Life of Johnson, Volume 4 eBook

Life of Johnson, Volume 4 by James Boswell

Contents

Table of Contents

Table of Contents

Page 1

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. (1780-DEC. 13, 1784)

Appendices:

A. *Altercation between Dr*. *Johnson and dean Barnard*.
B. *Johnson and Priestley*.
C. *The club in ivy-lane*.
D. *The Essex head club*.
E. *Miss Burney's account of Johnson's last days*.
F. *Notes on Johnson's will*, *etc*.
G. *Notes on Boswell's note*.
H. *Notes on Boswell's note*.
I. *Parr's epitaph on Johnson*.

Footnotes.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Being disappointed in my hopes of meeting Johnson this year, so that I could hear none of his admirable sayings, I shall compensate for this want[1] by inserting a collection of them, for which I am indebted to my worthy friend Mr. Langton, whose kind communications have been separately interwoven in many parts of this work. Very few articles of this collection were committed to writing by himself, he not having that habit; which he regrets, and which those who know the numerous opportunities he had of gathering the rich fruits of *Johnsonian* wit and wisdom, must ever regret. I however found, in conversations with him, that a good store of *Johnsoniana* treasured in his mind[2]; and I compared it to Herculaneum, or some old Roman field, which when dug, fully rewards the labour employed. The authenticity of every article is unquestionable. For the expression, I, who wrote them down in his presence, am partly answerable.

'Theocritus is not deserving of very high respect as a writer; as to the pastoral part, Virgil is very evidently superiour. He wrote when there had been a larger influx of knowledge into the world than when Theocritus lived. Theocritus does not abound in description, though living in a beautiful country: the manners painted are coarse and gross. Virgil has much more description, more sentiment, more of Nature, and more of art. Some of the most excellent parts of Theocritus are, where Castor and Pollux, going with the other Argonauts, land on the Bebrycian coast, and there fall into a dispute with Amycus, the King of that country; which is as well conducted as Euripides could have done it; and the battle is well related. Afterwards they carry off a woman, whose two brothers come to recover her, and expostulate with Castor and Pollux on their injustice; but they pay no regard to the brothers, and a battle ensues, where Castor and his brother are triumphant. Theocritus seems not to have seen that the brothers have the

advantage in their argument over his Argonaut heroes. *The Sicilian Gossips* is a piece of merit.'

'Callimachus is a writer of little excellence. The chief thing to be learned from him is his account of Rites and Mythology; which, though desirable to be known for the sake of understanding other parts of ancient authours, is the least pleasing or valuable part of their writings.'

Page 2

’Mattaire’s account of the Stephani[3] is a heavy book. He seems to have been a puzzle-headed man, with a large share of scholarship, but with little geometry or logick in his head, without method, and possessed of little genius. He wrote Latin verses from time to time, and published a set in his old age, which he called ‘*Senilia*;’ in which he shews so little learning or taste in writing, as to make *Carteret* a dactyl[4]. In matters of genealogy it is necessary to give the bare names as they are; but in poetry, and in prose of any elegance in the writing, they require to have inflection given to them. His book of the Dialects[5] is a sad heap of confusion; the only way to write on them is to tabulate them with Notes, added at the bottom of the page, and references.’

’It may be questioned, whether there is not some mistake as to the methods of employing the poor, seemingly on a supposition that there is a certain portion of work left undone for want of persons to do it; but if that is otherwise, and all the materials we have are actually worked up, or all the manufactures we can use or dispose of are already executed, then what is given to the poor, who are to be set at work, must be taken from some who now have it; as time must be taken for learning, according to Sir William Petty’s observation, a certain part of those very materials that, as it is, are properly worked up, must be spoiled by the unskilfulness of novices. We may apply to well-meaning, but misjudging persons in particulars of this nature, what Giannone[6] said to a monk, who wanted what he called to *convert* him: *"Tu sei santo, ma tu non sei filosofo"*—It is an unhappy circumstance that one might give away five hundred pounds in a year to those that importune in the streets, and not do any good[7].’

’There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than *condescension*; when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company[8].’

’Having asked Mr. Langton if his father and mother had sat for their pictures, which he thought it right for each generation of a family to do, and being told they had opposed it, he said, “Sir, among the anfractuosities[9] of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture."’

’John Gilbert Cooper[10] related, that soon after the publication of his *Dictionary*, Garrick being asked by Johnson what people said of it, told him, that among other animadversions, it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson. “Nay, (said Johnson,) I have done worse than that: I have cited *thee*, David[11].”’

’Talking of expence, he observed, with what munificence a great merchant will spend his money, both from his having it at command, and from his enlarged views by calculation of a good effect upon the whole. “Whereas (said he) you will hardly ever find a country gentleman who is not a good deal disconcerted at an unexpected occasion for his being obliged to lay out ten pounds[12].”’

Page 3

’When in good humour he would talk of his own writings with a wonderful frankness and candour, and would even criticise them with the closest severity. One day, having read over one of his Ramblers, Mr. Langton asked him, how he liked that paper; he shook his head, and answered, “too wordy.” At another time, when one was reading his tragedy of *Irene* to a company at a house in the country, he left the room; and somebody having asked him the reason of this, he replied, Sir, I thought it had been better[13].’

’Talking of a point of delicate scrupulosity[14] of moral conduct, he said to Mr. Langton, “Men of harder minds than ours will do many things from which you and I would shrink; yet, Sir, they will perhaps do more good in life than we. But let us try to help one another. If there be a wrong twist it may be set right. It is not probable that two people can be wrong the same way.”’

’Of the Preface to Capel’s *Shakspeare*, he said, “If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words; for as it is, he doth gabble monstrously[15].”’

’He related, that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. “Now, (said he,) one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgement failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me, as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character.”’

’One evening in company, an ingenious and learned gentleman read to him a letter of compliment which he had received from one of the Professors of a foreign University. Johnson, in an irritable fit, thinking there was too much ostentation, said, “I never receive any of these tributes of applause from abroad. One instance I recollect of a foreign publication, in which mention is made of *l’illustre Lockman*[16].”’

’Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said, “Sir, I know no man who has passed through life with more observation than Reynolds.”’

’He repeated to Mr. Langton, with great energy, in the Greek, our SAVIOUR’S gracious expression concerning the forgiveness of Mary Magdalen, “[Greek: Ae pistis sou sesoke se poreuou eis eiraeuaeu.] Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace[17].” He said, “the manner of this dismission is exceedingly affecting.”’

’He thus defined the difference between physical and moral truth; “Physical truth, is, when you tell a thing as it actually is. Moral truth, is, when you tell a thing sincerely and precisely as it appears to you. I say such a one walked across the street; if he really did so, I told a physical truth. If I thought so, though I should have been mistaken, I told a moral truth.”’

Page 4

’Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, and Mr. Thomas Warton, in the early part of his literary life, had a dispute concerning that poet, of whom Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser’s Fairy Queen*, gave some account, which Huggins attempted to answer with violence, and said, “I will *militate* no longer against his *nescience*.” Huggins was master of the subject, but wanted expression. Mr. Warton’s knowledge of it was then imperfect, but his manner lively and elegant[18]. Johnson said, “It appears to me, that Huggins has ball without powder, and Warton powder without ball."’

’Talking of the Farce of *High Life below Stairs*[19], he said, “Here is a Farce, which is really very diverting when you see it acted; and yet one may read it, and not know that one has been reading any thing at all."’

’He used at one time to go occasionally to the green room of Drury-lane Theatre[20], where he was much regarded by the players, and was very easy and facetious with them. He had a very high opinion of Mrs. Clive’s comick powers, and conversed more with her than with any of them. He said, “Clive, Sir, is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say[21].” And she said of him, “I love to sit by Dr. Johnson; he always entertains me.” One night, when *The Recruiting Officer* was acted, he said to Mr. Holland[22], who had been expressing an apprehension that Dr. Johnson would disdain the works of Farquhar; “No, Sir, I think Farquhar a man whose writings have considerable merit."’

’His friend Garrick was so busy in conducting the drama, that they could not have so much intercourse as Mr. Garrick used to profess an anxious wish that there should be[23]. There might, indeed, be something in the contemptuous severity as to the merit of acting, which his old preceptor nourished in himself, that would mortify Garrick after the great applause which he received from the audience. For though Johnson said of him, “Sir, a man who has a nation to admire him every night, may well be expected to be somewhat elated[24];” yet he would treat theatrical matters with a ludicrous slight. He mentioned one evening, “I met David coming off the stage, drest in a woman’s riding-hood, when he acted in *The Wonder*[25]; I came full upon him, and I believe he was not pleased."’

’Once he asked Tom Davies, whom he saw drest in a fine suit of clothes, “And what art thou to-night?” Tom answered, “The Thane of Ross[26];” (which it will be recollected is a very inconsiderable character.) “O brave!” said Johnson.’

’Of Mr. Longley, at Rochester, a gentleman of very considerable learning, whom Dr. Johnson met there, he said, “My heart warms towards him. I was surprised to find in him such a nice acquaintance with the metre in the learned languages; though I was somewhat mortified that I had it not so much to myself, as I should have thought[27]."’

Page 5

’Talking of the minuteness with which people will record the sayings of eminent persons, a story was told, that when Pope was on a visit to Spence[28] at Oxford, as they looked from the window they saw a Gentleman Commoner, who was just come in from riding, amusing himself with whipping at a post. Pope took occasion to say, “That young gentleman seems to have little to do.” Mr. Beauclerk observed, “Then, to be sure, Spence turned round and wrote that down;” and went on to say to Dr. Johnson, “Pope, Sir, would have said the same of you, if he had seen you distilling[29].” JOHNSON. “Sir, if Pope had told me of my distilling, I would have told him of his grotto[30].”’

’He would allow no settled indulgence of idleness upon principle, and always repelled every attempt to urge excuses for it, A friend one day suggested, that it was not wholesome to study soon after dinner. JOHNSON. “Ah, Sir, don’t give way to such a fancy. At one time of my life I had taken it into my head that it was not wholesome to study between breakfast and dinner[31].”’

’Mr. Beauclerk one day repeated to Dr. Johnson Pope’s lines,

> “Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten metropolitans in preaching well:” [32]

Then asked the Doctor, “Why did Pope say this?” JOHNSON. ’Sir, he hoped it would vex somebody.’

’Dr. Goldsmith, upon occasion of Mrs. Lennox’s bringing out a play[33], said to Dr. Johnson at the CLUB, that a person had advised him to go and hiss it, because she had attacked Shakspeare in her book called *Shakspeare Illustrated*[34]. JOHNSON. “And did not you tell him he was a rascal[35]?” GOLDSMITH. “No, Sir, I did not. Perhaps he might not mean what he said.” JOHNSON. “Nay, Sir, if he lied, it is a different thing.” Colman slily said, (but it is believed Dr. Johnson did not hear him,) “Then the proper expression should have been,—Sir, if you don’t lie, you’re a rascal.”’

’His affection for Topham Beauclerk was so great, that when Beauclerk was labouring under that severe illness which at last occasioned his death, Johnson said, (with a voice faultering with emotion,) “Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk[36].”’

’One night at the CLUB he produced a translation of an Epitaph which Lord Elibank had written in English, for his Lady, and requested of Johnson to turn into Latin for him. Having read *Domina de North et Gray*, he said to Dyer, “You see, Sir, what barbarisms we are compelled to make use of, when modern titles are to be specifically mentioned in Latin inscriptions.” When he had read it once aloud, and there had been a general approbation expressed by the company, he addressed himself to Mr. Dyer in particular, and said, “Sir, I beg to have your judgement, for I know your nicety[37].” Dyer then very properly desired to read it over again; which having done, he pointed out an incongruity

in one of the sentences. Johnson immediately assented to the observation, and said, “Sir, this is owing to an alteration of a part of the sentence, from the form in which I had first written it; and I believe, Sir, you may have remarked, that the making a partial change, without a due regard to the general structure of the sentence, is a very frequent cause of errour in composition."’

Page 6

’Johnson was well acquainted with Mr. Dossie, authour of a treatise on Agriculture[38]; and said of him, “Sir, of the objects which the Society of Arts have chiefly in view, the chymical effects of bodies operating upon other bodies, he knows more than almost any man.” Johnson, in order to give Mr. Dossie his vote to be a member of this Society, paid up an arrear which had run on for two years. On this occasion he mentioned a circumstance as characteristick of the Scotch. One of that nation, (said he,) who had been a candidate, against whom I had voted, came up to me with a civil salutation. Now, Sir, this is their way. An Englishman would have stomached it, and been sulky, and never have taken further notice of you; but a Scotchman, Sir, though you vote nineteen times against him, will accost you with equal complaisance after each time, and the twentieth time, Sir, he will get your vote.’

’Talking on the subject of toleration, one day when some friends were with him in his study, he made his usual remark, that the State has a right to regulate the religion of the people, who are the children of the State[39]. A clergyman having readily acquiesced in this, Johnson, who loved discussion, observed, “But, Sir, you must go round to other States than our own. You do not know what a Bramin has to say for himself[40]. In short, Sir, I have got no further than this: Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Martyrdom is the test[41].”’

’A man, he observed, should begin to write soon; for, if he waits till his judgement is matured, his inability, through want of practice to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees, and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all[42]. As a proof of the justness of this remark, we may instance what is related of the great Lord Granville[43]; that after he had written his letter, giving an account of the battle of Dettingen, he said, “Here is a letter, expressed in terms not good enough for a tallow-chandler to have used.’”

’Talking of a Court-martial that was sitting upon a very momentous publick occasion, he expressed much doubt of an enlightened decision; and said, that perhaps there was not a member of it, who in the whole course of his life, had ever spent an hour by himself in balancing probabilities[44].’

’Goldsmith one day brought to the CLUB a printed Ode, which he, with others, had been hearing read by its authour in a publick room at the rate of five shillings each for admission[45]. One of the company having read it aloud, Dr. Johnson said, “Bolder words and more timorous meaning, I think never were brought together.”’

’Talking of Gray’s *Odes*, he said, “They are forced plants raised in a hot-bed[46]; and they are poor plants; they are but cucumbers after all.” A gentleman present, who had been running down Ode-writing in general, as a bad species of poetry, unluckily said, “Had they been literally cucumbers, they had been better things than Odes.”—“Yes, Sir, (said Johnson,) for a *hog*.”’

Page 7

’His distinction of the different degrees of attainment of learning was thus marked upon two occasions. Of Queen Elizabeth he said, “She had learning enough to have given dignity to a bishop;” and of Mr. Thomas Davies he said, “Sir, Davies has learning enough to give credit to a clergyman[47].'”

’He used to quote, with great warmth, the saying of Aristotle recorded by Diogenes Laertius[48]; that there was the same difference between one learned and unlearned, as between the living and the dead.’

’It is very remarkable, that he retained in his memory very slight and trivial, as well as important things[49]. As an instance of this, it seems that an inferiour domestick of the Duke of Leeds had attempted to celebrate his Grace’s marriage in such homely rhimes as he could make; and this curious composition having been sung to Dr. Johnson he got it by heart, and used to repeat it in a very pleasant manner. Two of the stanzas were these:—

“When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fine young lady of high quality,
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his Grace of Leeds’s good company.

She shall have all that’s fine and fair,
And the best of silk and sattin shall wear;
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James’s-square[50].”

To hear a man, of the weight and dignity of Johnson, repeating such humble attempts at poetry, had a very amusing effect. He, however, seriously observed of the last stanza repeated by him, that it nearly comprized all the advantages that wealth can give.’

’An eminent foreigner, when he was shewn the British Museum, was very troublesome with many absurd inquiries. “Now there, Sir, (said he,) is the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman. A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows any thing of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing, when he has nothing to say.'”

’His unjust contempt for foreigners was, indeed, extreme. One evening, at old Slaughter’s coffee-house[51], when a number of them were talking loud about little matters, he said, “Does not this confirm old Meynell’s[52] observation—*For any thing I see, foreigners are fools*[53].'”

’He said, that once, when he had a violent tooth-ach, a Frenchman accosted him thus: —*Ah, Monsieur vous etudiez trop*[54].’

’Having spent an evening at Mr. Langton’s with the Reverend Dr. Parr, he was much pleased with the conversation of that learned gentleman; and after he was gone, said to Mr. Langton, “Sir, I am obliged to you for having asked me this evening. Parr is a fair man. I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy. It is remarkable how much of a man’s life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion[55].'”

’We may fairly institute a criticism between Shakspeare and Corneille[56], as they both had, though in a different degree, the lights of a latter age. It is not so just between the Greek dramatick writers and Shakspeare. It may be replied to what is said by one of the remarkers on Shakspeare, that though Darius’s shade[57] had *prescience*, it does not necessarily follow that he had all *past* particulars revealed to him.’

Page 8

’Spanish plays, being wildly and improbably farcical, would please children here, as children are entertained with stories full of prodigies; their experience not being sufficient to cause them to be so readily startled at deviations from the natural course of life[58]. The machinery of the Pagans is uninteresting to us[59]: when a Goddess appears in Homer or Virgil, we grow weary; still more so in the Grecian tragedies, as in that kind of composition a nearer approach to Nature is intended. Yet there are good reasons for reading romances; as—the fertility of invention, the beauty of style and expression, the curiosity of seeing with what kind of performances the age and country in which they were written was delighted: for it is to be apprehended, that at the time when very wild improbable tales were well received, the people were in a barbarous state, and so on the footing of children, as has been explained.’

’It is evident enough that no one who writes now can use the Pagan deities and mythology; the only machinery, therefore, seems that of ministering spirits, the ghosts of the departed, witches[60], and fairies, though these latter, as the vulgar superstition concerning them (which, while in its force, infected at least the imagination of those that had more advantage in education, though their reason set them free from it,) is every day wearing out, seem likely to be of little further assistance in the machinery of poetry. As I recollect, Hammond introduces a hag or witch into one of his love elegies, where the effect is unmeaning and disgusting[61].’

’The man who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents greatly. The great use of delineating absurdities is, that we may know how far human folly can go; the account, therefore, ought of absolute necessity to be faithful. A certain character (naming the person) as to the general cast of it, is well described by Garrick, but a great deal of the phraseology he uses in it, is quite his own, particularly in the proverbial comparisons, “obstinate as a pig,” &c., but I don’t know whether it might not be true of Lord ------[62], that from a too great eagerness of praise and popularity, and a politeness carried to a ridiculous excess, he was likely, after asserting a thing in general, to give it up again in parts. For instance, if he had said Reynolds was the first of painters, he was capable enough of giving up, as objections might happen to be severally made, first his outline,—then the grace in form,—then the colouring,—and lastly, to have owned that he was such a mannerist, that the disposition of his pictures was all alike.’

Page 9

’For hospitality, as formerly practised, there is no longer the same reason; heretofore the poorer people were more numerous, and from want of commerce, their means of getting a livelihood more difficult; therefore the supporting them was an act of great benevolence; now that the poor can find maintenance for themselves, and their labour is wanted, a general undiscerning hospitality tends to ill, by withdrawing them from their work to idleness and drunkenness. Then, formerly rents were received in kind, so that there was a great abundance of provisions in possession of the owners of the lands, which, since the plenty of money afforded by commerce, is no longer the case.’

’Hospitality to strangers and foreigners in our country is now almost at an end, since, from the increase of them that come to us, there have been a sufficient number of people that have found an interest in providing inns and proper accommodations, which is in general a more expedient method for the entertainment of travellers. Where the travellers and strangers are few, more of that hospitality subsists, as it has not been worth while to provide places of accommodation. In Ireland there is still hospitality to strangers, in some degree; in Hungary and Poland probably more.’

’Colman, in a note on his translation of *Terence*, talking of Shakspeare’s learning, asks, “What says Farmer to this? What says Johnson[63]?” Upon this he observed, “Sir, let Farmer answer for himself: *I* never engaged in this controversy. I always said, Shakspeare had Latin enough to grammaticise his English[64].”’

’A clergyman, whom he characterised as one who loved to say little oddities, was affecting one day, at a Bishop’s table, a sort of slyness and freedom not in character, and repeated, as if part of *The Old Mans Wish*, a song by Dr. Walter Pope, a verse bordering on licentiousness. Johnson rebuked him in the finest manner, by first shewing him that he did not know the passage he was aiming at, and thus humbling him: “Sir, that is not the song: it is thus.” And he gave it right. Then looking stedfastly on him, “Sir, there is a part of that song which I should wish to exemplify in my own life: —

“May I govern my passions with absolute sway[65]!”’

’Being asked if Barnes knew a good deal of Greek, he answered, “I doubt, Sir, he was *unoculus inter caecos[66]*.”’

’He used frequently to observe, that men might be very eminent in a profession, without our perceiving any particular power of mind in them in conversation. “It seems strange (said he) that a man should see so far to the right, who sees so short a way to the left. Burke is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topick you please, he is ready to meet you[67].”’

Page 10

’A gentleman, by no means deficient in literature, having discovered less acquaintance with one of the Classicks than Johnson expected, when the gentleman left the room, he observed, “You see, now, how little any body reads.” Mr. Langton happening to mention his having read a good deal in Clenardus’s *Greek Grammar*, “Why, Sir, (said he,) who is there in this town who knows any thing of Clenardus but you and I?” And upon Mr. Langton’s mentioning that he had taken the pains to learn by heart the Epistle of St. Basil, which is given in that Grammar as a praxis, “Sir, (said he,) I never made such an effort to attain Greek[68].”’

’Of Dodsley’s *Publick Virtue, a Poem*, he said, “It was fine *blank* (meaning to express his usual contempt for blank verse[69]); however, this miserable poem did not sell, and my poor friend Doddy said, Publick Virtue was not a subject to interest the age.”’

’Mr. Langton, when a very young man, read Dodsley’s *Cleone a Tragedy*[70], to him, not aware of his extreme impatience to be read to. As it went on he turned his face to the back of his chair, and put himself into various attitudes, which marked his uneasiness. At the end of an act, however, he said, “Come let’s have some more, let’s go into the slaughter-house again, Lanky. But I am afraid there is more blood than brains.” Yet he afterwards said, “When I heard you read it, I thought higher of its power of language: when I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetick effect;” and then he paid it a compliment which many will think very extravagant. “Sir, (said he,) if Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered.” Dodsley himself, upon this being repeated to him, said, “It was too much:” it must be remembered, that Johnson always appeared not to be sufficiently sensible of the merit of Otway[71].’

’Snatches of reading (said he) will not make a Bentley or a Clarke. They are, however, in a certain degree advantageous. I would put a child into a library (where no unfit books are) and let him read at his choice. A child should not be discouraged from reading any thing that he takes a liking to, from a notion that it is above his reach. If that be the case, the child will soon find it out and desist; if not, he of course gains the instruction; which is so much the more likely to come, from the inclination with which he takes up the study[72].’

’Though he used to censure carelessness with great vehemence, he owned, that he once, to avoid the trouble of locking up five guineas, hid them, he forgot where, so that he could not find them.’

’A gentleman who introduced his brother to Dr. Johnson was earnest to recommend him to the Doctor’s notice, which he did by saying, “When we have sat together some time, you’ll find my brother grow very entertaining.”—“Sir, (said Johnson,) I can wait.”’

’When the rumour was strong that we should have a war, because the French would assist the Americans, he rebuked a friend with some asperity for supposing it, saying, “No, Sir, national faith is not yet sunk so low.”’

Page 11

’In the latter part of his life, in order to satisfy himself whether his mental faculties were impaired, he resolved that he would try to learn a new language, and fixed upon the Low Dutch, for that purpose, and this he continued till he had read about one half of *Thomas a Kempis*; and finding that there appeared no abatement of his power of acquisition, he then desisted, as thinking the experiment had been duly tried[73]. Mr. Burke justly observed, that this was not the most vigorous trial, Low Dutch being a language so near to our own; had it been one of the languages entirely different, he might have been very soon satisfied.’

’Mr. Langton and he having gone to see a Freemason’s funeral procession, when they were at Rochester[74], and some solemn musick being played on French horns, he said, “This is the first time that I have ever been affected by musical sounds;” adding, “that the impression made upon him was of a melancholy kind.” Mr. Langton saying, that this effect was a fine one,—JOHNSON. “Yes, if it softens the mind, so as to prepare it for the reception of salutary feelings, it may be good: but inasmuch as it is melancholy *per se*, it is bad[75].”’

’Goldsmith had long a visionary project, that some time or other when his circumstances should be easier, he would go to Aleppo, in order to acquire a knowledge as far as might be of any arts peculiar to the East, and introduce them into Britain. When this was talked of in Dr. Johnson’s company, he said, “Of all men Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement[76].”’

’Greek, Sir, (said he,) is like lace; every man gets as much of it as he can[77].’

’When Lord Charles Hay[78], after his return from America, was preparing his defence to be offered to the Court-Martial which he had demanded, having heard Mr. Langton as high in expressions of admiration of Johnson, as he usually was, he requested that Dr. Johnson might be introduced to him; and Mr. Langton having mentioned it to Johnson, he very kindly and readily agreed; and being presented by Mr. Langton to his Lordship, while under arrest, he saw him several times; upon one of which occasions Lord Charles read to him what he had prepared, which Johnson signified his approbation of, saying, “It is a very good soldierly defence.” Johnson said, that he had advised his Lordship, that as it was in vain to contend with those who were in possession of power, if they would offer him the rank of Lieutenant-General, and a government, it would be better judged to desist from urging his complaints. It is well known that his Lordship died before the sentence was made known.’

Page 12

’Johnson one day gave high praise to Dr. Bentley’s verses[79] in Dodsley’s *Collection*, which he recited with his usual energy. Dr. Adam Smith, who was present, observed in his decisive professorial manner, “Very well—Very well.” Johnson however added, “Yes, they *are* very well, Sir; but you may observe in what manner they are well. They are the forcible verses of a man of a strong mind, but not accustomed to write verse[80]; for there is some uncouthness in the expression[81].”’

’Drinking tea one day at Garrick’s with Mr. Langton, he was questioned if he was not somewhat of a heretick as to Shakspeare; said Garrick, “I doubt he is a little of an infidel[82].”—“Sir, (said Johnson) I will stand by the lines I have written on Shakspeare in my Prologue at the opening of your Theatre[83].” Mr. Langton suggested, that in the line

“And panting Time toil’d after him in vain,”

Johnson might have had in his eye the passage in *The Tempest*, where Prospero says of Miranda,

“-------She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her[84].”

Johnson said nothing. Garrick then ventured to observe, “I do not think that the happiest line in the praise of Shakspeare.” Johnson exclaimed (smiling,) “Prosaical rogues! next time I write, I’ll make both time and space pant[85].”’

’It is well known that there was formerly a rude custom for those who were sailing upon the Thames, to accost each other as they passed, in the most abusive language they could invent, generally, however, with as much satirical humour as they were capable of producing. Addison gives a specimen of this ribaldry, in Number 383 of *The Spectator*, when Sir Roger de Coverly and he are going to Spring-garden[86]. Johnson was once eminently successful in this species of contest; a fellow having attacked him with some coarse raillery, Johnson answered him thus, “Sir, your wife, *under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house*, is a receiver of stolen goods[87].” One evening when he and Mr. Burke and Mr. Langton were in company together, and the admirable scolding of Timon of Athens was mentioned, this instance of Johnson’s was quoted, and thought to have at least equal excellence.’

’As Johnson always allowed the extraordinary talents of Mr. Burke, so Mr. Burke was fully sensible of the wonderful powers of Johnson. Mr. Langton recollects having passed an evening with both of them, when Mr. Burke repeatedly entered upon topicks which it was evident he would have illustrated with extensive knowledge and richness of expression; but Johnson always seized upon the conversation, in which, however, he

acquitted himself in a most masterly manner. As Mr. Burke and Mr. Langton were walking home, Mr. Burke observed that Johnson had been very great that night; Mr. Langton joined in this, but added, he could have wished to hear more from another person; (plainly intimating that he meant Mr. Burke.) “O, no (said Mr. Burke) it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him[88].'"

Page 13

’Beauclerk having observed to him of one of their friends, that he was aukward at counting money, “Why, Sir, said Johnson, I am likewise aukward at counting money. But then, Sir, the reason is plain; I have had very little money to count."’

’He had an abhorrence of affectation[89]. Talking of old Mr. Langton, of whom he said, “Sir, you will seldom see such a gentleman, such are his stores of literature, such his knowledge in divinity, and such his exemplary life;” he added, “and Sir, he has no grimace, no gesticulation, no bursts of admiration on trivial occasions; he never embraces you with an overacted cordiality[90]."’

’Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley’s ingenious philosophy, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind[91]; when the gentleman was going away, Johnson said to him, “Pray, Sir, don’t leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist[92]."’

’Goldsmith, upon being visited by Johnson one day in the Temple, said to him with a little jealousy of the appearance of his accommodation, “I shall soon be in better chambers than these.” Johnson at the same time checked him and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of his talents should be above attention to such distinctions,—’Nay, Sir, never mind that. *Nil te quaesiveris extra*[93].’

’At the time when his pension was granted to him, he said, with a noble literary ambition, “Had this happened twenty years years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabick, as Pococke did[94]."’

’As an instance of the niceness of his taste, though he praised West’s translation of Pindar, he pointed out the following passage as faulty, by expressing a circumstance so minute as to detract from the general dignity which should prevail:

> “Down then from thy glittering nail,
> Take, O Muse, thy Dorian *lyre*[95].’”

’When Mr. Vesey[96] was proposed as a member of the LITERARY CLUB, Mr. Burke began by saying that he was a man of gentle manners. “Sir, said Johnson, you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners; you have said enough."’

’The late Mr. Fitzherbert[97] told Mr. Langton that Johnson said to him, “Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing, than to *act* one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."’

’My dear friend Dr. Bathurst[98], (said he with a warmth of approbation) declared he was glad that his father, who was a West-Indian planter, had left his affairs in total ruin, because having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves.’

’Richardson had little conversation[99], except about his own works, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said he was always willing to talk, and glad to have them introduced.
Johnson when he carried Mr. Langton to see him, professed that he could bring him out into conversation, and used this allusive expression, “Sir, I can make him *rear.*” But he failed; for in that interview Richardson said little else than that there lay in the room a translation of his *Clarissa* into German[100].’

Page 14

’Once when somebody produced a newspaper in which there was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which Johnson himself came in for a share,—“Pray,” said he, “let us have it read aloud from beginning to end;” which being done, he with a ludicrous earnestness, and not directing his look to any particular person, called out, “Are we alive after all this satire!"’

’He had a strong prejudice against the political character of Seeker[101], one instance of which appeared at Oxford, where he expressed great dissatisfaction at his varying the old established toast, “Church and King.” “The Archbishop of Canterbury, said he (with an affected smooth smiling grimace) drinks,’ Constitution in Church and State.’” Being asked what difference there was between the two toasts, he said, “Why, Sir, you may be sure he meant something.” Yet when the life of that prelate, prefixed to his sermons by Dr. Porteus and Dr. Stinton his chaplains, first came out, he read it with the utmost avidity, and said, “It is a life well written, and that well deserves to be recorded."’

’Of a certain noble Lord, he said, “Respect him, you could not; for he had no mind of his own. Love him you could not; for that which you could do with him, every one else could[102].”’

’Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, “No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had[103].”’

’He told in his lively manner the following literary anecdote: “Green and Guthrie[104], an Irishman and a Scotchman, undertook a translation of Duhalde’s *History of China*. Green said of Guthrie, that he knew no English, and Guthrie of Green, that he knew no French; and these two undertook to translate Duhalde’s *History of China*. In this translation there was found ‘the twenty-sixth day of the new moon.’ Now as the whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days, the moon instead of being new, was nearly as old as it could be. Their blunder arose from their mistaking the word *neuvieme* ninth, for *nouvelle* or *neuve*, new.”’

’Talking of Dr. Blagden’s copiousness and precision of communication, Dr. Johnson said, “Blagden, Sir, is a delightful fellow[105].”’

’On occasion of Dr. Johnson’s publishing his pamphlet of *The False Alarm*[106], there came out a very angry answer (by many supposed to be by Mr. Wilkes). Dr. Johnson determined on not answering it; but, in conversation with Mr. Langton, mentioned a particular or two, which if he *had* replied to it, he might perhaps have inserted. In the answerer’s pamphlet, it had been said with solemnity, “Do you consider, Sir, that a House of Commons is to the people as a Creature is to its Creator[107]?” To this question, said Dr. Johnson, I could have replied, that—in the first place—the idea of a CREATOR must be such as that he has a power to unmake or annihilate his creature.’

’Then it cannot be conceived that a creature can make laws for its CREATOR[108].’

Page 15

’Depend upon it, said he, that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it[109].’

’A man must be a poor beast that should *read* no more in quantity than he could *utter* aloud.’

’Imlac in *Rasselas*, I spelt with a *c* at the end, because it is less like English, which should always have the Saxon *k* added to the *c*[110].’

’Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived[111]: for example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually[112]—had the madness turned the opposite way and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.’

’He apprehended that the delineation of *characters* in the end of the first Book of the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand* was the first instance of the kind that was known.’

’Supposing (said he) a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome[113]: for instance,—if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian heresy.’

’No man speaks concerning another, even suppose it be in his praise, if he thinks he does not hear him, exactly as he would, if he thought he was within hearing.’

’The applause of a single human being is of great consequence[114]: This he said to me with great earnestness of manner, very near the time of his decease, on occasion of having desired me to read a letter addressed to him from some person in the North of England; which when I had done, and he asked me what the contents were, as I thought being particular upon it might fatigue him, it being of great length, I only told him in general that it was highly in his praise;—and then he expressed himself as above.’

’He mentioned with an air of satisfaction what Baretti had told him; that, meeting, in the course of his studying English, with an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, one of four[115] that were written by the respectable Dissenting Minister, Mr. Grove of Taunton, and observing the genius and energy of mind that it exhibits, it greatly quickened his curiosity to visit our country; as he thought if such were the lighter periodical essays of our authours, their productions on more weighty occasions must be wonderful indeed!’

’He observed once, at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from even a well-dressed woman[116]; which he accounted for from the greater degree of carefulness as to money that is to be found in women; saying

farther upon it, that the opportunities in general that they possess of improving their condition are much fewer than men have; and adding, as he looked round the company, which consisted of men only,—there is not one of us who does not think he might be richer if he would use his endeavour.'

Page 16

’He thus characterised an ingenious writer of his acquaintance: “Sir, he is an enthusiast by rule[117].”’

’*He may hold up that SHIELD against all his enemies*;’—was an observation on Homer, in reference to his description of the shield of Achilles, made by Mrs. Fitzherbert, wife to his friend Mr. Fitzherbert of Derbyshire, and respected by Dr. Johnson as a very fine one[118]. He had in general a very high opinion of that lady’s understanding.’

’An observation of Bathurst’s may be mentioned, which Johnson repeated, appearing to acknowledge it to be well founded, namely, it was somewhat remarkable how seldom, on occasion of coming into the company of any new person, one felt any wish or inclination to see him again[119].’

This year the Reverend Dr. Franklin[120] having published a translation of *Lucian*, inscribed to him the *Demonax* thus:—

’To DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Demonax of the present age, this piece is inscribed by a sincere admirer of his respectable[121] talents,

‘THE TRANSLATOR.’

Though upon a particular comparison of Demonax and Johnson, there does not seem to be a great deal of similarity between them, this Dedication is a just compliment from the general character given by Lucian of the ancient Sage, ’[Greek: ariston on oida ego philosophon genomenon], the best philosopher whom I have ever seen or known.’

1781: AETAT. 72.—In 1781 Johnson at last completed his *Lives of the Poets*, of which he gives this account: ’Some time in March I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste[122].’ In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: ’Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety[123].’

This is the work which of all Dr. Johnson’s writings will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure. Philology and biography[124] were his favourite pursuits, and those who lived most in intimacy with him, heard him upon all occasions, when there was a proper opportunity, take delight in expatiating upon the various merits of the English Poets: upon the niceties of their characters, and the events of their progress through the world which they contributed to illuminate. His mind was so full of that kind of information, and it was so well arranged in his memory, that in performing what he had undertaken in this way, he had little more to do than to put his thoughts upon paper, exhibiting first each Poet’s life, and then subjoining a critical examination of his genius and works. But when he began to write, the subject swelled in such a manner, that instead of prefaces to each poet, of no more than a few pages, as he had originally intended[125], he produced an ample, rich, and most entertaining view of them in every

respect. In this he resembled Quintilian, who tells us, that in the composition of his *Institutions of Oratory[126], Latius se tamen aperiente materia, plus quam imponebatur oneris sponte suscepi.* The booksellers, justly sensible of the great additional value of the copy-right, presented him with another hundred pounds, over and above two hundred, for which his agreement was to furnish such prefaces as he thought fit[127].

Page 17

This was, however, but a small recompense for such a collection of biography, and such principles and illustrations of criticism, as, if digested and arranged in one system, by some modern Aristotle or Longinus, might form a code upon that subject, such as no other nation can shew. As he was so good as to make me a present of the greatest part of the original and indeed only[128] manuscript of this admirable work, I have an opportunity of observing with wonder, the correctness with which he rapidly struck off such glowing composition. He may be assimilated to the Lady in Waller, who could impress with 'Love at first sight:'

'Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy[129].'

That he, however, had a good deal of trouble, and some anxiety in carrying on the work[130], we see from a series of letters to Mr. Nichols the printer[131], whose variety of literary inquiry and obliging disposition, rendered him useful to Johnson. Mr. Steevens appears, from the papers in my possession, to have supplied him with some anecdotes and quotations; and I observe the fair hand of Mrs. Thrale as one of his copyists of select passages. But he was principally indebted to my steady friend Mr. Isaac Reed, of Staple-inn, whose extensive and accurate knowledge of English literary history I do not express with exaggeration, when I say it is wonderful; indeed his labours[132] have proved it to the world; and all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance can bear testimony to the frankness of his communications in private society.

It is not my intention to dwell upon each of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, or attempt an analysis of their merits, which, were I able to do it, would take up too much room in this work; yet I shall make a few observations upon some of them, and insert a few various readings.

The Life of COWLEY he himself considered as the best of the whole, on account of the dissertation which it contains on the *Metaphysical Poets*. Dryden, whose critical abilities were equal to his poetical, had mentioned them in his excellent Dedication of his Juvenal, but had barely mentioned them[133]. Johnson has exhibited them at large, with such happy illustration from their writings, and in so luminous a manner, that indeed he may be allowed the full merit of novelty, and to have discovered to us, as it were, a new planet in the poetical hemisphere[134].

It is remarked by Johnson, in considering the works of a poet[135], that 'amendments are seldom made without some token of a rent;' but I do not find that this is applicable to prose[136]. We shall see that though his amendments in this work are for the better, there is nothing of the *pannus assutus*[137]; the texture is uniform: and indeed, what had been there at first, is very seldom unfit to have remained.

Page 18

Various Readings[138] in the Life of COWLEY.

’All [future votaries of] *that may hereafter pant for* solitude.

’To conceive and execute the [agitation or perception] *pains and the pleasures* of other minds.

‘The wide effulgence of [the blazing] a *summer* noon.’

In the Life of WALLER, Johnson gives a distinct and animated narrative of publick affairs in that variegated period, with strong yet nice touches of character; and having a fair opportunity to display his political principles, does it with an unqualified manly confidence, and satisfies his readers how nobly he might have executed a *Tory History* of his country.

So easy is his style in these Lives, that I do not recollect more than three uncommon or learned words[139]; one, when giving an account of the approach of Waller’s mortal disease, he says, ’he found his legs grow *tumid*;’ by using the expression his legs *swelled*, he would have avoided this; and there would have been no impropriety in its being followed by the interesting question to his physician, ’What that *swelling* meant?’ Another, when he mentions that Pope had *emitted* proposals; when *published* or *issued* would have been more readily understood; and a third, when he calls Orrery and Dr. Delany[140], writers both undoubtedly *veracious*[141], when *true, honest*, or *faithful*, might have been used. Yet, it must be owned, that none of these are *hard* or *too big* words; that custom would make them seem as easy as any others; and that a language is richer and capable of more beauty of expression, by having a greater variety of synonimes.

His dissertation[142] upon the unfitness of poetry for the aweful subjects of our holy religion, though I do not entirely agree with with him, has all the merit of originality, with uncommon force and reasoning.

Various Readings in the Life of WALLER.

’Consented to [the insertion of their names] *their own nomination*.

’[After] *paying* a fine of ten thousand pounds.

’Congratulating Charles the Second on his [coronation] *recovered right*.

’He that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be [confessed to degrade his powers] *scorned as a prostituted mind*.

’The characters by which Waller intended to distinguish his writings are [elegance] *sprightliness* and dignity.

’Blossoms to be valued only as they [fetch] *foretell* fruits.

’Images such as the superficies of nature [easily] *readily* supplies.

’[His] Some applications [are sometimes] *may be thought* too remote and unconsequential.

’His images are [sometimes confused] *not always distinct*?

Against his Life of MILTON, the hounds of Whiggism have opened in full cry[143]. But of Milton’s great excellence as a poet, where shall we find such a blazon as by the hand of Johnson? I shall select only the following passage concerning *Paradise Lost*[144]:

Page 19

’Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current, through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation[145].’

Indeed even Dr. Towers, who may be considered as one of the warmest zealots of *The Revolution Society*[146] itself, allows, that ’Johnson has spoken in the highest terms of the abilities of that great poet, and has bestowed on his principal poetical compositions the most honourable encomiums[147].’

