decided to bring the series to a close, Addison devised an indirect way of conveying their intention. In *Spectator* 550, Mr. Spectator announces that he will soon start to speak. "I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the space of almost two Years. . . . Now in order to diversify my Character, and to shew the World how well I can talk if I have a Mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious . . . (4-470-71). Isaac Bickerstaff had ended by abjuring loquacity; Mr. Spectator will end by aspiring to it. Though he promises to publish a "very useful Paper" when "*the SPECTATOR'S Mouth is to be opened*" for the first time, his readers, alert all along to the symbiosis between silence and spectatorship, immediately understood that the paper would not outlast its putative author's first attempt at speech; his amusing plan was nothing to their purpose. Three days later, Addison gave voice to their disappointment by printing a valedictory letter of affection and regret from a group of Mr. Spectator's admirers. Dated from Oxford and addressed to Mr. Spectator, the letter insists that

IN spite of your Invincible Silence you have found out a Method of being the most agreeable Companion in the World. . . .

It was . . . a matter of great Grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so Elegant and Valuable an Entertainment. And we could not, without Sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our Sips in a Morning, and to suspend our Coffee in mid-air, between our Lips and right Ear. . . . (S 553; 4-485-86)

That last phrase touches precisely upon the method by which Mr. Spectator has endeavored—not "in spite" of but because of his "Invincible Silence"—to become "the most agreeable Companion in the World." He has pitched his ventriloquial voice at that exact locus where the coffee cup now hovers in this elegiac image: "mid-air, between our Lips and right Ear," so that, like Will Honeycomb at the playhouse, his readers may lose track of the distinction between hearing Mr. Spectator's thoughts (through their eyes as well as their ears) and speaking them for themselves; if his "Chymical Method" works, his readers will absorb his speculations imperceptibly, as if they were the fruits of their own acuity. From this delicate suspension the *Spectator* derives its remarkable rhetoric of transparency, which conveys the impression that the paper's readers are seeing through Mr. Spectator in two senses—by means of his acuity, but also by means of their own, as if he were merely a window (and not a lens that artificially enhances sight), and the power of perception were theirs alone.

For Mr. Spectator, then, "to print my self out" is a program not merely of self-presentation but of self-transfusion; his readers and not only his page will serve as receptacles for the print, and hence for the self it encodes. Such a method readily opens questions of volition and subjection, and Scott Paul Gordon has written well about the Foucauldian, disciplinary dimension of the *Spectator's* program.<sup>47</sup> "Mr. Spectator," he begins, "seems to anticipate precisely the 'Eye of Power,' the voyeuristic gaze which disciplines subjects by observing them" (3). Gordon goes on to argue that Mr. Spectator deploys this power more aggressively than critics have recognized heretofore, displaying it as "a capacity *unique*" to himself, unattainable by his readers (20; Gordon's emphasis). Gordon is right, I think, about the aggression, but wrong about the "uniqueness." The formulation overlooks the intricate combination of invitation and argument proffered in the paper's figuration of the ways in which it will "correspond" with its readers. The *Spectator's* aggression, which Gordon rightly pinpoints, addresses the reader by a running subtext to the effect that "You must become like me": Mr. Spectator's prose does undertake to fill "Blank" minds as though they were blank paper; and to "improve" also the full minds that encounter it. The paper's promise, though, consists in the invitation "You can become like me" and its argument develops the claim that "You are *already* like me": my silence figures the continual, ineluctably secret state of your own consciousness; "the working of my own Mind" is my chief entertainment, the working of yours may become yours. The success of Addison and Steele's spectatorial program

depends not on the uniqueness of powers in the author but on their reproducibility, first in print and then in the reader.

The disciplinary program that Foucault outlines depends on reproducibility too. The denizen of the Panopticon takes on the observer's task to become "the principle of his own subjection" (*Discipline* 203). Gordon argues that the *Spectator's* aggressive program failed. He cites a contemporary attack on the new paper, *The Spy upon the Spectator*, as evidence for what he deems the readership's chosen opacity, their refusal to lay themselves open to the gaze. "This Spy," he writes, "must stand in for the many readers who resisted [what the *Spy* called] Mr. Spectator's 'Tyranny'" (20). There is evidence to suggest, though, that if the *Spectator's* aggression sometimes failed, its promise often allured and its argument swayed its audience. As Gordon notes, the *Spy* itself, a projected series, failed after the first number, while the *Spectator* went on selling at a spectacular rate. And it is not altogether necessary to let the anonymous assault "stand in" for real readers. The reaction of one at least is elaborately documented—though he is admittedly an extreme case. When Boswell came to London in 1762, he arrived eager to emulate Addison, Steele, and their *idolôn*. In the *London Journal* his many assertions to that effect, and enactments to that end, make clear that he conceives of himself not as buying into subjection, but as acquiring power and self-possession: "I think myself like [Mr. Spectator]," he writes, "and am serenely happy. . ."<sup>48</sup> Boswell ardently pursues that correspondence between real reader and putative author which Addison and Steele had constructed as strategy, medium, and object of aspiration fifty years before.

