



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 88. Tuesday, November 1. 1709.

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

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

After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, That I thought this learned person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetick way, which was a sect of Philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great Civility, and good Mien, That he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three Coffee-dishes, and a clean Pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me, he was a Dancing-master, and had been reading a Dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, That now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an Artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his Thoughts this morning would have shaken my Spectacles off my nose, had I been my self at Study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.



Saturday,