That a man, who venerated the Church and Monarchy as Johnson did, should speak with a just abhorrence of Milton as a politician, or rather as a daring foe to good polity, was surely to be expected; and to those who censure him, I would recommend his commentary on Milton’s celebrated complaint of his situation, when by the lenity of Charles the Second, ’a lenity of which (as Johnson well observes) the world has had perhaps no other example, he, who had written in justification of the murder of his Sovereign, was safe under an Act of Oblivion[148].’

’No sooner is he safe than he finds himself in danger, *fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, [and] *with darkness and with danger compassed round*[149]. This darkness, had his eyes been better employed, had undoubtedly deserved compassion; but to add the mention of danger, was ungrateful and unjust. He was fallen, indeed, on *evil days*; the time was come in which regicides could no longer boast their wickedness. But of *evil tongues* for Milton to complain, required impudence at least equal to his other powers; Milton, whose warmest advocates must allow, that he never spared any asperity of reproach, or brutality of insolence[150].’

I have, indeed, often wondered how Milton, ’an acrimonious and surly Republican[151],’—’a man who in his domestick relations was so severe and arbitrary[152],’ and whose head was filled with the hardest and most dismal tenets of Calvinism[153], should have been such a poet; should not only have written with sublimity, but with beauty, and even gaiety; should have exquisitely painted the sweetest sensations of which our nature is capable; imaged the delicate raptures of connubial love; nay, seemed to be animated with all the spirit of revelry. It is a proof that in the human mind the departments of judgement and imagination, perception and temper, may sometimes be divided by strong partitions; and that the light and shade in the same character may be kept so distinct as never to be blended[154].

Page 20

In the Life of Milton, Johnson took occasion to maintain his own and the general opinion of the excellence of rhyme over blank verse, in English poetry[155]; and quotes this apposite illustration of it by 'an ingenious critick,' that *it seems to be verse only to the eye*[156]. The gentleman whom he thus characterises, is (as he told Mr. Seward) Mr. Lock[157], of Norbury Park, in Surrey, whose knowledge and taste in the fine arts is universally celebrated; with whose elegance of manners the writer of the present work has felt himself much impressed, and to whose virtues a common friend, who has known him long, and is not much addicted to flattery, gives the highest testimony.

Various Readings in the Life of MILTON.

'I cannot find any meaning but this which [his most bigotted advocates] *even kindness and reverence* can give.

'[Perhaps no] *scarcely any* man ever wrote so much, and praised so few.

'A certain [rescue] *perservative* from oblivion.

'Let me not be censured for this digression, as [contracted] *pedantick* or paradoxical.

'Socrates rather was of opinion, that what we had to learn was how to [obtain and communicate happiness] *do good and avoid evil*.

'Its elegance [who can exhibit?] *is less attainable.*'

I could, with pleasure, expatiate upon the masterly execution of the Life of DRYDEN, which we have seen[158] was one of Johnson's literary projects at an early period, and which it is remarkable, that after desisting from it, from a supposed scantiness of materials, he should, at an advanced age, have exhibited so amply.

His defence[159] of that great poet against the illiberal attacks upon him, as if his embracing the Roman Catholick communion had been a time-serving measure, is a piece of reasoning at once able and candid. Indeed, Dryden himself, in his *Hind and Panther*, has given such a picture of his mind, that they who know the anxiety for repose as to the aweful subject of our state beyond the grave, though they may think his opinion ill-founded, must think charitably of his sentiment:—

'But, gracious GOD, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgements an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O! teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But Her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake.

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by Nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
What more could shock[160] my faith than Three in One?'

Page 21

In drawing Dryden's character, Johnson has given, though I suppose unintentionally, some touches of his own. Thus:—'The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt; and produced sentiments not such as Nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted. He is, therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetick; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others[161].' It may indeed be observed, that in all the numerous writings of Johnson, whether in prose or verse, and even in his Tragedy, of which the subject is the distress of an unfortunate Princess, there is not a single passage that ever drew a tear[162].

Various Readings in the Life of DRYDEN.

'The reason of this general perusal, Addison has attempted to [find in] *derive from* the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets.

'His best actions are but [convenient] *inability of* wickedness.

'When once he had engaged himself in disputation, [matter] *thoughts* flowed in on either side.

'The abyss of an un-ideal [emptiness] *vacancy*.

'These, like [many other harlots,] *the harlots of other men*, had his love though not his approbation.

'He [sometimes displays] *descends to display* his knowledge with pedantick ostentation.

'French words which [were then used in] *had then crept into* conversation.'

The Life of POPE[163] was written by Johnson *con amore*, both from the early possession which that writer had taken of his mind, and from the pleasure which he must have felt, in for ever silencing all attempts to lessen his poetical fame, by demonstrating his excellence, and pronouncing the following triumphant eulogium[164]: —'After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only shew the narrowness of the definer; though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us enquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed.'

I remember once to have heard Johnson say, 'Sir, a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope.' That power must undoubtedly be allowed its due share in enhancing the value of his captivating composition.

Page 22

Johnson, who had done liberal justice to Warburton in his edition of *Shakspeare*[165], which was published during the life of that powerful writer, with still greater liberality[166] took an opportunity, in the Life of Pope, of paying the tribute due to him when he was no longer in 'high place,' but numbered with the dead[167].

It seems strange, that two such men as Johnson and Warburton, who lived in the same age and country, should not only not have been in any degree of intimacy, but been almost personally unacquainted. But such instances, though we must wonder at them, are not rare. If I am rightly informed, after a careful enquiry, they never met but once, which was at the house of Mrs. French, in London, well known for her elegant assemblies, and bringing eminent characters together. The interview proved to be mutually agreeable[168].

I am well informed, that Warburton said of Johnson, 'I admire him, but I cannot bear his style:' and that Johnson being told of this, said, 'That is exactly my case as to him[169].' The manner in which he expressed his admiration of the fertility of Warburton's genius and of the variety of his materials was, 'The table is always full, Sir. He brings things from the north, and the south, and from every quarter. In his *Divine Legation*, you are always entertained. He carries you round and round, without carrying you forward to the point; but then you have no wish to be carried forward.' He said to the Reverend Mr. Strahan, 'Warburton is perhaps the last man who has written with a mind full of reading and reflection[170].'

It is remarkable, that in the Life of Broome[171], Johnson takes notice of Dr. Warburton using a mode of expression which he himself used, and that not seldom, to the great offence of those who did not know him. Having occasion to mention a note, stating the different parts which were executed by the associated translators of *The Odyssey*, he says, 'Dr. Warburton told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note *a lie*. The language is *warm* indeed; and, I must own, cannot be justified in consistency with a decent regard to the established forms of speech. Johnson had accustomed himself to use the word *lie*[172], to express a mistake or an errour in relation; in short, when the *thing was not so as told*, though the relator did not *mean* to deceive. When he thought there was intentional falsehood in the relator, his expression was, 'He *lies*, and he *knows* he *lies*.'

Page 23

Speaking of Pope's not having been known to excel in conversation, Johnson observes, that 'traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, or[173] sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, wise or merry[174]; and that one apophthegm only is recorded[175].' In this respect, Pope differed widely from Johnson, whose conversation was, perhaps, more admirable than even his writings, however excellent. Mr. Wilkes has, however, favoured me with one repartee of Pope, of which Johnson was not informed. Johnson, after justly censuring him for having 'nursed in his mind a foolish dis-esteem of Kings,' tells us, 'yet a little regard shewn him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, *how he could love a Prince, while he disliked Kings*[176]?' The answer which Pope made, was, 'The young lion is harmless, and even playful; but when his claws are full grown he becomes cruel, dreadful, and mischievous.'

But although we have no collection of Pope's sayings, it is not therefore to be concluded, that he was not agreeable in social intercourse; for Johnson has been heard to say, that 'the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression.' The late Lord Somerville[177], who saw much both of great and brilliant life, told me, that he had dined in company with Pope, and that after dinner the *little man*, as he called him, drank his bottle of Burgundy, and was exceedingly gay and entertaining.

I cannot withhold from my great friend a censure of at least culpable inattention, to a nobleman, who, it has been shewn[178], behaved to him with uncommon politeness. He says, 'Except Lord Bathurst, none of Pope's noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity[179].' This will not apply to Lord Mansfield, who was not ennobled in Pope's life-time; but Johnson should have recollected, that Lord Marchmont was one of those noble friends. He includes his Lordship along with Lord Bolingbroke, in a charge of neglect of the papers which Pope left by his will; when, in truth, as I myself pointed out to him, before he wrote that poet's life, the papers were 'committed to *the sole care and judgement* of Lord Bolingbroke, unless he (Lord Bolingbroke) shall not survive me;' so that Lord Marchmont had no concern whatever with them[180]. After the first edition of the *Lives*, Mr. Malone, whose love of justice is equal to his accuracy, made, in my hearing, the same remark to Johnson; yet he omitted to correct the erroneous statement[181]. These particulars I mention, in the belief that there was only forgetfulness in my friend; but I owe this much to the Earl of Marchmont's reputation, who, were there no other memorials, will be immortalised by that line of Pope, in the verses on his Grotto:

> 'And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.'

Page 24

Various Readings in the Life of POPE.

'[Somewhat free] *sufficiently bold* in his criticism.

'All the gay [niceties] *varieties* of diction.

'Strikes the imagination with far [more] *greater* force.

'It is [probably] *certainly* the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen.

'Every sheet enabled him to write the next with [less trouble] *more facility*.

'No man sympathizes with [vanity, depressed] *the sorrows of vanity*.

'It had been [criminal] *less easily excused*.

'When he [threatened to lay down] *talked of laying down* his pen.

'Society [is so named emphatically in opposition to] *politically regulated, is a state contra-distinguished from* a state of nature.

'A fictitious life of an [absurd] *infatuated* scholar.

'A foolish [contempt, disregard,] *disesteem* of Kings.

'His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows [were like those of other mortals] *acted strongly upon his mind*.

'Eager to pursue knowledge and attentive to [accumulate] *retain it*.

'A mind [excursive] *active*, ambitious, and adventurous.

'In its [noblest] *widest* researches still longing to go forward.

'He wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few [neglects] *hazards*.

'The [reasonableness] *justice* of my determination.

'A [favourite] *delicious* employment of the poets.

'More terrifick and more powerful [beings] *phantoms* perform on the stormy ocean.

'The inventor of [those] *this* petty [beings] *nation*.

'The [mind] *heart* naturally loves truth.'

In the Life of ADDISON we find an unpleasing account of his having lent Steele a hundred pounds, and ‘reclaimed his loan by an execution[182].’ In the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, the authenticity of this anecdote is denied. But Mr. Malone has obliged me with the following note concerning it:—

’Many persons having doubts concerning this fact, I applied to Dr. Johnson to learn on what authority he asserted it. He told me, he had it from Savage, who lived in intimacy with Steele, and who mentioned, that Steele told him the story with tears in his eyes.—-Ben Victor[183], Dr. Johnson said, likewise informed him of this remarkable transaction, from the relation of Mr. Wilkes[184] the comedian, who was also an intimate of Steele’s. —Some in defence of Addison, have said, that “the act was done with the good natured view of rousing Steele, and correcting that profusion which always made him necessitous.”—“If that were the case, (said Johnson,) and that he only wanted to alarm Steele, he would afterwards have *returned* the money to his friend, which it is not pretended he did.”—“This too, (he added,) might be retorted by an advocate for Steele, who might alledge, that he did not repay the loan *intentionally*, merely to see whether Addison would be mean and ungenerous enough to make use of legal process to recover it. But of such speculations there is no end: we cannot dive into the hearts of men; but their actions are open to observation[185].”

Page 25

’I then mentioned to him that some people thought that Mr. Addison’s character was so pure, that the fact, *though true*, ought to have been suppressed[186]. He saw no reason for this[187]. “If nothing but the bright side of characters should be shewn, we should sit down in despondency, and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in *any thing*. The sacred writers (he observed) related the vicious as well as the virtuous actions of men; which had this moral effect, that it kept mankind from *despair*, into which otherwise they would naturally fall, were they not supported by the recollection that others had offended like themselves, and by penitence and amendment of life had been restored to the favour of Heaven.”

‘E.M.’

‘March 15, 1782.’

The last paragraph of this note is of great importance; and I request that my readers may consider it with particular attention. It will be afterwards referred to in this work[188].

Various Readings in the Life of ADDISON.

’[But he was our first great example] *He was, however, one of our earliest examples* of correctness.

And [overlook] *despise* their masters.

His instructions were such as the [state] *character* of his [own time] *readers* made [necessary] *proper*.

His purpose was to [diffuse] *infuse* literary curiosity by gentle and unsuspected conveyance [among] *into* the gay, the idle, and the wealthy.

Framed rather for those that [wish] *are learning* to write.

Domestick [manners] *scenes*.’

In his Life of PARNELL, I wonder that Johnson omitted to insert an Epitaph which he had long before composed for that amiable man, without ever writing it down, but which he was so good as, at my request, to dictate to me, by which means it has been preserved.

’*Hic requiescit* THOMAS PARNELL, *S.T.P.*
Qui sacerdos pariter et poeta,
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetae,
Neo poetae sacerdotis sanctitas[189], *deesset*.’

Various Readings in the Life of PARNELL.

’About three years [after] *afterwards*.

[Did not much want] *was in no great need of* improvement.

But his prosperity *did not last long* [was clouded by that which took away all his powers of enjoying either profit or pleasure, the death of his wife, whom he is said to have lamented with such sorrow, as hastened his end[190].] His end, whatever was the cause, was now approaching.

In the Hermit, the [composition] *narrative*, as it is less airy, is less pleasing.’

In the Life of BLACKMORE, we find that writer’s reputation generously cleared by Johnson from the cloud of prejudice which the malignity of contemporary wits had raised around it[191]. In this spirited exertion of justice, he has been imitated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his praise of the architecture of Vanburgh[192].

Page 26

We trace Johnson's own character in his observations on Blackmore's 'magnanimity as an authour.' 'The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself.' Johnson, I recollect, once told me, laughing heartily, that he understood it had been said of him, 'He *appears* not to feel; but when he is *alone*, depend upon it, he *suffers sadly*.' I am as certain as I can be of any man's real sentiments, that he *enjoyed* the perpetual shower of little hostile arrows as evidences of his fame.

Various Readings in the Life of BLACKMORE.

To [set] *engage* poetry [on the side] *in the cause* of virtue.

He likewise [established] *enforced* the truth of Revelation.

[Kindness] *benevolence* was ashamed to favour.

His practice, which was once [very extensive] *invidiously great*. There is scarcely any distemper of dreadful name [of] which he has not [shewn] *taught his reader* how [it is to be opposed] *to oppose*.

Of this [contemptuous] *indecent* arrogance.

[He wrote] *but produced* likewise a work of a different kind.

At least [written] *compiled* with integrity.

Faults which many tongues [were desirous] *would have made haste* to publish.

But though he [had not] *could not boast of* much critical knowledge.

He [used] *waited for* no felicities of fancy.

Or had ever elevated his [mind] *views* to that ideal perfection which every [mind] *genius* born to excel is condemned always to pursue and never overtake.

The [first great] *fundamental* principle of wisdom and of virtue.'

Various Readings in the Life of PHILIPS.

'His dreaded [rival] *antagonist* Pope.

They [have not often much] *are not loaded with* thought.

In his translations from Pindar, he [will not be denied to have reached] *found the art of reaching* all the obscurity of the Theban bard.'

Various Readings in the Life of CONGREVE.

’Congreve’s conversation must surely have been *at least* equally pleasing with his writings.

It apparently [requires] *pre-supposes* a familiar knowledge of many characters.

Reciprocation of [similes] *conceits*.

The dialogue is quick and [various] *sparkling*.

Love for Love; a comedy [more drawn from life] *of nearer alliance to life*.

The general character of his miscellanies is, that they shew little wit and [no] *little* virtue.

[Perhaps] *certainly* he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyrick poetry.’

Various Readings in the Life of TICKELL.

’[Longed] *long wished* to peruse it.

Page 27

At the [accession] *arrival* of King George.

Fiction [unnaturally] *unskilfully* compounded of Grecian deities and Gothick fairies.'

Various Readings in the Life of AKENSIDE.

'For [another] *a different* purpose.

[A furious] *an unnecessary* and outrageous zeal.

[Something which] *what* he called and thought liberty.

A [favourer of innovation] *lover of contradiction*.

Warburton's [censure] *objections*.

His rage [for liberty] *of patriotism*.

Mr. Dyson with [a zeal] *an ardour* of friendship.'

In the Life of LYTTELTON, Johnson seems to have been not favourably disposed towards that nobleman[193]. Mrs. Thrale suggests that he was offended by *Molly Aston's*[194] preference of his Lordship to him[195]. I can by no means join in the censure bestowed by Johnson on his Lordship, whom he calls 'poor Lyttelton,' for returning thanks to the Critical Reviewers for having 'kindly commended' his *Dialogues of the Dead*. Such 'acknowledgements (says my friend) never can be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.' In my opinion, the most upright man, who has been tried on a false accusation, may, when he is acquitted, make a bow to his jury. And when those who are so much the arbiters of literary merit, as in a considerable degree to influence the publick opinion, review an authour's work, *placido lumine*[196], when I am afraid mankind in general are better pleased with severity, he may surely express a grateful sense of their civility[197].

Various Readings in the Life of LYTTELTON.

'He solaced [himself] *his grief* by writing a long poem to her memory.

The production rather [of a mind that means well than thinks vigorously] *as it seems of leisure than of study, rather effusions than compositions*.

His last literary [work] *production*.

[Found the way] *undertook* to persuade.'

As the introduction to his critical examination of the genius and writings of YOUNG, he did Mr. Herbert Croft[198], then a Barrister of Lincoln's-inn, now a clergyman, the honour to adopt[199] a *Life of Young* written by that gentleman, who was the friend of Dr. Young's son, and wished to vindicate him from some very erroneous remarks to his prejudice. Mr. Croft's performance was subjected to the revision of Dr. Johnson, as appears from the following note to Mr. John Nichols[200]:—

'This *Life of Dr. Young* was written by a friend of his son. What is crossed with black is expunged by the authour, what is crossed with red is expunged by me. If you find any thing more that can be well omitted, I shall not be sorry to see it yet shorter[201]'

Page 28

It has always appeared to me to have a considerable share of merit, and to display a pretty successful imitation of Johnson's style. When I mentioned this to a very eminent literary character[202], he opposed me vehemently, exclaiming, 'No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength.' This was an image so happy, that one might have thought he would have been satisfied with it; but he was not. And setting his mind again to work, he added, with exquisite felicity, 'It has all the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration.'

Mr. Croft very properly guards us against supposing that Young was a gloomy man[203]; and mentions, that 'his parish was indebted to the good-humour of the authour of the *Night Thoughts* for an Assembly and a Bowling-Green[204].' A letter from a noble foreigner is quoted, in which he is said to have been 'very pleasant in conversation[205].'

Mr. Langton, who frequently visited him, informs me, that there was an air of benevolence in his manner, but that he could obtain from him less information than he had hoped to receive from one who had lived so much in intercourse with the brightest men of what has been called the Augustan age of England; and that he shewed a degree of eager curiosity concerning the common occurrences that were then passing, which appeared somewhat remarkable in a man of such intellectual stores, of such an advanced age, and who had retired from life with declared disappointment in his expectations.

An instance at once of his pensive turn of mind, and his cheerfulness of temper, appeared in a little story which he himself told to Mr. Langton, when they were walking in his garden: 'Here (said he) I had put a handsome sun-dial, with this inscription, *Eheu fugaces!*[206] which (speaking with a smile) was sadly verified, for by the next morning my dial had been carried off.'[207]

'It gives me much pleasure to observe, that however Johnson may have casually talked, [208] yet when he sits, as "an ardent judge zealous to his trust, giving sentence" [209] upon the excellent works of Young, he allows them the high praise to which they are justly entitled. "The *Universal Passion* (says he) is indeed a very great performance,—-his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth."'[210]

But I was most anxious concerning Johnson's decision upon *Night Thoughts*, which I esteem as a mass of the grandest and richest poetry that human genius has ever produced; and was delighted to find this character of that work: 'In his *Night Thoughts*, he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhime but with disadvantage.'[211] And afterwards,

’Particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation[212], the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.’

Page 29

But there is in this Poem not only all that Johnson so well brings in view, but a power of the *Pathetick* beyond almost any example that I have seen. He who does not feel his nerves shaken, and his heart pierced by many passages in this extraordinary work, particularly by that most affecting one, which describes the gradual torment suffered by the contemplation of an object of affectionate attachment, visibly and certainly decaying into dissolution, must be of a hard and obstinate frame[213].

To all the other excellencies of *Night Thoughts* let me add the great and peculiar one, that they contain not only the noblest sentiments of virtue, and contemplations on immortality, but the *Christian Sacrifice*, the *Divine Propitiation*, with all its interesting circumstances, and consolations to 'a wounded spirit[214],' solemnly and poetically displayed in such imagery and language, as cannot fail to exalt, animate, and soothe the truly pious. No book whatever can be recommended to young persons, with better hopes of seasoning their minds with *vital religion*, than YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

In the Life of SWIFT, it appears to me that Johnson had a certain degree of prejudice against that extraordinary man, of which I have elsewhere had occasion to speak[215]. Mr. Thomas Sheridan imputed it to a supposed apprehension in Johnson, that Swift had not been sufficiently active in obtaining for him an Irish degree when it was solicited[216], but of this there was not sufficient evidence; and let me not presume to charge Johnson with injustice, because he did not think so highly of the writings of this authour, as I have done from my youth upwards. Yet that he had an unfavourable bias is evident, were it only from that passage in which he speaks of Swift's practice of saving, as, 'first ridiculous and at last detestable;' and yet after some examination of circumstances, finds himself obliged to own, that 'it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expence better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give[217].'

One observation which Johnson makes in Swift's life should be often inculcated:—

'It may be justly supposed, that there was in his conversation what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality, sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul; but a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension[218].'

Various Readings in the Life of Swift.

Page 30

’Charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of *a* peculiar [opinions] *character*, without ill intention.

He did not [disown] *deny* it.

’[To] *by* whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was [indebted for] *advanced to* his benefices.

[With] *for* this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley.

Sharpe, whom he [represents] *describes* as “the harmless tool of others’ hate.”

Harley was slow because he was [irresolute] *doubtful*.

When [readers were not many] *we were not yet a nation of readers*.

[Every man who] *he that could say he* knew him.

Every man of known influence has so many [more] petitions [than] *which* he [can] *cannot* grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he [can gratify] *gratifies*.

Ecclesiastical [preferments] *benefices*.

’Swift [procured] *contrived* an interview.

[As a writer] *In his works* he has given very different specimens.

On all common occasions he habitually [assumes] *affects* a style of [superiority] *arrogance*.

By the [omission] *neglect* of those ceremonies.

That their merits filled the world [and] *or that* there was no [room for] *hope of* more.’

I have not confined myself to the order of the *Lives*, in making my few remarks. Indeed a different order is observed in the original publication, and in the collection of Johnson’s *Works*. And should it be objected, that many of my various readings are inconsiderable, those who make the objection will be pleased to consider, that such small particulars are intended for those who are nicely critical in composition, to whom they will be an acceptable selection[219].

Spence’s Anecdotes, which are frequently quoted and referred to in Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*, are in a manuscript collection, made by the Reverend Mr. Joseph Spence[220], containing a number of particulars concerning eminent men. To each anecdote is marked the name of the person on whose authority it is mentioned. This

valuable collection is the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who upon the application of Sir Lucas Pepys, was pleased to permit it to be put into the hands of Dr. Johnson, who I am sorry to think made but an aukward return. 'Great assistance (says he) has been given me by Mr. Spence's Collection, of which I consider the communication as a favour worthy of publick acknowledgement[221];' but he has not owned to whom he was obliged; so that the acknowledgement is unappropriated to his Grace.

Page 31

While the world in general was filled with admiration of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, there were narrow circles in which prejudice and resentment were fostered, and from which attacks of different sorts issued against him[222]. By some violent Whigs he was arraigned of injustice to Milton; by some Cambridge men of depreciating Gray; and his expressing with a dignified freedom what he really thought of George, Lord Lyttelton, gave offence to some of the friends of that nobleman, and particularly produced a declaration of war against him from Mrs. Montagu, the ingenious Essayist on Shakspeare, between whom and his Lordship a commerce of reciprocal compliments had long been carried on[223]. In this war the smaller powers in alliance with him were of course led to engage, at least on the defensive, and thus I for one was excluded from the enjoyment of 'A Feast of Reason,' such as Mr. Cumberland has described, with a keen, yet just and delicate pen, in his *Observer*[224]. These minute inconveniencies gave not the least disturbance to Johnson. He nobly said, when I talked to him of the feeble, though shrill outcry which had been raised, 'Sir, I considered myself as entrusted with a certain portion of truth. I have given my opinion sincerely; let them shew where they think me wrong[225].'

While my friend is thus contemplated in the splendour derived from his last and perhaps most admirable work, I introduce him with peculiar propriety as the correspondent of WARREN HASTINGS! a man whose regard reflects dignity even upon JOHNSON; a man, the extent of whose abilities was equal to that of his power; and who, by those who are fortunate enough to know him in private life, is admired for his literature and taste, and beloved for the candour, moderation, and mildness of his character. Were I capable of paying a suitable tribute of admiration to him, I should certainly not withhold it at a moment[226] when it is not possible that I should be suspected of being an interested flatterer. But how weak would be my voice after that of the millions whom he governed. His condescending and obliging compliance with my solicitation, I with humble gratitude acknowledge; and while by publishing his letter to me, accompanying the valuable communication, I do eminent honour to my great friend, I shall entirely disregard any invidious suggestions, that as I in some degree participate in the honour, I have, at the same time, the gratification of my own vanity in view.

'TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. Park Lane, Dec. 2, 1790.

SIR,

I have been fortunately spared the troublesome suspense of a long search, to which, in performance of my promise, I had devoted this morning, by lighting upon the objects of it among the first papers that I laid my hands on: my veneration for your great and good friend, Dr. Johnson, and the pride, or I hope something of a better sentiment, which I indulged in possessing such memorials of his good will towards me, having

Page 32

induced me to bind them in a parcel containing other select papers, and labelled with the titles appertaining to them. They consist but of three letters, which I believe were all that I ever received from Dr. Johnson. Of these, one, which was written in quadruplicate, under the different dates of its respective dispatches, has already been made publick[227], but not from any communication of mine. This, however, I have joined to the rest; and have now the pleasure of sending them to you for the use to which you informed me it was your desire to destine them.

'My promise was pledged with the condition, that if the letters were found to contain any thing which should render them improper for the publick eye, you would dispense with the performance of it. You will have the goodness, I am sure, to pardon my recalling this stipulation to your recollection, as I should be both to appear negligent of that obligation which is always implied in an epistolary confidence. In the reservation of that right I have read them over with the most scrupulous attention, but have not seen in them the slightest cause on that ground to withhold them from you. But, though not on that, yet on another ground I own I feel a little, yet but a little, reluctance to part with them: I mean on that of my own credit, which I fear will suffer by the information conveyed by them, that I was early in the possession of such valuable instructions for the beneficial employment of the influence of my late station, and (as it may seem) have so little availed myself of them. Whether I could, if it were necessary, defend myself against such an imputation, it little concerns the world to know. I look only to the effect which these relicks may produce, considered as evidences of the virtues of their authour: and believing that they will be found to display an uncommon warmth of private friendship, and a mind ever attentive to the improvement and extension of useful knowledge, and solicitous for the interests of mankind, I can cheerfully submit to the little sacrifice of my own fame, to contribute to the illustration of so great and venerable a character. They cannot be better applied, for that end, than by being entrusted to your hands. Allow me, with this offering, to infer from it a proof of the very great esteem with which I have the honour to profess myself, Sir,

Your most obedient
And most humble servant,
'WARREN HASTINGS.'

'*P.S*. At some future time, and when you have no further occasion for these papers, I shall be obliged to you if you would return them.'

The last of the three letters thus graciously put into my hands, and which has already appeared in publick, belongs to this year; but I shall previously insert the first two in the order of their dates. They altogether form a grand group in my biographical picture.

TO THE HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

’SIR,

Page 33

Though I have had but little personal knowledge of you, I have had enough to make me wish for more; and though it be now a long time since I was honoured by your visit, I had too much pleasure from it to forget it. By those whom we delight to remember, we are unwilling to be forgotten; and therefore I cannot omit this opportunity of reviving myself in your memory by a letter which you will receive from the hands of my friend Mr. Chambers[228]; a man, whose purity of manners and vigour of mind are sufficient to make every thing welcome that he brings.

That this is my only reason for writing, will be too apparent by the uselessness of my letter to any other purpose. I have no questions to ask; not that I want curiosity after either the ancient or present state of regions in which have been seen all the power and splendour of wide-extended empire; and which, as by some grant of natural superiority, supply the rest of the world with almost all that pride desires and luxury enjoys. But my knowledge of them is too scanty to furnish me with proper topicks of enquiry; I can only wish for information; and hope, that a mind comprehensive like yours will find leisure, amidst the cares of your important station, to enquire into many subjects of which the European world either thinks not at all, or thinks with deficient intelligence and uncertain conjecture. I shall hope, that he who once intended to increase the learning of his country by the introduction of the Persian language[229], will examine nicely the traditions and histories of the East; that he will survey the wonders of its ancient edifices, and trace the vestiges of its ruined cities; and that, at his return, we shall know the arts and opinions of a race of men, from whom very little has been hitherto derived.

You, Sir, have no need of being told by me, how much may be added by your attention and patronage to experimental knowledge and natural history. There are arts of manufacture practised in the countries in which you preside, which are yet very imperfectly known here, either to artificers or philosophers. Of the natural productions, animate and inanimate, we yet have so little intelligence, that our books are filled, I fear, with conjectures about things which an Indian peasant knows by his senses.

Many of those things my first wish is to see; my second to know, by such accounts as a man like you will be able to give.

As I have not skill to ask proper questions, I have likewise no such access to great men as can enable me to send you any political information. Of the agitations of an unsettled government, and the struggles of a feeble ministry[230], care is doubtless taken to give you more exact accounts than I can obtain. If you are inclined to interest yourself much in publick transactions, it is no misfortune to you to be so distant from them.

That literature is not totally forsaking us, and that your favourite language is not neglected, will appear from the book[231], which I should have pleased myself more with sending, if I could have presented it bound: but time was wanting. I beg, however,

Sir, that you will accept it from a man very desirous of your regard; and that if you think me able to gratify you by any thing more important you will employ me.

Page 34

I am now going to take leave, perhaps a very long leave, of my dear Mr. Chambers. That he is going to live where you govern, may justly alleviate the regret of parting; and the hope of seeing both him and you again, which I am not willing to mingle with doubt, must at present comfort as it can, Sir, Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.
March 30, 1774.'

To THE SAME.

'SIR, Being informed that by the departure of a ship, there is now an opportunity of writing to Bengal, I am unwilling to slip out of your memory by my own negligence, and therefore take the liberty of reminding you of my existence, by sending you a book which is not yet made publick.

I have lately visited a region less remote, and less illustrious than India, which afforded some occasions for speculation; what has occurred to me, I have put into the volume[232], of which I beg your acceptance.

Men in your station seldom have presents totally disinterested; my book is received, let me now make my request.

There is, Sir, somewhere within your government, a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to shew the young man what countenance is fit, whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now President of the College of Physicians, a man venerable for his knowledge, and more venerable for his virtue[233].

I wish you a prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
And most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON[234].

London, Dec. 20, 1774.'

TO THE SAME.

'Jan. 9, 1781.

Sir,

Amidst the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology which your character makes needless.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known, and long esteemed in the India-House, after having translated Tasso[235], has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing for a clerk of the India-House to translate poets; —it is new for a Governour of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of, Sir, Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.'

I wrote to him in February, complaining of having been troubled by a recurrence of the perplexing question of Liberty and Necessity;—and mentioning that I hoped soon to meet him again in London.

'To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Page 35

I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity[236]? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it? Do not doubt but I shall be most heartily glad to see you here again, for I love every part about you but your affectation of distress.

I have at last finished my *Lives*, and have laid up for you a load of copy[237], all out of order, so that it will amuse you a long time to set it right. Come to me, my dear Bozzy, and let us be as happy as we can. We will go again to the Mitre, and talk old times over.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours affectionately,
'SAM. JOHNSON.'

March, 14, 1781.

On Monday, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet-street, walking, or rather indeed moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short Life[238] of him published very soon after his death:—'When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet.' That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner, may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done.

The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burthen again.

Our accidental meeting in the street after a long separation was a pleasing surprize to us both. He stepped aside with me into Falcon-court, and made kind inquiries about my family, and as we were in a hurry going different ways, I promised to call on him next day; he said he was engaged to go out in the morning. 'Early, Sir?' said I. JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, a London morning does not go with the sun.'

I waited on him next evening, and he gave me a great portion of his original manuscript of his *Lives of the Poets*, which he had preserved for me.

I found on visiting his friend, Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed, I suppose by the solicitation of Mrs. Thrale, to a house in Grosvenor-square[239]. I was sorry to see him sadly changed in his appearance.

He told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, ‘I drink it now sometimes, but not socially.’ The first evening that I was with him at Thrale’s, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass, and swallowed it greedily. Every thing about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance[240].

Page 36

Mrs. Thrale and I had a dispute, whether Shakspeare or Milton had drawn the most admirable picture of a man[241]. I was for Shakspeare; Mrs. Thrale for Milton; and after a fair hearing, Johnson decided for my opinion.

I told him of one of Mr. Burke's playful sallies upon Dean Marlay[242]: 'I don't like the Deanery of *Ferns*, it sounds so like a *barren* title.'—'Dr. Heath should have it;' said I. Johnson laughed, and condescending to trifle in the same mode of conceit, suggested Dr. *Moss*[243].

He said, 'Mrs. Montagu has dropt me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by[244].' He certainly was vain of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them, when he chose it; Sir Joshua Reynolds agreed with me that he could. Mr. Gibbon, with his usual sneer, controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having talked with some disgust of his ugliness[245], which one would think a *philosopher* would not mind. Dean Marlay wittily observed, 'A lady may be vain, when she can turn a wolf-dog into a lap-dog.'

The election for Ayrshire, my own county, was this spring tried upon a petition, before a Committee of the House of Commons. I was one of the Counsel for the sitting member, and took the liberty of previously stating different points to Johnson, who never failed to see them clearly, and to supply me with some good hints. He dictated to me the following note upon the registration of deeds:—

'All laws are made for the convenience of the community: what is legally done, should be legally recorded, that the state of things may be known, and that wherever evidence is requisite, evidence may be had. For this reason, the obligation to frame and establish a legal register is enforced by a legal penalty, which penalty is the want of that perfection and plentitude of right which a register would give. Thence it follows, that this is not an objection merely legal: for the reason on which the law stands being equitable, makes it an equitable objection.'

'This (said he) you must enlarge on, when speaking to the Committee. You must not argue there as if you were arguing in the schools[246]; close reasoning will not fix their attention; you must say the same thing over and over again, in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention. It is unjust, Sir, to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often necessary for them to multiply words[247].' His notion of the duty of a member of Parliament, sitting upon an election-committee[248], was very high; and when he was told of a gentleman upon one of those committees, who read the newspapers part of the time, and slept the rest, while the merits of a vote were examined by the counsel; and as an excuse, when challenged by the chairman for such behaviour, bluntly answered, 'I had made up my mind upon that case;'—Johnson, with an indignant contempt, said, 'If he was such a rogue as to make up his mind upon a case without hearing it, he should not have been such a fool as to

tell it.’ ’I think (said Mr. Dudley Long[249], now North) the Doctor has pretty plainly made him out to be both rogue and fool.’

Page 37

Johnson's profound reverence for the Hierarchy[250] made him expect from bishops the highest degree of decorum; he was offended even at their going to taverns; 'A bishop (said he) has nothing to do at a tippling-house. It is not indeed immoral in him to go to a tavern; neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor-square. But, if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him, and apply the whip to *him*. There are gradations in conduct; there is morality,—decency,—propriety. None of these should be violated by a bishop. A bishop should not go to a house where he may meet a young fellow leading out a wench.' BOSWELL. 'But, Sir, every tavern does not admit women.' JOHNSON. 'Depend upon it, Sir, any tavern will admit a well-drest man and a well-drest woman; they will not perhaps admit a woman whom they see every night walking by their door, in the street. But a well-drest man may lead in a well-drest woman to any tavern in London. Taverns sell meat and drink, and will sell them to any body who can eat and can drink. You may as well say that a mercer will not sell silks to a woman of the town.'

He also disapproved of bishops going to routs, at least of their staying at them longer than their presence commanded respect. He mentioned a particular bishop. 'Poh! (said Mrs. Thrale) the Bishop of ——[251] is never minded at a rout.' BOSWELL. 'When a bishop places himself in a situation where he has no distinct character, and is of no consequence, he degrades the dignity of his order.' JOHNSON. 'Mr. Boswell, Madam, has said it as correctly as it could be.'

Nor was it only in the dignitaries of the Church that Johnson required a particular decorum and delicacy of behaviour; he justly considered that the clergy, as persons set apart for the sacred office of serving at the altar, and impressing the minds of men with the aweful concerns of a future state, should be somewhat more serious than the generality of mankind, and have a suitable composure of manners. A due sense of the dignity of their profession, independent of higher motives, will ever prevent them from losing their distinction in an indiscriminate sociality; and did such as affect this, know how much it lessens them in the eyes of those whom they think to please by it, they would feel themselves much mortified.

Johnson and his friend, Beauclerk, were once together in company with several clergymen, who thought that they should appear to advantage, by assuming the lax jollity of *men of the world;* which, as it may be observed in similar cases, they carried to noisy excess. Johnson, who they expected would be *entertained,* sat grave and silent for some time; at last, turning to Beauclerk, he said, by no means in a whisper, 'This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.'

Even the dress of a clergyman should be in character, and nothing can be more despicable than conceited attempts at avoiding the appearance of the clerical order; attempts, which are as ineffectual as they are pitiful. Dr. Porteus, now Bishop of London, in his excellent charge when presiding over the diocese of Chester, justly

animadverts upon this subject; and observes of a reverend fop, that he ’can be but *half a beau*[252].’

Page 38

Addison, in *The Spectator*[253], has given us a fine portrait of a clergyman, who is supposed to be a member of his *Club*; and Johnson has exhibited a model, in the character of Mr. Mudge[254], which has escaped the collectors of his works, but which he owned to me, and which indeed he shewed to Sir Joshua Reynolds at the time when it was written. It bears the genuine marks of Johnson's best manner, and is as follows[255]:—

'The Reverend Mr. *Zacariah Mudge*, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St. Andrew's in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion and reverenced as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous; and that general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what enquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for, knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success, his *Notes upon the Psalms* give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabick to that of Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted from other studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his *Sermons*[256] were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the publick; but how they were delivered, can be known only to those that heard them; for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained was not negligent, and though forcible was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis, and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish, and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject, without directing it to the speaker.

The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious he was popular; though argumentative he was modest; though inflexible he was candid; and though metaphysical yet orthodox[257].'

On Friday, March 30, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with the Earl of Charlemont, Sir Annesley Stewart, Mr. Eliot of Port-Eliot, Mr. Burke, Dean Marlay, Mr. Langton; a most agreeable day, of which I regret that every circumstance is not preserved; but it is unreasonable to require such a multiplication of felicity.

Page 39

Mr. Eliot, with whom Dr. Walter Harte had travelled[258], talked to us of his *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, which he said was a very good book in the German translation. JOHNSON. 'Harte was excessively vain. He put copies of his book in manuscript into the hands of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Granville, that they might revise it. Now how absurd was it to suppose that two such noblemen would revise so big a manuscript. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson's *History of Scotland*[259]. His husbandry[260], however, is good.' BOSWELL. 'So he was fitter for that than for heroick history: he did well, when he turned his sword into a plough-share.'

Mr. Eliot mentioned a curious liquor peculiar to his country, which the Cornish fishermen drink. They call it *Mahogany*; and it is made of two parts gin, and one part treacle, well beaten together. I begged to have some of it made, which was done with proper skill by Mr. Eliot. I thought it very good liquor; and said it was a counterpart of what is called *Athol Porridge* in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whisky and honey. Johnson said, 'that must be a better liquor than the Cornish, for both its component parts are better.' He also observed, '*Mahogany* must be a modern name; for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country.' I mentioned his scale of liquors[261];—claret for boys—port for men—brandy for heroes. 'Then (said Mr. Burke) let me have claret: I love to be a boy; to have the careless gaiety of boyish days.' JOHNSON. 'I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it, before it has any effect upon you.'

I ventured to mention a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that Dr. Johnson was learning to dance of Vestris[262]. Lord Charlemont, wishing to excite him to talk, proposed in a whisper, that he should be asked, whether it was true. 'Shall I ask him?' said his Lordship. We were, by a great majority, clear for the experiment. Upon which his Lordship very gravely, and with a courteous air said, 'Pray, Sir, is it true that you are taking lessons of Vestris?' This was risking a good deal, and required the boldness of a General of Irish Volunteers to make the attempt. Johnson was at first startled, and in some heat answered, 'How can your Lordship ask so simple a question?' But immediately recovering himself, whether from unwillingness to be deceived, or to appear deceived, or whether from real good humour, he kept up the joke: 'Nay, but if any body were to answer the paragraph, and contradict it, I'd have a reply, and would say, that he who contradicted it was no friend either to Vestris

Page 40

or me. For why should not Dr.[263] Johnson add to his other powers a little corporeal agility? Socrates learnt to dance at an advanced age, and Cato learnt Greek at an advanced age. Then it might proceed to say, that this Johnson, not content with dancing on the ground, might dance on the rope; and they might introduce the elephant dancing on the rope. A nobleman[264] wrote a play, called *Love in a hollow Tree*. He found out that it was a bad one, and therefore wished to buy up all the copies, and burn them. The Duchess of Marlborough had kept one; and when he was against her at an election, she had a new edition of it printed, and prefixed to it, as a frontispiece, an elephant dancing on a rope; to shew, that his Lordship's writing comedy was as aukward as an elephant dancing on a rope[265].'