One point of resemblance could not have escaped Boswell's notice. He too was now producing, in his newly launched journal, a substantial tract of self-recording prose under each successive date.

But the model on which he did so was a hybrid, compounded of the *Spectator* and of other precedents. Boswell posted his daily narrative to a friend in his native Scotland. By the 1760s, this diurnal tempo of address no longer belonged solely to the periodical press; it was also much in use among travelers writing home.

## 5

## Travel Writing and the Dialectic of Diurnal Form

**I**n his preface to the final volume of his last long work, *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, Daniel Defoe tells this anecdote about time, text, and form in travel writing:

I knew two Gentlemen who travelled over the greatest Part of England in several Journeys together; the Result of their Observations were very different indeed; one of them took some Minutes of Things for his own Satisfaction, but not much; but the other, as he said, took an exact Journal; the Case was thus:

He that took Minutes only, those Minutes were very critical, and upon some very significant Things; but for the rest his Memory was so good, and he took so good Notice of every thing worth observing, that he wrote a very good and useful Account of his whole Journey after his Return . . .

The other Gentleman's Papers, which I called an exact Journal, contained the following very significant Heads:

- I. The Day of the Month when he set out.
- II. The Names of the Towns where they din'd every Day, and where they lodg'd at Night.
- III. The Signs of the Inns where they din'd and lodg'd, with the Memorandums of which had good Claret, which not.
- IV. The Day of the Month when he return'd.<sup>1</sup>



Pepys's interest in and acquisition of Holmes's documents of the voyage (PL2698), see Richard Ollard, *Man of War: Sir Robert Holmes and the Restoration Navy* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1969), 199.

21. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval Manuscripts in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge*, 4 vols., ed. J. R. Tanner (London: Naval Records Society, 1909), 3:345–46; Arthur Bryant, *Samuel Pepys: Saviour of the Navy* (London: Panther, 1967), 153; J. R. Tanner, *Samuel Pepys and the Royal Navy* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1920), 12. Tanner later observes that “it is extraordinary that a man should have written the *Diary*, but it is much more extraordinary that the man who wrote the *Diary* should also have been the ‘right hand of the navy’” (16). Foucault's paradigm makes this doubling seem less extraordinary.

22. Foucault's late work suggests that he may have been growing interested in the manuscript book of the self as a device for attaining comparative opacity and a certain measure of autonomy. In Foucault's final work, *The History of Sexuality*, the confessional supplants the Panopticon as the controlling figure for explaining the construction of subjectivity, and Foucault comes closer to investigating the role of private documents in self-creation. Had he lived longer he might have come closer still. In an interview a year before his death Foucault speaks of a work in progress, to be titled *Le souci de soi*, related to his *History* but separate from it (“On the Genealogy of Ethics,” in Hubert L. Dreyfus and Paul Rabinow, eds., *Michel Foucault: Beyond Structuralism and Hermeneutics* [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983], 229–64). In this book he plans to examine the practice, “in the Greco-Roman culture, starting from about the third century B. C.,” of the *hupommemata*, a “copybook, a notebook,” into which “one entered quotations, fragments of works, examples, and actions to which one had been witness or of which one had read the account. . . . [The *hupommemata*] constituted a material memory of things read, heard, or thought.” Foucault accords to the practitioners of this kind of writing a high degree of autonomy: “This work on the self . . . is not imposed on the individual . . . but is a choice about existence made by the individual. People decide for themselves whether or not to care for themselves” (243–46). The book's purpose, he suggests, will be to point up the contrast between the ancient “care of the self” and the more coercive Christian model of the confessional.

Foucault did not live to write the book. He transposed its intended title to the third volume of the *History*, in which he uses material from the *hupommemata* but does not investigate the practice itself. It remains an open question what Foucault might have made of a practice like Pepys's, which finds in the genre of the journal a form long recognized as a venue for Christian confession, and converts it (back?) into a repository of “material memory,” governed by time rather than piety: a quest for fullness of narrative record rather than of absolution or of grace.

