



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

**The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 86. Thursday, October 27. 1709.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633)

end received it with disdain, and said, If they must have a *British* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*.

“ \* While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my Competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the Cannon which were then fired for the taking of *Mons*. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous Heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

\* This last paragraph written by Sir R. Steele.

N<sup>o</sup> 86. *Thursday, October 27. 1709.*

*From my own Apartment, October 25.*

When I came home last night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter:

S I R,

*Octob. 24.*

I Have orders from Sir *Harry Quickset*, of *Staffordshire*, Bar. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir *Harry* himself, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow* Kt. *Thomas Rentfree* Esq; Justice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill* Esq; and Mr. *Nicholas Doubt* of the *Inner-Temple*, Sir *Harry's* Grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to morrow morning, being *Tuesday* the 25th of *October*, upon business which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of Quality came, that you might not be surprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

S I R, *Your most humble Servant,*

*John Thrifty.*

I received this message with less surprize than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: But I was in very great concern how I should ad-

VOL. II.

D d

just

just the Ceremonial, and demean my self to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir *Harry*. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple 'Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better: and another voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles*— I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the Order Mr. *Thrifty* was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a Person who remains idle in the same place for half a Century. I got him with great success into his Chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir *Harry*, at whose right hand he had sat at every Quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the rear whispered the young Templer, That is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they stood Cheek by Jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of Tea. They answered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a morning. Not in a morning, said I! staring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick Doubt* tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the Steward in his boots and whip proposed, That we should adjourn to some Publick-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir *Harry* filed off from the left very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door: After him, Sir *Giles* in the same manner. The simple 'Squire made a sudden start to follow; but the

the Justice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: For the young Jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his Grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew no body was of quality to stir a step, till Sir *Harry* moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down *Sheer-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the simple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjuror should take place of him, though an elder 'Squire. In this order we marched down *Sheer-Lane*, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street: However we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before *Ben. Tooke's* shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick's* Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-house it self, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir *Harry* called for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer's* Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. No! (says Sir *Harry*;) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house. Here the Templer tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter

upon business till after their morning-draught, for which reason I called for a Bottle of Mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: After which, Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too publick for business; but he would call upon me again to morrow-morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him. ----- \*

\* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

---

N° 88. *Tuesday, November 1. 1709.*

---

*From my own Apartment, October 31.*

-----I was this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a Lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole Lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some Artists, sawcy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the Ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprize, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes.

After