On Sunday, April 1, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, with Sir Philip Jennings Clerk and Mr. Perkins[266], who had the superintendence of Mr. Thrale's brewery, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year. Sir Philip had the appearance of a gentleman of ancient family, well advanced in life. He wore his own white hair in a bag of goodly size, a black velvet coat, with an embroidered waistcoat, and very rich laced ruffles; which Mrs. Thrale said were old fashioned, but which, for that reason, I thought the more respectable, more like a Tory; yet Sir Philip was then in Opposition in Parliament[267]. 'Ah, Sir, (said Johnson,) ancient ruffles and modern principles do not agree.' Sir Philip defended the Opposition to the American war ably and with temper, and I joined him. He said, the majority of the nation was against the ministry. JOHNSON. '*I*, Sir, am against the ministry[268]; but it is for having too little of that, of which Opposition thinks they have too much. Were I minister, if any man wagged his finger against me, he should be turned out[269]; for that which it is in the power of Government to give at pleasure to one or to another, should be given to the supporters of Government. If you will not oppose at the expence of losing your place, your opposition will not be honest, you will feel no serious grievance; and the present opposition is only a contest to get what others have. Sir Robert Walpole acted as I would do. As to the American war, the *sense* of the nation is *with* the ministry. The majority of those who can *understand* is with it; the majority of those who can only *hear*, is against it; and as those who can only hear are more numerous than those who can understand, and Opposition is always loudest, a majority of the rabble will be for Opposition.'

This boisterous vivacity entertained us; but the truth in my opinion was, that those who could understand the best were against the American war, as almost every man now is, when the question has been coolly considered.

Page 41

Mrs. Thrale gave high praise to Mr. Dudley Long, (now North). JOHNSON. 'Nay, my dear lady, don't talk so. Mr. Long's character is very *short*. It is nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all[270]. I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do: for whenever there is exaggerated praise, every body is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. Now there is Pepys[271]; you praised that man with such disproportion, that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserves[272]. His blood is upon your head[273]. By the same principle, your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet (looking to her with a leering smile) she is the first woman in the world, could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers;—she would be the only woman, could she but command that little whirligig[274].'

Upon the subject of exaggerated praise I took the liberty to say, that I thought there might be very high praise given to a known character which deserved it, and therefore it would not be exaggerated. Thus, one might say of Mr. Edmund Burke, He is a very wonderful man. JOHNSON. 'No, Sir, you would not be safe if another man had a mind perversely to contradict. He might answer, "Where is all the wonder? Burke is, to be sure, a man of uncommon abilities, with a great quantity of matter in his mind, and a great fluency of language in his mouth. But we are not to be stunned and astonished by him." So you see, Sir, even Burke would suffer, not from any fault of his own, but from your folly.'

Mrs. Thrale mentioned a gentleman who had acquired a fortune of four thousand a year in trade, but was absolutely miserable, because he could not talk in company; so miserable, that he was impelled to lament his situation in the street to ——[275], whom he hates, and who he knows despises him. 'I am a most unhappy man (said he). I am invited to conversations. I go to conversations; but, alas! I have no conversation.' JOHNSON. 'Man commonly cannot be successful in different ways. This gentleman has spent, in getting four thousand pounds a year, the time in which he might have learnt to talk; and now he cannot talk.' Mr. Perkins made a shrewd and droll remark: 'If he had got his four thousand a year as a mountebank, he might have learnt to talk at the same time that he was getting his fortune.'

Some other gentlemen came in. The conversation concerning the person whose character Dr. Johnson had treated so slightingly, as he did not know his merit, was resumed. Mrs. Thrale said, 'You think so of him, Sir, because he is quiet, and does not exert himself with force. You'll be saying the same thing of Mr. —— there, who sits as quiet—.' This was not well-bred; and Johnson did not let it pass without correction. 'Nay, Madam, what right have you to talk thus? Both Mr. —— and I have reason to take it ill. *You* may talk so of Mr. ——; but why do you make *me* do it. Have I said anything against Mr. ——? You have *set* him, that I might shoot him: but I have not shot him.'

Page 42

One of the gentlemen said, he had seen three folio volumes of Dr. Johnson's sayings collected by me. 'I must put you right, Sir, (said I;) for I am very exact in authenticity. You could not see folio volumes, for I have none: you might have seen some in quarto and octavo. This is inattention which one should guard against.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is a want of concern about veracity. He does not know that he saw *any* volumes. If he had seen them he could have remembered their size[276].'

Mr. Thrale appeared very lethargick to-day. I saw him again on Monday evening, at which time he was not thought to be in immediate danger; but early in the morning of Wednesday, the 4th[277], he expired[278]. Johnson was in the house, and thus mentions the event: 'I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity[279].' Upon that day there was a Call of the LITERARY CLUB; but Johnson apologised for his absence by the following note:—

'MR. JOHNSON knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other gentlemen will excuse his incompliance with the call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning.' Wednesday.'

Mr. Thrale's death was a very essential loss to Johnson[280], who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale's family afforded him, would now in a great measure cease. He, however continued to shew a kind attention to his widow and children as long as it was acceptable; and he took upon him, with a very earnest concern, the office of one of his executors, the importance of which seemed greater than usual to him, from his circumstances having been always such, that he had scarcely any share in the real business of life[281]. His friends of the CLUB were in hopes that Mr. Thrale might have made a liberal provision for him for his life, which, as Mr. Thrale left no son, and a very large fortune, it would have been highly to his honour to have done; and, considering Dr. Johnson's age, could not have been of long duration; but he bequeathed him only two hundred pounds, which was the legacy given to each of his executors[282]. I could not but be somewhat diverted by hearing Johnson talk in a pompous manner of his new office, and particularly of the concerns of the brewery, which it was at last resolved should be sold[283]. Lord Lucan[284] tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristic: that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an excise-man; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice[285].'

Page 43

On Friday, April 6, he carried me to dine at a club, which, at his desire, had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-yard. He told Mr. Hoole, that he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, 'Don't let them be *patriots*[286].' The company were to-day very sensible, well-behaved men. I have preserved only two particulars of his conversation. He said he was glad Lord George Gordon had escaped[287], rather than that a precedent should be established for hanging a man for *constructive treason*; which, in consistency with his true, manly, constitutional Toryism, he considered would be a dangerous engine of arbitrary power. And upon its being mentioned that an opulent and very indolent Scotch nobleman, who totally resigned the management of his affairs to a man of knowledge and abilities, had claimed some merit by saying, 'The next best thing to managing a man's own affairs well is being sensible of incapacity, and not attempting it, but having full confidence in one who can do it:' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, this is paltry. There is a middle course. Let a man give application; and depend upon it he will soon get above a despicable state of helplessness, and attain the power of acting for himself.'

On Saturday, April 7, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's with Governour Bouchier and Captain Orme, both of whom had been long in the East-Indies; and being men of good sense and observation, were very entertaining. Johnson defended the oriental regulation of different *casts* of men, which was objected to as totally destructive of the hopes of rising in society by personal merit. He shewed that there was a *principle* in it sufficiently plausible by analogy. 'We see (said he) in metals that there are different species; and so likewise in animals, though one species may not differ very widely from another, as in the species of dogs,—the cur, the spaniel, the mastiff. The Bramins are the mastiffs of mankind.'

On Thursday, April 12, I dined with him at a Bishop's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Berrenger, and some more company. He had dined the day before at another Bishop's. I have unfortunately recorded none of his conversation at the Bishop's where we dined together[288]: but I have preserved his ingenious defence of his dining twice abroad in Passion-week[289]; a laxity, in which I am convinced he would not have indulged himself at the time when he wrote his solemn paper in *The Rambler*[290], upon that aweful season. It appeared to me, that by being much more in company, and enjoying more luxurious living, he had contracted a keener relish of pleasure, and was consequently less rigorous in his religious rites. This he would not acknowledge; but he reasoned with admirable sophistry, as follows: 'Why, Sir, a Bishop's calling company together in this week is, to use the vulgar phrase, not *the thing*. But you must consider laxity

Page 44

is a bad thing; but preciseness is also a bad thing; and your general character may be more hurt by preciseness than by dining with a Bishop in Passion-week. There might be a handle for reflection. It might be said, 'He refused to dine with a Bishop in Passion-week, but was three Sundays absent from Church.' BOSWELL. 'Very true, Sir. But suppose a man to be uniformly of good conduct, would it not be better that he should refuse to dine with a Bishop in this week, and so not encourage a bad practice by his example?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, you are to consider whether you might not do more harm by lessening the influence of a Bishop's character by your disapprobation in refusing him, than by going to him.'

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

'DEAR MADAM,

'Life is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order, I think it often my own fault.

'The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another, and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

'I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

'Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends; I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me. I am, dearest love,

'Your most humble servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

'London, April 12, 1781.'

On Friday, April 13, being Good-Friday, I went to St. Clement's church with him as usual. There I saw again his old fellow-collegian, Edwards[291], to whom I said, 'I think, Sir, Dr. Johnson and you meet only at Church.'—'Sir, (said he,) it is the best place we

can meet in, except Heaven, and I hope we shall meet there too.' Dr. Johnson told me, that there was very little communication between Edwards and him, after their unexpected renewal of acquaintance. 'But (said he, smiling) he met me once, and said, "I am told you have written a very pretty book called *The Rambler*." I was unwilling that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set.'

Page 45

Mr. Berrenger[292] visited him to-day, and was very pleasing. We talked of an evening society for conversation at a house in town, of which we were all members, but of which Johnson said, 'It will never do, Sir. There is nothing served about there, neither tea, nor coffee, nor lemonade, nor any thing whatever; and depend upon it, Sir, a man does not love to go to a place from whence he comes out exactly as he went in.' I endeavoured, for argument's sake, to maintain that men of learning and talents might have very good intellectual society, without the aid of any little gratifications of the senses. Berrenger joined with Johnson, and said, that without these any meeting would be dull and insipid. He would therefore have all the slight refreshments; nay, it would not be amiss to have some cold meat, and a bottle of wine upon a side-board. 'Sir, (said Johnson to me, with an air of triumph,) Mr. Berrenger knows the world. Every body loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble. I told Mrs. Thrale once, that as she did not choose to have card tables, she should have a profusion of the best sweetmeats, and she would be sure to have company enough come to her[293].' I agreed with my illustrious friend upon this subject; for it has pleased GOD to make man a composite animal, and where there is nothing to refresh the body, the mind will languish.

On Sunday, April 15, being Easter-day, after solemn worship in St. Paul's church, I found him alone; Dr. Scott of the Commons came in. He talked of its having been said that Addison wrote some of his best papers in *The Spectator* when warm with wine[294]. Dr. Johnson did not seem willing to admit this. Dr. Scott, as a confirmation of it, related, that Blackstone, a sober man, composed his *Commentaries* with a bottle of port before him; and found his mind invigorated and supported in the fatigue of his great work, by a temperate use of it[295].

I told him, that in a company where I had lately been, a desire was expressed to know his authority for the shocking story of Addison's sending an execution into Steele's house[296]. 'Sir, (said he,) it is generally known, it is known to all who are acquainted with the literary history of that period. It is as well known, as that he wrote *Cato*.' Mr. Thomas Sheridan once defended Addison to me, by alledging that he did it in order to cover Steele's goods from other creditors, who were going to seize them.

We talked of the difference between the mode of education at Oxford, and that in those Colleges where instruction is chiefly conveyed by lectures[297]. JOHNSON. 'Lectures were once useful; but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of a lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back as you do upon a book.' Dr. Scott agreed with him. 'But yet (said I), Dr. Scott, you yourself gave lectures at Oxford[298].' He smiled. 'You laughed (then said I) at those who came to you.'

Page 46

Dr. Scott left us, and soon afterwards we went to dinner. Our company consisted of Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, Mr. Levett, Mr. Allen, the printer, and Mrs. Hall[299], sister of the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, and resembling him, as I thought, both in figure and manner. Johnson produced now, for the first time, some handsome silver salvers, which he told me he had bought fourteen years ago; so it was a great day. I was not a little amused by observing Allen perpetually struggling to talk in the manner of Johnson, like the little frog in the fable blowing himself up to resemble the stately ox[300].

I mentioned a kind of religious Robinhood Society[301], which met every Sunday evening, at Coachmakers'-hall, for free debate; and that the subject for this night was, the text which relates, with other miracles, which happened at our SAVIOUR'S death, 'And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many[302].' Mrs. Hall said it was a very curious subject, and she should like to hear it discussed. JOHNSON, (somewhat warmly) 'One would not go to such a place to hear it,—one would not be seen in such a place—to give countenance to such a meeting.' I, however, resolved that I would go. 'But, Sir, (said she to Johnson,) I should like to hear *you* discuss it.' He seemed reluctant to engage in it. She talked of the resurrection of the human race in general, and maintained that we shall be raised with the same bodies. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Madam, we see that it is not to be the same body; for the Scripture uses the illustration of grain sown, and we know that the grain which grows is not the same with what is sown[303]. You cannot suppose that we shall rise with a diseased body; it is enough if there be such a sameness as to distinguish identity of person.' She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he left the question in obscurity.

Of apparitions[304], he observed, 'A total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day; the question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us; a man who thinks he has seen an apparition, can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another, and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means.'

He mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before,—being *called*, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sound uttered by human organs. 'An acquaintance, on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought accounts of that

Page 47

brother's death.' Macbean[305] asserted that this inexplicable *calling* was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call Sam. She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued[306]. This phaenomenon is, I think, as wonderful as any other mysterious fact, which many people are very slow to believe, or rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.

Some time after this, upon his making a remark which escaped my attention, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hall were both together striving to answer him. He grew angry, and called out loudly, 'Nay, when you both speak at once, it is intolerable.' But checking himself, and softening, he said, 'This one may say, though you *are* ladies.' Then he brightened into gay humour, and addressed them in the words of one of the songs in *The Beggar's Opera*[307]:—

'But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.'

'What, Sir, (said I,) are you going to turn Captain Macheath?' There was something as pleasantly ludicrous in this scene as can be imagined. The contrast between Macheath, Polly, and Lucy—and Dr. Samuel Johnson, blind, peevish Mrs. Williams, and lean, lank, preaching Mrs. Hall, was exquisite.

I stole away to Coachmakers'-hall, and heard the difficult text of which we had talked, discussed with great decency, and some intelligence, by several speakers. There was a difference of opinion as to the appearance of ghosts in modern times, though the arguments for it, supported by Mr. Addison's authority[308], preponderated. The immediate subject of debate was embarrassed by the *bodies* of the saints having been said to rise, and by the question what became of them afterwards; did they return again to their graves? or were they translated to heaven? Only one evangelist mentions the fact[309], and the commentators whom I have looked at, do not make the passage clear. There is, however, no occasion for our understanding it farther, than to know that it was one of the extraordinary manifestations of divine power, which accompanied the most important event that ever happened.

On Friday, April 20, I spent with him one of the happiest days that I remember to have enjoyed in the whole course of my life. Mrs. Garrick, whose grief for the loss of her husband was, I believe, as sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce, had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her[310]. The company was Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her Chaplain[311]; Mrs. Boscawen[312], Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi[313], where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him 'who gladdened life[314].' She looked well, talked of her husband with

complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that ’death was now the most agreeable object to her[315].’ The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. Mr. Beauclerk, with happy propriety, inscribed under that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana’s kindness is now the property of my friend Mr. Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakspeare: —

Page 48

’A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (Conceit’s expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished:
So sweet and voluble is his discourse[316].’

We were all in fine spirits; and I whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, ’I believe this is as much as can be made of life.’ In addition to a splendid entertainment, we were regaled with Lichfield ale[317], which had a peculiar appropriated value. Sir Joshua, and Dr. Burney, and I, drank cordially of it to Dr. Johnson’s health; and though he would not join us, he as cordially answered, ’Gentlemen, I wish you all as well as you do me.’

The general effect of this day dwells upon my mind in fond remembrance; but I do not find much conversation recorded. What I have preserved shall be faithfully given.

One of the company mentioned Mr. Thomas Hollis, the strenuous Whig, who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books, with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Mrs. Carter said, ’He was a bad man. He used to talk uncharitably.’ JOHNSON. ’Poh! poh! Madam; who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull poor creature as ever lived: And I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I however slipt away, and escaped it.’

Mrs. Carter having said of the same person, ’I doubt he was an Atheist[318].’ JOHNSON. ’I don’t know that. He might perhaps have become one, if he had had time to ripen, (smiling.) He might have *exuberated* into an Atheist.’

Sir Joshua Reynolds praised *Mudge’s Sermons*[319]. JOHNSON. ’Mudge’s Sermons are good, but not practical. He grasps more sense than he can hold; he takes more corn than he can make into meal; he opens a wide prospect, but it is so distant, it is indistinct. I love *Blair’s Sermons*. Though the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and every thing he should not be, I was the first to praise them[320]. Such was my candour.’ (smiling.) MRS. BOSCAWEN. ’Such his great merit to get the better of all your prejudices.’ JOHNSON. ’Why, Madam, let us compound the matter; let us ascribe it to my candour, and his merit.’

Page 49

In the evening we had a large company in the drawing-room, several ladies, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Percy, Mr. Chamberlayne[321], of the Treasury, &c. &c. Somebody said the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. JOHNSON. 'But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated, without justice; why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life[322]? As *a literary life* it may be very entertaining.' BOSWELL. 'But it must be better surely, when it is diversified with a little active variety— such as his having gone to Jamaica; or—his having gone to the Hebrides.' Johnson was not displeased at this.

Talking of a very respectable authour, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil. REYNOLDS. 'A printer's devil, Sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face and in rags.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir. But I suppose, he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her. (Then looking very serious, and very earnest.) And she did not disgrace him; the woman had a bottom of good sense. The word *bottom* thus introduced, was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotick power, glanced sternly around, and called out in a strong tone, 'Where's the merriment?' Then collecting himself, and looking aweful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, 'I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible;' as if he had said, hear this now, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral[323].

He and I walked away together; we stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him with some emotion that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Ay, Sir, (said he, tenderly) and two such friends as cannot be supplied[324].'

For some time after this day I did not see him very often, and of the conversation which I did enjoy, I am sorry to find I have preserved but little. I was at this time engaged in a variety of other matters, which required exertion and assiduity, and necessarily occupied almost all my time.

One day having spoken very freely of those who were then in power, he said to me, 'Between ourselves, Sir, I do not like to give opposition the satisfaction of knowing how much I disapprove of the ministry.' And when I mentioned that Mr. Burke had boasted how quiet the nation was in George the Second's reign, when Whigs were in power, compared with the present reign, when Tories governed;—'Why, Sir, (said he,) you are to consider that Tories having more reverence for government, will not oppose with the

same violence as Whigs, who being unrestrained by that principle, will oppose by any means.'

Page 50

This month he lost not only Mr. Thrale, but another friend, Mr. William Strahan, Junior, printer, the eldest son of his old and constant friend, Printer to his Majesty.

’TO MRS. STRAHAN.

’DEAR MADAM,

’The grief which I feel for the loss of a very kind friend is sufficient to make me know how much you suffer by the death of an amiable son; a man, of whom I think it may truly be said, that no one knew him who does not lament him. I look upon myself as having a friend, another friend, taken from me.

’Comfort, dear Madam, I would give you if I could, but I know how little the forms of consolation can avail. Let me, however, counsel you not to waste your health in unprofitable sorrow, but go to Bath, and endeavour to prolong your own life; but when we have all done all that we can, one friend must in time lose the other.

’I am, dear Madam,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘April 23, 1781.’

On Tuesday, May 8[325], I had the pleasure of again dining with him and Mr. Wilkes, at Mr. Billy’s[326]. No *negociation* was now required to bring them together; for Johnson was so well satisfied with the former interview, that he was very glad to meet Wilkes again, who was this day seated between Dr. Beattie and Dr. Johnson; (between *Truth*[327] and *Reason*, as General Paoli said, when I told him of it.) WILKES. ’I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, that there should be a bill brought into parliament that the controverted elections for Scotland should be tried in that country, at their own Abbey of Holy-Rood House, and not here; for the consequence of trying them here is, that we have an inundation of Scotchmen, who come up and never go back again. Now here is Boswell, who is come up upon the election for his own county, which will not last a fortnight.’ JOHNSON. ’Nay, Sir, I see no reason why they should be tried at all; for, you know, one Scotchman is as good as another.’ WILKES. ’Pray, Boswell, how much may be got in a year by an Advocate at the Scotch bar?’ BOSWELL. ‘I believe two thousand pounds.’ WlLKES. ’How can it be possible to spend that money in Scotland?’ JOHNSON. ’Why, Sir, the money may be spent in England: but there is a harder question. If one man in Scotland gets possession of two thousand pounds, what remains for all the rest of the nation?’ WILKES. ’You know, in the last war, the immense booty which Thurot[328] carried off by the complete plunder of seven Scotch isles; he re-embarked with *three and six-pence*.’ Here again Johnson and Wilkes joined in

extravagant sportive raillery upon the supposed poverty of Scotland, which Dr. Beattie and I did not think it worth our while to dispute.

The subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry[329]. JOHNSON. 'No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world.' WILKES. 'Upon the continent they all quote the vulgate Bible. Shakspeare is chiefly quoted here; and we quote also Pope, Prior, Butler, Waller, and sometimes Cowley[330].'

Page 51

We talked of Letter-writing. JOHNSON. 'It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters, that in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can.[331]' BOSWELL. 'Do what you will, Sir, you cannot avoid it. Should you even write as ill as you can, your letters would be published as curiosities:

> "Behold a miracle! instead of wit,
> See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ[332]."'

He gave us an entertaining account of *Bet Flint*[333], a woman of the town, who, with some eccentrick talents and much effrontery, forced herself upon his acquaintance. 'Bet (said he) wrote her own Life in verse[334], which she brought to me, wishing that I would furnish her with a Preface to it. (Laughing.) I used to say of her that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally, whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a spinnet on which she played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. Chief Justice ------[335], who loved a wench, summed up favourably, and she was acquitted. After which Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is *my own*, I shall make a petticoat of it.'

Talking of oratory, Mr. Wilkes described it as accompanied with all the charms of poetical expression. JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; oratory is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their place.' WILKES. 'But this does not move the passions.' JOHNSON. 'He must be a weak man, who is to be so moved.' WILKES. (naming a celebrated orator) 'Amidst all the brilliancy of ——'s[336] imagination, and the exuberance of his wit, there is a strange want of *taste*. It was observed of Apelles's Venus[337], that her flesh seemed as if she had been nourished by roses: his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky.'

Mr. Wilkes observed, how tenacious we are of forms in this country, and gave as an instance, the vote of the House of Commons for remitting money to pay the army in America *in Portugal pieces*[338], when, in reality, the remittance is made not in Portugal money, but in our own specie. JOHNSON. 'Is there not a law, Sir, against exporting the current coin of the realm?' WILKES. 'Yes, Sir: but might not the House of Commons, in case of real evident necessity, order our own current coin to be sent into our own colonies?' Here Johnson, with that quickness of recollection which distinguished him so eminently, gave the *Middlesex Patriot* an admirable retort upon his own ground. 'Sure, Sir, *you* don't think a *resolution of the House of Commons* equal to *the law of the land*[339].' WILKES. (at once perceiving the application) 'GOD forbid, Sir.' To hear what had been treated with such violence in *The False Alarm*, now turned into pleasant repartee, was extremely agreeable. Johnson went on;—'Locke observes well, that a prohibition to export the current coin is impolitick; for when the balance of trade happens to be against a state, the current coin must be exported[340].'

Page 52

Mr. Beauclerk's great library[341] was this season sold in London by auction. Mr. Wilkes said, he wondered to find in it such a numerous collection of sermons; seeming to think it strange that a gentleman of Mr. Beauclerk's character in the gay world should have chosen to have many compositions of that kind. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, you are to consider, that sermons make a considerable branch of English literature[342]; so that a library must be very imperfect if it has not a numerous collection of sermons[343]: and in all collections, Sir, the desire of augmenting it grows stronger in proportion to the advance in acquisition; as motion is accelerated by the continuance of the *impetus*. Besides, Sir, (looking at Mr. Wilkes with a placid but significant smile) a man may collect sermons with intention of making himself better by them. I hope Mr. Beauclerk intended, that some time or other that should be the case with him.'

Mr. Wilkes said to me, loud enough for Dr. Johnson to hear, 'Dr. Johnson should make me a present of his *Lives of the Poets*, as I am a poor patriot, who cannot afford to buy them.' Johnson seemed to take no notice of this hint; but in a little while, he called to Mr. Dilly, 'Pray, Sir, be so good as to send a set of my *Lives* to Mr. Wilkes, with my compliments.' This was accordingly done; and Mr. Wilkes paid Dr. Johnson a visit, was courteously received, and sat with him a long time.

The company gradually dropped away. Mr. Dilly himself was called down stairs upon business; I left the room for some time; when I returned, I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq., literally *tete-a-tete*; for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of confidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia[344]. Such a scene of perfectly easy sociality between two such opponents in the war of political controversy, as that which I now beheld, would have been an excellent subject for a picture. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in Scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid[345].

After this day there was another pretty long interval, during which Dr. Johnson and I did not meet. When I mentioned it to him with regret, he was pleased to say, 'Then, Sir, let us live double.'

About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs*, the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet[346], whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed, that he wore blue stockings[347]. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;' and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-stocking Club*, in her *Bas Bleu*[348], a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.

Page 53

Johnson was prevailed with to come sometimes into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton[349] (now Countess of Corke), who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the Sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetick. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure (said she) they have affected *me*.' 'Why (said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about,) that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce[350].' When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness; 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.'

Another evening Johnson's kind indulgence towards me had a pretty difficult trial. I had dined at the Duke of Montrose's with a very agreeable party, and his Grace, according to his usual custom, had circulated the bottle very freely. Lord Graham[351] and I went together to Miss Monckton's, where I certainly was in extraordinary spirits, and above all fear or awe. In the midst of a great number of persons of the first rank, amongst whom I recollect with confusion, a noble lady of the most stately decorum, I placed myself next to Johnson, and thinking myself now fully his match, talked to him in a loud and boisterous manner, desirous to let the company know how I could contend with *Ajax*. I particularly remember pressing him upon the value of the pleasures of the imagination, and as an illustration of my argument, asking him, 'What, Sir, supposing I were to fancy that the—(naming the most charming Duchess in his Majesty's dominions) were in love with me, should I not be very happy?' My friend with much address evaded my interrogatories, and kept me as quiet as possible; but it may easily be conceived how he must have felt[352]. However, when a few days afterwards I waited upon him and made an apology, he behaved with the most friendly gentleness[353].

While I remained in London this year[354], Johnson and I dined together at several places. I recollect a placid day at Dr. Butter's[355], who had now removed from Derby to Lower Grosvenor-street, London; but of his conversation on that and other occasions during this period, I neglected to keep any regular record[356], and shall therefore insert here some miscellaneous articles which I find in my Johnsonian notes.

His disorderly habits, when 'making provision for the day that was passing over him[357],' appear from the following anecdote, communicated to me by Mr. John Nichols:—'In the year 1763, a young bookseller, who was an apprentice to Mr. Whiston, waited on him with a subscription to his *Shakspeare*: and observing that the Doctor made no entry in any book of the subscriber's name, ventured diffidently to ask, whether he would please to have the gentleman's address, that it might be properly inserted in the printed list of subscribers. '*I shall print no list of subscribers*;' said Johnson, with great abruptness: but almost immediately recollecting himself, added, very complacently, 'Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers; —one, that I have lost all the names,—the other, that I have spent all the money.'

Page 54

Johnson could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument, even when he had taken the wrong side, to shew the force and dexterity of his talents. When, therefore, he perceived that his opponent gained ground, he had recourse to some sudden mode of robust sophistry. Once when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped me thus:—'My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you'll make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune.'

Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he 'talked for victory[358],' and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. 'One of Johnson's principal talents (says an eminent friend of his)[359] was shewn in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth. If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering.'

He had, however, all his life habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigour and skill[360]; and to this, I think, we may venture to ascribe that unexampled richness and brilliancy which appeared in his own. As a proof at once of his eagerness for colloquial distinction, and his high notion of this eminent friend, he once addressed him thus:-'——, we now have been several hours together; and you have said but one thing for which I envied you.'

He disliked much all speculative desponding considerations, which tended to discourage men from diligence and exertion. He was in this like Dr. Shaw, the great traveller[361], who Mr. Daines Barrington[362] told me, used to say, 'I hate a *cui bono* man.' Upon being asked by a friend[363] what he should think of a man who was apt to say *non est tanti*;-'That he's a stupid fellow, Sir; (answered Johnson): What would these *tanti* men be doing the while?' When I in a low-spirited fit, was talking to him with indifference of the pursuits which generally engage us in a course of action, and inquiring a *reason* for taking so much trouble; 'Sir (said he, in an animated tone) it is driving on the system of life.'

He told me, that he was glad that I had, by General Oglethorpe's means, become acquainted with Dr. Shebbeare. Indeed that gentleman, whatever objections were made to him, had knowledge and abilities much above the class of ordinary writers, and deserves to be remembered as a respectable name in literature, were it only for his admirable *Letters on the English Nation*, under the name of 'Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit[364].'

Johnson and Shebbeare[365] were frequently named together, as having in former reigns had no predilection for the family of Hanover. The authour of the celebrated *Heroick Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, introduces them in one line, in a list of those 'who tasted the sweets of his present Majesty's reign[366].' Such was Johnson's candid

relish of the merit of that satire, that he allowed Dr. Goldsmith, as he told me, to read it to him from beginning to end, and did not refuse his praise to its execution[367].

Page 55

Goldsmith could sometimes take adventurous liberties with him, and escape unpunished. Beauclerk told me that when Goldsmith talked of a project for having a third Theatre in London, solely for the exhibition of new plays, in order to deliver authours from the supposed tyranny of managers, Johnson treated it slightingly; upon which Goldsmith said, 'Ay, ay, this may be nothing to you, who can now shelter yourself behind the corner of a pension;' and that Johnson bore this with good-humour.

Johnson praised the Earl of Carlisle's Poems[368], which his Lordship had published with his name, as not disdaining to be a candidate for literary fame. My friend was of opinion, that when a man of rank appeared in that character, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed[369]. In this I think he was more liberal than Mr. William Whitehead[370], in his *Elegy to Lord Villiers*, in which under the pretext of 'superiour toils, demanding all their care,' he discovers a jealousy of the great paying their court to the Muses:—

'------to the chosen few
Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford,
Their arts, their magick powers, with honours due
Exalt;—but be thyself what they record[371].'

Johnson had called twice on the Bishop of Killaloe[372] before his Lordship set out for Ireland, having missed him the first time. He said, 'It would have hung heavy on my heart if I had not seen him. No man ever paid more attention to another than he has done to me[373]; and I have neglected him, not wilfully, but from being otherwise occupied. Always, Sir, set a high value on spontaneous kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord, will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you.'

Johnson told me, that he was once much pleased to find that a carpenter, who lived near him, was very ready to shew him some things in his business which he wished to see: 'It was paying (said he) respect to literature.'

I asked him if he was not dissatisfied with having so small a share of wealth, and none of those distinctions in the state which are the objects of ambition. He had only a pension of three hundred a year. Why was he not in such circumstances as to keep his coach? Why had he not some considerable office? JOHNSON, 'Sir, I have never complained of the world[374]; nor do I think that I have reason to complain. It is rather to be wondered at that I have so much. My pension is more out of the usual course of things than any instance that I have known. Here, Sir, was a man avowedly no friend to Government at the time, who got a pension without asking for it. I never courted the great; they sent for me; but I think they now give me up. They are satisfied; they have seen enough of me.' Upon my observing that I could not believe this, for they must

certainly be highly pleased by his conversation; conscious of his own superiority, he answered, ’No, Sir;

Page 56

great lords and great ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped[375].' This was very expressive of the effect which the force of his understanding and brilliancy of his fancy could not but produce; and, to be sure, they must have found themselves strangely diminished in his company. When I warmly declared how happy I was at all times to hear him;—'Yes, Sir, (said he); but if you were Lord Chancellor, it would not be so: you would then consider your own dignity.'

There was much truth and knowledge of human nature in this remark. But certainly one should think, that in whatever elevated state of life a man who *knew* the value of the conversation of Johnson might be placed, though he might prudently avoid a situation in which he might appear lessened by comparison; yet he would frequently gratify himself in private with the participation of the rich intellectual entertainment which Johnson could furnish. Strange, however, it is, to consider how few of the great sought his society[376]; so that if one were disposed to take occasion for satire on that account, very conspicuous objects present themselves. His noble friend, Lord Elibank, well observed, that if a great man procured an interview with Johnson, and did not wish to see him more, it shewed a mere idle curiosity, and a wretched want of relish for extraordinary powers of mind[377]. Mrs. Thrale justly and wittily accounted for such conduct by saying, that Johnson's conversation was by much too strong for a person accustomed to obsequiousness and flattery; it was *mustard in a young child's mouth!*

One day, when I told him that I was a zealous Tory, but not enough 'according to knowledge[378],' and should be obliged to him for 'a reason[379],' he was so candid, and expressed himself so well, that I begged of him to repeat what he had said, and I wrote down as follows:—

OF TORY AND WHIG.

'A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree[380]. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes government unintelligible: it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable: he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man. The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment; the prejudice of the Whig is for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to Government; but that Government should have more reverence. Then they differ as to the Church. The Tory is not for giving more legal power to the Clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence, founded on the opinion of mankind; the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy.'

To MR. PERKINS.

'SIR,

However often I have seen you, I have hitherto forgotten the note, but I have now sent it: with my good wishes for the prosperity of you and your partner[381], of whom, from our short conversation, I could not judge otherwise than favourably.

Page 57

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

June 2, 1781.'

On Saturday, June 2, I set out for Scotland, and had promised to pay a visit in my way, as I sometimes did, at Southill, in Bedfordshire, at the hospitable mansion of 'Squire Dilly, the elder brother of my worthy friends, the booksellers, in the Poultry. Dr. Johnson agreed to be of the party this year, with Mr. Charles Dilly and me, and to go and see Lord Bute's seat at Luton Hoe. He talked little to us in the carriage, being chiefly occupied in reading Dr. Watson's[382] second volume of *Chemical Essays*[383], which he liked very well, and his own *Prince of Abyssinia*, on which he seemed to be intensely fixed; having told us, that he had not looked at it since it was first published. I happened to take it out of my pocket this day, and he seized upon it with avidity. He pointed out to me the following remarkable passage[384]:—

'By what means (said the prince) are the Europeans thus powerful; or why, since they can so easily visit Asia and Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiaticks and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carries them back would bring us thither.' 'They are more powerful, Sir, than we, (answered Imlac,) because they are wiser. Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reason can be given, but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being.'

He said, 'This, Sir, no man can explain otherwise.'

We stopped at Welwyn, where I wished much to see, in company with Dr. Johnson, the residence of the authour of *Night Thoughts*, which was then possessed by his son, Mr. Young. Here some address was requisite, for I was not acquainted with Mr. Young, and had I proposed to Dr. Johnson that we should send to him, he would have checked my wish, and perhaps been offended. I therefore concerted with Mr. Dilly, that I should steal away from Dr. Johnson and him, and try what reception I could procure from Mr. Young; if unfavourable, nothing was to be said; but if agreeable, I should return and notify it to them. I hastened to Mr. Young's, found he was at home, sent in word that a gentleman desired to wait upon him, and was shewn into a parlour, where he and a young lady, his daughter, were sitting. He appeared to be a plain, civil, country gentleman; and when I begged pardon for presuming to trouble him, but that I wished much to see his place, if he would give me leave; he behaved very courteously, and answered, 'By all means, Sir; we are just going to drink tea; will you sit down?' I thanked him, but said, that Dr. Johnson had come with me from London, and I must return to the

inn and drink tea with him; that my name was Boswell, I had travelled with him in the Hebrides. 'Sir, (said he)

Page 58

I should think it a great honour to see Dr. Johnson here. Will you allow me to send for him?' Availing myself of this opening, I said that 'I would go myself and bring him, when he had drunk tea; he knew nothing of my calling here.' Having been thus successful, I hastened back to the inn, and informed Dr. Johnson that 'Mr. Young, son of Dr. Young, the authour of *Night Thoughts*, whom I had just left, desired to have the honour of seeing him at the house where his father lived.' Dr. Johnson luckily made no inquiry how this invitation had arisen, but agreed to go, and when we entered Mr. Young's parlour, he addressed him with a very polite bow, 'Sir, I had a curiosity to come and see this place. I had the honour to know that great man[385], your father.' We went into the garden, where we found a gravel walk, on each side of which was a row of trees, planted by Dr. Young, which formed a handsome Gothick arch; Dr. Johnson called it a fine grove. I beheld it with reverence.

We sat some time in the summer-house, on the outside wall of which was inscribed, *'Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei*[386];' and in reference to a brook by which it is situated, *'Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam*[387],' &c. I said to Mr. Young, that I had been told his father was cheerful[388]. 'Sir, (said he) he was too well-bred a man not to be cheerful in company; but he was gloomy when alone. He never was cheerful after my mother's death, and he had met with many disappointments.' Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, 'That this was no favourable account of Dr. Young; for it is not becoming in a man to have so little acquiescence in the ways of Providence, as to be gloomy because he has not obtained as much preferment as he expected[389]; nor to continue gloomy for the loss of his wife. Grief has its time[390].' The last part of this censure was theoretically made. Practically, we know that grief for the loss of a wife may be continued very long, in proportion as affection has been sincere. No man knew this better than Dr. Johnson.

We went into the church, and looked at the monument erected by Mr. Young to his father. Mr. Young mentioned an anecdote, that his father had received several thousand pounds of subscription-money for his *Universal Passion*, but had lost it in the South-Sea[391]. Dr. Johnson thought this must be a mistake; for he had never seen a subscription-book.

Upon the road we talked of the uncertainty of profit with which authours and booksellers engage in the publication of literary works. JOHNSON. 'My judgement I have found is no certain rule as to the sale of a book.' BOSWELL. 'Pray, Sir, have you been much plagued with authours sending you their works to revise?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; I have been thought a sour, surly fellow.' BOSWELL. 'Very lucky for you, Sir,—in that respect.' I must however observe, that notwithstanding what he now said, which he no doubt imagined at the time to be the fact, there was, perhaps, no man who more frequently yielded to the solicitations even of very obscure authours, to read their manuscripts, or more liberally assisted them with advice and correction[392].

Page 59

He found himself very happy at ’Squire Dilly’s, where there is always abundance of excellent fare, and hearty welcome.

On Sunday, June 3, we all went to Southill church, which is very near to Mr. Dilly’s house. It being the first Sunday of the month, the holy sacrament was administered, and I staid to partake of it. When I came afterwards into Dr. Johnson’s room, he said, ’You did right to stay and receive the communion; I had not thought of it.’ This seemed to imply that he did not choose to approach the altar without a previous preparation, as to which good men entertain different opinions, some holding that it is irreverent to partake of that ordinance without considerable premeditation; others, that whoever is a sincere Christian, and in a proper frame of mind to discharge any other ritual duty of our religion, may, without scruple, discharge this most solemn one. A middle notion I believe to be the just one, which is, that communicants need not think a long train of preparatory forms indispensibly necessary; but neither should they rashly and lightly venture upon so aweful and mysterious an institution. Christians must judge each for himself, what degree of retirement and self-examination is necessary upon each occasion.

Being in a frame of mind which, I hope for the felicity of human nature, many experience,—in fine weather,—at the country house of a friend,—consoled and elevated by pious exercises,—I expressed myself with an unrestrained fervour to my ’Guide, Philosopher, and Friend[393];’ ’My dear Sir, I would fain be a good man; and I am very good now[394]. I fear GOD, and honour the King, I wish to do no ill, and to be benevolent to all mankind.’ He looked at me with a benignant indulgence; but took occasion to give me wise and salutary caution. ’Do not, Sir, accustom yourself to trust to *impressions*. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy, of which many are conscious[395]. By trusting to impressions, a man may gradually come to yield to them, and at length be subject to them, so as not to be a free agent, or what is the same thing in effect, to *suppose* that he is not a free agent. A man who is in that state, should not be suffered to live; if he declares he cannot help acting in a particular way, and is irresistibly impelled, there can be no confidence in him, no more than in a tyger. But, Sir, no man believes himself to be impelled irresistibly; we know that he who says he believes it, lies. Favourable impressions at particular moments, as to the state of our souls, may be deceitful and dangerous. In general no man can be sure of his acceptance with God; some, indeed, may have had it revealed to them. St. Paul, who wrought miracles, may have had a miracle wrought on himself, and may have obtained supernatural assurance of pardon, and mercy, and beatitude; yet St. Paul, though he expresses strong hope, also expresses fear, lest having preached to others, he himself should be a cast-away[396].’

Page 60

The opinion of a learned Bishop of our acquaintance, as to there being merit in religious faith, being mentioned;—JOHNSON. 'Why, yes, Sir, the most licentious man, were hell open before him, would not take the most beautiful strumpet to his arms. We must, as the Apostle says, live by faith, not by sight[397].'