23. *Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys, 1679–1703*, ed. J. R. Tanner (London: G. Bell and Sons, 1903), 2:312.

24. Richard Ollard, *Pepys: A Biography* (New York: Atheneum, 1984), 340.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

1. James Sutherland, *The Restoration Newspaper and Its Development* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), 31. Subsequent citations will appear parenthetically.

2. The first *Spectator* bore an imprint identical to that which the *Courant* had instituted at the bottom of its page beginning a week before: “LONDON, Printed by Sam. Buckley, at the *Dolphin* in *Little Britain*; and Sold by *Afane* Baldwin in *Warwick-Lane*.” As a result, “the new paper might almost seem to its readers a literary supplement to the old-established

newspaper.” Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, *The Spectator*, 5 vols., ed. Donald F. Bond (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1965), 1:xxi–xxii.

3. John Gay, *The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country*, ed. Donald F. Bond (Los Angeles: Augustan Reprint Society, 1947), ser. 1, no. 3, 6.

4. Alexander Pope, *Pastoral Poetry and an Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams, vol. 1 of *The Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope*, ed. John Butt et al. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1961), 239–40.

5. *The Works of John Suckling: The Plays*, ed. L. A. Beaurline (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 95. A. S. West and J. C. Collins have identified the echo of Suckling in Pope's *Essay on Pastoral Poetry*, 239, n. 9. David Landes discusses some of the implications of both passages in *Revolution in Time*, 88 and 131.

6. Landes, *Revolution*, 131.

7. M. Misson's *Memoirs and Observations in His Travels over England with some Account of Scotland and Ireland*, trans. John Ozell (London: A. Bell et al., 1719), 36–37.

8. That the watch was by now at once a familiar and an exclusive form of property is suggested by a small but significant alteration that Ozell effects in his translation of Misson's *Mémoires*. Misson had originally written “tout le monde a des montres” (*Mémoires et observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre* [The Hague: Henri van Bulderen, 1698], 239). Ozell's modification — “almost every body” — doubtless better reflects the real distribution of watches in London even two decades after Misson's visit: widespread among the prosperous, but hardly universal. Pope's use of the word “our,” like Suckling's in a different context, suggests that everybody who is anybody owns one.

9. Rhyme and meter contribute to the mix: the sight rhyme “None/own” pulls slightly apart; the second line's prosody, more even than the first's, suggests agreement even as the line's substance maps divergence.

10. Anderson, *Imagined Communities*, 32–36. Jürgen Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere: An Inquiry into a Category of Bourgeois Society*, trans. Thomas Burger and Frederick Lawrence (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1991), 42. Subsequent citations to both books will appear parenthetically.

11. His discussion is a little vague about the date as well: he is primarily describing the reading practices surrounding later newspapers, but he lets this account stand in for the entire history of the genre.

12. Addison and Steele, *Spectator*, 1.2. Subsequent citations will appear parenthetically, with the paper's number given first: (5 1; 1.2).

13. Richmond P. Bond examines the similarities in *The Tatler: The Making of a Literary Journal* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1971), 23–25.

14. At the rate of “perhaps 4,000” copies of each paper, the *Spectator* matched or exceeded the rival papers in the quantity sold of any one number and it produced at least twice as many numbers per week as any paper other than the *Courant*. See Donald F. Bond, “The First Printing of the *Spectator*,” *Modern Philology*, 47 (1950), 164–77, and *Spectator*, 1:xxvii–xxix, lxxxiii.

15. Joseph Collet, *Private Letter Books of Joseph Collet*, ed. by H. H. Dodwell (1933), 100; quoted by Bond in *Spectator*, 1:xcv.

16. Joseph Frank, *The Beginnings of the English Newspaper, 1620–1660* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961), 7–8.

17. Nonetheless it earned its title. “In addition to being the most competent newspaper of the 1640's, *A Perfect Diurnal* was the most regular.” Frank, *Beginnings*, 67. Many dailies followed; Frank indexes eighteen (365–66) as well as three papers entitled “A Diary” or “Diatic.”