I talked to him of original sin[398], in consequence of the fall of man, and of the atonement made by our SAVIOUR. After some conversation, which he desired me to remember, he, at my request, dictated to me as follows:—

'With respect to original sin, the inquiry is not necessary; for whatever is the cause of human corruption, men are evidently and confessedly so corrupt, that all the laws of heaven and earth are insufficient to restrain them from crimes.

'Whatever difficulty there may be in the conception of vicarious punishments, it is an opinion which has had possession of mankind in all ages. There is no nation that has not used the practice of sacrifices. Whoever, therefore, denies the propriety of vicarious punishments, holds an opinion which the sentiments and practice of mankind have contradicted, from the beginning of the world. The great sacrifice for the sins of mankind was offered at the death of the MESSIAH, who is called in scripture "The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins[399] of the world." To judge of the reasonableness of the scheme of redemption, it must be considered as necessary to the government of the universe, that GOD should make known his perpetual and irreconcileable detestation of moral evil. He might indeed punish, and punish only the offenders; but as the end of punishment is not revenge of crimes, but propagation of virtue, it was more becoming the Divine clemency to find another manner of proceeding, less destructive to man, and at least equally powerful to promote goodness. The end of punishment is to reclaim and warn. *That* punishment will both reclaim and warn, which shews evidently such abhorrence of sin in GOD, as may deter us from it, or strike us with dread of vengeance when we have committed it. This is effected by vicarious punishment. Nothing could more testify the opposition between the nature of GOD and moral evil, or more amply display his justice, to men and angels, to all orders and successions of beings, than that it was necessary for the highest and purest nature, even for DIVINITY itself, to pacify the demands of vengeance, by a painful death; of which the natural effect will be, that when justice is appeased, there is a proper place for the exercise of mercy; and that such propitiation shall supply, in some degree, the imperfections of our obedience, and the inefficacy of our repentance: for, obedience and repentance, such as we can perform, are still necessary. Our SAVIOUR has told us, that he did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill; to fulfill the typical law, by the performance of what those types had foreshewn; and the moral law, by precepts of greater purity and higher exaltation.'

Page 61

[Here he said, ‘GOD bless you with it.’ I acknowledged myself much obliged to him; but I begged that he would go on as to the propitiation being the chief object of our most holy faith. He then dictated this one other paragraph.]

’The peculiar doctrine of Christianity is, that of an universal sacrifice, and perpetual propitiation. Other prophets only proclaimed the will and the threatenings of GOD. CHRIST satisfied his justice[400].’

The Reverend Mr. Palmer[401], Fellow of Queen’s College, Cambridge, dined with us. He expressed a wish that a better provision were made for parish-clerks. JOHNSON. ’Yes, Sir, a parish-clerk should be a man who is able to make a will, or write a letter for any body in the parish.’

I mentioned Lord Monboddo’s notion[402] that the ancient Egyptians, with all their learning, and all their arts, were not only black, but woolly-haired. Mr. Palmer asked how did it appear upon examining the mummies? Dr. Johnson approved of this test[403].

Although upon most occasions[404] I never heard a more strenuous advocate for the advantages of wealth, than Dr. Johnson: he this day, I know not from what caprice, took the other side. ’I have not observed (said he) that men of very large fortunes enjoy any thing extraordinary that makes happiness. What has the Duke of Bedford? What has the Duke of Devonshire? The only great instance that I have ever known of the enjoyment of wealth was, that of Jamaica Dawkins, who, going to visit Palmyra, and hearing that the way was infested by robbers, hired a troop of Turkish horse to guard him[405].’

Dr. Gibbons[406], the Dissenting minister, being mentioned, he said, ’I took to Dr. Gibbons.’ And addressing himself to Mr. Charles Dilly, added, ’I shall be glad to see him. Tell him, if he’ll call on me, and dawdle[407] over a dish of tea in an afternoon, I shall take it kind.’

The Reverend Mr. Smith, Vicar of Southill, a very respectable man, with a very agreeable family, sent an invitation to us to drink tea. I remarked Dr. Johnson’s very respectful[408] politeness. Though always fond of changing the scene, he said, ’We must have Mr. Dilly’s leave. We cannot go from your house, Sir, without your permission.’ We all went, and were well satisfied with our visit. I however remember nothing particular, except a nice distinction which Dr. Johnson made with respect to the power of memory, maintaining that forgetfulness was a man’s own fault[409]. ’To remember and to recollect (said he) are different things. A man has not the power to recollect what is not in his mind; but when a thing is in his mind he may remember it.’ The remark was occasioned by my leaning back on a chair, which a little before I had perceived to be broken, and pleading forgetfulness as an excuse. ’Sir, (said he,) its being broken was certainly in your mind[410].’

When I observed that a housebreaker was in general very timorous; JOHNSON. 'No wonder, Sir; he is afraid of being shot getting *into* a house, or hanged when he has got *out* of it.'

Page 62

He told us, that he had in one day written six sheets of a translation from the French[411], adding, 'I should be glad to see it now. I wish that I had copies of all the pamphlets written against me, as it is said Pope had. Had I known that I should make so much noise in the world, I should have been at pains to collect them. I believe there is hardly a day in which there is not something about me in the newspapers.'

On Monday, June 4, we all went to Luton-Hoe, to see Lord Bute's magnificent seat[412], for which I had obtained a ticket. As we entered the park, I talked in a high style of my old friendship with Lord Mountstuart[413], and said, 'I shall probably be much at this place.' The Sage, aware of human vicissitudes, gently checked me: 'Don't you be too sure of that.' He made two or three peculiar observations; as when shewn the botanical garden, 'Is not every garden a botanical garden?' When told that there was a shrubbery to the extent of several miles: 'That is making a very foolish use of the ground; a little of it is very well.' When it was proposed that we should walk on the pleasure-ground; 'Don't let us fatigue ourselves. Why should we walk there? Here's a fine tree, let's get to the top of it.' But upon the whole, he was very much pleased. He said, 'This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately place, indeed; in the house magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience, nor convenience to magnificence. The library is very splendid: the dignity of the rooms is very great; and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation, beyond hope.'

It happened without any previous concert, that we visited the seat of Lord Bute upon the King's birthday; we dined and drank his Majesty's health at an inn, in the village of Luton.

In the evening I put him in mind of his promise to favour me with a copy of his celebrated Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, and he was at last pleased to comply with this earnest request, by dictating it to me from his memory; for he believed that he himself had no copy[414]. There was an animated glow in his countenance while he thus recalled his high-minded indignation.

He laughed heartily at a ludicrous action in the Court of Session, in which I was Counsel. The Society of *Procurators*, or Attornies, entitled to practise in the inferiour courts at Edinburgh, had obtained a royal charter, in which they had taken care to have their ancient designation of Procurators changed into that of *Solicitors*, from a notion, as they supposed, that it was more genteel[415]; and this new title they displayed by a publick advertisement for a *General Meeting* at their HALL.

It has been said, that the Scottish nation is not distinguished for humour; and, indeed, what happened on this occasion may in some degree justify the remark: for although this society had contrived to make themselves a very prominent object for the ridicule of such as might stoop to it, the only joke to which it gave rise, was the following paragraph, sent to the newspaper called *The Caledonian Mercury*:—

Page 63

’A correspondent informs us, that the Worshipful Society of *Chaldeans*, *Cadies*[416], or *Running Stationers* of this city are resolved, in imitation, and encouraged by the singular success of their brethren, of an equally respectable Society, to apply for a Charter of their Privileges, particularly of the sole privilege of PROCURING, in the most extensive sense of the word[417], exclusive of chairmen, porters, penny-post men, and other *inferiour* ranks; their brethren the R—Y—L S—LL—RS, *alias* P—C—RS, *before the* INFERIOUR Courts of this City, always excepted.

’Should the Worshipful Society be successful, they are farther resolved not to be *puffed up* thereby, but to demean themselves with more equanimity and decency than their *R—y—l, learned*, and *very modest* brethren above mentioned have done, upon their late dignification and exaltation.’

A majority of the members of the Society prosecuted Mr. Robertson, the publisher of the paper, for damages; and the first judgement of the whole Court very wisely dismissed the action: *Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis*[418]. But a new trial or review was granted upon a petition, according to the forms in Scotland. This petition I was engaged to answer, and Dr. Johnson with great alacrity furnished me this evening with what follows:—

’All injury is either of the person, the fortune, or the fame. Now it is a certain thing, it is proverbially known, that *a jest breaks no bones*. They never have gained half-a-crown less in the whole profession since this mischievous paragraph has appeared; and, as to their reputation, What is their reputation but an instrument of getting money? If, therefore, they have lost no money, the question upon reputation may be answered by a very old position,—*De minimis non curat Praetor*.

’Whether there was, or was not, an *animus injuriandi*, is not worth inquiring, if no *injuria* can be proved. But the truth is, there was no *animus injuriandi*. It was only an *animus irritandi[419]*, which, happening to be exercised upon a *genus irritabile*, produced unexpected violence of resentment. Their irritability arose only from an opinion of their own importance, and their delight in their new exaltation. What might have been borne by a *Procurator* could not be borne by a *Solicitor*. Your Lordships well know, that *honores mutant mores*. Titles and dignities play strongly on the fancy. As a madman is apt to think himself grown suddenly great, so he that grows suddenly great is apt to borrow a little from the madman. To co-operate with their resentment would be to promote their phrenzy; nor is it possible to guess to what they might proceed, if to the new title of Solicitor, should be added the elation of victory and triumph.

’We consider your Lordships as the protectors of our rights, and the guardians of our virtues; but believe it not included in your high office, that you should flatter our vices, or solace our vanity: and, as vanity only dictates this prosecution, it is humbly hoped your Lordships will dismiss it.

Page 64

’If every attempt, however light or ludicrous, to lessen another’s reputation, is to be punished by a judicial sentence, what punishment can be sufficiently severe for him who attempts to diminish the reputation of the Supreme Court of Justice, by reclaiming upon a cause already determined, without any change in the state of the question? Does it not imply hopes that the Judges will change their opinion? Is not uncertainty and inconstancy in the highest degree disreputable to a Court? Does it not suppose, that the former judgement was temerarious or negligent? Does it not lessen the confidence of the publick? Will it not be said, that *jus est aut incognitum aut vagum?* and will not the consequence be drawn, *misera est servitus[420]?* Will not the rules of action be obscure? Will not he who knows himself wrong to-day, hope that the Courts of Justice will think him right to-morrow? Surely, my Lords, these are attempts of dangerous tendency, which the Solicitors, as men versed in the law, should have foreseen and avoided. It was natural for an ignorant printer to appeal from the Lord Ordinary; but from lawyers, the descendants of lawyers, who have practised for three hundred years, and have now raised themselves to a higher denomination, it might be expected, that they should know the reverence due to a judicial determination; and, having been once dismissed, should sit down in silence.’

I am ashamed to mention, that the Court, by a plurality of voices, without having a single additional circumstance before them, reversed their own judgement, made a serious matter of this dull and foolish joke, and adjudged Mr. Robertson to pay to the Society five pounds (sterling money) and costs of suit. The decision will seem strange to English lawyers.

On Tuesday, June 5, Johnson was to return to London. He was very pleasant at breakfast; I mentioned a friend of mine having resolved never to marry a pretty woman. JOHNSON. ’Sir, it is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, Sir, I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended: she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all.’

I accompanied him in Mr. Dilly’s chaise to Shefford, where talking of Lord Bute’s never going to Scotland, he said, ’As an Englishman, I should wish all the Scotch gentlemen should be educated in England; Scotland would become a province; they would spend all their rents in England.’ This is a subject of much consequence, and much delicacy. The advantage of an English education is unquestionably very great to Scotch gentlemen of talents and ambition; and regular visits to Scotland, and perhaps other

Page 65

means, might be effectually used to prevent them from being totally estranged from their native country, any more than a Cumberland or Northumberland gentleman who has been educated in the South of England. I own, indeed, that it is no small misfortune for Scotch gentlemen, who have neither talents nor ambition, to be educated in England, where they may be perhaps distinguished only by a nick-name, lavish their fortune in giving expensive entertainments to those who laugh at them, and saunter about as mere idle insignificant hangers on even upon the foolish great; when if they had been judiciously brought up at home, they might have been comfortable and creditable members of society.

At Shefford I had another affectionate parting from my revered friend, who was taken up by the Bedford coach and carried to the metropolis. I went with Messieurs Dilly, to see some friends at Bedford; dined with the officers of the militia of the county, and next day proceeded on my journey.

’To BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’How welcome your account of yourself and your invitation to your new house was to me, I need not tell you, who consider our friendship not only as formed by choice, but as matured by time. We have been now long enough acquainted to have many images in common, and therefore to have a source of conversation which neither the learning nor the wit of a new companion can supply.

’My *Lives* are now published; and if you will tell me whither I shall send them, that they may come to you, I will take care that you shall not be without them.

’You will, perhaps, be glad to hear, that Mrs. Thrale is disencumbered of her brewhouse; and that it seemed to the purchaser so far from an evil, that he was content to give for it an hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Is the nation ruined?

’Please to make my respectful compliments to Lady Rothes, and keep me in the memory of all the little dear family, particularly pretty Mrs. Jane.[421]

’I am, Sir,

’Your affectionate humble servant, ‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Bolt-Court, June 16, 1781.’

Johnson’s charity to the poor was uniform and extensive, both from inclination and principle. He not only bestowed liberally out of his own purse, but what is more difficult

as well as rare, would beg from others, when he had proper objects in view. This he did judiciously as well as humanely. Mr. Philip Metcalfe[422] tells me, that when he has asked him for some money for persons in distress, and Mr. Metcalfe has offered what Johnson thought too much, he insisted on taking less, saying 'No, no, Sir; we must not *pamper* them.'

I am indebted to Mr. Malone, one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's executors, for the following note, which was found among his papers after his death, and which, we may presume, his unaffected modesty prevented him from communicating to me with the other letters from Dr. Johnson with which he was pleased to furnish me. However slight in itself, as it does honour to that illustrious painter, and most amiable man, I am happy to introduce it.

Page 66

’To SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. ’DEAR SIR,

’It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

’I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and most humble servant, SAM, JOHNSON. June 23, 1781.’

’To THOMAS ASTLE, Esq.[423]

’SIR,

’I am ashamed that you have been forced to call so often for your books, but it has been by no fault on either side. They have never been out of my hands, nor have I ever been at home without seeing you; for to see a man so skilful in the antiquities of my country, is an opportunity of improvement not willingly to be missed.

’Your notes on Alfred[424] appear to me very judicious and accurate, but they are too few. Many things familiar to you, are unknown to me, and to most others; and you must not think too favourably of your readers: by supposing them knowing, you will leave them ignorant. Measure of land, and value of money, it is of great importance to state with care. Had the Saxons any gold coin?

’I have much curiosity after the manners and transactions of the middle ages, but have wanted either diligence or opportunity, or both. You, Sir, have great opportunities, and I wish you both diligence and success.

‘I am, Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON. July 17, 1781.’

The following curious anecdote I insert in Dr. Burney’s own words:—

’Dr. Burney related to Dr. Johnson the partiality which his writings had excited in a friend of Dr. Burney’s, the late Mr. Bewley, well known in Norfolk by the name of the *Philosopher of Massingham*[425]: who, from the *Ramblers* and Plan of his *Dictionary*, and long before the authour’s fame was established by the *Dictionary* itself, or any other work, had conceived such a reverence for him, that he urgently begged Dr. Burney to give him the cover of the first letter he had received from him, as a relick of so estimable a writer. This was in 1755. In 1760[426], when Dr. Burney visited Dr. Johnson at the Temple in London, where he had then Chambers, he happened to arrive there before he was up; and being shewn into the room where he was to breakfast, finding himself alone, he examined the contents of the apartment, to try whether he could undiscovered steal any thing to send to his friend Bewley, as another relick of the admirable Dr. Johnson. But finding nothing better to his purpose, he cut some bristles off his hearth-broom, and enclosed them in a letter to his country enthusiast, who received them with

due reverence. The Doctor was so sensible of the honour done him by a man of genius and science, to whom he was an utter stranger, that he said to Dr. Burney, “Sir, there is no man possessed of the smallest portion of modesty, but must be flattered with the admiration of such a man. I’ll give him a set of my *Lives*, if he will do me the honour to accept

Page 67

of them[427]." In this he kept his word; and Dr. Burney had not only the pleasure of gratifying his friend with a present more worthy of his acceptance than the segment from the hearth-broom, but soon after of introducing him to Dr. Johnson himself in Bolt-court, with whom he had the satisfaction of conversing a considerable time, not a fortnight before his death; which happened in St. Martin's-street, during his visit to Dr. Burney, in the house where the great Sir Isaac Newton had lived and died before.'

In one of his little memorandum-books is the following minute:—

'August 9, 3 P.M., aetat. 72, in the summer-house at Streatham. After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither, to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support.

'My purpose is,

'To pass eight hours every day in some serious employment.

'Having prayed, I purpose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language, for my settled study.'

How venerably pious does he appear in these moments of solitude, and how spirited are his resolutions for the improvement of his mind, even in elegant literature, at a very advanced period of life, and when afflicted with many complaints[428].

In autumn he went to Oxford, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Ashbourne, for which very good reasons might be given in the conjectural yet positive manner of writers, who are proud to account for every event which they relate[429]. He himself, however, says,

'The motives of my journey I hardly know; I omitted it last year, and am not willing to miss it again[430].'

But some good considerations arise, amongst which is the kindly recollection of Mr. Hector, surgeon at Birmingham:

'Hector is likewise an old friend, the only companion of my childhood that passed through the school with me. We have always loved one another; perhaps we may be made better by some serious conversation, of which however I have no distinct hope.'

He says too,

’At Lichfield, my native place, I hope to shew a good example by frequent attendance on publick worship.’

My correspondence with him during the rest of this year was I know not why very scanty, and all on my side. I wrote him one letter to introduce Mr. Sinclair (now Sir John), the member for Caithness, to his acquaintance; and informed him in another that my wife had again been affected with alarming symptoms of illness.

1782: AETAT. 73.—In 1782, his complaints increased, and the history of his life this year, is little more than a mournful recital of the variations of his illness, in the midst of which, however, it will appear from his letters, that the powers of his mind were in no degree impaired.

’TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Page 68

’DEAR SIR,

’I sit down to answer your letter on the same day in which I received it, and am pleased that my first letter of the year is to you. No man ought to be at ease while he knows himself in the wrong; and I have not satisfied myself with my long silence. The letter relating to Mr. Sinclair, however, was, I believe, never brought.

’My health has been tottering this last year; and I can give no very laudable account of my time. I am always hoping to do better than I have ever hitherto done.

’My journey to Ashbourne and Staffordshire was not pleasant; for what enjoyment has a sick man visiting the sick[431]?—Shall we ever have another frolick like our journey to the Hebrides?

’I hope that dear Mrs. Boswell will surmount her complaints; in losing her you would lose your anchor, and be tost, without stability, by the waves of life[432]. I wish both her and you very many years, and very happy.

’For some months past I have been so withdrawn from the world, that I can send you nothing particular. All your friends, however, are well, and will be glad of your return to London.

’I am, dear Sir,

’Yours most affectionately,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘January 5, 1782.’

At a time when he was less able than he had once been to sustain a shock, he was suddenly deprived of Mr. Levett, which event he thus communicated to Dr. Lawrence:—

’SIR,

’Our old friend, Mr. Levett, who was last night eminently cheerful, died this morning. The man who lay in the same room, hearing an uncommon noise, got up and tried to make him speak, but without effect. He then called Mr. Holder, the apothecary, who, though when he came he thought him dead, opened a vein, but could draw no blood. So has ended the long life of a very useful and very blameless man.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Jan. 17, 1782.’

In one of his memorandum-books in my possession, is the following entry:—

’January 20, Sunday. Robert Levett was buried in the church-yard of Bridewell, between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend; I have known him from about 46. *Commendavi*. May GOD have mercy on him. May he have mercy on me.’

Such was Johnson’s affectionate regard for Levett[433], that he honoured his memory with the following pathetick verses:—

’Condemd’d to Hope’s delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try’d through many a varying year,
See LEVETT to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend[434].

Yet still he fills affection’s eye,
Obscurely wise[435], and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter’d arrogance[436], deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin’d.

Page 69

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
  And hov'ring Death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
  The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
  His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
  And lonely want retir'd to die[437].

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
  No petty gains disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
  The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
  His single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night[438],
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
  Though now his eightieth year was nigh[439].

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
  No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way.'

In one of Johnson's registers of this year, there occurs the following curious passage:—

'Jan. 20[440]. The Ministry is dissolved. I prayed with Francis and gave thanks[441].'

It has been the subject of discussion, whether there are two distinct particulars mentioned here? or that we are to understand the giving of thanks to be in consequence of the dissolution of the Ministry? In support of the last of these conjectures may be urged his mean opinion of that Ministry, which has frequently appeared in the course of this work[442]; and it is strongly confirmed by what he said on the subject to Mr. Seward:—'I am glad the Ministry is removed. Such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a country[443]. If they sent a messenger into the City to take up a printer, the messenger was taken up instead of the printer, and committed by the sitting Alderman[444]. If they sent one army to the relief of another, the first army was

defeated and taken before the second arrived[445]. I will not say that what they did was always wrong; but it was always done at a wrong time[446].'

'TO MRS. STRAHAN.

'DEAR MADAM,

'Mrs. Williams shewed me your kind letter. This little habitation is now but a melancholy place, clouded with the gloom of disease and death. Of the four inmates, one has been suddenly snatched away; two are oppressed by very afflictive and dangerous illness; and I tried yesterday to gain some relief by a third bleeding, from a disorder which has for some time distressed me, and I think myself to-day much better.

'I am glad, dear Madam, to hear that you are so far recovered as to go to Bath. Let me once more entreat you to stay till your health is not only obtained, but confirmed. Your fortune is such as that no moderate expence deserves your care; and you have a husband, who, I believe, does not regard it. Stay, therefore, till you are quite well. I am, for my part, very much deserted; but complaint is useless. I hope GOD will bless you, and I desire you to form the same wish for me.

Page 70

’I am, dear Madam,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Feb. 4, 1782.’

’To EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.

’SIR,

’I have for many weeks been so much out of order, that I have gone out only in a coach to Mrs. Thrale’s, where I can use all the freedom that sickness requires. Do not, therefore, take it amiss, that I am not with you and Dr. Farmer. I hope hereafter to see you often.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Feb. 27, 1782.’

To THE SAME.

’DEAR SIR,

’I hope I grow better, and shall soon be able to enjoy the kindness of my friends. I think this wild adherence to Chatterton[447] more unaccountable than the obstinate defence of Ossian. In Ossian there is a national pride, which may be forgiven, though it cannot be applauded. In Chatterton there is nothing but the resolution to say again what has once been said.

’I am, Sir,

’Your humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘March 7, 1782.’

These short letters shew the regard which Dr. Johnson entertained for Mr. Malone, who the more he is known is the more highly valued. It is much to be regretted that Johnson was prevented from sharing the elegant hospitality of that gentleman’s table, at which

he would in every respect have been fully gratified. Mr. Malone, who has so ably succeeded him as an Editor of Shakspeare, has, in his Preface, done great and just honour to Johnson's memory.

'TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

'DEAR MADAM,

'I went away from Lichfield ill, and have had a troublesome time with my breath; for some weeks I have been disordered by a cold, of which I could not get the violence abated, till I had been let blood three times. I have not, however, been so bad but that I could have written, and am sorry that I neglected it.

'My dwelling is but melancholy; both Williams, and Desmoulins, and myself, are very sickly: Frank is not well; and poor Levett died in his bed the other day, by a sudden stroke; I suppose not one minute passed between health and death; so uncertain are human things.

'Such is the appearance of the world about me; I hope your scenes are more cheerful. But whatever befalls us, though it is wise to be serious, it is useless and foolish, and perhaps sinful, to be gloomy. Let us, therefore, keep ourselves as easy as we can; though the loss of friends will be felt, and poor Levett had been a faithful adherent for thirty years.

'Forgive me, my dear love, the omission of writing; I hope to mend that and my other faults. Let me have your prayers.

'Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and Mr. Pearson, and the whole company of my friends.

I am, my dear,

'Your most humble servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

'London, March 2, 1782.'

Page 71

TO THE SAME.

’DEAR MADAM,

’My last was but a dull letter, and I know not that this will be much more cheerful; I am, however, willing to write, because you are desirous to hear from me.

’My disorder has now begun its ninth week, for it is not yet over. I was last Thursday blooded for the fourth time, and have since found myself much relieved, but I am very tender and easily hurt; so that since we parted I have had but little comfort, but I hope that the spring will recover me; and that in the summer I shall see Lichfield again, for I will not delay my visit another year to the end of autumn.

’I have, by advertising, found poor Mr. Levett’s brothers in Yorkshire, who will take the little he has left: it is but little, yet it will be welcome, for I believe they are of very low condition.

’To be sick, and to see nothing but sickness and death, is but a gloomy state; but I hope better times, even in this world, will come, and whatever this world may withhold or give, we shall be happy in a better state. Pray for me, my dear Lucy.

’Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and my old friend Hetty Baily, and to all the Lichfield ladies.

’I am, dear Madam,

’Yours, affectionately,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

’Bolt-court, Fleet-street,

March 19, 1782.’

On the day on which this letter was written, he thus feelingly mentions his respected friend and physician, Dr. Lawrence:—

’Poor Lawrence has almost lost the sense of hearing; and I have lost the conversation of a learned, intelligent, and communicative companion, and a friend whom long familiarity has much endeared. Lawrence is one of the best men whom I have known. —*Nostrum omnium miserere Deus*[448].’

It was Dr. Johnson’s custom when he wrote to Dr. Lawrence concerning his own health, to use the Latin language[449]. I have been favoured by Miss Lawrence with one of these letters as a specimen:—

’T. LAWRENCIO, *Medico, S*.

’NOVUM *frigus, nova tussis, nova spirandi difficultas, novam sanguinis missionem suadent, quam tamen te inconsulto nolim fieri. Ad te venire vix possum, nec est cur ad me venias. Licere vel non licere uno verbo dicendum est; catera mihi et Holdero[450] reliqueris. Si per te licet, imperatur[451] nuncio Holderum ad me deducere.*

’Maiis Calendis, 1782.

’Postquam tu discesseris, quo me vertam[452]?’_

TO CAPTAIN LANGTON[453], IN ROCHESTER.

’DEAR SIR,

’It is now long since we saw one another; and whatever has been the reason neither you have written to me, nor I to you. To let friendship die away by negligence and silence, is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone, will wonder how his esteem could be so little. Do not forget me; you see that I do not forget you. It is pleasing in the silence of solitude to think, that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevolence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again[454].

Page 72

’Of my life, from the time we parted, the history is mournful. The spring of last year deprived me of Thrale, a man whose eye for fifteen years had scarcely been turned upon me but with respect or tenderness[455]; for such another friend, the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale; and having idled away the summer with a weakly body and neglected mind, I made a journey to Staffordshire on the edge of winter. The season was dreary, I was sickly, and found the friends sickly whom I went to see. After a sorrowful sojourn, I returned to a habitation possessed for the present by two sick women, where my dear old friend, Mr. Levett, to whom as he used to tell me, I owe your acquaintance[456], died a few weeks ago, suddenly in his bed; there passed not, I believe, a minute between health and death. At night, as at Mrs. Thrale’s I was musing in my chamber, I thought with uncommon earnestness, that however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove[457], I would endeavour to retain Levett about me; in the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state, a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish that I had valued him more[458].

’I have myself been ill more than eight weeks of a disorder, from which at the expence of about fifty ounces of blood, I hope I am now recovering.

’You, dear Sir, have, I hope, a more cheerful scene; you see George fond of his book, and the pretty misses airy and lively, with my own little Jenny[459] equal to the best[460]: and in whatever can contribute to your quiet or pleasure, you have Lady Rothes ready to concur. May whatever you enjoy of good be encreased, and whatever you suffer of evil be diminished.

I am, dear Sir,
Your humble servant,
‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

’Bolt-court, Fleet-street,
  March 20, 1782.’

’To MR. HECTOR, IN BIRMINGHAM[461].

’DEAR SIR,

’I hope I do not very grossly flatter myself to imagine that you and dear Mrs. Careless[462] will be glad to hear some account of me. I performed the journey to London with very little inconvenience, and came safe to my habitation, where I found nothing but ill health, and, of consequence, very little cheerfulness. I then went to visit a little way into the country, where I got a complaint by a cold which has hung eight weeks upon me, and from which I am, at the expence of fifty ounces of blood, not yet free. I

am afraid I must once more owe my recovery to warm weather, which seems to make no advances towards us.

’Such is my health, which will, I hope, soon grow better. In other respects I have no reason to complain. I know not that I have written any thing more generally commended than the *Lives of the Poets*; and have found the world willing enough to caress me, if my health had invited me to be in much company; but this season I have been almost wholly employed in nursing myself.

Page 73

’When summer comes I hope to see you again, and will not put off my visit to the end of the year. I have lived so long in London, that I did not remember the difference of seasons.

’Your health, when I saw you, was much improved. You will be prudent enough not to put it in danger. I hope, when we meet again, we shall all congratulate each other upon fair prospects of longer life; though what are the pleasures of the longest life, when placed in comparison with a happy death?

’I am, dear Sir,

’Yours most affectionately,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, March 21, 1782.’

To THE SAME.

[Without a date, but supposed to be about this time.][463]

’DEAR SIR,

’That you and dear Mrs. Careless should have care or curiosity about my health, gives me that pleasure which every man feels from finding himself not forgotten. In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends, which in the bustle or amusements of middle life were overborne and suspended. You and I should now naturally cling to one another: we have outlived most of those who could pretend to rival us in each other’s kindness. In our walk through life we have dropped our companions, and are now to pick up such as chance may offer us, or to travel on alone[464]. You, indeed, have a sister, with whom you can divide the day: I have no natural friend left; but Providence has been pleased to preserve me from neglect; I have not wanted such alleviations of life as friendship could supply. My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease[465]; but it is at least not worse: and I sometimes make myself believe that it is better. My disorders are, however, still sufficiently oppressive.

’I think of seeing Staffordshire again this autumn, and intend to find my way through Birmingham, where I hope to see you and dear Mrs. Careless well. I am Sir,

’Your affectionate friend,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

I wrote to him at different dates; regretted that I could not come to London this spring, but hoped we should meet somewhere in the summer; mentioned the state of my affairs, and suggested hopes of some preferment; informed him, that as *The Beauties of Johnson* had been published in London, some obscure scribbler had published at Edinburgh what he called *The deformities of Johnson*.

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’The pleasure which we used to receive from each other on Good-Friday and Easter-day[466], we must be this year content to miss. Let us, however, pray for each other, and hope to see one another yet from time to time with mutual delight. My disorder has been a cold, which impeded the organs of respiration, and kept me many weeks in a state of great uneasiness; but by repeated phlebotomy it is now relieved; and next to the recovery of Mrs. Boswell, I flatter myself, that you will rejoice at mine.

Page 74

’What we shall do in the summer it is yet too early to consider. You want to know what you shall do now; I do not think this time of bustle and confusion[467] likely to produce any advantage to you. Every man has those to reward and gratify who have contributed to his advancement. To come hither with such expectations at the expence of borrowed money, which, I find, you know not where to borrow, can hardly be considered as prudent. I am sorry to find, what your solicitation seems to imply, that you have already gone the whole length of your credit. This is to set the quiet of your whole life at hazard. If you anticipate your inheritance, you can at last inherit nothing; all that you receive must pay for the past. You must get a place, or pine in penury, with the empty name of a great estate. Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it[468]. Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret: stay therefore at home, till you have saved money for your journey hither.

The Beauties of Johnson are said to have got money to the collector; if the *Deformities* have the same success, I shall be still a more extensive benefactor.

’Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who is, I hope, reconciled to me; and to the young people whom I never have offended.

’You never told me the success of your plea against the Solicitors[469].

’I am, dear Sir,

’Your most affectionate,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, March 28, 1782.’

Notwithstanding his afflicted state of body[470] and mind this year, the following correspondence affords a proof not only of his benevolence and conscientious readiness to relieve a good man from errour, but by his cloathing one of the sentiments in his *Rambler* in different language, not inferiour to that of the original, shews his extraordinary command of clear and forcible expression.

A clergyman at Bath wrote to him, that in *The Morning Chronicle*, a passage in *The Beauties of Johnson*[471], article DEATH, had been pointed out as supposed by some readers to recommend suicide, the words being, ’To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly;’ and respectfully suggesting to him, that such an erroneous notion of any sentence in the writings of an acknowledged friend of religion and virtue, should not pass uncontradicted.

Johnson thus answered the clergyman’s letter:—

To THE REVEREND MR. ——, AT BATH.

’SIR,

Page 75

’Being now[472] in the country in a state of recovery, as I hope, from a very oppressive disorder, I cannot neglect the acknowledgement of your Christian letter. The book called *The Beauties of Johnson* is the production of I know not whom: I never saw it but by casual inspection, and considered myself as utterly disengaged from its consequences. Of the passage you mention, I remember some notice in some paper; but knowing that it must be misrepresented, I thought of it no more, nor do I know where to find it in my own books. I am accustomed to think little of newspapers; but an opinion so weighty and serious as yours has determined me to do, what I should, without your seasonable admonition, have omitted; and I will direct my thought to be shewn in its true state[473]. If I could find the passage, I would direct you to it. I suppose the tenour is this:—’Acute diseases are the immediate and inevitable strokes of Heaven; but of them the pain is short, and the conclusion speedy; chronical disorders, by which we are suspended in tedious torture between life and death, are commonly the effect of our own misconduct and intemperance. To die, &c.’—This, Sir, you see is all true and all blameless. I hope, some time in the next week, to have all rectified. My health has been lately much shaken: if you favour me with any answer, it will be a comfort to me to know that I have your prayers.

’I am, &c.,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘May 15, 1782.’

This letter, as might be expected, had its full effect, and the clergyman acknowledged it in grateful and pious terms[474].

The following letters require no extracts from mine to introduce them:—

’TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’The earnestness and tenderness of your letter is such, that I cannot think myself shewing it more respect than it claims by sitting down to answer it the day on which I received it.

’This year has afflicted me with a very irksome and severe disorder. My respiration has been much impeded, and much blood has been taken away. I am now harrassed by a catarrhous cough, from which my purpose is to seek relief by change of air; and I am, therefore, preparing to go to Oxford[475].

’Whether I did right in dissuading you from coming to London this spring, I will not determine. You have not lost much by missing my company; I have scarcely been well for a single week. I might have received comfort from your kindness; but you would

have seen me afflicted, and, perhaps, found me peevish. Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider

Page 76

a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what good can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence: many more can find that he is poor, than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretched-ness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb[476]. Of riches, it is not necessary to write the praise[477]. Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous.

’I am pleased with your account of Easter[478]. We shall meet, I hope in Autumn, both well and both cheerful; and part each the better for the other’s company.

’Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to the young charmers.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’ ‘London, June 3, 1782.’

’To MR. PERKINS[479].

’DEAR SIR,

I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life.

’Observe these rules:

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

3. Do not continue any day’s journey to fatigue.

4. Take now and then a day’s rest.

5. Get a smart sea-sickness, if you can.

6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

’This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physick, can be of much use.

’I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery.

I am, dear Sir,

’Your most affectionate, humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘July 28, 1782.’

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’Being uncertain whether I should have any call this autumn into the country, I did not immediately answer your kind letter. I have no call; but if you desire to meet me at Ashbourne, I believe I can come thither; if you had rather come to London, I can stay at Streatham; take your choice.

’This year has been very heavy. From the middle of January to the middle of June I was battered by one disorder after another! I am now very much recovered, and hope still to be better. What happiness it is that Mrs. Boswell has escaped.

’My *Lives* are reprinting, and I have forgotten the authour of Gray’s character[480]: write immediately, and it may be perhaps yet inserted.

’Of London or Ashbourne you have your free choice; at any place I shall be glad to see you. I am, dear Sir,

Page 77

’Yours &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Aug. 24, 1782.’

On the 3Oth of August, I informed him that my honoured father had died that morning; a complaint under which he had long laboured having suddenly come to a crisis, while I was upon a visit at the seat of Sir Charles Preston, from whence I had hastened the day before, upon receiving a letter by express.

’TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’I have struggled through this year with so much infirmity of body, and such strong impressions of the fragility of life, that death, whenever it appears, fills me with melancholy; and I cannot hear without emotion, of the removal of any one, whom I have known, into another state.

’Your father’s death had every circumstance that could enable you to bear it; it was at a mature age, and it was expected; and as his general life had been pious, his thoughts had doubtless for many years past been turned upon eternity. That you did not find him sensible must doubtless grieve you; his disposition towards you was undoubtedly that of a kind, though not of a fond father. Kindness, at least actual, is in our power, but fondness is not; and if by negligence or imprudence you had extinguished his fondness, he could not at will rekindle it. Nothing then remained between you but mutual forgiveness of each other’s faults, and mutual desire of each other’s happiness.

’I shall long to know his final disposition of his fortune[481].

’You, dear Sir, have now a new station, and have therefore new cares, and new employments. Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem[482]; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show, and the least expence possible; you may at pleasure encrease both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own, while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore, begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man’s debt.

’When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct, and maxims of prudence, which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced, and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows

manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

’Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gaiety, or apparent suspicion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands[483].

’Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell; I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

Page 78

’I forget whether I told you that Rasay[484] has been here; we dined cheerfully together. I entertained lately a young gentleman from Corrichatachin[485].

’I received your letters only this morning. I am, dear Sir,

’Yours &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Sept. 7, 1782.’

In answer to my next letter, I received one from him, dissuading me from hastening to him as I had proposed[486]; what is proper for publication is the following paragraph, equally just and tender:—

’One expence, however, I would not have you to spare: let nothing be omitted that can preserve Mrs. Boswell, though it should be necessary to transplant her for a time into a softer climate. She is the prop and stay of your life. How much must your children suffer by losing her.’

My wife was now so much convinced of his sincere friendship for me, and regard for her, that, without any suggestion on my part, she wrote him a very polite and grateful letter:—

’DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. BOSWELL.

’DEAR LADY,

’I have not often received so much pleasure as from your invitation to Auchinleck. The journey thither and back is, indeed, too great for the latter part of the year; but if my health were fully recovered, I would suffer no little heat and cold, nor a wet or a rough road to keep me from you. I am, indeed, not without hope of seeing Auchinleck again; but to make it a pleasant place I must see its lady well, and brisk, and airy. For my sake, therefore, among many greater reasons, take care, dear Madam, of your health, spare no expence, and want no attendance that can procure ease, or preserve it. Be very careful to keep your mind quiet; and do not think it too much to give an account of your recovery to, Madam,

’Yours, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Sept. 7, 1782.’

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’Having passed almost this whole year in a succession of disorders, I went in October to Brighthelmston, whither I came in a state of so much weakness, that I rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. By physick and abstinence I grew better, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health[487]. I am afraid, however, that health begins, after seventy, and long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to oppose it. He that lives must grow old; and he that would rather grow old than die, has GOD to thank for the infirmities of old age[488].

’At your long silence I am rather angry. You do not, since now you are the head of your house, think it worth your while to try whether you or your friend can live longer without writing[489], nor suspect that after so many years of friendship, that when I do not write to you, I forget you. Put all such useless jealousies out of your head, and disdain to regulate your own practice by the practice of another, or by any other principle than the desire of doing right.

Page 79

’Your oeconomy, I suppose, begins now to be settled; your expences are adjusted to your revenue, and all your people in their proper places. Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

’Let me know the history of your life, since your accession to your estate. How many houses, how many cows, how much land in your own hand, and what bargains you make with your tenants.

* * * * *

’Of my *Lives of the Poets*, they have printed a new edition in octavo, I hear, of three thousand. Did I give a set to Lord Hailes? If I did not, I will do it out of these. What did you make of all your copy[490]?

’Mrs. Thrale and the three Misses[491] are now for the winter in Argyll-street. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been out of order, but is well again; and I am, dear Sir,

’Your affectionate humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Dec. 7, 1782.’

’To DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

’Edinburgh, Dec. 20, 1782.

’DEAR SIR,

’I was made happy by your kind letter, which gave us the agreeable hopes of seeing you in Scotland again.

’I am much flattered by the concern you are pleased to take in my recovery. I am better, and hope to have it in my power to convince you by my attention of how much consequence I esteem your health to the world and to myself. I remain, Sir, with grateful respect,

’Your obliged and obedient servant,

‘MARGARET BOSWELL.’

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration with respect to Johnson’s reception in that family. The manly authority of the husband no longer curbed the lively

exuberance of the lady; and as her vanity had been fully gratified, by having the Colossus of Literature attached to her for many years, she gradually became less assiduous to please him. Whether her attachment to him was already divided by another object, I am unable to ascertain; but it is plain that Johnson's penetration was alive to her neglect or forced attention; for on the eth of October this year, we find him making a 'parting use of the library[492]' at Streatham, and pronouncing a prayer, which he composed on leaving Mr. Thrale's family[493]:—

'Almighty God, Father of all mercy, help me by thy grace, that I may, with humble and sincere thankfulness, remember the comforts and conveniences which I have enjoyed at this place; and that I may resign them with holy submission, equally trusting in thy protection when thou givest, and when thou takest away. Have mercy upon me, Lord, have mercy upon me.

'To thy fatherly protection, O Lord, I commend this family. Bless, guide, and defend them, that they may so pass through this world, as finally to enjoy in thy presence everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen[494].'

Page 80

One cannot read this prayer, without some emotions not very favourable to the lady whose conduct occasioned it[495].