18. Frank provides the details (*Beginnings* 56-57). Even Sunday could for a time pretend to a paper of its own. Stanley Morison claims that the Royalist paper *Aulicus* "was published on Sundays, doubtless for the purpose of registering its protest against the puritan sabbatarianising of that day." Morison, *The English Newspaper: Some Account of the Physical Development of Journals Printed in London between 1622 and the Present Day* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1932), 24. Frank, though, conjectures that the paper, "despite its Sunday dateline probably came out in London on Monday" (*Beginnings* 56).

19. This facet of the *Athenian Mercury* is well examined in Hunter's *Before Novels*, 12-16 and 99-106, and in Kathryn Shevelov's chapter "Readers as Writers: The Female Subject in the *Athenian Mercury*" in *Women and Print Culture: The Construction of Femininity in the Early Periodical* (London: Routledge, 1989), 58-92.

20. Muddiman went on to create the new government organ *The Oxford* (later *London Gazette* in November 1665, but his print career ended a few months later through political infighting. His prosperity in manuscript, though, as "chief official supplier of written news" lasted until his death in 1689 (J. G. Muddiman, *The King's Journalist 1659-1689* [London: Bodley Head, 1923], 493). At Muddiman's death the Tory John Dyer (1653?-1713) succeeded him as "the best-known and most influential" writer of newsletters in England. See Henry L. Snyder, "Newsletters in England, 1689-1715: with Special Reference to John Dyer—a Byway in the History of England" in *Newsletters to Newspapers: Eighteenth-Century Journalism*, ed. Donovan H. Bond and W. Reynolds McLeod (Morgantown: School of Journalism, West Virginia University, 1977), 3-19.

21. For a full account of Dawks and his script type, see Stanley Morison, *Ichabod Dawks and His News-Letter with an Account of the Dawks Family of Booksellers and Stationers 1635-1731* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1931).

22. Quoted in Morison, *Dawks*, 25.

23. Morison, *English Newspaper*, 48, 47.

24. Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, *The Tatler*, 3 vols., ed. Donald F. Bond (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 2.471. Subsequent citations will appear parenthetically, giving the paper's number first: (*T* 178; 2.471).

25. Quoted by Frank Staff in *The Penny Post 1680-1918* (London: Lutterworth Press, 1964), 168.

26. When Steele wrote, the innovation was freshly controversial. The Post Office had just suppressed Charles Povey, the inventor of this private scheme, but they adapted his use of bellmen, expanded the program to provincial towns, and kept it in use in London until 1846. The pillar-box eventually took over their function as collectors. An invention of Anthony Trollope's, it debuted in Jersey in 1853, in London in 1855. Howard Robinson, *The British Post Office: A History* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1948), 88-89, 333-34.

27. For the *Tatler's* relation with the *Gazette* and other newspapers as precedents, sources, and rivals, see R. P. Bond, *The Tatler*, 44-70 and 220-23, and Robert Walter Achurch, "Richard Steele, Gazetteer and Bickerstaff" in *Studies in the Early English Periodical*, ed. Richmond P. Bond (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1957), 49-72. For possible influences on the *Tatler* among earlier literary periodicals see Walter Graham, *English Literary Periodicals* (New York: Thomas Nelson, 1930), 19-64; and Charles A. Knight, "Bibliography and the Shape of the Literary Periodical in the Early Eighteenth Century," *Library* 8, 6th series (1986): 242-46.

28. Bickerstaff makes ironic use of his transformation in "his" Dedication to Arthur Maywaring at the opening of the *Tatler's* first collected volume: "I could not, I confess, long

keep up the Opinion of the Town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same Hand with the first Works which were published under my Name . . ." (*T* 1.8).

29. Kathryn Shevelov reads this passage as a "back-handed compliment to women" in *Women and Print Culture*, 93. But Steele has been evenhandedly "back-handed" to his male readers as well, whom he has just depicted as "of strong Zeal and weak Intellects." Bickerstaff is mocking—and identifying with—both genders in his self-declared commitment to talk.

30. *The Lover* No. 23 (17 April 1714), in *Richard Steele's Periodical Journalism 1714-16*, ed. Rae Blanchard (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1959), 86; quoted in R. P. Bond, *The Tatler*, 233, n. 4. The letter, signed "Charles Lacie" (a name that had appeared in other Steele periodicals), may have been an "inside job" by one of Steele's assistants or contributors; Blanchard does not think it was written by Steele himself (280).

31. The news reports not only filled space; they drew an audience. In his dedication of the first volume of the collected *Tatler*, Steele recalls that at the paper's start "the Additions or the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a Multitude of . . . Readers" (*T* 1.8).