In one of his memorandum-books I find, ’Sunday, went to church at Streatham. *Templo valedixi cum osculo*[496].’

He met Mr. Philip Metcalfe[497] often at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, and other places, and was a good deal with him at Brighthelmston[498] this autumn, being pleased at once with his excellent table and animated conversation. Mr. Metcalfe shewed him great respect, and sent him a note that he might have the use of his carriage whenever he pleased. Johnson (3d October, 1782) returned this polite answer:—’Mr. Johnson is very much obliged by the kind offer of the carriage, but he has no desire of using Mr. Metcalfe’s carriage, except when he can have the pleasure of Mr. Metcalfe’s company.’ Mr. Metcalfe could not but be highly pleased that his company was thus valued by Johnson, and he frequently attended him in airings. They also went together to Chichester[499], and they visited Petworth, and Cowdry, the venerable seat of the Lords Montacute. ’Sir, (said Johnson,) I should like to stay here four-and-twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived.’

That his curiosity was still unabated, appears from two letters to Mr. John Nichols, of the 10th and 20th[500] of October this year. In one he says, ’I have looked into your *Anecdotes*, and you will hardly thank a lover of literary history for telling you, that he has been much informed and gratified. I wish you would add your own discoveries and intelligence to those of Dr. Rawlinson, and undertake the Supplement to Wood[501]’. Think of it.’ In the other, ’I wish, Sir, you could obtain some fuller information of Jortin[502], Markland[503], and Thirlby[504]. They were three contemporaries of great eminence.’

’TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

’DEAR SIR,

’I heard yesterday of your late disorder[505], and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise Of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation: and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for, dear Sir, your most affectionate, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

’Brighthelmston,

Nov. 14, 1782.’

The Reverend Mr. Wilson having dedicated to him his *Archaeological Dictionary*[506], that mark of respect was thus acknowledged:—

’TO THE REVEREND MR. WILSON, CLITHEROE, LANCASHIRE.

’REVEREND SIR,

Page 81

’That I have long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your Dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received, is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with the final neglect. I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider as giving to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as increasing its value. Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the school, to which, however, I do not mean to confine it; for no man has so much skill in ancient rites and practices as not to want it. As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend, Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgements, which I hope you, Sir, will transmit. There will soon appear a new edition of my Poetical Biography; if you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveniently conveyed to you. The present is small, but it is given with good will by, Reverend Sir,

’Your most, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘December 31, 1782[507].’

1783: AETAT. 74.—In 1783, he was more severely afflicted than ever, as will appear in the course of his correspondence[508]; but still the same ardour for literature, the same constant piety, the same kindness for his friends, and the same vivacity, both in conversation and writing, distinguished him.

Having given Dr. Johnson a full account of what I was doing at Auchinleck, and particularly mentioned what I knew would please him,—my having brought an old man of eighty-eight from a lonely cottage to a comfortable habitation within my enclosures, where he had good neighbours near to him,—I received an answer in February, of which I extract what follows:—

’I am delighted with your account of your activity at Auchinleck, and wish the old gentleman, whom you have so kindly removed, may live long to promote your prosperity by his prayers. You have now a new character and new duties: think on them and practise them.

’Make an impartial estimate of your revenue, and whatever it is, live upon less. Resolve never to be poor. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare.

’I am glad to find that Mrs. Boswell grows well; and hope that to keep her well, no care nor caution will be omitted. May you long live happily together.

’When you come hither, pray bring with you Baxter’s *Anacreon*[509]. I cannot get that edition in London.’

Page 82

On Friday, March 31, having arrived in London the night before, I was glad to find him at Mrs. Thrale's house, in Argyll-street, appearances of friendship between them being still kept up. I was shewn into his room, and after the first salutation he said, 'I am glad you are come. I am very ill.' He looked pale, and was distressed with a difficulty of breathing; but after the common inquiries he assumed his usual strong animated style of conversation. Seeing me now for the first time as a *Laird*, or proprietor of land, he began thus: 'Sir, the superiority of a country-gentleman over the people upon his estate is very agreeable; and he who says he does not feel it to be agreeable, lies; for it must be agreeable to have a casual superiority over those who are by nature equal with us[510].' BOSWELL. 'Yet, Sir, we see great proprietors of land who prefer living in London.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, the pleasure of living in London, the intellectual superiority that is enjoyed there, may counter-balance the other. Besides, Sir, a man may prefer the state of the country-gentleman upon the whole, and yet there may never be a moment when he is willing to make the change to quit London for it.' He said, 'It is better to have five *per cent*. out of land than out of money, because it is more secure; but the readiness of transfer, and promptness of interest, make many people rather choose the funds. Nay, there is another disadvantage belonging to land, compared with money. A man is not so much afraid of being a hard creditor, as of being a hard landlord.' BOSWELL. 'Because there is a sort of kindly connection between a landlord and his tenants.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; many landlords with us never see their tenants. It is because if a landlord drives away his tenants, he may not get others; whereas the demand for money is so great, it may always be lent.'

He talked with regret and indignation of the factious opposition to Government at this time[511], and imputed it in a great measure to the Revolution. 'Sir, (said he, in a low voice, having come nearer to me, while his old prejudices seemed to be fermenting in his mind,) this Hanoverian family is *isolee* here[512]. They have no friends. Now the Stuarts had friends who stuck by them so late as 1745. When the right of the King is not reverenced, there will not be reverence for those appointed by the King.'

His observation that the present royal family has no friends, has been too much justified by the very ungrateful behaviour of many who were under great obligations to his Majesty; at the same time there are honourable exceptions; and the very next year after this conversation, and ever since, the King has had as extensive and generous support as ever was given to any monarch, and has had the satisfaction of knowing that he was more and more endeared to his people[513].

He repeated to me his verses on Mr. Levett, with an emotion which gave them full effect[514]; and then he was pleased to say, 'You must be as much with me as you can. You have done me good. You cannot think how much better I am since you came in.'

Page 83

He sent a message to acquaint Mrs. Thrale that I was arrived. I had not seen her since her husband's death. She soon appeared, and favoured me with an invitation to stay to dinner, which I accepted. There was no other company but herself and three of her daughters, Dr. Johnson, and I. She too said, she was very glad I was come, for she was going to Bath, and should have been sorry to leave Dr. Johnson before I came. This seemed to be attentive and kind; and I who had not been informed of any change, imagined all to be as well as formerly. He was little inclined to talk at dinner, and went to sleep after it; but when he joined us in the drawing-room, he seemed revived, and was again himself.

Talking of conversation, he said, 'There must, in the first place, be knowledge, there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures: this last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation. Now *I* want it: I throw up the game upon losing a trick.' I wondered to hear him talk thus of himself, and said, 'I don't know, Sir, how this may be; but I am sure you beat other people's cards out of their hands.' I doubt whether he heard this remark. While he went on talking triumphantly, I was fixed in admiration, and said to Mrs. Thrale, 'O, for short-hand to take this down!' 'You'll carry it all in your head; (said she;) a long head is as good as short-hand.'

It has been observed and wondered at, that Mr. Charles Fox never talked with any freedom in the presence of Dr. Johnson[515], though it is well known, and I myself can witness, that his conversation is various, fluent, and exceedingly agreeable. Johnson's own experience, however, of that gentleman's reserve was a sufficient reason for his going on thus: 'Fox never talks in private company; not from any determination not to talk, but because he has not the first motion[516]. A man who is used to the applause of the House of Commons, has no wish for that of a private company. A man accustomed to throw for a thousand pounds, if set down to throw for sixpence, would not be at the pains to count his dice. Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full[517].

He thus curiously characterised one of our old acquaintance: '——[518] is a good man, Sir; but he is a vain man and a liar. He, however, only tells lies of vanity; of victories, for instance, in conversation, which never happened.' This alluded to a story which I had repeated from that gentleman, to entertain Johnson with its wild bravado: 'This Johnson, Sir, (said he,) whom you are all afraid of will shrink, if you come close to him in argument and roar as loud as he. He once maintained

Page 84

the paradox, that there is no beauty but in utility[519]. “Sir, (said I,) what say you to the peacock’s tail, which is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, but would have as much utility if its feathers were all of one colour.” He *felt* what I thus produced, and had recourse to his usual expedient, ridicule; exclaiming, “A peacock has a tail, and a fox has a tail;” and then he burst out into a laugh. “Well, Sir, (said I, with a strong voice, looking him full in the face,) you have unkennelled your fox; pursue him if you dare.” He had not a word to say, Sir.’ Johnson told me, that this was a fiction from beginning to end[520].

After musing for some time, he said, ’I wonder how I should have any enemies; for I do harm to nobody[521].’ BOSWELL. ’In the first place, Sir, you will be pleased to recollect, that you set out with attacking the Scotch; so you got a whole nation for your enemies.’ JOHNSON. ’Why, I own, that by my definition of *oats*[522] I meant to vex them.’ BOSWELL. ’Pray, Sir, can you trace the cause of your antipathy to the Scotch.’ JOHNSON. ‘I cannot, Sir[523].’ BOSWELL. ’Old Mr. Sheridan says, it was because they sold Charles the First.’ JOHNSON. ’Then, Sir, old Mr. Sheridan has found out a very good reason.’

Surely the most obstinate and sulky nationality, the most determined aversion to this great and good man, must be cured, when he is seen thus playing with one of his prejudices, of which he candidly admitted that he could not tell the reason. It was, however, probably owing to his having had in his view the worst part of the Scottish nation, the needy adventurers, many of whom he thought were advanced above their merits by means which he did not approve. Had he in his early life been in Scotland, and seen the worthy, sensible, independent gentlemen, who live rationally and hospitably at home, he never could have entertained such unfavourable and unjust notions of his fellow-subjects. And accordingly we find, that when he did visit Scotland, in the latter period of his life, he was fully sensible of all that it deserved, as I have already pointed out, when speaking of his *Journey to the Western Islands*.[524]

Next day, Saturday, March 22, I found him still at Mrs. Thrale’s, but he told me that he was to go to his own house in the afternoon[525]. He was better, but I perceived he was but an unruly patient, for Sir Lucas Pepys, who visited him, while I was with him said, ’If you were *tractable*, Sir, I should prescribe for you.’

I related to him a remark which a respectable friend had made to me, upon the then state of Government, when those who had been long in opposition had attained to power, as it was supposed, against the inclination of the Sovereign[526]. ’You need not be uneasy (said this gentleman) about the King. He laughs at them all; he plays them one against another.’ JOHNSON. ’Don’t think so, Sir. The King is as much oppressed as a man can be. If he plays them one against another, he *wins* nothing.’

Page 85

I had paid a visit to General Oglethorpe in the morning, and was told by him that Dr. Johnson saw company on Saturday evenings, and he would meet me at Johnson's that night. When I mentioned this to Johnson, not doubting that it would please him, as he had a great value for Oglethorpe, the fretfulness of his disease unexpectedly shewed itself; his anger suddenly kindled, and he said, with vehemence, 'Did not you tell him not to come? Am I to be *hunted* in this manner?' I satisfied him that I could not divine that the visit would not be convenient, and that I certainly could not take it upon me of my own accord to forbid the General.

I found Dr. Johnson in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room, at tea and coffee with her and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were also both ill; it was a sad scene, and he was not in very good humour. He said of a performance that had lately come out, 'Sir, if you should search all the madhouses in England, you would not find ten men who would write so, and think it sense.'

I was glad when General Oglethorpe's arrival was announced, and we left the ladies. Dr. Johnson attended him in the parlour, and was as courteous as ever. The General said he was busy reading the writers of the middle age. Johnson said they were very curious. OGLETHORPE. 'The House of Commons has usurped the power of the nation's money, and used it tyrannically. Government is now carried on by corrupt influence, instead of the inherent right in the King.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, the want of inherent right in the King occasions all this disturbance. What we did at the Revolution was necessary: but it broke our constitution[527].' OGLETHORPE. 'My father did not think it necessary.'

On Sunday, March 23, I breakfasted with Dr. Johnson, who seemed much relieved, having taken opium the night before. He however protested against it, as a remedy that should be given with the utmost reluctance, and only in extreme necessity. I mentioned how commonly it was used in Turkey, and that therefore it could not be so pernicious as he apprehended. He grew warm and said, 'Turks take opium, and Christians take opium; but Russel, in his *Account of Aleppo*[528], tells us, that it is as disgraceful in Turkey to take too much opium, as it is with us to get drunk. Sir, it is amazing how things are exaggerated. A gentleman was lately telling in a company where I was present, that in France as soon as a man of fashion marries, he takes an opera girl into keeping; and this he mentioned as a general custom. 'Pray, Sir, (said I,) how many opera girls may there be?' He answered, 'About fourscore.' Well then, Sir, (said I,) you see there can be no more than fourscore men of fashion who can do this[529].'

Page 86

Mrs. Desmoulins made tea; and she and I talked before him upon a topick which he had once borne patiently from me when we were by ourselves[530],—his not complaining of the world, because he was not called to some great office, nor had attained to great wealth. He flew into a violent passion, I confess with some justice, and commanded us to have done. 'Nobody, (said he) has a right to talk in this manner, to bring before a man his own character, and the events of his life, when he does not choose it should be done. I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me. It is rather wonderful that so much has been done for me. All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust[531]. I never knew a man of merit neglected[532]: it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole: he may go into the country, and publish a book now and then, which nobody reads, and then complain he is neglected[533]. There is no reason why any person should exert himself for a man who has written a good book: he has not written it for any individual. I may as well make a present to the postman who brings me a letter. When patronage was limited, an authour expected to find a Maecenas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain? This Maecenas has others as good as he, or others who have got the start of him.' BOSWELL. 'But surely, Sir, you will allow that there are men of merit at the bar, who never get practice.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you are sure that practice is got from an opinion that the person employed deserves it best; so that if a man of merit at the bar does not get practice, it is from errour, not from injustice. He is not neglected. A horse that is brought to market may not be bought, though he is a very good horse: but that is from ignorance, not from intention[534].'

There was in this discourse much novelty, ingenuity, and discrimination, such as is seldom to be found. Yet I cannot help thinking that men of merit, who have no success in life, may be forgiven for *lamenting*, if they are not allowed to *complain*. They may consider it as *hard* that their merit should not have its suitable distinction. Though there is no intentional injustice towards them on the part of the world, their merit not having been perceived, they may yet repine against *fortune*, or *fate*, or by whatever name they choose to call the supposed mythological power of *Destiny*. It has, however, occurred to me, as a consolatory thought, that men of merit should consider thus:-How much harder would it be if the same persons had both all the merit and all the prosperity. Would not this be a miserable distribution for the poor dunces? Would men of merit exchange their intellectual superiority, and the enjoyments arising from it, for external distinction and the pleasures of wealth? If they would not, let them not envy others, who are poor where they are rich, a compensation which is made to them. Let them look inwards and be satisfied; recollecting with conscious pride what Virgil finely says of the *Corycius Senex*, and which I have, in another place[535], with truth and sincerity applied to Mr. Burke:—

Page 87

’Regum aequabat opes animis[536].’

On the subject of the right employment of wealth, Johnson observed, ’A man cannot make a bad use of his money, so far as regards Society, if he does not hoard it; for if he either spends it or lends it out, Society has the benefit. It is in general better to spend money than to give it away; for industry is more promoted by spending money than by giving it away. A man who spends his money is sure he is doing good with it: he is not so sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a year will do more good than a man who spends two thousand and gives away eight[537].’

In the evening I came to him again. He was somewhat fretful from his illness. A gentleman[538] asked him, whether he had been abroad to-day. ’Don’t talk so childishly, (said he.) You may as well ask if I hanged myself to-day.’ I mentioned politicks. JOHNSON. ’Sir, I’d as soon have a man to break my bones as talk to me of publick affairs, internal or external. I have lived to see things all as bad as they can be.’

Having mentioned his friend the second Lord Southwell, he said, ’Lord Southwell was the highest-bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with; the most *qualified* I ever saw. Lord Orrery[539] was not dignified: Lord Chesterfield was, but he was insolent[540]. Lord ——[541] is a man of coarse manners, but a man of abilities and information. I don’t say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation, though perhaps he may be as good as the next Prime Minister that comes; but he is a man to be at the head of a Club; I don’t say *our* CLUB; for there’s no such Club.’ BOSWELL. ’But, Sir, was he not once a factious man?’ JOHNSON. ’O yes, Sir; as factious a fellow as could be found: one who was for sinking us all into the mob[542].’ BOSWELL. ’How then, Sir, did he get into favour with the King?’ JOHNSON. ’Because, Sir, I suppose he promised the King to do whatever the King pleased.’

He said, ’Goldsmith’s blundering speech to Lord Shelburne, which has been so often mentioned, and which he really did make to him, was only a blunder in emphasis: “I wonder they should call your Lordship *Malagrida*[543], for Malagrida was a very good man;” meant, I wonder they should use *Malagrida* as a term of reproach[544].’

Soon after this time I had an opportunity of seeing, by means of one of his friends[545], a proof that his talents, as well as his obliging service to authours, were ready as ever. He had revised *The Village*, an admirable poem, by the Reverend Mr. Crabbe. Its sentiments as to the false notions of rustick happiness and rustick virtue were quite congenial with his own[546]; and he had taken the trouble not only to suggest slight corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines, when he thought he could give the writer’s meaning better than in the words of the manuscript[547].

Page 88

On Sunday, March 30, I found him at home in the evening, and had the pleasure to meet with Dr. Brocklesby[548], whose reading, and knowledge of life, and good spirits, supply him with a never-failing source of conversation. He mentioned a respectable gentleman, who became extremely penurious near the close of his life. Johnson said there must have been a degree of madness about him. 'Not at all, Sir, (said Dr. Brocklesby,) his judgement was entire.' Unluckily, however, he mentioned that although he had a fortune of twenty-seven thousand pounds, he denied himself many comforts, from an apprehension that he could not afford them. 'Nay, Sir, (cried Johnson,) when the judgement is so disturbed that a man cannot count, that is pretty well.'

I shall here insert a few of Johnson's sayings, without the formality of dates, as they have no reference to any particular time or place.

'The more a man extends and varies his acquaintance the better.' This, however, was meant with a just restriction; for, he on another occasion said to me, 'Sir, a man may be so much of every thing, that he is nothing of any thing.'

'Raising the wages of day-labourers is wrong[549]; for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature.'

'It is a very good custom to keep a journal[550] for a man's own use; he may write upon a card a day all that is necessary to be written, after he has had experience of life. At first there is a great deal to be written, because there is a great deal of novelty; but when once a man has settled his opinions, there is seldom much to be set down.'

'There is nothing wonderful in the journal which we see Swift kept in London, for it contains slight topicks, and it might soon be written[551].'

I praised the accuracy of an account-book of a lady whom I mentioned. JOHNSON. 'Keeping accounts, Sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money, and has nobody to whom he is to account. You won't eat less beef to-day, because you have written down what it cost yesterday.' I mentioned another lady who thought as he did, so that her husband could not get her to keep an account of the expence of the family, as she thought it enough that she never exceeded the sum allowed her. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is fit she should keep an account, because her husband wishes it; but I do not see its use[552].' I maintained that keeping an account has this advantage, that it satisfies a man that his money has not been lost or stolen, which he might sometimes be apt to imagine, were there no written state of his expence; and beside, a calculation of oeconomy so as not to exceed one's income, cannot be made without a view of the different articles in figures, that one may see how to retrench in some particulars less necessary than others. This he did not attempt to answer.

Page 89

Talking of an acquaintance of ours[553], whose narratives, which abounded in curious and interesting topicks, were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield's having said to me, 'Suppose we believe one *half* of what he tells.' JOHNSON. 'Ay; but we don't know *which* half to believe. By his lying we lose not only our reverence for him, but all comfort in his conversation.' BOSWELL. 'May we not take it as amusing fiction?' JOHNSON. 'Sir, the misfortune is, that you will insensibly believe as much of it as you incline to believe.'

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding their congeniality in politicks, he never was acquainted with a late eminent noble judge[554], whom I have heard speak of him as a writer, with great respect[555]. Johnson, I know not upon what degree of investigation, entertained no exalted opinion of his Lordship's intellectual character[556]. Talking of him to me one day, he said, 'It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in publick life.' He expressed himself to the same purpose concerning another law-Lord, who, it seems, once took a fancy to associate with the wits of London; but with so little success, that Foote said, 'What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others[557].' Trying him by the test of his colloquial powers, Johnson had found him very defective. He once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'This man now has been ten years about town, and has made nothing of it;' meaning as a companion[558]. He said to me, 'I never heard any thing from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, Sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are; to make a speech in a publick assembly is a knack. Now I honour Thurlow, Sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours[559].'

After repeating to him some of his pointed, lively sayings, I said, 'It is a pity, Sir, you don't always remember your own good things, that you may have a laugh when you will.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, it is better that I forget them, that I may be reminded of them, and have a laugh on their being brought to my recollection.'

When I recalled to him his having said as we sailed up Loch-lomond[560], 'That if he wore any thing fine, it should be *very* fine;' I observed that all his thoughts were upon a great scale. JOHNSON. 'Depend upon it, Sir, every man will have as fine a thing as he can get; as a large diamond for his ring.' BOSWELL. 'Pardon me, Sir: a man of a narrow mind will not think of it, a slight trinket will satisfy him:

> "*Nee sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmae*[561].'"

I told him I should send him some Essays which I had written[562], which I hoped he would be so good as to read, and pick out the good ones. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, send me only the good ones; don't make *me* pick them.'

Page 90

I heard him once say, ’Though the proverb *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia[563], does not always prove true, we may be certain of the converse of it,* Nullum numen adest, si sit imprudentia_.’

Once, when Mr. Seward was going to Bath, and asked his commands, he said, ’Tell Dr. Harrington that I wish he would publish another volume of the *Nugae antiquae*[564]; it is a very pretty book[565].’ Mr. Seward seconded this wish, and recommended to Dr. Harrington to dedicate it to Johnson, and take for his motto, what Catullus says to Cornelius Nepos:—

’——*namque tu solebas,*
Meas esse aliquid putare NUGAS[566].’

As a small proof of his kindliness and delicacy of feeling, the following circumstance may be mentioned: One evening when we were in the street together, and I told him I was going to sup at Mr. Beauclerk’s, he said, ‘I’ll go with you.’ After having walked part of the way, seeming to recollect something, he suddenly stopped and said, ’I cannot go, —but *I do not love Beauclerk the less*.’

On the frame of his portrait, Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed,—

’——*Ingenium ingens*
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore[567].’

After Mr. Beauclerk’s death, when it became Mr. Langton’s property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said complacently, ’It was kind in you to take it off;’ and then after a short pause, added, ’and not unkind in him to put it on.’

He said, ‘How few of his friends’ houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick.’ He mentioned one or two. I recollect only Thrale’s[568].

He observed, ’There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, ‘His memory is going[569].’

When I once talked to him of some of the sayings which every body repeats, but nobody knows where to find, such as *Quos DEUS vult perdere, prius dementat*[570]; he told me that he was once offered ten guineas to point out from whence *Semel insanivimus omnes* was taken. He could not do it; but many years afterwards met with it by chance in *Johannes Baptista Mantuanus*[571].

I am very sorry that I did not take a note of an eloquent argument in which he maintained that the situation of Prince of Wales was the happiest of any person’s in the

kingdom, even beyond that of the Sovereign. I recollect only—the enjoyment of hope[572],—the high superiority of rank, without the anxious cares of government,—and a great degree of power, both from natural influence wisely used, and from the sanguine expectations of those who look forward to the chance of future favour.

Sir Joshua Reynolds communicated to me the following particulars:—

Page 91

Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian had so little merit, that he said, 'Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it[573].'

He said, 'A man should pass a part of his time with *the laughers*, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected.' I observed, he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities[574].

Having observed the vain ostentatious importance of many people in quoting the authority of Dukes and Lords, as having been in their company, he said, he went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority when he should have done it, had it not been that of a Duke or a Lord[575].

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, that he wished for some additional members to the LITERARY CLUB, to give it an agreeable variety; for (said he,) there can now be nothing new among us: we have travelled over one another's minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, 'Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you.' Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing, that 'when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting.'

Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could both as to sentiment and expression, by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy[576]. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected[577].

Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch[578], the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson, as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice's swelling diction, (smiling,) so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained[579].

Page 92

Sir Joshua once observed to him, that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. 'No matter, Sir, (said Johnson); they consider it as a compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience[580].'

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan[581], as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, 'Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?' 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson, after a little pause,) I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*,—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced.'

And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, 'Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?' and I took the liberty to add, 'My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*.' 'Why, then, Sir, (he replied,) YOU have never seen Brentford.'

Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*[582], yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with 'a very pretty company;' and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, 'No, Sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*.'

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it In a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. 'You know, Sir, (said he,) that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him.[583]'

He gave much praise to his friend, Dr. Burney's elegant and entertaining travels[584], and told Mr. Seward that he had them in his eye, when writing his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*.

Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetick poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's *Hermit* in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes[585].

He disapproved much of mingling real facts with fiction. On this account he censured a book entitled *Love and Madness*[586].

Page 93

Mr. Hoole told him, he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub-street. 'Sir, (said Johnson, smiling) you have been *regularly* educated.' Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, 'My uncle, Sir, who was a taylor;' Johnson, recollecting himself, said, 'Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical taylor*. He was of a club in Old-street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others[587]: but pray, Sir, was he a good taylor?' Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat;—'I am sorry for it (said Johnson,) for I would have every man to be master of his own business.'

In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authours, he often said, 'Let you and I, Sir, go together, and eat a beef-steak in Grub-street[588].'

Sir William Chambers, that great Architect[589], whose works shew a sublimity of genius, and who is esteemed by all who know him for his social, hospitable, and generous qualities, submitted the manuscript of his *Chinese Architecture* to Dr. Johnson's perusal. Johnson was much pleased with it, and said, 'It wants no addition nor correction, but a few lines of introduction;' which he furnished, and Sir William adopted[590].

He said to Sir William Scott, 'The age is running mad after innovation; all the business of the world is to be done in a new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation[591].' It having been argued that this was an improvement,—'No, Sir, (said he, eagerly,) it is *not* an improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the publick was gratified by a procession[592]; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?' I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had[593]. Magistrates both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this had too much regard to their own ease[594].

Of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Johnson said to a friend, 'Hurd, Sir, is one of a set of men who account for every thing systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you, that according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen.' He, however, said of him at another time to the same gentleman, 'Hurd, Sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition.'

Page 94

That learned and ingenious Prelate[595] it is well known published at one period of his life *Moral and Political Dialogues*, with a woefully whiggish cast. Afterwards, his Lordship having thought better, came to see his errour, and republished the work with a more constitutional spirit. Johnson, however, was unwilling to allow him full credit for his political conversion. I remember when his Lordship declined the honour of being Archbishop of Canterbury, Johnson said, 'I am glad he did not go to Lambeth; for, after all, I fear he is a Whig in his heart.'

Johnson's attention to precision and clearness in expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of parentheses; and I believe in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former* and *the latter*, having observed, that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them[596]. Nothing is more common than to mistake surnames when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed; and which I wish were general.

Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick; but scraped the joints of his fingers with a pen-knife, till they seemed quite red and raw.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paultry saving. One day I owned to him that 'I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*.' 'Why, Sir, (said he,) so am I. *But I do not tell it*.' He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred: as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me;—-'Boswell, *lend* me sixpence—*not to be repaid*[597].'

This great man's attention to small things was very remarkable. As an instance of it, he one day said to me, 'Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it; you may find some curious piece of coin.'

Though a stern *true-born Englishman*[598], and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: 'Sir, (said he,) two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity[599].'

Page 95

Johnson was at a certain period of his life a good deal with the Earl of Shelburne[600], now Marquis of Lansdown, as he doubtless could not but have a due value for that nobleman's activity of mind, and uncommon acquisitions of important knowledge, however much he might disapprove of other parts of his Lordship's character, which were widely different from his own.

Maurice Morgann, Esq., authour of the very ingenious *Essay on the character of Falstaff*[601], being a particular friend of his Lordship, had once an opportunity of entertaining Johnson for a day or two at Wickham, when its Lord was absent, and by him I have been favoured with two anecdotes.

One is not a little to the credit of Johnson's candour. Mr. Morgann and he had a dispute pretty late at night, in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side, and in short, both kept the field. Next morning, when they met in the breakfasting-room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr. Morgann thus:—'Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night—*You were in the right*[602].'

The other was as follows:—Johnson, for sport perhaps, or from the spirit of contradiction, eagerly maintained that Derrick[603] had merit as a writer. Mr. Morgann argued with him directly, in vain. At length he had recourse to this device. 'Pray, Sir, (said he,) whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart[604] the best poet?' Johnson at once felt himself roused; and answered, 'Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea.'

Once, when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me, 'Boswell, you often vaunt so much, as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir, (said the other,) I have not that advantage." "Sir, (said he,) I am the *great* TWALMLEY, who invented the New Floodgate Iron[605].'" The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to him, defended Twalmley, by observing, that he was entitled to the epithet of *great*; for Virgil in his groupe of worthies in the Elysian fields—

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, &c.

mentions

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes[606].

He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were left alone in his study, 'Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost any body.'

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying of him, 'Sir, he was a Tory by chance[607].'

His acute observation of human life made him remark, ’Sir, there is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superiour ability or brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts[608].’

Page 96

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that the great Dr. Johnson could amuse himself with so slight and playful a species of composition as a *Charade*. I have recovered one which he made on Dr. *Barnard*, now Lord Bishop of Killaloe; who has been pleased for many years to treat me with so much intimacy and social ease, that I may presume to call him not only my Right Reverend, but my very dear Friend. I therefore with peculiar pleasure give to the world a just and elegant compliment thus paid to his Lordship by Johnson[609].

CHARADE.

’My *first*[610] shuts out thieves from your house or your room,
My *second*[611] expresses a Syrian perfume.
My *whole*[612] is a man in whose converse is shar’d,
The strength of a Bar and the sweetness of Nard.’

Johnson asked Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., if he had read the Spanish translation of *Sallust*, said to be written by a Prince of Spain[613], with the assistance of his tutor, who is professedly the authour of a treatise annexed, on the Phoenician language.

Mr. Cambridge commended the work, particularly as he thought the Translator understood his authour better than is commonly the case with Translators: but said, he was disappointed in the purpose for which he borrowed the book; to see whether a Spaniard could be better furnished with inscriptions from monuments, coins, or other antiquities which he might more probably find on a coast, so immediately opposite to Carthage, than the Antiquaries of any other countries. JOHNSON. ’I am very sorry you was[614] not gratified in your expectations.’ CAMBRIDGE. ’The language would have been of little use, as there is no history existing in that tongue to balance the partial accounts which the Roman writers have left us.’ JOHNSON. ’No, Sir. They have not been *partial*, they have told their own story, without shame or regard to equitable treatment of their injured enemy; they had no compunction, no feeling for a Carthaginian. Why, Sir, they would never have borne Virgil’s description of Aeneas’s treatment of Dido, if she had not been a Carthaginian[615].’

I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications from Mr. Cambridge, whom, if a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles distant from London, a numerous and excellent library, which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection of pictures, which he understands and relishes, an easy fortune, an amiable family, an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance, distinguished by rank, fashion and genius, a literary fame, various, elegant and still increasing, colloquial talents rarely to be found[616], and with all these means of happiness, enjoying, when well advanced in years, health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind, do not entitle to be addressed *fortunate senex!*[617] I know not to whom, in any age, that expression could with propriety have been used. Long may he live to hear and to feel it!

Page 97

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition[618].

His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all, who were intimately acquainted with him, knew to be true.

Nor would it be just, under this head, to omit the fondness which he shewed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I never shall forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat: for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own, I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;' and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'

This reminds me of the ludicrous account which he gave Mr. Langton, of the despicable state of a young Gentleman of good family. 'Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats.' And then in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, 'But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot.'

He thought Mr. Beauclerk made a shrewd and judicious' remark to Mr. Langton, who, after having been for the first time in company with a well-known wit about town, was warmly admiring and praising him, 'See him again,' said Beauclerk.

His respect for the Hierarchy, and particularly the Dignitaries of the Church, has been more than once exhibited in the course of this work[619]. Mr. Seward saw him presented to the Archbishop of York[620], and described his *Bow to an ARCH-BISHOP*, as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equalled.

I cannot help mentioning with much regret, that by my own negligence I lost an opportunity of having the history of my family from its founder Thomas Boswell, in 1504, recorded and illustrated by Johnson's pen. Such was his goodness to me, that when I presumed to solicit him for so great a favour, he was pleased to say, 'Let me have all the materials you can collect, and I will do it both in Latin and English; then let it be printed and copies of it be deposited in various places for security and preservation.' I can now only do the best I can to make up for this

Page 98

loss, keeping my great Master steadily in view. Family histories, like the *imagines majorum* of the Ancients, excite to virtue; and I wish that they who really have blood, would be more careful to trace and ascertain its course. Some have affected to laugh at the history of the house of Yvery[621]: it would be well if many others would transmit their pedigrees to posterity, with the same accuracy and generous zeal with which the Noble Lord who compiled that work has honoured and perpetuated his ancestry.

On Thursday, April 10[622], I introduced to him, at his house in Bolt-court, the Honourable and Reverend William Stuart, son of the Earl of Bute; a gentleman truly worthy of being known to Johnson; being, with all the advantages of high birth, learning, travel, and elegant manners, an exemplary parish priest in every respect.

After some compliments on both sides, the tour which Johnson and I had made to the Hebrides was mentioned. JOHNSON. 'I got an acquisition of more ideas by it than by any thing that I remember. I saw quite a different system of life[623].' BOSWELL. 'You would not like to make the same journey again?' JOHNSON. 'Why no, Sir; not the same: it is a tale told. Gravina, an Italian critick, observes, that every man desires to see that of which he has read; but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen: so much does description fall short of reality. Description only excites curiosity: seeing satisfies it. Other people may go and see the Hebrides.' BOSWELL. 'I should wish to go and see some country totally different from what I have been used to; such as Turkey, where religion and every thing else are different.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; there are two objects of curiosity,—the Christian world, and the Mahometan world. All the rest may be considered as barbarous.' BOSWELL. 'Pray, Sir, is the *Turkish Spy*[624] a genuine book?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir. Mrs. Manley, in her *Life*, says that her father wrote the first two volumes[625]: and in another book, *Dunton's Life and Errours*, we find that the rest was written by one *Sault*, at two guineas a sheet, under the direction of Dr. Midgeley[626].

BOSWELL. 'This has been a very factious reign, owing to the too great indulgence of Government.' JOHNSON. 'I think so, Sir. What at first was lenity, grew timidity[627]. Yet this is reasoning *a posteriori*, and may not be just. Supposing a few had at first been punished, I believe faction would have been crushed; but it might have been said, that it was a sanguinary reign. A man cannot tell *a priori* what will be best for Government to do. This reign has been very unfortunate. We have had an unsuccessful war; but that does not prove that we have been ill governed. One side or other must prevail in war, as one or other must win at play. When we beat Louis we were not better governed; nor were the French better governed when Louis beat us.'

Page 99

On Saturday, April 12, I visited him, in company with Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, whom, though a Whig, he highly valued. One of the best things he ever said was to this gentleman; who, before he set out for Ireland as Secretary to Lord Northington, when Lord Lieutenant, expressed to the Sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to practise those arts which it is supposed a person in that situation has occasion to employ. 'Don't be afraid, Sir, (said Johnson, with a pleasant smile,) you will soon make a very pretty rascal[628].

He talked to-day a good deal of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed, that men of curious enquiry might see in it such modes of life as very few could even imagine. He in particular recommended to us to *explore Wapping*, which we resolved to do[629].

Mr. Lowe, the painter, who was with him, was very much distressed that a large picture which he had painted was refused to be received into the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mrs. Thrale knew Johnson's character so superficially, as to represent him as unwilling to do small acts of benevolence; and mentions in particular, that he would hardly take the trouble to write a letter in favour of his friends[630]. The truth, however, is, that he was remarkable, in an extraordinary degree, for what she denies to him; and, above all, for this very sort of kindness, writing letters for those to whom his solicitations might be of service. He now gave Mr. Lowe the following, of which I was diligent enough, with his permission, to take copies at the next coffee-house, while Mr. Windham was so good as to stay by me.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

'SIR,

'Mr. Lowe considers himself as cut off from all credit and all hope, by the rejection of his picture from the Exhibition. Upon this work he has exhausted all his powers, and suspended all his expectations: and, certainly, to be refused an opportunity of taking the opinion of the publick, is in itself a very great hardship. It is to be condemned without a trial.

If you could procure the revocation of this incapacitating edict, you would deliver an unhappy man from great affliction. The Council has sometimes reversed its own determination; and I hope, that by your interposition this luckless picture may be got admitted. I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

April 12, 1783.

To MR. BARRY.

SIR,

Mr. Lowe's exclusion from the exhibition gives him more trouble than you and the other gentlemen of the Council could imagine or intend. He considers disgrace and ruin as the inevitable consequence of your determination.

He says, that some pictures have been received after rejection; and if there be any such precedent, I earnestly entreat that you will use your interest in his favour. Of his work I can say nothing; I pretend not to judge of painting; and this picture I never saw: but I conceive it extremely hard to shut out any man from the possibility of success; and therefore I repeat my request that you will propose the re-consideration of Mr. Lowe's case; and if there be any among the Council with whom my name can have any weight, be pleased to communicate to them the desire of, Sir, Your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON. April 12, 1783.

Page 100

Such intercession was too powerful to be resisted; and Mr. Lowe's performance was admitted at Somerset Place[631]. The subject, as I recollect, was the Deluge, at that point of time when the water was verging to the top of the last uncovered mountain. Near to the spot was seen the last of the antediluvian race, exclusive of those who were saved in the ark of Noah. This was one of those giants, then the inhabitants of the earth, who had still strength to swim, and with one of his hands held aloft his infant child. Upon the small remaining dry spot appeared a famished lion, ready to spring at the child and devour it. Mr. Lowe told me that Johnson said to him, 'Sir, your picture is noble and probable.' 'A compliment, indeed, (said Mr. Lowe,) from a man who cannot lie, and cannot be mistaken.'

About this time he wrote to Mrs. Lucy Porter, mentioning his bad health, and that he intended a visit to Lichfield. 'It is, (says he,) with no great expectation of amendment that I make every year a journey into the country; but it is pleasant to visit those whose kindness has been often experienced.'

On April 18, (being Good-Friday,) I found him at breakfast, in his usual manner upon that day, drinking tea without milk, and eating a cross-bun to prevent faintness; we went to St. Clement's church, as formerly. When we came home from church, he placed himself on one of the stone-seats at his garden-door, and I took the other, and thus in the open air and in a placid frame of mind, he talked away very easily. JOHNSON. 'Were I a country gentleman, I should not be very hospitable, I should not have crowds in my house[632].' BOSWELL. 'Sir Alexander Dick[633] tells me, that he remembers having a thousand people in a year to dine at his house: that is, reckoning each person as one, each time that he dined there.' JOHNSON. 'That, Sir, is about three a day.' BOSWELL. 'How your statement lessens the idea.' JOHNSON. 'That, Sir, is the good of counting[634]. It brings every thing to a certainty, which before floated in the mind indefinitely.' BOSWELL. 'But *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est[635]: one is sorry to have this diminished.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you should not allow yourself to be delighted with errour.' BOSWELL. 'Three a day seem but few.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, he who entertains three a day, does very liberally. And if there is a large family, the poor entertain those three, for they eat what the poor would get: there must be superfluous meat; it must be given to the poor, or thrown out.' BOSWELL. 'I observe in London, that the poor go about and gather bones, which I understand are manufactured.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; they boil them, and extract a grease from them for greasing wheels and other purposes. Of the best pieces they make a mock ivory, which is used for hafts to knives, and various other things; the coarser pieces they burn and pound, and sell the ashes.' BOSWELL. 'For what purpose, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, for making a furnace*

Page 101

for the chymists for melting iron. A paste made of burnt bones will stand a stronger heat than any thing else. Consider, Sir; if you are to melt iron, you cannot line your pot with brass, because it is softer than iron, and would melt sooner; nor with iron, for though malleable iron is harder than cast iron, yet it would not do; but a paste of burnt-bones will not melt.' BOSWELL. 'Do you know, Sir, I have discovered a manufacture to a great extent, of what you only piddle at,—scraping and drying the peel of oranges[636]. At a place in Newgate-street, there is a prodigious quantity prepared, which they sell to the distillers.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I believe they make a higher thing out of them than a spirit; they make what is called orange-butter, the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum, and make it fragrant. The oil does not fly off in the drying.'

BOSWELL. 'I wish to have a good walled garden.' JOHNSON. 'I don't think it would be worth the expence to you. We compute in England, a park wall at a thousand pounds a mile; now a garden-wall must cost at least as much. You intend your trees should grow higher than a deer will leap. Now let us see; for a hundred pounds you could only have forty-four square yards, which is very little; for two hundred pounds, you may have eighty-four square yards[637], which is very well. But when will you get the value of two hundred pounds of walls, in fruit, in your climate? No, Sir, such contention with Nature is not worth while. I would plant an orchard, and have plenty of such fruit as ripen well in your country. My friend, Dr. Madden[638], of Ireland, said, that "in an orchard there should be enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stolen, and enough to rot upon the ground." Cherries are an early fruit, you may have them; and you may have the early apples and pears.' BOSWELL. 'We cannot have nonpareils.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you can no more have nonpareils than you can have grapes.' BOSWELL. 'We have them, Sir; but they are very bad.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, never try to have a thing merely to shew that you *cannot* have it. From ground that would let for forty shillings you may have a large orchard; and you see it costs you only forty shillings. Nay, you may graze the ground when the trees are grown up; you cannot while they are young.' BOSWELL. 'Is not a good garden a very common thing in England, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Not so common, Sir, as you imagine[639]. In Lincolnshire there is hardly an orchard; in Staffordshire very little fruit.' BOSWELL. 'Has Langton no orchard?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'How so, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, from the general negligence of the county. He has it not, because nobody else has it.' BOSWELL. 'A hot-house is a certain thing; I may have that.' JOHNSON. 'A hot-house is pretty certain; but you must first build it, then you must keep fires in it, and you must have a gardener to take care of it.' BOSWELL. 'But if I have a gardener at any rate?—' JOHNSON. 'Why, yes.' BOSWELL.' I'd have it near my house; there is no need to have it in the orchard.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, I'd have it near my house. I would plant a great many currants; the fruit is good, and they make a pretty sweetmeat.'

Page 102

I record this minute detail, which some may think trifling, in order to shew clearly how this great man, whose mind could grasp such large and extensive subjects, as he has shewn in his literary labours, was yet well-informed in the common affairs of life, and loved to illustrate them.

Mr. Walker, the celebrated master of elocution[640], came in, and then we went up stairs into the study. I asked him if he had taught many clergymen. JOHNSON. 'I hope not.' WALKER. 'I have taught only one, and he is the best reader I ever heard, not by my teaching, but by his own natural talents.' JOHNSON. 'Were he the best reader in the world, I would not have it told that he was taught.' Here was one of his peculiar prejudices. Could it be any disadvantage to the clergyman to have it known that he was taught an easy and graceful delivery? BOSWELL. 'Will you not allow, Sir, that a man may be taught to read well?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, so far as to read better than he might do without being taught, yes. Formerly it was supposed that there was no difference in reading, but that one read as well as another.' BOSWELL. 'It is wonderful to see old Sheridan as enthusiastick about oratory as ever[641],' WALKER. 'His enthusiasm as to what oratory will do, may be too great: but he reads well.' JOHNSON. 'He reads well, but he reads low[642]; and you know it is much easier to read low than to read high; for when you read high, you are much more limited, your loudest note can be but one, and so the variety is less in proportion to the loudness. Now some people have occasion to speak to an extensive audience, and must speak loud to be heard.' WALKER. 'The art is to read strong, though low.'

Talking of the origin of language; JOHNSON. 'It must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay, a million of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language; by the time that there is understanding enough, the organs are become stiff. We know that after a certain age we cannot learn to pronounce a new language. No foreigner, who comes to England when advanced in life, ever pronounces English tolerably well; at least such instances are very rare. When I maintain that language must have come by inspiration, I do not mean that inspiration is required for rhetorick, and all the beauties of language; for when once man has language, we can conceive that he may gradually form modifications of it. I mean only that inspiration seems to me to be necessary to give man the faculty of speech; to inform him that he may have speech; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration, than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty.' WALKER. 'Do you think, Sir, that there are any perfect synonimes in any language?' JOHNSON. 'Originally there were not; but by using words negligently, or in poetry, one word comes to be confounded with another.'

He talked of Dr. Dodd[643]. 'A friend of mine, (said he,) came to me and told me, that a lady wished to have Dr. Dodd's picture in a bracelet, and asked me for a motto. I said, I could think of no better than *Currat Lex*. I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is, to have the sentence changed to transportation: but, when he was once hanged, I did not wish he should be made a saint.'

Page 103

Mrs. Burney, wife of his friend Dr. Burney, came in, and he seemed to be entertained with her conversation.

Garrick's funeral was talked of as extravagantly expensive. Johnson, from his dislike to exaggeration, would not allow that it was distinguished by any extraordinary pomp. 'Were there not six horses to each coach?' said Mrs. Burney. JOHNSON. 'Madam, there were no more six horses than six phoenixes[644].'

Mrs. Burney wondered that some very beautiful new buildings should be erected in Moorfields, in so shocking a situation as between Bedlam and St. Luke's Hospital; and said she could not live there. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Madam, you see nothing there to hurt you. You no more think of madness by having windows that look to Bedlam, than you think of death by having windows that look to a church-yard.' MRS. BURNEY. 'We may look to a church-yard, Sir; for it is right that we should be kept in mind of death.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Madam, if you go to that, it is right that we should be kept in mind of madness, which is occasioned by too much indulgence of imagination. I think a very moral use may be made of these new buildings: I would have those who have heated imaginations live there, and take warning.' MRS. BURNEY. 'But, Sir, many of the poor people that are mad, have become so from disease, or from distressing events. It is, therefore, not their fault, but their misfortune; and, therefore, to think of them is a melancholy consideration.'

Time passed on in conversation till it was too late for the service of the church at three o'clock. I took a walk, and left him alone for some time; then returned, and we had coffee and conversation again by ourselves.

I stated the character of a noble friend of mine, as a curious case for his opinion:—'He is the most inexplicable man to me that I ever knew. Can you explain him, Sir? He is, I really believe, noble-minded, generous, and princely. But his most intimate friends may be separated from him for years, without his ever asking a question concerning them. He will meet them with a formality, a coldness, a stately indifference; but when they come close to him, and fairly engage him in conversation, they find him as easy, pleasant, and kind, as they could wish. One then supposes that what is so agreeable will soon be renewed; but stay away from him for half a year, and he will neither call on you, nor send to inquire about you.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, I cannot ascertain his character exactly, as I do not know him; but I should not like to have such a man for my friend. He may love study, and wish not to be interrupted by his friends; *Amici fures temporis*. He may be a frivolous man, and be so much occupied with petty pursuits, that he may not want friends. Or he may have a notion that there is a dignity in appearing indifferent, while he in fact may not be more indifferent at his heart than another.'

We went to evening prayers at St. Clement's, at seven, and then parted.

Page 104

On Sunday, April 20, being Easter-day, after attending solemn service at St. Paul's, I came to Dr. Johnson, and found Mr. Lowe, the painter, sitting with him. Mr. Lowe mentioned the great number of new buildings of late in London, yet that Dr. Johnson had observed, that the number of inhabitants was not increased. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, the bills of mortality prove that no more people die now than formerly; so it is plain no more live. The register of births proves nothing, for not one tenth of the people of London are born there.' BOSWELL. 'I believe, Sir, a great many of the children born in London die early.' JOHNSON. 'Why, yes, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'But those who do live, are as stout and strong people as any[645]: Dr. Price[646] says, they must be naturally stronger to get through.' JOHNSON. 'That is system, Sir. A great traveller observes, that it is said there are no weak or deformed people among the Indians; but he with much sagacity assigns the reason of this, which is, that the hardship of their life as hunters and fishers does not allow weak or diseased children to grow up. Now had I been an Indian, I must have died early; my eyes would not have served me to get food. I indeed now could fish, give me English tackle; but had I been an Indian I must have starved, or they would have knocked me on the head, when they saw I could do nothing.' BOSWELL. 'Perhaps they would have taken care of you: we are told they are fond of oratory, you would have talked to them.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, I should not have lived long enough to be fit to talk; I should have been dead before I was ten years old. Depend upon it, Sir, a savage, when he is hungry, will not carry about with him a looby of nine years old, who cannot help himself. They have no affection, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'I believe natural affection, of which we hear so much, is very small.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, natural affection is nothing: but affection from principle and established duty is sometimes wonderfully strong.' LOWE. 'A hen, Sir, will feed her chickens in preference to herself.' JOHNSON. 'But we don't know that the hen is hungry; let the hen be fairly hungry, and I'll warrant she'll peck the corn herself. A cock, I believe, will feed hens instead of himself; but we don't know that the cock is hungry.' BOSWELL. 'And that, Sir, is not from affection but gallantry. But some of the Indians have affection.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, that they help some of their children is plain; for some of them live, which they could not do without being helped.'

I dined with him; the company were, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and Mr. Lowe. He seemed not to be well, talked little, grew drowsy soon after dinner, and retired, upon which I went away.

Page 105

Having next day gone to Mr. Burke's seat in the country, from whence I was recalled by an express, that a near relation of mine had killed his antagonist in a duel, and was himself dangerously wounded[647], I saw little of Dr. Johnson till Monday, April 28, when I spent a considerable part of the day with him, and introduced the subject, which then chiefly occupied my mind. JOHNSON. 'I do not see, Sir, that fighting is absolutely forbidden in Scripture; I see revenge forbidden, but not self-defence.' BOSWELL. 'The Quakers say it is; "Unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer him also the other[648]."' JOHNSON. 'But stay, Sir; the text is meant only to have the effect of moderating passion; it is plain that we are not to take it in a literal sense. We see this from the context, where there are other recommendations, which I warrant you the Quaker will not take literally; as, for instance, "From him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away[649]." Let a man whose credit is bad, come to a Quaker, and say, "Well, Sir, lend me a hundred pounds;" he'll find him as unwilling as any other man. No, Sir, a man may shoot the man who invades his character, as he may shoot him who attempts to break into his house[650]. So in 1745, my friend, Tom Cumming the Quaker[651], said, he would not fight, but he would drive an ammunition cart; and we know that the Quakers have sent flannel waistcoats to our soldiers, to enable them to fight better.' BOSWELL. 'When a man is the aggressor, and by ill-usage forces on a duel in which he is killed, have we not little ground to hope that he is gone into a state of happiness?' JOHNSON. 'Sir, we are not to judge determinately of the state in which a man leaves this life. He may in a moment have repented effectually, and it is possible may have been accepted by GOD. There is in *Camden's Remains*, an epitaph upon a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in which he is supposed to say,

> '"Between the stirrup and the ground,
> I mercy ask'd, I mercy found[652]."'

BOSWELL. 'Is not the expression in the Burial-service, "in the *sure* and *certain* hope of a blessed resurrection[653]," too strong to be used indiscriminately, and, indeed, sometimes when those over whose bodies it is said, have been notoriously profane?' JOHNSON. 'It is sure and certain *hope*, Sir; not *belief*.' I did not insist further; but cannot help thinking that less positive words would be more proper[654].

Talking of a man who was grown very fat, so as to be incommoded with corpulency; he said, 'He eats too much, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'I don't know, Sir; you will see one man fat who eats moderately, and another lean who eats a great deal.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done. One man may have a digestion that consumes food better than common; but it is certain that solidity is encreased by putting something to it.' BOSWELL. 'But may not solids swell and be distended?' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, they may swell and be distended; but that is not fat.'

Page 106

We talked of the accusation against a gentleman for supposed delinquencies in India[655]. JOHNSON. 'What foundation there is for accusation I know not, but they will not get at him. Where bad actions are committed at so great a distance, a delinquent can obscure the evidence till the scent becomes cold; there is a cloud between, which cannot be penetrated: therefore all distant power is bad. I am clear that the best plan for the government of India is a despotick governour; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governour whose power is checked, lets others plunder, that he himself may be allowed to plunder; but if despotick, he sees that the more he lets others plunder, the less there will be for himself, so he restrains them; and though he himself plunders, the country is a gainer, compared with being plundered by numbers.'

I mentioned the very liberal payment which had been received for reviewing; and, as evidence of this, that it had been proved in a trial, that Dr. Shebbeare[656] had received six guineas a sheet for that kind of literary labour. JOHNSON, 'Sir, he might get six guineas for a particular sheet, but not *communibus sheetibus*[657].' BOSWELL. 'Pray, Sir, by a sheet of review is it meant that it shall be all of the writer's own composition? or are extracts, made from the book reviewed, deducted.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir: it is a sheet, no matter of what.' BOSWELL. 'I think that it is not reasonable.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, it is. A man will more easily write a sheet all his own, than read an octavo volume to get extracts[658].' To one of Johnson's wonderful fertility of mind I believe writing was really easier than reading and extracting; but with ordinary men the case is very different. A great deal, indeed, will depend upon the care and judgement with which the extracts are made. I can suppose the operation to be tedious and difficult: but in many instances we must observe crude morsels cut out of books as if at random; and when a large extract is made from one place, it surely may be done with very little trouble. One however, I must acknowledge, might be led, from the practice of reviewers, to suppose that they take a pleasure in original writing; for we often find, that instead of giving an accurate account of what has been done by the authour whose work they are reviewing, which is surely the proper business of a literary journal, they produce some plausible and ingenious conceits of their own, upon the topicks which have been discussed[659].

Upon being told that old Mr. Sheridan, indignant at the neglect of his oratorical plans, had threatened to go to America; JOHNSON. 'I hope he will go to America.' BOSWELL. 'The Americans don't want oratory.' JOHNSON. 'But we can want Sheridan[660].'

Page 107

On Monday[661], April 29, I found him at home in the forenoon, and Mr. Seward with him. Horace having been mentioned; BOSWELL. 'There is a great deal of thinking in his works. One finds there almost every thing but religion.' SEWARD. 'He speaks of his returning to it, in his Ode *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*[662] JOHNSON. 'Sir, he was not in earnest: this was merely poetical.' BOSWELL. 'There are, I am afraid, many people who have no religion at all.' SEWARD. 'And sensible people too.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, not sensible in that respect. There must be either a natural or a moral stupidity, if one lives in a total neglect of so very important a concern.' SEWARD. 'I wonder that there should be people without religion.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you need not wonder at this, when you consider how large a proportion of almost every man's life is passed without thinking of it. I myself was for some years totally regardless of religion. It had dropped out of my mind. It was at an early part of my life. Sickness brought it back, and I hope I have never lost it since[663].' BOSWELL. 'My dear Sir, what a man must you have been without religion! Why you must have gone on drinking, and swearing, and—[664]' JOHNSON. (with a smile) 'I drank enough and swore enough, to be sure.' SEWARD. 'One should think that sickness and the view of death would make more men religious.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, they do not know how to go about it: they have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick, than a man who has never learnt figures can count when he has need of calculation.'

I mentioned a worthy friend of ours[665] whom we valued much, but observed that he was too ready to introduce religious discourse upon all occasions. JOHNSON. 'Why, yes, Sir, he will introduce religious discourse without seeing whether it will end in instruction and improvement, or produce some profane jest. He would introduce it in the company of Wilkes, and twenty more such.'

I mentioned Dr. Johnson's excellent distinction between liberty of conscience and liberty of teaching[666]. JOHNSON. 'Consider, Sir; if you have children whom you wish to educate in the principles of the Church of England, and there comes a Quaker who tries to pervert them to his principles, you would drive away the Quaker. You would not trust to the predomination of right, which you believe is in your opinions; you would keep wrong out of their heads. Now the vulgar are the children of the State. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the State approves, the magistrate may and ought to restrain him.' SEWARD. 'Would you restrain private conversation, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, it is difficult to say where private conversation begins, and where it ends. If we three should discuss even the great question concerning the existence of a Supreme Being by ourselves, we should not be restrained; for that would be to put an end to all improvement. But if we should discuss it in the presence of ten boarding-school girls, and as many boys, I think the magistrate would do well to put us in the stocks, to finish the debate there.'

Page 108

Lord Hailes had sent him a present of a curious little printed poem, on repairing the University of Aberdeen, by David Malloch, which he thought would please Johnson, as affording clear evidence that Mallet had appeared even as a literary character by the name of *Malloch*; his changing which to one of softer sound, had given Johnson occasion to introduce him into his *Dictionary*, under the article *Alias*[667]. This piece was, I suppose, one of Mallet's first essays. It is preserved in his works, with several variations. Johnson having read aloud, from the beginning of it, where there were some common-place assertions as to the superiority of ancient times;—'How false (said he) is all this, to say that in ancient times learning was not a disgrace to a Peer as it is now. In ancient times a Peer was as ignorant as any one else. He would have been angry to have it thought he could write his name[668]. Men in ancient times dared to stand forth with a degree of ignorance with which nobody would dare now to stand forth. I am always angry when I hear ancient times praised at the expence of modern times. There is now a great deal more learning in the world than there was formerly; for it is universally diffused. You have, perhaps, no man who knows as much Greek and Latin as Bentley[669]; no man who knows as much mathematicks as Newton: but you have many more men who know Greek and Latin, and who know mathematicks[670].'

On Thursday, May 1, I visited him in the evening along with young Mr. Burke. He said, 'It is strange that there should be so little reading in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read, if they can have any thing else to amuse them[671]. There must be an external impulse; emulation, or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book, has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty, and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feelings. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light compositions, which contain a quick succession of events. However, I have this year read all Virgil through[672]. I read a book of the *Aeneid* every night, so it was done in twelve nights, and I had great delight in it. The *Georgicks* did not give me so much pleasure, except the fourth book. The *Eclogues* I have almost all by heart. I do not think the story of the *Aeneid* interesting. I like the story of the *Odyssey* much better[673]; and this not on account of the wonderful things which it contains; for there are wonderful things enough in the *Aeneid*;—the ships of the Trojans turned to sea-nymphs,—the tree at Polydorus's tomb dropping blood. The story of the *Odyssey* is interesting, as a great part of it is domestick. It has been said, there is pleasure in writing, particularly in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing, after it is over, if you have written well; but you don't go willingly to it again[674]. I know when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin, to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make[675].'

Page 109

He seemed to be in a very placid humour, and although I have no note of the particulars of young Mr. Burke's conversation, it is but justice to mention in general, that it was such that Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, 'He did very well indeed; I have a mind to tell his father[676].'

'TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

'DEAR SIR,

'The gentleman who waits on you with this, is Mr. Cruikshanks[677], who wishes to succeed his friend Dr. Hunter[678] as Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy. His qualifications are very generally known, and it adds dignity to the institution that such men[679] are candidates.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

'May 2[680], 1783.'

I have no minute of any interview with Johnson till Thursday, May 15, when I find what follows:—BOSWELL. 'I wish much to be in Parliament, Sir[681].' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively.' BOSWELL. 'Perhaps, Sir, I should be the less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong.' JOHNSON. 'That's cant, Sir. It would not vex you more in the house, than in the gallery: publick affairs vex no man.' BOSWELL. 'Have not they vexed yourself a little, Sir? Have not you been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished[682]?"' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat[683]. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not *vexed*.' BOSWELL. 'I declare, Sir, upon my honour, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it *was*, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither ate less, nor slept less.' JOHNSON. 'My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant[684]. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, "Sir, I am your most humble servant." You are not his most humble servant. You may say, "These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times." You don't mind the times. You tell a man, "I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet." You don't care six-pence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in Society[685]; but don't *think* foolishly[686].'

I talked of living in the country. JOHNSON. 'Don't set up for what is called hospitality; it is a waste of time, and a waste of money; you are eaten up, and not the more respected for your liberality. If your house be like an inn, nobody cares for you. A man who stays a week with another, makes him a slave for a week.'[687] BOSWELL. 'But there are people, Sir, who make their houses a home to their guests, and are themselves quite easy.' JOHNSON. 'Then, Sir, home must be the same to the guests, and they need not come.'

Page 110

Here he discovered a notion common enough in persons not much accustomed to entertain company, that there must be a degree of elaborate attention, otherwise company will think themselves neglected; and such attention is no doubt very fatiguing. [688] He proceeded: 'I would not, however, be a stranger in my own county; I would visit my neighbours, and receive their visits; but I would not be in haste to return visits. If a gentleman comes to see me, I tell him he does me a great deal of honour. I do not go to see him perhaps for ten weeks; then we are very complaisant to each other. No, Sir, you will have much more influence by giving or lending money where it is wanted, than by hospitality[689].'

On Saturday, May 17, I saw him for a short time. Having mentioned that I had that morning been with old Mr. Sheridan, he remembered their former intimacy with a cordial warmth, and said to me, 'Tell Mr. Sheridan, I shall be glad to see him, and shake hands with him[690].' BOSWELL. 'It is to me very wonderful that resentment should be kept up so long.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, it is not altogether resentment that he does not visit me; it is partly falling out of the habit,—partly disgust, as one has at a drug that has made him sick. Besides, he knows that I laugh at his oratory[691].'

Another day I spoke of one of our friends, of whom he, as well as I, had a very high opinion. He expatiated in his praise; but added, 'Sir, he is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig, as they all are now[692].'

I mentioned my expectations from the interest of an eminent person[693] then in power; adding, 'but I have no claim but the claim of friendship; however, some people will go a great way from that motive.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, they will go all the way from that motive.' A gentleman talked of retiring. 'Never think of that,' said Johnson. The gentleman urged, 'I should then do no ill.' JOHNSON. Nor no good either. Sir, it would be a civil suicide[694].'

On Monday, May 26, I found him at tea, and the celebrated Miss Burney, the authour of *Evelina*[695] and *Cecilia*, with him. I asked if there would be any speakers in Parliament, if there were no places to be obtained. JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir. Why do you speak here? Either to instruct and entertain, which is a benevolent motive; or for distinction, which is a selfish motive.' I mentioned *Cecilia*. JOHNSON. (with an air of animated satisfaction) 'Sir, if you talk of *Cecilia*, talk on[696].'

We talked of Mr. Barry's exhibition of his pictures. JOHNSON. 'Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find nowhere else[697].'

I asked whether a man naturally virtuous, or one who has overcome wicked inclinations, is the best. JOHNSON. 'Sir, to *you*, the man who has overcome wicked inclinations is not the best. He has more merit to *himself*: I would rather trust my money to a man who has no hands, and so a physical impossibility to steal, than to a man of the most

honest principles. There is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau, “You may be surprized (said he) that I allow him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe he has no hands."’

Page 111

On Friday, May 29[698], being to set out for Scotland next morning, I passed a part of the day with him in more than usual earnestness; as his health was in a more precarious state than at any time when I had parted from him. He, however, was quick and lively, and critical as usual. I mentioned one who was a very learned man. JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, he has a great deal of learning; but it never lies straight. There is never one idea by the side of another; 'tis all entangled: and then he drives it so aukwardly upon conversation.'

I stated to him an anxious thought, by which a sincere Christian might be disturbed, even when conscious of having lived a good life, so far as is consistent with human infirmity; he might fear that he should afterwards fall away, and be guilty of such crimes as would render all his former religion vain. Could there be, upon this aweful subject, such a thing as balancing of accounts? Suppose a man who has led a good life for seven years, commits an act of wickedness, and instantly dies; will his former good life have any effect in his favour? JOHNSON. 'Sir, if a man has led a good life for seven years, and then is hurried by passion to do what is wrong, and is suddenly carried off, depend upon it he will have the reward of his seven years' good life; GOD will not take a catch of him. Upon this principle Richard Baxter believes that a Suicide may be saved. "If, (says he) it should be objected that what I maintain may encourage suicide, I answer, I am not to tell a lie to prevent it."' BOSWELL. 'But does not the text say, "As the tree falls, so it must lie[699]?"' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; as the tree falls: but,—(after a little pause)—that is meant as to the general state of the tree, not what is the effect of a sudden blast.' In short, he interpreted the expression as referring to condition, not to position. The common notion, therefore, seems to be erroneous; and Shenstone's witty remark on Divines trying to give the tree a jerk upon a death-bed, to make it lie favourably, is not well founded[700].

I asked him what works of Richard Baxter's I should read. He said, 'Read any of them; they are all good[701].'

He said, 'Get as much force of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong.'

I assured him, that in the extensive and various range of his acquaintance there never had been any one who had a more sincere respect and affection for him than I had. He said, 'I believe it, Sir. Were I in distress, there is no man to whom I should sooner come than to you. I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs. Boswell. She and I are good friends now; are we not?'

Talking of devotion, he said, 'Though it be true that "GOD dwelleth not in temples made with hands[702]," yet in this state of being, our minds are more piously affected in places appropriated to divine worship, than in others. Some people have a particular

room in their house, where they say their prayers; of which I do not disapprove, as it may animate their devotion.'

Page 112

He embraced me, and gave me his blessing, as usual when I was leaving him for any length of time. I walked from his door to-day, with a fearful apprehension of what might happen before I returned.

’To THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM WINDHAM.

Sir, The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss Philips[703], a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

Mr. Philips is one of my old friends; and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do any thing that can disgrace their benefactors, I take the liberty of entreating you to countenance and protect them so far as may be suitable to your station[704] and character; and shall consider myself as obliged by any favourable notice which they shall have the honour of receiving from you.

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,

SAM JOHNSON. London, May 31, 1783.’

The following is another instance of his active benevolence:—

’To SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR, I have sent you some of my god-son’s[705] performances, of which I do not pretend to form any opinion. When I took the liberty of mentioning him to you, I did not know what I have since been told, that Mr. Moser[706] had admitted him among the Students of the Academy. What more can be done for him I earnestly entreat you to consider; for I am very desirous that he should derive some advantage from my connection with him. If you are inclined to see him, I will bring him to wait on you, at any time that you shall be pleased to appoint.

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON. June 2, 1783.’

My anxious apprehensions at parting with him this year proved to be but too well founded; for not long afterwards he had a dreadful stroke of the palsy, of which there are very full and accurate accounts in letters written by himself, to shew with what composure of mind, and resignation to the Divine Will, his steady piety enabled him to behave.

’TO MR. EDMUND ALLEN[707].

DEAR SIR, It has pleased GOD, this morning, to deprive me of the powers of speech; and as I do not know but that it may be his further good pleasure to deprive me soon of

my senses, I request you will on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for me, as the exigencies of my case may require.

I am, Sincerely yours,

SAM. JOHNSON. June 17, 1783.'

'TO THE REVEREND DR. JOHN TAYLOR.

'DEAR SIR, It has pleased GOD, by a Paralytick stroke in the night, to deprive me of speech.

I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden's[708] assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. Let me see you as soon as it is possible. Bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well, when I am so dreadfully attacked.

I think that by a speedy application of stimulants much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can, that can be suspected to have brought on this dreadful distress.

Page 113

I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatick complaint; but have forborne for some time by Dr. Pepys's persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell. I sometimes alleviate a painful, or more properly an oppressive, constriction of my chest, by opiates; and have lately taken opium frequently, but the last, or two last times, in smaller quantities. My largest dose is three grains, and last night I took but two[709]. You will suggest these things (and they are all that I can call to mind) to Dr. Heberden.

I am, &c. SAM. JOHNSON[710]. June 17, 1783.'

Two days after he wrote thus to Mrs. Thrale[711]:—

'On Monday, the 16th, I sat for my picture[712], and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse[713]. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytick stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horrour than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence[714], who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note, I had some difficulty; my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.'

Page 114

’To MR. THOMAS DAVIES.

’DEAR SIR, I have had, indeed, a very heavy blow; but GOD, who yet spares my life, I humbly hope will spare my understanding, and restore my speech. As I am not at all helpless, I want no particular assistance, but am strongly affected by Mrs. Davies’s tenderness; and when I think she can do me good, shall be very glad to call upon her. I had ordered friends to be shut out; but one or two have found the way in; and if you come you shall be admitted: for I know not whom I can see, that will bring more amusement on his tongue, or more kindness in his heart. I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON. June 18, 1783.’

It gives me great pleasure to preserve such a memorial of Johnson’s regard for Mr. Davies, to whom I was indebted for my introduction to him[715]. He indeed loved Davies cordially, of which I shall give the following little evidence. One day when he had treated him with too much asperity. Tom, who was not without pride and spirit, went off in a passion; but he had hardly reached home, when Frank, who had been sent after him, delivered this note:—’Come, come, dear Davies, I am always sorry when we quarrel; send me word that we are friends.’

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Your anxiety about my health is very friendly, and very agreeable with your general kindness. I have, indeed, had a very frightful blow. On the 17th of last month, about three in the morning, as near as I can guess, I perceived myself almost totally deprived of speech. I had no pain. My organs were so obstructed, that I could say *no*, but could scarcely say *yes*. I wrote the necessary directions, for it pleased GOD to spare my hand, and sent for Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby. Between the time in which I discovered my own disorder, and that in which I sent for the doctors, I had, I believe, in spite of my surprize and solicitude, a little sleep, and Nature began to renew its operations. They came, and gave the directions which the disease required, and from that time I have been continually improving in articulation. I can now speak, but the nerves are weak, and I cannot continue discourse long; but strength, I hope, will return. The physicians consider me as cured. I was last Sunday at church. On Tuesday I took an airing to Hampstead, and dined with THE CLUB[716], where Lord Palmerston was proposed, and, against my opinion, was rejected[717]. I designed to go next week with Mr. Langton to Rochester, where I purpose to stay about ten days, and then try some other air. I have many kind invitations. Your brother has very frequently enquired after me. Most of my friends have, indeed, been very attentive[718]. Thank dear Lord Hailes for his present.

I hope you found at your return every thing gay and prosperous, and your lady, in particular, quite recovered and confirmed. Pay her my respects.

I am, dear Sir, Your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON. London, July 3, 1783.'

Page 115

’To MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

DEAR MADAM, The account which you give of your health is but melancholy. May it please GOD to restore you. My disease affected my speech, and still continues, in some degree, to obstruct my utterance; my voice is distinct enough for a while; but the organs being still weak are quickly weary: but in other respects I am, I think, rather better than I have lately been; and can let you know my state without the help of any other hand.

In the opinion of my friends, and in my own, I am gradually mending. The Physicians consider me as cured; and I had leave, four days ago, to wash the cantharides from my head. Last Tuesday I dined at THE CLUB.

I am going next week into Kent, and purpose to change the air frequently this summer; whether I shall wander so far as Staffordshire I cannot tell. I should be glad to come. Return my thanks to Mrs. Cobb, and Mr. Pearson, and all that have shewn attention to me.

Let us, my dear, pray for one another, and consider our sufferings as notices mercifully given us to prepare ourselves for another state.

I live now but in a melancholy way. My old friend Mr. Levett is dead, who lived with me in the house, and was useful and companionable; Mrs. Desmoulins is gone away[719]; and Mrs. Williams is so much decayed, that she can add little to another’s gratifications. The world passes away, and we are passing with it; but there is, doubtless, another world, which will endure for ever. Let us all fit ourselves for it.

I am, &c., SAM. JOHNSON. London, July 5, 1783.’

Such was the general vigour of his constitution, that he recovered from this alarming and severe attack with wonderful quickness; so that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton at Rochester[720], where he passed about a fortnight, and made little excursions as easily as at any time of his life[721]. In August he went as far as the neighbourhood of Salisbury, to Heale[722], the seat of William Bowles, Esq[723]., a gentleman whom I have heard him praise for exemplary religious order in his family. In his diary I find a short but honourable mention of this visit: ’August 28, I came to Heale without fatigue. 30. I am entertained quite to my mind.’

’To DR. BROCKLESBY. Heale, near Salisbury, Aug. 29, 1783.

DEAR SIR, Without appearing to want a just sense of your kind attention, I cannot omit to give an account of the day which seemed to appear in some sort perilous. I rose at five and went out at six, and having reached Salisbury about nine[724], went forward a few miles in my friend’s chariot. I was no more wearied with the journey, though it was a

high-hung, rough coach, than I should have been forty years ago. We shall now see what air will do. The country is all a plain; and the house in which I am, so far as I can judge from my window, for I write before I have left my chamber, is sufficiently pleasant.

Page 116

Be so kind as to continue your attention to Mrs. Williams; it is great consolation to the well, and still greater to the sick, that they find themselves not neglected; and I know that you will be desirous of giving comfort even where you have no great hope of giving help.

Since I wrote the former part of the letter, I find that by the course of the post I cannot send it before the thirty-first.

I am, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.'

While he was here he had a letter from Dr. Brocklesby, acquainting him of the death of Mrs. Williams, which affected him a good deal[725]. Though for several years her temper had not been complacent, she had valuable qualities, and her departure left a blank in his house[726]. Upon this occasion he, according to his habitual course of piety, composed a prayer[727].

I shall here insert a few particulars concerning him, with which I have been favoured by one of his friends[728].

'He had once conceived the design of writing the Life of Oliver Cromwell[729], saying, that he thought it must be highly curious to trace his extraordinary rise to the supreme power, from so obscure a beginning. He at length laid aside his scheme, on discovering that all that can be told of him is already in print; and that it is impracticable to procure any authentick information in addition to what the world is already possessed of[730].'

'He had likewise projected, but at what part of his life is not known, a work to shew how small a quantity of REAL FICTION there is in the world; and that the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authours who have ever written[731].'

'His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends. He often muttered these, or such like sentences: "Poor man! and then he died."'

'Speaking of a certain literary friend, "He is a very pompous puzzling fellow, (said he); he lent me a letter once that somebody had written to him, no matter what it was about; but he wanted to have the letter back, and expressed a mighty value for it; he hoped it was to be met with again, he would not lose it for a thousand pounds. I layed my hand upon it soon afterwards, and gave it him. I believe I said, I was very glad to have met with it. O, then he did not know that it signified any thing. So you see, when the letter was lost it was worth a thousand pounds, and when it was found it was not worth a farthing."'

'The style and character of his conversation is pretty generally known; it was certainly conducted in conformity with a precept of Lord Bacon, but it is not clear, I apprehend,

that this conformity was either perceived or intended by Johnson. The precept alluded to is as follows: “In all kinds of speech, either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly than hastily: because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides

Page 117

the unseemliness, drives the man either to stammering, a non-plus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance[732].” Dr. Johnson’s method of conversation was certainly calculated to excite attention, and to amuse and instruct, (as it happened,) without wearying or confusing his company. He was always most perfectly clear and perspicuous; and his language was so accurate, and his sentences so neatly constructed, that his conversation might have been all printed without any correction. At the same time, it was easy and natural; the accuracy of it had no appearance of labour, constraint, or stiffness; he seemed more correct than others, by the force of habit, and the customary exercises of his powerful mind[733].’

’He spoke often in praise of French literature. “The French are excellent in this, (he would say,) they have a book on every subject[734].” From what he had seen of them he denied them the praise of superiour politeness[735], and mentioned, with very visible disgust, the custom they have of spitting on the floors of their apartments. “This, (said the Doctor) is as gross a thing as can well be done; and one wonders how any man, or set of men, can persist in so offensive a practice for a whole day together; one should expect that the first effort towards civilization would remove it even among savages[736]."’

’Baxter’s *Reasons of the Christian Religion*, he thought contained the best collection of the evidences of the divinity of the Christian system.’

’Chymistry[737] was always an interesting pursuit with Dr. Johnson. Whilst he was in Wiltshire, he attended some experiments that were made by a physician at Salisbury, on the new kinds of air[738]. In the course of the experiments frequent mention being made of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Johnson knit his brows, and in a stern manner enquired, “Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley[739]?” He was very properly answered, “Sir, because we are indebted to him for these important discoveries.” On this Dr. Johnson appeared well content; and replied, “Well, well, I believe we are; and let every man have the honour he has merited."’

’A friend was one day, about two years before his death, struck with some instance of Dr. Johnson’s great candour. “Well, Sir, (said he,) I will always say that you are a very candid man.” “Will you,” (replied the Doctor,) I doubt then you will be very singular. But, indeed, Sir, (continued he,) I look upon myself to be a man very much misunderstood. I am not an uncandid, nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest; and people are apt to believe me serious: however, I am more candid than I was when I was younger. As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a *good man*, upon easier terms than I was formerly[740].’

Page 118

On his return from Heale he wrote to Dr. Burney:—

’I came home on the 18th[741] at noon to a very disconsolate house. You and I have lost our friends[742]; but you have more friends at home. My domestick companion is taken from me. She is much missed, for her acquisitions were many, and her curiosity universal; so that she partook of every conversation[743]. I am not well enough to go much out; and to sit, and eat, or fast alone, is very wearisome. I always mean to send my compliments to all the ladies.’

His fortitude and patience met with severe trials during this year. The stroke of the palsy has been related circumstantially; but he was also afflicted with the gout, and was besides troubled with a complaint which not only was attended with immediate inconvenience, but threatened him with a chirurgical operation, from which most men would shrink. The complaint was a *sarcocele*, which Johnson bore with uncommon firmness, and was not at all frightened while he looked forward to amputation. He was attended by Mr. Pott and Mr. Cruikshank. I have before me a letter of the 30th of July this year, to Mr. Cruikshank, in which he says, ’I am going to put myself into your hands;’ and another, accompanying a set of his *Lives of the Poets*, in which he says, ’I beg your acceptance of these volumes, as an acknowledgement of the great favours which you have bestowed on, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.’ I have in my possession several more letters from him to Mr. Cruikshank, and also to Dr. Mudge at Plymouth, which it would be improper to insert, as they are filled with unpleasing technical details. I shall, however, extract from his letters to Dr. Mudge such passages as shew either a felicity of expression, or the undaunted state of his mind.

’My conviction of your skill, and my belief of your friendship, determine me to intreat your opinion and advice.’—’In this state I with great earnestness desire you to tell me what is to be done. Excision is doubtless necessary to the cure, and I know not any means of palliation. The operation is doubtless painful; but is it dangerous? The pain I hope to endure with decency[744]; but I am loth to put life into much hazard.’—’By representing the gout as an antagonist to the palsy, you have said enough to make it welcome. This is not strictly the first fit, but I hope it is as good as the first; for it is the second that ever confined me; and the first was ten years ago[745], much less fierce and fiery than this.’—’Write, dear Sir, what you can to inform or encourage me. The operation is not delayed by any fears or objections of mine.’

Page 119

To BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. 'Dear Sir, You may very reasonably charge me with insensibility of your kindness, and that of Lady Rothes, since I have suffered so much time to pass without paying any acknowledgement. I now, at last, return my thanks; and why I did it not sooner I ought to tell you. I went into Wiltshire as soon as I well could, and was there much employed in palliating my own malady. Disease produces much selfishness. A man in pain is looking after ease; and lets most other things go as chance shall dispose of them. In the mean time I have lost a companion[746], to whom I have had recourse for domestick amusement for thirty years, and whose variety of knowledge never was exhausted; and now return to a habitation vacant and desolate. I carry about a very troublesome and dangerous complaint, which admits no cure but by the chirurgical knife. Let me have your prayers. I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON. London, Sept. 29, 1783.'

Happily the complaint abated without his being put to the torture of amputation. But we must surely admire the manly resolution which he discovered while it hung over him.

In a letter to the same gentleman he writes, 'The gout has within these four days come upon me with a violence which I never experienced before. It made me helpless as an infant.' And in another, having mentioned Mrs. Williams, he says,—'whose death following that of Levett, has now made my house a solitude. She left her little substance to a charity-school. She is, I hope, where there is neither darkness, nor want, nor sorrow.'

I wrote to him, begging to know the state of his health, and mentioned that Baxter's *Anacreon*[747], 'which is in the library at Auchinleck, was, I find, collated by my father in 1727, with the MS. belonging to the University of Leyden, and he has made a number of Notes upon it. Would you advise me to publish a new edition of it?'

His answer was dated September 30:—

'You should not make your letters such rarities, when you know, or might know, the uniform state of my health. It is very long since I heard from you; and that I have not answered is a very insufficient reason for the silence of a friend. Your *Anacreon* is a very uncommon book; neither London nor Cambridge can supply a copy of that edition. Whether it should be reprinted, you cannot do better than consult Lord Hailes.—Besides my constant and radical disease, I have been for these ten days much harassed with the gout; but that has now remitted. I hope GOD will yet grant me a little longer life, and make me less unfit to appear before him.'

He this autumn received a visit from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. He gives this account of it in one of his letters[748] to Mrs. Thrale:—

’Mrs. Siddons, in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her again. Her brother Kemble calls on me, and pleases me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays; and she told me her intention of exhibiting this winter the characters of Constance, Catharine, and Isabella, in Shakspeare.’

Page 120

Mr. Kemble has favoured me with the following minute of what passed at this visit:—

’When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile, “Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself[749].”

Having placed himself by her, he with great good-humour entered upon a consideration of the English drama; and, among other inquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakspeare’s characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catharine, in *Henry the Eighth*, the most natural:—“I think so too, Madam, (said he;) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself[750].” Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of *King Henry the Eighth* during the Doctor’s life.

’In the course of the evening he thus gave his opinion upon the merits of some of the principal performers whom he remembered to have seen upon the stage. “Mrs. Porter, [751] in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature[752]. Pritchard[753], in common life, was a vulgar ideot; she would talk of her *gownd*: but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding. I once talked with Colley Cibber[754], and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken *To be, or not to be*, better than he did[755]; yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy[756]; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies.” Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick’s extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents: “And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table."’

Johnson, indeed, had thought more upon the subject of acting than might be generally supposed[757]. Talking of it one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, ’Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very character you represent?’ Upon Mr. Kemble’s answering that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself[758]; ’To be sure not, Sir, (said Johnson;) the thing is impossible. And if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster, Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it[759].’

A pleasing instance of the generous attention of one of his friends has been discovered by the publication of Mrs. Thrale’s collection of *Letters*. In a letter to one of the Miss Thrales[760], he writes,—

Page 121

’A friend, whose name I will tell when your mamma has tried to guess it, sent to my physician to enquire whether this long train of illness had brought me into difficulties for want of money, with an invitation to send to him for what occasion required. I shall write this night to thank him, having no need to borrow.’

And afterwards, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale,—

’Since you cannot guess, I will tell you, that the generous man was Gerard Hamilton. I returned him a very thankful and respectful letter[761].’

I applied to Mr. Hamilton, by a common friend, and he has been so obliging as to let me have Johnson’s letter to him upon this occasion, to adorn my collection.

’To THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.

’DEAR SIR,

’Your kind enquiries after my affairs, and your generous offers, have been communicated to me by Dr. Brocklesby. I return thanks with great sincerity, having lived long enough to know what gratitude is due to such friendship; and entreat that my refusal may not be imputed to sullenness or pride. I am, indeed, in no want. Sickness is, by the generosity of my physicians, of little expence to me. But if any unexpected exigence should press me, you shall see, dear Sir, how cheerfully I can be obliged to so much liberality.