32. Steele had decided in any case to reduce Bickerstaff's news supply severely; the *Gazette* had just switched from a Monday-Thursday schedule to one that exactly matched the *Tatler's*, and even Steele could not provide fresh, distinct intelligence for both papers on the same days. This shift in circumstance helped foster in the *Tatler* the independence of breaking news that Addison as Bickerstaff had argued for. See R. P. Bond, *The Tatler*, 49-54.

33. Juvenal, *Satires*, 1.85-86. Unless otherwise noted, translations of *Tatler* and *Spectator* mottoes will be those used in Bond's editions. In many cases Bond draws his translations from the Loeb Classical Library; in others he quotes eighteenth-century sources, here Thomas Percy's annotation for *The Tatler*, with *Illustrations and Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical*, ed. John Nichols (London, 1786).

34. *The Spectator*, a periodical of identical length, explicitly makes this estimate of its reading time early on (*S* 10; 1.21).

35. Imagery of metamorphosis clustered thick around the last *Tatlers* and early *Spectators*. Gay, speculating as to the real motivations behind the *Tatler's* demise, shrewdly saves for the emphatic final possibility a reason that Steele had scarcely hinted at: ". . . most People judg'd the true cause to be, either that he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer. . . . Or lastly, that he had a Mind to vary his Shape, and appear again in some new Light" (*Present State* 3).

This last surmise responds astutely to a subtle open-endedness in Steele's tight-lipped proclamation of closure: though he has "nothing more to say under the Character of Isaac Bickerstaff," he may find more to say under another character altogether. In advancing the surmise, Gay enjoyed the advantage of fresh hindsight: by the date on which he publishes these remarks (May 1711) Addison and Steele's new paper had already been appearing for two months, and at whose hands, Gay thinks he knows.

36. Horace, *Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica*, trans. H. Rushton Fairclough, Loeb Classical Library (London: W. Heinemann, 1929), 2.463.

37. The resemblance to Mr. Spectator goes even deeper. Pepys's words apply ambiguously to two "courses," that of ending the diary and that of descending into blindness. The equivocation suggests a link: sightlessness will subdue him to silence. Mr. Spectator operates from a parallel premise. As his sobriquet announces, his eyes supply him with those essential "Discoveries" that will fill his "Sheets." For him too, then, blindness would

enforce a silence and a kind of death; it would deprive him of the faculty from which he draws his name and whole identity.

38. The identification that Addison and Steele cultivate between the *Spectator* and its female audience, and the intimations of androgyny in the *eidolon*, complicate without in the least overturning Shevelov's reading of "the more programmatic construction of female nature" which the paper performs in the many numbers it devotes to women's narratives, predicaments, and proper conduct. If anything, the identification functions as medium for the didactic program, and the asserted "correspondence" between the sensibilities of the male author and his female readers underwrites that more palpable correspondence that Shevelov traces in the letters from women that the *Spectator* publishes. See Shevelov, *Women and Print Culture*, 93–145.

39. *Virgil*, trans. H. Rushton Fairclough, 2 vols., revised edition (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965), 1–95.

40. The *Spectator* thus anticipates the trend John Bender traces, beginning with Robinson *Crusoe*, away from "liminal" notions of self-transformation—abrupt, definitive, even terminal—toward the "narrative" projects for reform inherent in the name and nature of the new "penitentiaries," where the misdoer could change his ways by a pattern of repeated self-examinations over time. See *Imagining the Penitentiary* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), 43–61.

41. Two excellent essays on the *Spectator*'s representations of property and commerce are Charles A. Knight, "The *Spectator*'s Moral Economy," *Modern Philology* 91.2 (1993), 161–79, and Carole Fabricant, "The Aesthetics and Politics of Landscape in the Eighteenth Century," in *Studies in Eighteenth-Century British Art and Aesthetics*, ed. Ralph Cohen (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1985), 49–81.

42. John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, ed. Peter H. Niddich (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1975), bk. 2, ch. 14, secs. 4–7.

43. Addison here first paraphrases, then quotes directly from, Locke's *Essay* (2.14.4).

44. I am indebted to Michael Ketcham's discussion of *Spectators* 93 and 94 in *Transparent Designs*, 90–91. By treating Locke's *Essay* as a recurrent point of reference throughout his study, Ketcham produces a rich account of the philosopher's influence on the form and substance of the *Spectator*.