’I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
And most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘November, 19, 1783[762].’

I find in this, as in former years, notices of his kind attention to Mrs. Gardiner[763], who, though in the humble station of a tallow-chandler upon Snow-hill, was a woman of excellent good sense, pious, and charitable. She told me, she had been introduced to him by Mrs. Masters[764], the poetess, whose volumes he revised, and, it is said, illuminated here and there with a ray of his own genius. Mrs. Gardiner was very zealous for the support of the Ladies’ charity-school, in the parish of St. Sepulchre. It is confined to females; and, I am told, it afforded a hint for the story of *Betty Broom* in *The Idler*[765]. Johnson this year, I find, obtained for it a sermon from the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Shipley, whom he, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale[766], characterises as ‘knowing and conversible;’ and whom all who knew his Lordship, even those who differed from him in politicks, remember with much respect[767].

The Earl of Carlisle having written a tragedy, entitled *The Fathers Revenge*[768], some of his Lordship's friends applied to Mrs. Chapone[769] to prevail on Dr. Johnson to read and give his opinion of it[770], which he accordingly did, in a letter to that lady. Sir Joshua Reynolds having informed me that this letter was in Lord Carlisle's possession, though I was not fortunate enough to have the honour of being known to his Lordship, trusting to the general courtesy of literature, I wrote to him, requesting the favour

Page 122

of a copy of it, and to be permitted to insert it in my *Life of Dr. Johnson*. His Lordship was so good as to comply with my request, and has thus enabled me to enrich my work with a very fine piece of writing, which displays both the critical skill and politeness of my illustrious friend; and perhaps the curiosity which it will excite, may induce the noble and elegant Authour to gratify the world by the publication[771] of a performance, of which Dr. Johnson has spoken in such terms.

’To MRS. CHAPONE.

’MADAM,

’By sending the tragedy to me a second time[772], I think that a very honourable distinction has been shewn me, and I did not delay the perusal, of which I am now to tell the effect.

’The construction of the play is not completely regular; the stage is too often vacant, and the scenes are not sufficiently connected. This, however, would be called by Dryden only a mechanical defect[773]; which takes away little from the power of the poem, and which is seen rather than felt.

’A rigid examiner of the diction might, perhaps, wish some words changed, and some lines more vigorously terminated. But from such petty imperfections what writer was ever free?

’The general form and force of the dialogue is of more importance. It seems to want that quickness of reciprocation which characterises the English drama, and is not always sufficiently fervid or animated.

’Of the sentiments I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness. It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please. It is new, just, and delightful[774].

’With the characters, either as conceived or preserved, I have no fault to find; but was much inclined to congratulate a writer, who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the Archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless applause, which a vicious churchman would have brought him.

’The catastrophe is affecting. The Father and Daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow.

’Thus, Madam, I have performed what I did not willingly undertake, and could not decently refuse. The noble writer will be pleased to remember, that sincere criticism

ought to raise no resentment, because judgement is not under the controul of will; but involuntary criticism, as it has still less of choice, ought to be more remote from possibility of offence.

’I am, &c.,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘November 28, 1783.’

I consulted him on two questions of a very different nature: one, whether the unconstitutional influence exercised by the Peers of Scotland in the election of the representatives of the Commons[775], by means of fictitious qualifications, ought not to be resisted;—the other, What, in propriety and humanity, should be done with old horses unable to labour. I gave him some account of my life at Auchinleck: and expressed my satisfaction that the gentlemen of the county had, at two publick meetings, elected me their *Praeses* or Chairman[776].

Page 123

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’Like all other men who have great friends, you begin to feel the pangs of neglected merit; and all the comfort that I can give you is, by telling you that you have probably more pangs to feel, and more neglect to suffer. You have, indeed, begun to complain too soon; and I hope I am the only confidant of your discontent. Your friends have not yet had leisure to gratify personal kindness; they have hitherto been busy in strengthening their ministerial interest[777]. If a vacancy happens in Scotland, give them early intelligence; and as you can serve Government as powerfully as any of your probable competitors, you may make in some sort a warrantable claim.

’Of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you delight to talk, and I hate to hear. Drive all such fancies from you.

’On the day when I received your letter, I think, the foregoing page was written; to which, one disease or another has hindered me from making any additions. I am now a little better. But sickness and solitude press me very heavily. I could bear sickness better, if I were relieved from solitude[778].

’The present dreadful confusion of the publick[779] ought to make you wrap yourself up in your hereditary possessions, which, though less than you may wish, are more than you can want; and in an hour of religious retirement return thanks to GOD, who has exempted you from any strong temptation to faction, treachery, plunder[780], and disloyalty.

’As your neighbours distinguish you by such honours as they can bestow, content yourself with your station, without neglecting your profession. Your estate and the Courts will find you full employment; and your mind, well occupied, will be quiet.

’The usurpation of the nobility, for they apparently usurp all the influence they gain by fraud and misrepresentation, I think it certainly lawful, perhaps your duty, to resist. What is not their own they have only by robbery.

’Your question about the horses gives me more perplexity. I know not well what advice to give you. I can only recommend a rule which you do not want;—give as little pain as you can. I suppose that we have a right to their service while their strength lasts; what we can do with them afterwards I cannot so easily determine. But let us consider. Nobody denies that man has a right first to milk the cow, and to sheer the sheep, and then to kill them for his table. May he not, by parity of reason, first work a horse, and then kill him the easiest way, that he may have the means of another horse, or food for cows and sheep? Man is influenced in both cases by different motives of self-interest. He that rejects the one must reject the other.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Dec. 24, 1783.’

’A happy and pious Christmas; and many happy years to you, your lady, and children.’

The late ingenious Mr. Mickle[781], some time before his death, wrote me a letter concerning Dr. Johnson, in which he mentions,—

Page 124

’I was upwards of twelve years acquainted with him, was frequently in his company, always talked with ease to him, and can truly say, that I never received from him one rough word.’

In this letter he relates his having, while engaged in translating the *Lusiad*, had a dispute of considerable length with Johnson, who, as usual, declaimed upon the misery and corruption of a sea life, and used this expression:—’It had been happy for the world, Sir, if your hero Gama, Prince Henry of Portugal, and Columbus, had never been born, or that their schemes had never gone farther than their own imaginations.’

’This sentiment, (says Mr. Mickle,) which is to be found in his *Introduction to the World displayed*[782], I, in my Dissertation prefixed to the *Lusiad*, have controverted; and though authours are said to be bad judges of their own works[783], I am not ashamed to own to a friend, that that dissertation is my favourite above all that I ever attempted in prose. Next year, when the Lusiad was published, I waited on Dr. Johnson, who addressed me with one of his good-humoured smiles:—“Well, you have remembered our dispute about Prince Henry, and have cited me too. You have done your part very well indeed: you have made the best of your argument; but I am not convinced yet.”

’Before publishing the *Lusiad*, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction, in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shewn to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done; and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands[784].

’Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that, about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the *Lusiad*, of the merit of which he spoke highly, but had been prevented by a number of other engagements.’

Mr. Mickle reminds me in this letter of a conversation, at dinner one day at Mr. Hoole’s with Dr. Johnson, when Mr. Nicol the King’s bookseller and I attempted to controvert the maxim, ’better that ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer;’ and were answered by Dr. Johnson with great power of reasoning and eloquence. I am very sorry that I have no record of that day[785]: but I well recollect my illustrious friend’s having ably shewn, that unless civil institutions insure protection to the innocent, all the confidence which mankind should have in them would be lost.

I shall here mention what, in strict chronological arrangement, should have appeared in my account of last year; but may more properly be introduced here, the controversy having not been closed till this. The Reverend Mr. Shaw[786], a native of one of the Hebrides, having entertained doubts of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, divested himself of national bigotry; and having travelled in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and also in Ireland, in order

Page 125

to furnish himself with materials for a *Gaelick Dictionary*, which he afterwards compiled[787], was so fully satisfied that Dr. Johnson was in the right upon the question, that he candidly published a pamphlet, stating his conviction and the proofs and reasons on which it was founded. A person at Edinburgh, of the name of Clark, answered this pamphlet with much zeal, and much abuse of its authour. Johnson took Mr. Shaw under his protection, and gave him his assistance in writing a reply, which has been admired by the best judges, and by many been considered as conclusive. A few paragraphs, which sufficiently mark their great Authour, shall be selected:—

’My assertions are, for the most part, purely negative: I deny the existence of Fingal, because in a long and curious peregrination through the Gaelick regions I have never been able to find it. What I could not see myself I suspect to be equally invisible to others; and I suspect with the more reason, as among all those who have seen it no man can shew it.

’Mr. Clark compares the obstinacy of those who disbelieve the genuineness of Ossian to a blind man, who should dispute the reality of colours, and deny that the British troops are cloathed in red. The blind man’s doubt would be rational, if he did not know by experience that others have a power which he himself wants: but what perspicacity has Mr. Clark which Nature has withheld from me or the rest of mankind?

’The true state of the parallel must be this. Suppose a man, with eyes like his neighbours, was told by a boasting corporal, that the troops, indeed, wore red clothes for their ordinary dress, but that every soldier had likewise a suit of black velvet, which he put on when the King reviews them. This he thinks strange, and desires to see the fine clothes, but finds nobody in forty thousand men that can produce either coat or waistcoat. One, indeed, has left them in his chest at Port Mahon; another has always heard that he ought to have velvet clothes somewhere; and a third has heard somebody say, that soldiers ought to wear velvet. Can the enquirer be blamed if he goes away believing that a soldier’s red coat is all that he has?

’But the most obdurate incredulity may be shamed or silenced by acts. To overpower contradictions, let the soldier shew his velvet-coat, and the Fingalist the original of Ossian[788].

’The difference between us and the blind man is this:—the blind man is unconvinced, because he cannot see; and we, because though we can see, we find that nothing can be shown.’

Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now laboured, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavoured to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he

could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old club in Ivy-lane[789] as survived, should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern and once at his house[790]: and in order to insure himself society in the evening for three days in the week[791], he instituted a club at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's.

Page 126

’To SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

’DEAR SIR,

’It is inconvenient to me to come out, I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening Club which we are establishing in Essex-street, in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held at the Essex Head, now kept by an old servant of Thrale’s. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax, and the expences light. Mr. Barry was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits two-pence[792].

’If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet for the first time on Monday at eight.’

’I am, &c.
‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Dec. 4, 1783.’

It did not suit Sir Joshua to be one of this Club. But when I mention only Mr. Daines Barrington, Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. John Nichols, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Paradise, Dr. Horsley, Mr. Windham[793], I shall sufficiently obviate the misrepresentation of it by Sir John Hawkins, as if it had been a low ale-house association, by which Johnson was degraded[794]. Johnson himself, like his namesake Old Ben[795], composed the Rules of his Club[796].

In the end of this year he was seized with a spasmodick asthma of such violence, that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair, a recumbent posture being so hurtful to his respiration, that he could not endure lying in bed; and there came upon him at the same time that oppressive and fatal disease, a dropsy. It was a very severe winter, which probably aggravated his complaints; and the solitude in which Mr. Levett and Mrs. Williams had left him, rendered his life very gloomy. Mrs. Desmoulins[797], who still lived, was herself so very ill, that she could contribute very little to his relief[798]. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head from the world, in solitary abstraction; he did not deny himself to the visits of his friends and acquaintances; but at all times, when he was not overcome by sleep, was ready for conversation as in his best days[799].

’To MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

’DEAR MADAM,

’You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again[800] upon the loss of your brother; but condolences and consolations are such common and such useless things, that the omission of them is no great crime: and my own diseases occupy my mind, and engage my care. My nights are miserably restless, and my days, therefore, are heavy. I try, however, to hold up my head as high as I can[801].

’I am sorry that your health is impaired; perhaps the spring and the summer may, in some degree, restore it: but if not, we must submit to the inconveniences of time, as to the other dispensations of Eternal Goodness. Pray for me, and write to me, or let Mr. Pearson write for you.

Page 127

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Nov. 29, 1783.’

1784: Aetat. 75.—And now I am arrived at the last year of the life of SAMUEL JOHNSON, a year in which, although passed in severe indisposition, he nevertheless gave many evidences of the continuance of those wondrous powers of mind, which raised him so high in the intellectual world. His conversation and his letters of this year were in no respect inferiour to those of former years.

The following is a remarkable proof of his being alive to the most minute curiosities of literature.

’To MR. DILLY, BOOKSELLER, IN THE POULTRY.

’SIR,

’There is in the world a set of books which used to be sold by the booksellers on the bridge[802], and which I must entreat you to procure me. They are called *Burton’s Books*[803]; the title of one is *Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England*. I believe there are about five or six of them; they seem very proper to allure backward readers; be so kind as to get them for me, and send me them with the best printed edition of *Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted*.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Jan. 6, 1784.’

’To MR. PERKINS.

’DEAR SIR,

’I was very sorry not to see you when you were so kind as to call on me; but to disappoint friends, and if they are not very good natured, to disoblige them, is one of the evils of sickness. If you will please to let me know which of the afternoons in this week I shall be favoured with another visit by you and Mrs. Perkins, and the young people, I will take all the measures that I can to be pretty well at that time[804].

’I am, dear Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Jan. 21, 1784.’

His attention to the Essex-Head Club appears from the following letter to Mr. Alderman Clark, a gentleman for whom he deservedly entertained a great regard.

’To RICHARD CLARK, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’You will receive a requisition, according to the rules of the Club, to be at the house as President of the night. This turn comes once a month, and the member is obliged to attend, or send another in his place. You were enrolled in the Club by my invitation, and I ought to introduce you; but as I am hindered by sickness, Mr. Hoole will very properly supply my place as introductor, or yours as President. I hope in milder weather to be a very constant attendant.

’I am, Sir, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Jan. 27, 1784.’

’You ought to be informed that the forfeits began with the year, and that every night of non-attendance incurs the mulct of three-pence, that is, nine pence a week.’

On the 8th of January I wrote to him, anxiously inquiring as to his health, and enclosing my *Letter to the People of Scotland, on the present state of the nation*[805].

Page 128

’I trust, (said I,) that you will be liberal enough to make allowance for my differing from you on two points, (the Middlesex Election, and the American War[806]) when my general principles of government are according to your own heart, and when, at a crisis of doubtful event, I stand forth with honest zeal as an ancient and faithful Briton. My reason for introducing those two points was, that as my opinions with regard to them had been declared at the periods when they were least favourable, I might have the credit of a man who is not a worshipper of ministerial power.’

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’I hear of many enquiries which your kindness has disposed you to make after me[807]. I have long intended you a long letter, which perhaps the imagination of its length hindered me from beginning. I will, therefore, content myself with a shorter.

’Having promoted the institution of a new Club in the neighbourhood, at the house of an old servant of Thrale’s, I went thither to meet the company, and was seized with a spasmodick asthma so violent, that with difficulty I got to my own house, in which I have been confined eight or nine weeks, and from which I know not when I shall be able to go even to church. The asthma, however, is not the worst. A dropsy gains ground upon me; my legs and thighs are very much swollen with water, which I should be content if I could keep there, but I am afraid that it will soon be higher. My nights are very sleepless and very tedious. And yet I am extremely afraid of dying.

’My physicians try to make me hope, that much of my malady is the effect of cold, and that some degree at least of recovery is to be expected from vernal breezes and summer suns[808]. If my life is prolonged to autumn, I should be glad to try a warmer climate; though how to travel with a diseased body, without a companion to conduct me, and with very little money, I do not well see. Ramsay has recovered his limbs in Italy[809]; and Fielding was sent to Lisbon, where, indeed, he died; but he was, I believe, past hope when he went. Think for me what I can do.

’I received your pamphlet, and when I write again may perhaps tell you some opinion about it; but you will forgive a man struggling with disease his neglect of disputes, politicks, and pamphlets[810]. Let me have your prayers. My compliments to your lady, and young ones. Ask your physicians about my case: and desire Sir Alexander Dick[811] to write me his opinion.

’I am, dear Sir, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Feb. 11, 1784.’

’TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

’MY DEAREST LOVE,

’I have been extremely ill of an asthma and dropsy, but received, by the mercy of GOD, sudden and unexpected relief last Thursday, by the discharge of twenty pints of water[812]. Whether I shall continue free, or shall fill again, cannot be told. Pray for me.

Page 129

’Death, my dear, is very dreadful; let us think nothing worth our care but how to prepare for it: what we know amiss in ourselves let us make haste to amend, and put our trust in the mercy of GOD, and the intercession of our Saviour. I am, dear Madam,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Feb. 23, 1784.’

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’I have just advanced so far towards recovery as to read a pamphlet; and you may reasonably suppose that the first pamphlet which I read was yours. I am very much of your opinion, and, like you, feel great indignation at the indecency with which the King is every day treated. Your paper contains very considerable knowledge of history and of the constitution, very properly produced and applied. It will certainly raise your character[813], though perhaps it may not make you a Minister of State.

’I desire you to see Mrs. Stewart once again, and tell her, that in the letter-case was a letter relating to me, for which I will give her, if she is willing to give it me, another guinea[814]. The letter is of consequence only to me.

’I am, dear Sir, &c. ‘SAM. JOHNSON.’ ‘London, Feb. 27, 1784.’

In consequence of Johnson’s request that I should ask our physicians about his case, and desire Sir Alexander Dick to send his opinion, I transmitted him a letter from that very amiable Baronet, then in his eighty-first year, with his faculties as entire as ever; and mentioned his expressions to me in the note accompanying it: ’With my most affectionate wishes for Dr. Johnson’s recovery, in which his friends, his country, and all mankind have so deep a stake:’ and at the same time a full opinion upon his case by Dr. Gillespie, who, like Dr. Cullen, had the advantage of having passed through the gradations of surgery and pharmacy, and by study and practice had attained to such skill, that my father settled on him two hundred pounds a year for five years, and fifty pounds a year during his life, as an *honorarium* to secure his particular attendance. The opinion was conveyed in a letter to me, beginning, ’I am sincerely sorry for the bad state of health your very learned and illustrious friend, Dr. Johnson, labours under at present.’

’TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. ’DEAR SIR,

’Presently after I had sent away my last letter, I received your kind medical packet. I am very much obliged both to you and your physicians for your kind attention to my disease. Dr. Gillespie has sent me an excellent *consilium medicum*, all solid practical

experimental knowledge. I am at present, in the opinion of my physicians, (Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby,) as well as my own, going on very hopefully. I have just begun to take vinegar of squills. The powder hurt my stomach so much, that it could not be continued.

’Return Sir Alexander Dick my sincere thanks for his kind letter; and bring with you the rhubarb[815] which he so tenderly offers me.

Page 130

’I hope dear Mrs. Boswell is now quite well, and that no evil, either real or imaginary, now disturbs you.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, March 2, 1784.’

I also applied to three of the eminent physicians who had chairs in our celebrated school of medicine at Edinburgh, Doctors Cullen, Hope, and Monro, to each of whom I sent the following letter:—

’DEAR SIR,

’Dr. Johnson has been very ill for some time; and in a letter of anxious apprehension he writes to me, “Ask your physicians about my case.”

’This, you see, is not authority for a regular consultation: but I have no doubt of your readiness to give your advice to a man so eminent, and who, in his *Life of Garth*, has paid your profession a just and elegant compliment: “I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusions[816] of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre.”

’Dr. Johnson is aged seventy-four. Last summer he had a stroke of the palsy, from which he recovered almost entirely. He had, before that, been troubled with a catarrhous cough. This winter he was seized with a spasmodick asthma, by which he has been confined to his house for about three months. Dr. Brocklesby writes to me, that upon the least admission of cold, there is such a constriction upon his breast, that he cannot lie down in his bed, but is obliged to sit up all night, and gets rest and sometimes sleep, only by means of laudanum and syrup of poppies; and that there are oedematous tumours on his legs and thighs. Dr. Brocklesby trusts a good deal to the return of mild weather. Dr. Johnson says, that a dropsy gains ground upon him; and he seems to think that a warmer climate would do him good. I understand he is now rather better, and is using vinegar of squills. I am, with great esteem, dear Sir,

’Your most obedient humble servant,

‘JAMES BOSWELL.’

‘March 7, 1784.’

All of them paid the most polite attention to my letter, and its venerable object. Dr. Cullen’s words concerning him were, ’It would give me the greatest pleasure to be of any service to a man whom the publick properly esteem, and whom I esteem and

respect as much as I do Dr. Johnson.' Dr. Hope's, 'Few people have a better claim on me than your friend, as hardly a day passes that I do not ask his opinion about this or that word.' Dr. Monro's, 'I most sincerely join you in sympathizing with that very worthy and ingenious character, from whom his country has derived much instruction and entertainment.'

Dr. Hope corresponded with his friend Dr. Brocklesby. Doctors Cullen and Monro wrote their opinions and prescriptions to me, which I afterwards carried with me to London, and, so far as they were encouraging, communicated to Johnson. The liberality on one hand, and grateful sense of it on the other, I have great satisfaction in recording.

Page 131

’TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’I am too much pleased with the attention which you and your dear lady[817] show to my welfare, not to be diligent in letting you know the progress which I make towards health. The dropsy, by GOD’S blessing, has now run almost totally away by natural evacuation; and the asthma, if not irritated by cold, gives me little trouble. While I am writing this, I have not any sensation of debility or disease. But I do not yet venture out, having been confined to the house from the thirteenth of December, now a quarter of a year.

’When it will be fit for me to travel as far as Auchinleck, I am not able to guess; but such a letter as Mrs. Boswell’s might draw any man, not wholly motionless, a great way. Pray tell the dear lady how much her civility and kindness have touched and gratified me.

’Our parliamentary tumults have now begun to subside, and the King’s authority is in some measure re-established[818]. Mr. Pitt will have great power: but you must remember, that what he has to give must, at least for some time, be given to those who gave, and those who preserve, his power. A new minister can sacrifice little to esteem or friendship; he must, till he is settled, think only of extending his interest.

* * * * *

’If you come hither through Edinburgh, send for Mrs. Stewart, and give from me another guinea for the letter in the old case, to which I shall not be satisfied with my claim, till she gives it me.

’Please to bring with you Baxter’s *Anacreon*[819]; and if you procure heads of *Hector Boece*[820], the historian, and *Arthur Johnston*[821], the poet, I will put them in my room[822]; or any other of the fathers of Scottish literature.

’I wish you an easy and happy journey, and hope I need not tell you that you will be welcome to, dear Sir,

’Your most affectionate, humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, March 18, 1784.’

I wrote to him, March 28, from York, informing him that I had a high gratification in the triumph of monarchical principles over aristocratical influence, in that great country, in an address to the King[823]; that I was thus far on my way to him, but that news of the dissolution of Parliament having arrived, I was to hasten back to my own county, where I

had carried an Address to his Majesty by a great majority, and had some intention of being a candidate to represent the county in Parliament.

’To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

’DEAR SIR,

’You could do nothing so proper as to haste back when you found the Parliament dissolved. With the influence which your Address must have gained you, it may reasonably be expected that your presence will be of importance, and your activity of effect.

’Your solicitude for me gives me that pleasure which every man feels from the kindness of such a friend: and it is with delight I relieve it by telling, that Dr. Brocklesby’s account is true, and that I am, by the blessing of GOD, wonderfully relieved.

Page 132

’You are entering upon a transaction which requires much prudence. You must endeavour to oppose without exasperating; to practise temporary hostility, without producing enemies for life. This is, perhaps, hard to be done; yet it has been done by many, and seems most likely to be effected by opposing merely upon general principles, without descending to personal or particular censures or objections. One thing I must enjoin you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections;—I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night’s drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed. Be firm, but not clamorous; be active, but not malicious; and you may form such an interest, as may not only exalt yourself, but dignify your family.

’We are, as you may suppose, all busy here. Mr. Fox resolutely stands for Westminster, and his friends say will carry the election[824]. However that be, he will certainly have a seat[825]. Mr. Hoole has just told me, that the city leans towards the King.

’Let me hear, from time to time, how you are employed, and what progress you make.

’Make dear Mrs. Boswell, and all the young Boswells, the sincere compliments of, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, March 30, 1784.’

To Mr. Langton he wrote with that cordiality which was suitable to the long friendship which had subsisted between him and that gentleman[826].

March 27. ’Since you left me, I have continued in my own opinion, and in Dr, Brocklesby’s, to grow better with respect to all my formidable and dangerous distempers: though to a body battered and shaken as mine has lately been, it is to be feared that weak attacks may be sometimes mischievous. I have, indeed, by standing carelessly at an open window, got a very troublesome cough, which it has been necessary to appease by opium, in larger quantities than I like to take, and I have not found it give way so readily as I expected; its obstinacy, however, seems at last disposed to submit to the remedy, and I know not whether I should then have a right to complain of any morbid sensation. My asthma is, I am afraid, constitutional and incurable; but it is only occasional, and unless it be excited by labour or by cold, gives me no molestation, nor does it lay very close siege to life; for Sir John Floyer[827], whom the physical race consider as authour of one of the best books upon it, panted on to ninety, as was supposed; and why were we content with supposing a fact so interesting, of a man so conspicuous? because he corrupted, at perhaps seventy or eighty, the register, that he might pass for younger than he was. He was not much less than eighty, when to a man of rank who modestly asked his age, he answered, “Go look;” though he was in general a man of civility and elegance.

’The ladies, I find, are at your house all well, except Miss Langton, who will probably soon recover her health by light suppers. Let her eat at dinner as she will, but not take a full stomach to bed. Pay my sincere respects to dear Miss Langton in Lincolnshire, let her know that I mean not to break our league of friendship, and that I have a set of *Lives* for her, when I have the means of sending it.’

Page 133

April 8. 'I am still disturbed by my cough; but what thanks have I not to pay, when my cough is the most painful sensation that I feel? and from that I expect hardly to be released, while winter continues to gripe us with so much pertinacity. The year has now advanced eighteen days beyond the equinox, and still there is very little remission of the cold. When warm weather comes, which surely must come at last, I hope it will help both me and your young lady.

'The man so busy about addresses is neither more nor less than our own Boswell, who had come as far as York towards London, but turned back on the dissolution, and is said now to stand for some place. Whether to wish him success, his best friends hesitate.

'Let me have your prayers for the completion of my recovery: I am now better than I ever expected to have been. May GOD add to his mercies the grace that may enable me to use them according to his will. My compliments to all.'

April 13. 'I had this evening a note from Lord Portmore[828], desiring that I would give you an account of my health. You might have had it with less circumduction. I am, by GOD'S blessing, I believe, free from all morbid sensations, except a cough, which is only troublesome. But I am still weak, and can have no great hope of strength till the weather shall be softer. The summer, if it be kindly, will, I hope, enable me to support the winter. GOD, who has so wonderfully restored me, can preserve me in all seasons.

'Let me enquire in my turn after the state of your family, great and little. I hope Lady Rothes and Miss Langton are both well. That is a good basis of content. Then how goes George on with his studies? How does Miss Mary? And how does my own Jenny? I think I owe Jenny a letter, which I will take care to pay. In the mean time tell her that I acknowledge the debt.

'Be pleased to make my compliments to the ladies. If Mrs. Langton comes to London, she will favour me with a visit, for I am not well enough to go out.'

'To OZIAS HUMPHRY[829], ESQ.

'SIR,

'Mr. Hoole has told me with what benevolence you listened to a request which I was almost afraid to make, of leave to a young painter[830] to attend you from time to time in your painting-room, to see your operations, and receive your instructions[831].

'The young man has perhaps good parts, but has been without a regular education. He is my god-son, and therefore I interest myself in his progress and success, and shall think myself much favoured if I receive from you a permission to send him.

'My health is, by GOD'S blessing, much restored, but I am not yet allowed by my physicians to go abroad; nor, indeed, do I think myself yet able to endure the weather.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘April 5, 1784.’

To THE SAME.

’SIR,

Page 134

’The bearer is my god-son, whom I take the liberty of recommending to your kindness; which I hope he will deserve by his respect to your excellence, and his gratitude for your favours.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘April 10, 1784.’

To THE SAME.

’SIR,

’I am very much obliged by your civilities to my god-son, but must beg of you to add to them the favour of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced and completed.

’If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will shew that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude. At least I shall consider you as enlarging your kindness to, Sir,

’Your humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘May 31, 1784.’

’To THE REVEREND DR. TAYLOR, ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.

’DEAR SIR,

’What can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses I have yet a friend left.

’I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased GOD wonderfully to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December[832]. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

’I could not have the consent of the physicians to go to church yesterday; I therefore received the holy sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams, a little before her death. O! my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from GOD.

’In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir,

’Yours affectionately,

‘SAM. JOHNSON[833].’

’London, Easter-Monday,

April 12, 1784.’

What follows is a beautiful specimen of his gentleness and complacency to a young lady his god-child, one of the daughters of his friend Mr. Langton, then I think in her seventh year. He took the trouble to write it in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters, that she might have the satisfaction of reading it herself. The original lies before me, but shall be faithfully restored to her; and I dare say will be preserved by her as a jewel as long as she lives[834].

’To Miss JANE LANGTON, IN ROCHESTER, KENT.

’MY DEAREST MISS JENNY,

Page 135

’I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but, when I am not pretty well, I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book, and your needle, for they are all necessary. Your books will give you knowledge, and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetick[835], and, above all, that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers, and read your Bible.

’I am, my dear,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘May 10, 1784.’

On Wednesday, May 5, I arrived in London, and next morning had the pleasure to find Dr. Johnson greatly recovered. I but just saw him; for a coach was waiting to carry him to Islington, to the house of his friend the Reverend Mr. Strahan, where he went sometimes for the benefit of good air, which, notwithstanding his having formerly laughed at the general opinion upon the subject, he now acknowledged was conducive to health.

One morning afterwards, when I found him alone, he communicated to me, with solemn earnestness, a very remarkable circumstance which had happened in the course of his illness, when he was much distressed by the dropsy. He had shut himself up, and employed a day in particular exercises of religion,—fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On a sudden he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to Heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from this fact; but from his manner of telling it, I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events[836]. For my own part, I have no difficulty to avow that cast of thinking, which by many modern pretenders to wisdom is called *superstitious*. But here I think even men of dry rationality may believe, that there was an intermediate[837] interposition of Divine Providence, and that ’the fervent prayer of this righteous man[838]’ availed[839].

On Sunday, May 9, I found Colonel Valiancy, the celebrated antiquarian and Engineer of Ireland, with him. On Monday, the 10th, I dined with him at Mr. Paradise’s, where was a large company; Mr. Bryant, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Hawkins Browne, &c. On Thursday, the 13th, I dined with him at Mr. Joddrel’s, with another large company; the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Monboddo[840], Mr. Murphy, &c.

On Saturday, May 15[841], I dined with him at Dr. Brocklesby's, where were Colonel Vallancy, Mr. Murphy, and that ever-cheerful companion Mr. Devaynes, apothecary to his Majesty. Of these days, and others on which I saw him, I have no memorials, except the general recollection of his being able and animated in conversation, and appearing to relish society as much as the youngest man. I find only these three

Page 136

small particulars:—When a person was mentioned, who said, 'I have lived fifty-one years in this world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness;' he exclaimed, 'The man who says so, lies: he attempts to impose on human credulity.' The Bishop of Exeter in vain observed, that men were very different. His Lordship's manner was not impressive, and I learnt afterwards that Johnson did not find out that the person who talked to him was a Prelate; if he had, I doubt not that he would have treated him with more respect; for once talking of George Psalmanazar[842], whom he reverenced for his piety, he said, 'I should as soon think of contradicting a BISHOP[843].' One of the company[844] provoked him greatly by doing what he could least of all bear, which was quoting something of his own writing, against what he then maintained. 'What, Sir, (cried the gentleman,) do you say to

> "The busy day, the peaceful night,
> Unfelt, uncounted, glided by[845]?"'—

Johnson finding himself thus presented as giving an instance of a man who had lived without uneasiness, was much offended, for he looked upon such a quotation as unfair. His anger burst out in an unjustifiable retort, insinuating that the gentleman's remark was a sally of ebriety; 'Sir, there is one passion I would advise you to command: when you have drunk out that glass, don't drink another[846].' Here was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber's Comedies: 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it[847].' Another was this: when a gentleman[848] of eminence in the literary world was violently censured for attacking people by anonymous paragraphs in newspapers; he, from the spirit of contradiction as I thought, took up his defence, and said, 'Come, come, this is not so terrible a crime; he means only to vex them a little. I do not say that I should do it; but there is a great difference between him and me; what is fit for Hephaestion is not fit for Alexander.' Another, when I told him that a young and handsome Countess had said to me, 'I should think that to be praised by Dr. Johnson would make one a fool all one's life;' and that I answered, 'Madam, I shall make him a fool to-day, by repeating this to him,' he said, 'I am too old to be made a fool; but if you say I am made a fool, I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman.'

On the evening of Saturday, May 15, he was in fine spirits, at our Essex-Head Club. He told us, 'I dined yesterday at Mrs. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter[849], Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found: I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superiour to them all[850].' BOSWELL. 'What! had you them all to yourself, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'I had them all as much as they were had; but it might have been better

Page 137

had there been more company there.’ BOSWELL. ‘Might not Mrs. Montagu have been a fourth?’ JOHNSON. ’Sir, Mrs. Montagu does not make a trade of her wit; but Mrs. Montagu is a very extraordinary woman; she has a constant stream of conversation, and it is always impregnated; it has always meaning[851].’ BOSWELL. ’Mr. Burke has a constant stream of conversation.’ JOHNSON. ’Yes, Sir; if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say—-“this is an extraordinary man.” If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse drest, the ostler would say—we have had an extraordinary man here[852].’ BOSWELL. ’Foote was a man who never failed in conversation. If he had gone into a stable—’ JOHNSON. ’Sir, if he had gone into a stable, the ostler would have said, here has been a comical fellow; but he would not have respected him.’ BOSWELL. ’And, Sir, the ostler would have answered him, would have given him as good as he brought, as the common saying is.’ JOHNSON. ’Yes, Sir; and Foote would have answered the ostler. —When Burke does not descend to be merry, his conversation is very superiour indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shews in serious talk and in jocularity. When he lets himself down to that, he is in the kennel[853].’ I have in another place[854] opposed, and I hope with success, Dr. Johnson’s very singular and erroneous notion as to Mr. Burke’s pleasantry. Mr. Windham now said low to me, that he differed from our great friend in this observation; for that Mr. Burke was often very happy in his merriment. It would not have been right for either of us to have contradicted Johnson at this time, in a Society all of whom did not know and value Mr. Burke as much as we did. It might have occasioned something more rough, and at any rate would probably have checked the flow of Johnson’s good-humour. He called to us with a sudden air of exultation, as the thought started into his mind, ’O! Gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the *Rambler* to be translated into the Russian language[855]: so I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone[856]; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace.’ BOSWELL. ’You must certainly be pleased with this, Sir.’ JOHNSON. ’I am pleased Sir, to be sure. A man is pleased to find he has succeeded in that which he has endeavoured to do.’

One of the company mentioned his having seen a noble person driving in his carriage, and looking exceedingly well, notwithstanding his great age. JOHNSON. ’Ah, Sir; that is nothing. Bacon observes, that a stout healthy old man is like a tower undermined.’

On Sunday, May 16, I found him alone; he talked of Mrs. Thrale with much concern, saying, ’Sir, she has done every thing wrong, since Thrale’s bridle was off her neck;’ and was proceeding to mention some circumstances which have since been the subject of publick discussion[857], when he was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury.

Page 138

Dr. Douglas, upon this occasion, refuted a mistaken notion which is very common in Scotland, that the ecclesiastical discipline of the Church of England, though duly enforced, is insufficient to preserve the morals of the clergy, inasmuch as all delinquents may be screened by appealing to the Convocation, which being never authorized by the King to sit for the dispatch of business, the appeal never can be heard. Dr. Douglas observed, that this was founded upon ignorance; for that the Bishops have sufficient power to maintain discipline, and that the sitting of the Convocation was wholly immaterial in this respect, it being not a Court of judicature, but like a parliament, to make Canons and regulations as times may require.

Johnson, talking of the fear of death, said, 'Some people are not afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional; and as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid[858].'

In one of his little manuscript diaries, about this time, I find a short notice, which marks his amiable disposition more certainly than a thousand studied declarations.—- 'Afternoon spent cheerfully and elegantly, I hope without offence to GOD or man; though in no holy duty, yet in the general exercise and cultivation of benevolence.'

On Monday, May 17, I dined with him at Mr. Dilly's, where were Colonel Valiancy, the Reverend Dr. Gibbons[859], and Mr. Capel Lofft, who, though a most zealous Whig, has a mind so full of learning and knowledge, and so much exercised in various departments, and withal so much liberality, that the stupendous powers of the literary Goliath, though they did not frighten this little David of popular spirit, could not but excite his admiration[860]. There was also Mr. Braithwaite of the Post-office, that amiable and friendly man, who, with modest and unassuming manners, has associated with many of the wits of the age. Johnson was very quiescent to-day. Perhaps too I was indolent. I find nothing more of him in my notes, but that when I mentioned that I had seen in the King's library sixty-three editions of my favourite *Thomas a Kempis*, amongst which it was in eight languages, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Arabick, and Armenian, he said, he thought it unnecessary to collect many editions of a book, which were all the same, except as to the paper and print; he would have the original, and all the translations, and all the editions which had any variations in the text. He approved of the famous collection of editions of *Horace* by Douglas, mentioned by Pope[861], who is said to have had a closet filled with them; and he added, 'every man should try to collect one book in that manner, and present it to a publick library.'

Page 139

On Tuesday, May 18, I saw him for a short time in the morning. I told him that the mob had called out, as the King passed[862], 'No Fox—No Fox,' which I did not like. He said, 'They were right, Sir.' I said, I thought not; for it seemed to be making Mr. Fox the King's competitor[863]. There being no audience, so that there could be no triumph in a victory, he fairly agreed with me[864]. I said it might do very well, if explained thus:—-'Let us have no Fox;' understanding it as a prayer to his Majesty not to appoint that gentleman minister.

On Wednesday, May 19, I sat a part of the evening with him, by ourselves. I observed, that the death of our friends might be a consolation against the fear of our own dissolution, because we might have more friends in the other world than in this. He perhaps felt this as a reflection upon his apprehension as to death; and said, with heat, 'How can a man know *where* his departed friends are, or whether they will be his friends in the other world[865]? How many friendships have you known formed upon principles of virtue? Most friendships are formed by caprice or by chance, mere confederacies in vice or leagues in folly.'

We talked of our worthy friend Mr. Langton. He said, 'I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say, *Sit anima mea cum Langtono*' I mentioned a very eminent friend[866] a virtuous man. JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; but —— has not the evangelical virtue of Langton. ——, I am afraid, would not scruple to pick up a wench.'

He however charged Mr. Langton with what he thought want of judgement upon an interesting occasion. 'When I was ill, (said he) I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper, on which he had written down several texts of Scripture, recommending christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this,—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation. Now what harm does it do to any man to be contradicted?' BOSWELL. 'I suppose he meant the *manner* of doing it; roughly,—and harshly.' JOHNSON. 'And who is the worse for that?' BOSWELL. 'It hurts people of weak nerves.' JOHNSON. 'I know no such weak-nerved people[867].' Mr. Burke, to whom I related this conference, said, 'It is well, if when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation.'

Johnson, at the time when the paper was presented to him, though at first pleased with the attention of his friend, whom he thanked in an earnest manner, soon exclaimed, in a loud and angry tone, 'What is your drift, Sir?' Sir Joshua Reynolds pleasantly observed, that it was a scene for a comedy, to see a penitent get into a violent passion and belabour his confessor[868].

Page 140

I have preserved no more of his conversation at the times when I saw him during the rest of this month, till Sunday, the 30th of May, when I met him in the evening at Mr. Hoole's, where there was a large company both of ladies and gentlemen; Sir James Johnston[869] happened to say, that he paid no regard to the arguments of counsel at the bar of the House of Commons, because they were paid for speaking. 'JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, argument is argument. You cannot help paying regard to their arguments, if they are good. If it were testimony, you might disregard it, if you knew that it were purchased. There is a beautiful image in Bacon[870] upon this subject: testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child.'

He had dined that day at Mr. Hoole's, and Miss Helen Maria Williams being expected in the evening, Mr. Hoole put into his hands her beautiful *Ode on the Peace*[871]: Johnson read it over, and when this elegant and accomplished young lady[872] was presented to him, he took her by the hand in the most courteous manner, and repeated the finest stanza of her poem; this was the most delicate and pleasing compliment he could pay. Her respectable friend, Dr. Kippis, from whom I had this anecdote, was standing by, and was not a little gratified.

Miss Williams told me, that the only other time she was fortunate enough to be in Dr. Johnson's company, he asked her to sit down by him, which she did, and upon her enquiring how he was, he answered, 'I am very ill indeed, Madam. I am very ill even when you are near me; what should I be were you at a distance?'[873]

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness; we talked of it for some days, and I had promised to accompany him. He was impatient, and fretful to-night, because I did not at once agree to go with him on Thursday. When I considered how ill he had been, and what allowance should be made for the influence of sickness upon his temper, I resolved to indulge him, though with some inconvenience to myself, as I wished to attend the musical meeting in honour of Handel[874], in Westminster-Abbey, on the following Saturday.

In the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever compassionate to the distresses of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June, in these words:—'I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom, I hope, I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday.'