45. Lorna Martens, *The Diary Novel* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985), 67.

46. By other small touches within this essay, Addison elaborates the network of connections between male author and female reader, between the present paper and the larger project, and among the readership at large. First, in the paper's motto he makes more explicit than usual Mr. Spectator's aspiration to a kind of doubled gender status, calculated to speak for (even to incarnate) both the men and the women in his audience: *modo Vir, modo Faemina* [now man, now woman]. Drawn (appropriately) from Ovid's *Metamorphosis* (4.280), the phrase alludes to the (otherwise unrecorded) sex change of the mythological Sithon, king of Thrace. At the top of this *Spectator*, the words forecast the shift from the Citizen's journal a week ago to Clarinda's here, and advertise Mr. Spectator's capacity not merely to advise but to become his readers, male and female (as, in an analogous operation, Addison has impersonated both the man and the woman by producing the self-evident fictions of the two journals). Addison further links the present paper with the *Spectator*'s whole program by looking back, in his closing advice to Clarinda, at "one of the *Morals of my First Paper*" (185); technically he refers to the earlier paper on the Citizen's journal (5317), but the wording reaches further back to the initial paper (51) in which Mr. Spectator first established the program of writing in which he now involves Clarinda (the original folio sheet's plural—

"my first Papers"—enhances this retrospective sense). Finally, Addison coordinates his community of readers by means of the calendar (on Anderson's model) with remarkable nuance in this number. Clarinda absorbs the citizen's journal and the *Spectator*'s advice on the Tuesday that they appear (her first entry reads "TUESDAY Night. Could not go to Sleep till one in the Morning for Thinking of my Journal" [182]); she writes through Saturday, finishing in time to post the journal so that Mr. Spectator receives it Monday and prints it Tuesday. The fiction takes place in real time carefully spelled out; readers on Tuesday can compare their week with hers.

47. "Voyeuristic Dreams: Mr. Spectator and the Power of Spectacle," *The Eighteenth Century: Theory and Interpretation* 36.1 (1995): 2–23. Subsequent citations will appear parenthetically.

48. *London Journal*, ed. Frederick A. Pottle (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1950), 76.

## CHAPTER FIVE

1. Daniel Defoe, *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, 3 vols. (London: G. Strahan, 1724–1727), 3:3–4. Subsequent citations will appear parenthetically.

2. *A Plat for Mariners: Or, the Seaman's Preacher* (London, 1672), A3, quoted in J. Paul Hunter, *The Reluctant Pilgrim: Defoe's Emblematic Method and Quest for Form in Robinson Crusoe* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1966), 83.

3. Letter to Giuseppe Barcetti, 10 June 1761. *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, 5 vols., ed. Bruce Redford (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992–94), 1:200.

4. Paul Fussell uses lending-library records to help establish "that throughout the eighteenth century the travel book was one of the primary genres." "Patrick Brydstone: The Eighteenth-Century Traveler as Representative Man," in *Literature as a Mode of Travel: Five Essays and a Postscript*, ed. Warner G. Rice (New York: New York Public Library, 1963), 53–67; quotation 54.

5. The fullest account of the cultural and scientific impact of the longitude problem is Howse's *Greenwich Time and the Discovery of the Longitude* (see ch. 3, n. 3), to which I am indebted for many of the facts in the following discussion.

6. Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, et al., *The Guardian*, ed. John Callhoun Stephens (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1982), 371–72.

7. A detailed account of the Scriblerian response to the longitude competition appears in Marjorie Nicolson and G. S. Rousseau, "This Long Disease My Life": *Alexander Pope and the Sciences* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968), 166–87.

8. Letter from John Arbuthnot to Jonathan Swift, 17 July 1714. *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift*, ed. Harold Williams, 5 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963), 2:70. Quoted from an earlier, modernized edition of Swift's correspondence in James M. Osborn, "'That on Whiston' by John Gay," *Papers of the Bibliographic Society of America* 56 (1962), 73–78; quotation 74.

9. Claude J. Rawson, "Parnell on Whiston," *Papers of the Bibliographic Society of America* 57 (1963), 91–92.

10. *Gentleman's Magazine* 22 (1752), 359; cited in Albert J. Kuhn, "Dr. Johnson, Zachariah Williams, and the Eighteenth-Century Search for the Longitude," *Modern Philology* 82.1 (August 1984), 40–53; quotation 40.

11. Howse, *Greenwich Time*, 71

12. Such accuracy was not long confined to navigators. "In the last quarter of the eighteenth century," writes David Landes, "the British turned the marine chronometer into an object of industrial manufacture and commercial use," partly by refining the technology and