Page 141

On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford post-coach took us up in the morning at Bolt-court. The other two passengers were Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, two very agreeable ladies from America; they were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided. Frank had been sent by his master the day before to take places for us; and I found, from the way-bill, that Dr. Johnson had made our names be put down. Mrs. Beresford, who had read it, whispered me, 'Is this the great Dr. Johnson?' I told her it was; so she was then prepared to listen. As she soon happened to mention in a voice so low that Johnson did not hear it, that her husband had been a member of the American Congress, I cautioned her to beware of introducing that subject, as she must know how very violent Johnson was against the people of that country. He talked a great deal, but I am sorry I have preserved little of the conversation. Miss Beresford was so much charmed, that she said to me aside, 'How he does talk! Every sentence is an essay.' She amused herself in the coach with knotting; he would scarcely allow this species of employment any merit. 'Next to mere idleness (said he) I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance; though I once attempted to learn knotting. Dempster's sister (looking to me) endeavoured to teach me it; but I made no progress[875].'

I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the publick post-coach of the state of his affairs; 'I have (said he) about the world I think above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year.' Indeed his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr. Langton, 'I think I am like Squire Richard in *The Journey to London, "I'm never strange in a strange place*[876].'" He was truly *social*. He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition,—maintaining an absolute silence, when unknown to each other; as for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. 'Sir, that is being so uncivilised as not to understand the common rights of humanity[877].'

At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which we had for dinner. The ladies I saw wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admiring all the way, get into ill-humour from such a cause. He scolded the waiter, saying, 'It is as bad as bad can be: it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest[878].'

Page 142

He bore the journey very well, and seemed to feel himself elevated as he approached Oxford, that magnificent and venerable seat of learning, Orthodoxy, and Toryism. Frank came in the heavy coach, in readiness to attend him; and we were received with the most polite hospitality at the house of his old friend Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, who had given us a kind invitation. Before we were set down, I communicated to Johnson, my having engaged to return to London directly, for the reason I have mentioned, but that I would hasten back to him again. He was pleased that I had made this journey merely to keep him company. He was easy and placid, with Dr. Adams, Mrs. and Miss Adams, and Mrs. Kennicot, widow of the learned Hebraean[879], who was here on a visit. He soon dispatched the inquiries which were made about his illness and recovery, by a short and distinct narrative; and then assuming a gay air, repeated from Swift,—

> ’Nor think on our approaching ills,
> And talk of spectacles and pills[880].’

Dr. Newton, the Bishop of Bristol, having been mentioned, Johnson, recollecting the manner in which he had been censured by that Prelate[881], thus retaliated:-’ Tom knew he should be dead before what he has said of me would appear. He durst not have printed it while he was alive.’ DR. ADAMS. ’I believe his *Dissertations on the Prophecies* is his great work.’ JOHNSON. ’Why, Sir, it is Tom’s great work; but how far it is great, or how much of it is Tom’s, are other questions. I fancy a considerable part of it was borrowed.’ DR. ADAMS. ’He was a very successful man.’ JOHNSON. ’I don’t think so, Sir. He did not get very high. He was late in getting what he did get; and he did not get it by the best means. I believe he was a gross flatterer[882].’

I fulfilled my intention by going to London, and returned to Oxford on Wednesday the 9th of June, when I was happy to find myself again in the same agreeable circle at Pembroke College, with the comfortable prospect of making some stay. Johnson welcomed my return with more than ordinary glee.

He talked with great regard of the Honourable Archibald Campbell, whose character he had given at the Duke of Argyll’s table, when we were at Inverary[883]; and at this time wrote out for me, in his own hand, a fuller account of that learned and venerable writer, which I have published in its proper place. Johnson made a remark this evening which struck me a good deal. ’I never (said he) knew a non-juror who could reason[884].’ Surely he did not mean to deny that faculty to many of their writers; to Hickes, Brett[885], and other eminent divines of that persuasion; and did not recollect that the seven Bishops, so justly celebrated for their magnanimous resistance of arbitrary power, were yet Nonjurors to the new Government[886]. The nonjuring clergy of Scotland, indeed, who, excepting a few, have lately, by a sudden stroke, cut off all ties of allegiance to the house of Stuart, and resolved to pray for our present lawful Sovereign by name, may be thought to have confirmed this remark; as it may be said, that the divine indefeasible hereditary right which they professed to believe, if ever true, must be

equally true still. Many of my readers will be surprized when I mention, that Johnson assured me he had never in his life been in a nonjuring meeting-house[887].

Page 143

Next morning at breakfast, he pointed out a passage in Savage's *Wanderer*, saying, 'These are fine verses.' 'If (said he) I had written with hostility of Warburton in my *Shakspeare*, I should have quoted this couplet:—

"Here Learning, blinded first and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Fancy wild[888]."

You see they'd have fitted him to a *T*,' (smiling.) DR. ADAMS. 'But you did not write against Warburton.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir, I treated him with great respect both in my Preface and in my Notes[889].'

Mrs. Kennicot spoke of her brother, the Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne, who had given up great prospects in the Church of England on his conversion to the Roman Catholick faith. Johnson, who warmly admired every man who acted from a conscientious regard to principle, erroneous or not, exclaimed fervently, 'GOD bless him.'

Mrs. Kennicot, in confirmation of Dr. Johnson's opinion[890], that the present was not worse than former ages, mentioned that her brother assured her, there was now less infidelity on the Continent than there had been; Voltaire and Rousseau were less read. I asserted, from good authority, that Hume's infidelity was certainly less read. JOHNSON. 'All infidel writers drop into oblivion, when personal connections and the floridness of novelty are gone; though now and then a foolish fellow, who thinks he can be witty upon them, may bring them again into notice. There will sometimes start up a College joker, who does not consider that what is a joke in a College will not do in the world. To such defenders of Religion I would apply a stanza of a poem which I remember to have seen in some old collection:—

"Henceforth be quiet and agree,
Each kiss his empty brother;
Religion scorns a foe like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other."

The point is well, though the expression is not correct; *one*, and not *thee, should be opposed to* t'other_[891].'

On the Roman Catholick religion he said, 'If you join the Papists externally, they will not interrogate you strictly as to your belief in their tenets. No reasoning Papist believes every article of their faith. There is one side on which a good man might be persuaded to embrace it. A good man of a timorous disposition, in great doubt of his acceptance with GOD, and pretty credulous, might be glad to be of a church where there, are so many helps to get to Heaven. I would be a Papist if I could. I have fear enough; but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terrour. I wonder that women are not all Papists.' BOSWELL. 'They are not more afraid of death than men are.' JOHNSON.

‘Because they are less wicked.’ DR. ADAMS. ‘They are more pious.’ JOHNSON. ’No, hang ’em, they are not more pious. A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He’ll beat you all at piety.’

Page 144

He argued in defence of some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. As to the giving the bread only to the laity, he said, 'They may think, that in what is merely ritual, deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience, and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration, as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of the ancient baptism.' As to the invocation of saints[892], he said, 'Though I do not think it authorised, it appears to me, that "the communion of saints" in the Creed means the communion with the saints in Heaven, as connected with "The holy Catholick Church[893]."' He admitted the influence of evil spirits[894] upon our minds, and said, 'Nobody who believes the New Testament can deny it.'

I brought a volume of Dr. Hurd the Bishop of Worcester's *Sermons*, and read to the company some passages from one of them, upon this text, '*Resist the Devil, and he will fly[895] from you.' James*, iv. 7. I was happy to produce so judicious and elegant a supporter[896] of a doctrine, which, I know not why, should, in this world of imperfect knowledge, and, therefore, of wonder and mystery in a thousand instances, be contested by some with an unthinking assurance and flippancy.

After dinner, when one of us talked of there being a great enmity between Whig and Tory;—JOHNSON. 'Why not so much, I think, unless when they come into competition with each other. There is none when they are only common acquaintance, none when they are of different sexes. A Tory will marry into a Whig family, and a Whig into a Tory family, without any reluctance. But indeed, in a matter of much more concern than political tenets, and that is religion, men and women do not concern themselves much about difference of opinion; and ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them; the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman, by a woman who says her prayers three times a day.' Our ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge; but he roared them down! 'No, no, a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has three-pence more; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world.'

Miss Adams mentioned a gentleman of licentious character, and said, 'Suppose I had a mind to marry that gentleman, would my parents consent?' JOHNSON. 'Yes, they'd consent, and you'd go. You'd go though they did not consent.' MISS ADAMS. 'Perhaps their opposing might make me go.' JOHNSON. 'O, very well; you'd take one whom you think a bad man, to have the pleasure of vexing your parents. You put me in mind of Dr. Barrowby[897], the physician, who was very fond of swine's flesh. One day, when he was eating it, he said, 'I wish I was a Jew.' 'Why so? (said somebody); the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat.' 'Because, (said he,) I should then have the gust of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning.' Johnson then proceeded in his declamation.

Page 145

Miss Adams soon afterwards made an observation that I do not recollect, which pleased him much: he said with a good-humoured smile, 'That there should be so much excellence united with so much *depravity*, is strange.'

Indeed, this lady's good qualities, merit, and accomplishments, and her constant attention to Dr. Johnson, were not lost upon him. She happened to tell him that a little coffee-pot, in which she had made his coffee, was the only thing she could call her own. He turned to her with a complacent gallantry, 'Don't say so, my dear; I hope you don't reckon my heart as nothing.'

I asked him if it was true as reported, that he had said lately, 'I am for the King against Fox; but I am for Fox against Pitt.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; the King is my master; but I do not know Pitt; and Fox is my friend[898].'

'Fox, (added he,) is a most extraordinary man; here is a man (describing him in strong terms of objection in some respects according as he apprehended, but which exalted his abilities the more) who has divided the Kingdom with Caesar[899]; so that it, was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George the Third, or the tongue of Fox.'

Dr. Wall, physician at Oxford, drank tea with us. Johnson had in general a peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians, which was certainly not abated by the conversation of this learned, ingenious, and pleasing gentleman. Johnson said, 'It is wonderful how little good Radcliffe's travelling fellowships[900] have done. I know nothing that has been imported by them; yet many additions to our medical knowledge might be got in foreign countries. Inoculation, for instance, has saved more lives than war destroys[901]: and the cures performed by the Peruvian-bark are innumerable. But it is in vain to send our travelling physicians to France, and Italy, and Germany, for all that is known there is known here; I'd send them out of Christendom; I'd send them among barbarous nations.'

On Friday, June 11, we talked at breakfast, of forms of prayer. JOHNSON. 'I know of no good prayers but those in the *Book of Common Prayer*.' DR. ADAMS, (in a very earnest manner): 'I wish, Sir, you would compose some family prayers.' JOHNSON. 'I will not compose prayers for you, Sir, because you can do it for yourself. But I have thought of getting together all the books of prayers which I could, selecting those which should appear to me the best, putting out some, inserting others, adding some prayers of my own, and prefixing a discourse on prayer.' We all now gathered about him, and two or three of us at a time joined in pressing him to execute this plan. He seemed to be a little displeased at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out, 'Do not talk thus of what is so aweful. I know not what time GOD will allow me in this world. There are many things which I wish to do.' Some of us persisted, and Dr. Adams said, 'I never was more serious about any thing in my life.' JOHNSON. 'Let me alone,

let me alone; I am overpowered.’ And then he put his hands before his face, and reclined for some time upon the table[902].

Page 146

I mentioned Jeremy Taylor's using, in his forms of prayer, 'I am the chief of sinners,' and other such self-condemning expressions[903]. 'Now, (said I) this cannot be said with truth by every man, and therefore is improper for a general printed form. I myself cannot say that I am the worst of men; I *will* not say so.' JOHNSON. 'A man may know, that physically, that is, in the real state of things, he is not the worst man; but that morally he may be so. Law observes that "Every man knows something worse of himself, than he is sure of in others[904]." You may not have committed such crimes as some men have done; but you do not know against what degree of light they have sinned. Besides, Sir, "the chief of sinners" is a mode of expression for "I am a great sinner." So St. Paul, speaking of our SAVIOUR'S having died to save sinners, says, "of whom I am the chief[905];" yet he certainly did not think himself so bad as Judas Iscariot.' BOSWELL. 'But, Sir, Taylor means it literally, for he founds a conceit upon it. When praying for the conversion of sinners, and of himself in particular, he says, "LORD, thou wilt not leave thy *chief* work undone." JOHNSON. 'I do not approve of figurative expressions in addressing the Supreme Being; and I never use them[906]. Taylor gives a very good advice: "Never lie in your prayers; never confess more than you really believe; never promise more than you mean to perform[907]." I recollected this precept in his *Golden Grove*; but his *example* for prayer contradicts his *precept*.'

Dr. Johnson and I went in Dr. Adams's coach to dine with Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall, at his beautiful villa at Iffley, on the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford. While we were upon the road, I had the resolution to ask Johnson whether he thought that the roughness of his manner had been an advantage or not, and if he would not have done more good if he had been more gentle. I proceeded to answer myself thus: 'Perhaps it has been of advantage, as it has given weight to what you said: you could not, perhaps, have talked with such authority without it.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and Impiety have always been repressed in my company[908].' BOSWELL. 'True, Sir; and that is more than can be said of every Bishop. Greater liberties have been taken in the presence of a Bishop, though a very good man, from his being milder, and therefore not commanding such awe. Yet, Sir, many people who might have been benefited by your conversation, have been frightened away. A worthy friend of ours[909] has told me, that he has often been afraid to talk to you.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, he need not have been afraid, if he had any thing rational to say. If he had not, it was better he did not talk[910].

Page 147

Dr. Nowell is celebrated for having preached a sermon before the House of Commons, on the 3Oth of January, 1773, full of high Tory sentiments, for which he was thanked as usual, and printed it at their request; but, in the midst of that turbulence and faction which disgraced a part of the present reign, the thanks were afterwards ordered to be expunged[911]. This strange conduct sufficiently exposes itself; and Dr. Nowell will ever have the honour which is due to a lofty friend of our monarchical constitution. Dr. Johnson said to me, 'Sir, the Court will be very much to blame, if he is not promoted.' I told this to Dr. Nowell, and asserting my humbler, though not less zealous exertions in the same cause, I suggested that whatever return we might receive, we should still have the consolation of being like Butler's steady and generous Royalist,

'True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon[912].'

We were well entertained and very happy at Dr. Nowell's, where was a very agreeable company, and we drank 'Church and King' after dinner, with true Tory cordiality.

We talked of a certain clergyman[913] of extraordinary character, who by exerting his talents in writing on temporary topicks, and displaying uncommon intrepidity, had raised himself to affluence. I maintained that we ought not to be indignant at his success; for merit of every sort was entitled to reward. JOHNSON. 'Sir, I will not allow this man to have merit. No, Sir; what he has is rather the contrary; I will, indeed, allow him courage, and on this account we so far give him credit. We have more respect for a man who robs boldly on the highway, than for a fellow who jumps out of a ditch, and knocks you down behind your back. Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice[914].

I censured the coarse invectives which were become fashionable in the House of Commons[915], and said that if members of parliament must attack each other personally in the heat of debate, it should be done more genteely. JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; that would be much worse. Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club, and wounded by a poisoned arrow.' I have since observed his position elegantly expressed by Dr. Young:—

'As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart[916].'

Page 148

On Saturday, June 12, there drank tea with us at Dr. Adams's, Mr. John Henderson, student of Pembroke-College, celebrated for his wonderful acquirements in Alchymy, Judicial Astrology, and other abstruse and curious learning[917]; and the Reverend Herbert Croft, who, I am afraid, was somewhat mortified by Dr. Johnson's not being highly pleased with some *Family Discourses*, which he had printed; they were in too familiar a style to be approved of by so manly a mind. I have no note of this evening's conversation, except a single fragment. When I mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttelton's vision[918], the prediction of the time of his death, and its exact fulfilment;—JOHNSON. 'It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears, from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' DR. ADAMS. 'You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs not such support.' JOHNSON. 'I like to have more[919].'

Mr. Henderson, with whom I had sauntered in the venerable walks of Merton-College, and found him a very learned and pious man, supped with us. Dr. Johnson surprised him not a little, by acknowledging with a look of horrour, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death[920]. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that GOD was infinitely good. JOHNSON. 'That he is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned.' (looking dismally.) DR. ADAMS. 'What do you mean by damned?' JOHNSON. (passionately and loudly) 'Sent to Hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly[921].' DR. ADAMS. 'I don't believe that doctrine.' JOHNSON. 'Hold, Sir, do you believe that some will be punished at all?' DR. ADAMS. 'Being excluded from Heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering.' JOHNSON. 'Well, Sir; but, if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for, infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is not infinite goodness physically considered; morally there is.' BOSWELL. 'But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?' JOHNSON. 'A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair.' MRS. ADAMS. 'You seem, Sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer.' JOHNSON. 'Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right hand and some on his left.' He was in gloomy agitation, and said, 'I'll have no more on't[922].'

Page 149

If what has now been stated should be urged by the enemies of Christianity, as if its influence on the mind were not benignant, let it be remembered, that Johnson's temperament was melancholy, of which such direful apprehensions of futurity are often a common effect. We shall presently see that when he approached nearer to his aweful change, his mind became tranquil, and he exhibited as much fortitude as becomes a thinking man in that situation.

From the subject of death we passed to discourse of life, whether it was upon the whole more happy or miserable. Johnson was decidedly for the balance of misery[923]: in confirmation of which I maintained, that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms[924]. This is an inquiry often made; and its being a subject of disquisition is a proof that much misery presses upon human feelings; for those who are conscious of a felicity of existence, would never hesitate to accept of a repetition of it. I have met with very few who would. I have heard Mr. Burke make use of a very ingenious and plausible argument on this subject;—'Every man (said he) would lead his life over again; for, every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded.' I imagine, however, the truth is, that there is a deceitful hope that the next part of life will be free from the pains, and anxieties, and sorrows, which we have already felt[925]. We are for wise purposes 'Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine;' as Johnson finely says[926]; and I may also quote the celebrated lines of Dryden, equally philosophical and poetical:—

'When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit:
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give[927].'

It was observed to Dr. Johnson, that it seemed strange that he, who has so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation, should say he was miserable. JOHNSON. 'Alas! it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke[928], and cursing the sun. *Sun, how I hate thy beams*[929]!' I knew not well what to think of this declaration; whether to hold it as a genuine picture of his mind[930], or as the effect of his persuading himself contrary to fact, that the position which he had assumed as to human unhappiness, was true. We may apply to him a sentence in Mr. Greville's[931]

Maxims, Characters, and Reflections[932]; a book which is entitled to much more praise than it has received: 'ARISTARCHUS is charming: how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment. You get him with difficulty to your supper; and after having delighted every body and himself for a few hours, he is obliged to return home;—he is finishing his treatise, to prove that unhappiness is the portion of man[933].'

Page 150

On Sunday, June 13, our philosopher was calm at breakfast. There was something exceedingly pleasing in our leading a College life, without restraint, and with superiour elegance, in consequence of our living in the Master's house, and having the company of ladies. Mrs. Kennicot related, in his presence, a lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written *Paradise Lost* should write such poor Sonnets:—' Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock; but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones[934].'

We talked of the casuistical question, Whether it was allowable at any time to depart from *Truth*? JOHNSON. 'The general rule is, that Truth should never be violated, because it is of the utmost importance to the comfort of life, that we should have a full security by mutual faith; and occasional inconveniences should be willingly suffered that we may preserve it. There must, however, be some exceptions. If, for instance, a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone, you may tell him what is not true, because you are under a previous obligation not to betray a man to a murderer[935].' BOSWELL. 'Supposing the person who wrote *Junius* were asked whether he was the authour, might he deny it?' JOHNSON. 'I don't know what to say to this. If you were *sure* that he wrote *Junius*, would you, if he denied it, think as well of him afterwards? Yet it may be urged, that what a man has no right to ask, you may refuse to communicate[936]; and there is no other effectual mode of preserving a secret and an important secret, the discovery of which may be very hurtful to you, but a flat denial; for if you are silent, or hesitate, or evade, it will be held equivalent to a confession. But stay, Sir; here is another case. Supposing the authour had told me confidentially that he had written *Junius*, and I were asked if he had, I should hold myself at liberty to deny it, as being under a previous promise, express or implied, to conceal it. Now what I ought to do for the authour, may I not do for myself? But I deny the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth. Besides, you are not sure what effect your telling him that he is in danger may have. It may bring his distemper to a crisis, and that may cure him. Of all lying, I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has been frequently practised on myself.'

I cannot help thinking that there is much weight in the opinion of those who have held, that Truth, as an eternal and immutable principle, ought, upon no account whatever, to be violated, from supposed previous or superiour obligations, of which every man being to judge for himself, there is great danger that we too often, from partial motives, persuade ourselves that they exist; and probably whatever extraordinary instances may sometimes occur, where some evil may be prevented by violating this noble principle, it would be found that human happiness would, upon the whole, be more perfect were Truth universally preserved.

Page 151

In the notes to the *Dunciad*[937], we find the following verses, addressed to Pope[938]: —

’While malice, Pope, denies thy page
  Its own celestial fire;
While criticks, and while bards in rage
  Admiring, won’t admire:

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
  And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend bewail,
  These times bewail not I.

But when the world’s loud praise is thine,
  And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
  In one establish’d fame!

When none shall rail, and every lay
  Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will) that day
  Shall I lament to see.’

It is surely not a little remarkable, that they should appear without a name. Miss Seward[939], knowing Dr. Johnson’s almost universal and minute literary information, signified a desire that I should ask him who was the authour. He was prompt with his answer: ’Why, Sir, they were written by one Lewis, who was either under-master or an usher of Westminster-school, and published a Miscellany, in which *Grongar Hill*[940] first came out[941].’ Johnson praised them highly, and repeated them with a noble animation. In the twelfth line, instead of ‘one establish’d fame,’ he repeated ‘one unclouded flame,’ which he thought was the reading in former editions: but I believe was a flash of his own genius. It is much more poetical than the other.

On Monday, June 14, and Tuesday, 15, Dr. Johnson and I dined, on one of them, I forget which, with Mr. Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad*, at Wheatley, a very pretty country place a few miles from Oxford; and on the other with Dr. Wetherell, Master of University-College. From Dr. Wetherell’s he went to visit Mr. Sackville Parker, the bookseller; and when he returned to us, gave the following account of his visit, saying, ’I have been to see my old friend, Sack. Parker; I find he has married his maid; he has done right. She had lived with him many years in great confidence, and they had mingled minds; I do not think he could have found any wife that would have made him so happy. The woman was very attentive and civil to me; she pressed me to fix a day for dining with them, and to say what I liked, and she would be sure to get it for me. Poor Sack! He is very ill, indeed. We parted as never to meet again. It has quite broke me down.’ This

pathetic narrative was strangely diversified with the grave and earnest defence of a man's having married his maid. I could not but feel it as in some degree ludicrous.

Page 152

In the morning of Tuesday, June 15, while we sat at Dr. Adams's, we talked of a printed letter from the Reverend Herbert Croft[942], to a young gentleman who had been his pupil, in which he advised him to read to the end of whatever books he should begin to read. JOHNSON. 'This is surely a strange advice; you may as well resolve that whatever men you happen to get acquainted with, you are to keep to them for life. A book may be good for nothing; or there may be only one thing in it worth knowing; are we to read it all through[943]? These Voyages, (pointing to the three large volumes of *Voyages to the South Sea*[944], which were just come out) *who* will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast, than read them through; they will be eaten by rats and mice, before they are read through. There can be little entertainment in such books; one set of Savages is like another.' BOSWELL. 'I do not think the people of Otaheite can be reckoned Savages.' JOHNSON. 'Don't cant in defence of Savages[945].' BOSWELL. 'They have the art of navigation.' JOHNSON. 'A dog or a cat can swim.' BOSWELL. 'They carve very ingeniously.' JOHNSON. 'A cat can scratch, and a child with a nail can scratch.' I perceived this was none of the *mollia tempora fandi*[946]; so desisted.

Upon his mentioning that when he came to College he wrote his first exercise twice over; but never did so afterwards[947]; MISS ADAMS. 'I suppose, Sir, you could not make them better?' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Madam, to be sure, I could make them better. Thought is better than no thought.' MISS ADAMS. 'Do you think, Sir, you could make your *Ramblers* better?' JOHNSON. 'Certainly I could.' BOSWELL. 'I'll lay a bet, Sir, you cannot.' JOHNSON. 'But I will, Sir, if I choose. I shall make the best of them you shall pick out, better.' BOSWELL. 'But you may add to them. I will not allow of that.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, there are three ways of making them better;—putting out,—-adding,—or correcting[948].'

During our visit at Oxford, the following conversation passed between him and me on the subject of my trying my fortune at the English bar[949]: Having asked whether a very extensive acquaintance in London, which was very valuable, and of great advantage to a man at large, might not be prejudicial to a lawyer, by preventing him from giving sufficient attention to his business;—JOHNSON. 'Sir, you will attend to business, as business lays hold of you. When not actually employed, you may see your friends as much as you do now. You may dine at a Club every day, and sup with one of the members every night; and you may be as much at publick places as one who has seen them all would wish to be. But you must take care to attend constantly in Westminster-Hall; both to mind your business, as it is almost all learnt there, (for nobody reads now;) and to shew that you want to have business[950]. And you must not be too often seen at publick places, that competitors may not have it to say, 'He is always at the Playhouse or at Ranelagh, and never to be found at his chambers.' And, Sir, there must be a kind of solemnity in the manner of a professional man. I have nothing particular to say to you on the subject. All this I should say to any one; I should have said it to Lord Thurlow twenty years ago.'

Page 153

The PROFESSION may probably think this representation of what is required in a Barrister who would hope for success, to be by much too indulgent; but certain it is, that as

‘The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame[951],’

some of the lawyers of this age who have risen high, have by no means thought it absolutely necessary to submit to that long and painful course of study which a Plowden, a Coke, and a Hale considered as requisite. My respected friend, Mr. Langton, has shewn me in the hand-writing of his grandfather[952], a curious account of a conversation which he had with Lord Chief Justice Hale, in which that great man tells him, ’That for two years after he came to the inn of court, he studied sixteen hours a day; however (his Lordship added) that by this intense application he almost brought himself to his grave, though he were of a very strong constitution, and after reduced himself to eight hours; but that he would not advise any body to so much; that he thought six hours a day, with attention and constancy, was sufficient; that a man must use his body as he would his horse, and his stomach; not tire him at once, but rise with an appetite.[953]’

On Wednesday, June 19[954], Dr. Johnson and I returned to London; he was not well to-day, and said very little, employing himself chiefly in reading Euripides. He expressed some displeasure at me, for not observing sufficiently the various objects upon the road. ’If I had your eyes, Sir, (said he) I should count the passengers.’ It was wonderful how accurate his observation of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention[955]. That he was much satisfied with the respect paid to him at Dr. Adams’s is thus attested by himself: ’I returned last night from Oxford, after a fortnight’s abode with Dr. Adams, who treated me as well as I could expect or wish; and he that contents a sick man, a man whom it is impossible to please, has surely done his part well[956].’

After his return to London from this excursion, I saw him frequently, but have few memorandums: I shall therefore here insert some particulars which I collected at various times.

The Reverend Mr. Astle, of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, brother to the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle[957], Esq., was from his early years known to Dr. Johnson, who obligingly advised him as to his studies, and recommended to him the following books, of which a list which he has been pleased to communicate, lies before me in Johnson’s own hand-writing:—

Universal History (ancient.)—Rollin’s Ancient History.—Puffendorf’s Introduction to History.—Vertot’s History of Knights of Malta.— Vertot’s Revolution of Portugal.—-Vertot’s Revolutions of Sweden.— Carte’s History of England.—Present State of

England.—Geographical Grammar.—Prideaux's Connection.—Nelson's Feasts and Fasts.—Duty of Man.—Gentleman's Religion.—Clarendon's

Page 154

History.—Watts's Improvement of the Mind.—Watts's Logick.—Nature Displayed.—-Lowth's English Grammar.—Blackwall on the Classicks.—Sherlock's Sermons.—-Burnet's Life of Hale.—Dupin's History of the Church.—Shuckford's Connection.—Law's Serious Call.—Walton's Complete Angler.—Sandys's Travels.—Sprat's History of the Royal Society.—England's Gazetteer.—Goldsmith's Roman History.—Some Commentaries on the. Bible[958].

It having been mentioned to Dr. Johnson that a gentleman who had a son whom he imagined to have an extreme degree of timidity, resolved to send him to a publick school, that he might acquire confidence;—' Sir, (said Johnson,) this is a preposterous expedient for removing his infirmity; such a disposition should be cultivated in the shade. Placing him at a publick school is forcing an owl upon day[959].'

Speaking of a gentleman whose house was much frequented by low company; 'Rags, Sir, (said he,) will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it.'

Of the same gentleman's mode of living, he said, 'Sir, the servants, instead of doing what they are bid, stand round the table in idle clusters, gaping upon the guests; and seem as unfit to attend a company, as to steer a man of war[960].'

A dull country magistrate[961] gave Johnson a long tedious account of his exercising his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation. Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed, 'I heartily wish, Sir, that I were a fifth.'

Johnson was present when a tragedy was read, in which there occurred this line:—

> 'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free[962].'

The company having admired it much, 'I cannot agree with you (said Johnson:) It might as well be said,—

'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.'

He was pleased with the kindness of Mr. Cator, who was joined with him in Mr. Thrale's important trust, and thus describes him[963]:—'There is much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge.' He found a cordial solace at that gentleman's seat at Beckenham, in Kent, which is indeed one of the finest places at which I ever was a guest; and where I find more and more a hospitable welcome.

Johnson seldom encouraged general censure of any profession[964]; but he was willing to allow a due share of merit to the various departments necessary in civilised life. In a splenetick, sarcastical, or jocular frame, however, he would sometimes utter a pointed saying of that nature. One instance has been mentioned[965], where he gave a sudden

satirical stroke to the character of an *attorney*. The too indiscriminate admission to that employment, which requires both abilities and integrity, has given rise to injurious reflections, which are totally inapplicable to many very respectable men who exercise it with reputation and honour.

Page 155

Johnson having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, 'I don't understand you, Sir:' upon which Johnson observed, 'Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding[966].'

Talking to me of Horry Walpole, (as Horace late Earl of Orford was often called[967],) Johnson allowed that he got together a great many curious little things, and told them in an elegant manner[968]. Mr. Walpole thought Johnson a more amiable character after reading his *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*: but never was one of the true admirers of that great man[969]. We may suppose a prejudice conceived, if he ever heard Johnson's account to Sir George Staunton[970], that when he made the speeches in parliament for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'he always took care to put Sir Robert Walpole in the wrong, and to say every thing he could against the electorate of Hanover[971].' The celebrated *Heroick Epistle*, in which Johnson is satyrically introduced, has been ascribed both to Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mason. One day at Mr. Courtenay's, when a gentleman expressed his opinion that there was more energy in that poem than could be expected from Mr. Walpole; Mr. Warton, the late Laureat, observed, 'It may have been written by Walpole, and *buckram'd* by Mason[972].'

He disapproved of Lord Hailes, for having modernised the language of the ever-memorable John Hales of Eton[973], in an edition which his Lordship published of that writer's works. 'An authour's language, Sir, (said he,) is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, Sir, when the language is changed we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, Sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.'

Here it may be observed, that his frequent use of the expression, *No, Sir*, was not always to intimate contradiction; for he would say so, when he was about to enforce an affirmative proposition which had not been denied, as in the instance last mentioned. I used to consider it as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, 'Any argument you may offer against this, is not just. No, Sir, it is not.' It was like Falstaff's 'I deny your Major[974].'

Sir Joshua Reynolds having said that he took the altitude of a man's taste by his stories and his wit, and of his understanding by the remarks which he repeated; being always sure that he must be a weak man who quotes common things with an emphasis as if they were oracles; Johnson agreed with him; and Sir Joshua having also observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements,—Johnson added, 'Yes, Sir; no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures[975].'

Page 156

I have mentioned Johnson's general aversion to a pun[976]. He once, however, endured one of mine. When we were talking of a numerous company in which he had distinguished himself highly, I said, 'Sir, you were a COD surrounded by smelts. Is not this enough for you? at a time too when you were not *fishing* for a compliment?' He laughed at this with a complacent approbation. Old Mr. Sheridan observed, upon my mentioning it to him, 'He liked your compliment so well, he was willing to take it with *pun sauce*.' For my own part, I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed; and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of lively conversation.

Had Johnson treated at large *De Claris Oratoribus*[977], he might have given us an admirable work. When the Duke of Bedford attacked the ministry as vehemently as he could, for having taken upon them to extend the time for the importation of corn[978], Lord Chatham, in his first speech in the House of Lords, boldly avowed himself to be an adviser of that measure. 'My colleagues, (said he,) as I was confined by indisposition, did me the signal honour of coming to the bed-side of a sick man, to ask his opinion. But, had they not thus condescended, I should have *taken up my bed and walked*, in order to have delivered that opinion at the Council-Board.' Mr. Langton, who was present, mentioned this to Johnson, who observed, 'Now, Sir, we see that he took these words as he found them; without considering, that though the expression in Scripture, *take up thy bed and walk*[979], strictly suited the instance of the sick man restored to health and strength, who would of course be supposed to carry his bed with him, it could not be proper in the case of a man who was lying in a state of feebleness, and who certainly would not add to the difficulty of moving at all, that of carrying his bed.'

When I pointed out to him in the newspaper one of Mr. Grattan's animated and glowing speeches, in favour of the freedom of Ireland, in which this expression occurred (I know not if accurately taken): 'We will persevere, till there is not one link of the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland;' 'Nay, Sir, (said Johnson,) don't you perceive that *one* link cannot clank?'

Mrs. Thrale has published[980], as Johnson's, a kind of parody or counterpart of a fine poetical passage in one of Mr. Burke's speeches on American Taxation. It is vigorously but somewhat coarsely executed; and I am inclined to suppose, is not quite correctly exhibited. I hope he did not use the words *'vile agents'* for the Americans in the House of Parliament; and if he did so, in an extempore effusion, I wish the lady had not committed it to writing[981].

Page 157

Mr. Burke uniformly shewed Johnson the greatest respect; and when Mr. Townshend, now lord Sydney, at a period when he was conspicuous in opposition, threw out some reflection in parliament upon the grant of a pension to a man of such political principles as Johnson; Mr. Burke, though then of the same party with Mr. Townshend, stood warmly forth in defence of his friend, to whom, he justly observed, the pension was granted solely on account of his eminent literary merit. I am well assured, that Mr. Townshend's attack upon Johnson was the occasion of his 'hitching in a rhyme[982];' for, that in the original copy of Goldsmith's character of Mr. Burke, in his *Retaliation*, another person's name stood in the couplet where Mr. Townshend is now introduced[983]:—

> 'Though fraught with all learning kept[984] straining his throat,
> To persuade *Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote.'

It may be worth remarking, among the *minutiae* of my collection, that Johnson was once drawn to serve in the militia, the Trained Bands of the City of London, and that Mr. Rackstrow, of the Museum in Fleet-street, was his Colonel. It may be believed he did not serve in person; but the idea, with all its circumstances, is certainly laughable. He upon that occasion provided himself with a musket, and with a sword and belt, which I have seen hanging in his closet.

He was very constant to those whom he once employed, if they gave him no reason to be displeased. When somebody talked of being imposed on in the purchase of tea and sugar, and such articles: 'That will not be the case, (said he,) if you go to a *stately shop*, as I always do. In such a shop it is not worth their while to take a petty advantage.'

An authour of most anxious and restless vanity being mentioned, 'Sir, (said he,) there is not a young sapling upon Parnassus more severely blown about by every wind of criticism than that poor fellow.'

The difference, he observed, between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this: 'One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.'

The wife of one of his acquaintance had fraudulently made a purse for herself out of her husband's fortune. Feeling a proper compunction in her last moments, she confessed how much she had secreted; but before she could tell where it was placed, she was seized with a convulsive fit and expired. Her husband said, he was more hurt by her want of confidence in him, than by the loss of his money. 'I told him, (said Johnson,) that he should console himself: for *perhaps* the money might be *found*, and he was *sure* that his wife was gone.'

A foppish physician once reminded Johnson of his having been in company with him on a former occasion; 'I do not remember it, Sir.' The physician still insisted; adding that he

that day wore so fine a coat that it must have attracted his notice. 'Sir, (said Johnson,) had you been dipt in Pactolus[985] I should not have noticed you.'

Page 158

He seemed to take a pleasure in speaking in his own style; for when he had carelessly missed it, he would repeat the thought translated into it[986]. Talking of the Comedy of *The Rehearsal*[987], he said, 'It has not wit enough to keep it sweet.' This was easy; he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more round sentence; 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'

He censured a writer of entertaining Travels[988] for assuming a feigned character, saying, (in his sense of the word[989],) 'He carries out one lye; we know not how many he brings back.'[990] At another time, talking of the same person, he observed, 'Sir, your assent to a man whom you have never known to falsify, is a debt: but after you have known a man to falsify, your assent to him then is a favour.'

Though he had no taste for painting, he admired much the manner in which Sir Joshua Reynolds treated of his art, in his *Discourses to the Royal Academy*[991]. He observed one day of a passage in them, 'I think I might as well have said this myself: 'and once when Mr. Langton was sitting by him, he read one of them very eagerly, and expressed himself thus:—'Very well, Master Reynolds; very well, indeed. But it will not be understood.'

When I observed to him that Painting was so far inferiour to Poetry, that the story or even emblem which it communicates must be previously known, and mentioned as a natural and laughable instance of this, that a little Miss on seeing a picture of Justice with the scales, had exclaimed to me, 'See, there's a woman selling sweetmeats;' he said, 'Painting, Sir, can illustrate, but cannot inform.'

No man was more ready to make an apology when he had censured unjustly, than Johnson[992]. When a proof-sheet of one of his works was brought to him, he found fault with the mode in which a part of it was arranged, refused to read it, and in a passion[993] desired that the compositor[994] might be sent to him. The compositor was Mr. Manning, a decent sensible man, who had composed about one half of his *Dictionary*, when in Mr. Strahan's printing-house; and a great part of his *Lives of the Poets*, when in that of Mr. Nichols; and who (in his seventy-seventh year), when in Mr. Baldwin's printing-house, composed a part of the first edition of this work concerning him. By producing the manuscript, he at once satisfied Dr. Johnson that he was not to blame. Upon which Johnson candidly and earnestly said to him, 'Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon. Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon, again and again.'

His generous humanity to the miserable was almost beyond example. The following instance is well attested:—Coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street, so much exhausted that she could not walk; he took her upon his back, and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease. Instead of harshly upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness for a long time, at

considerable expence, till she was restored to health, and endeavoured to put her into a virtuous way of living[995].

Page 159

He thought Mr. Caleb Whitefoord singularly happy in hitting on the signature of *Papyrius Cursor*, to his ingenious and diverting cross-readings of the newspapers; it being a real name of an ancient Roman, and clearly expressive of the thing done in this lively conceit[996].

He once in his life was known to have uttered what is called a *bull*: Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were riding together in Devonshire, complained that he had a very bad horse, for that even when going down hill he moved slowly step by step. 'Ay (said Johnson,) and when he *goes* up hill, he *stands still*.'

He had a great aversion to gesticulating in company. He called once to a gentleman who offended him in that point, 'Don't *attitudenise*.' And when another gentleman thought he was giving additional force to what he uttered, by expressive movements of his hands, Johnson fairly seized them, and held them down[997].

An authour of considerable eminence[998] having engrossed a good share of the conversation in the company of Johnson, and having said nothing but what was trifling and insignificant; Johnson when he was gone, observed to us, 'It is wonderful what a difference there sometimes is between a man's powers of writing and of talking. —— writes with great spirit, but is a poor talker; had he held his tongue we might have supposed him to have been restrained by modesty; but he has spoken a great deal to-day; and you have heard what stuff it was.'

A gentleman having said that a *conge d'elire*[999] has not, perhaps, the force of a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation; 'Sir, (replied Johnson, who overheard him,) it is such a recommendation, as if I should throw you out of a two-pair of stairs window, and recommend to you to fall soft[1000].'

Mr. Steevens, who passed many a social hour with him during their long acquaintance, which commenced when they both lived in the Temple, has preserved a good number of particulars concerning him, most of which are to be found in the department of Apothegms, &c. in the Collection of *Johnson's Works*[1001]. But he has been pleased to favour me with the following, which are original:—

'One evening, previous to the trial of Barretti[1002], a consultation of his friends was held at the house of Mr. Cox, the Solicitor, in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Among others present were, Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, who differed in sentiments concerning the tendency of some part of the defence the prisoner was to make. When the meeting was over, Mr. Steevens observed, that the question between him and his friend had been agitated with rather too much warmth. "It may be so, Sir, (replied the Doctor,) for Burke and I should have been of one opinion, if we had had no audience[1003]."

Page 160

’Dr. Johnson once assumed a character in which perhaps even Mr. Boswell never saw him. His curiosity having been excited by the praises bestowed on the celebrated Torre’s fireworks at Marybone-Gardens, he desired Mr. Steevens to accompany him thither. The evening had proved showery; and soon after the few people present were assembled, publick notice was given, that the conductors to the wheels, suns, stars, &c., were so thoroughly water-soaked, that it was impossible any part of the exhibition should be made. “This is a mere excuse, (says the Doctor,) to save their crackers for a more profitable company. Let us but hold up our sticks, and threaten to break those coloured lamps that surround the Orchestra, and we shall soon have our wishes gratified. The core of the fireworks cannot be injured; let the different pieces be touched in their respective centers, and they will do their offices as well as ever.” Some young men who overheard him, immediately began the violence he had recommended, and an attempt was speedily made to fire some of the wheels which appeared to have received the smallest damage; but to little purpose were they lighted, for most of them completely failed. The authour of *The Rambler*, however, may be considered, on this occasion, as the ringleader of a successful riot, though not as a skilful pyrotechnist.’

’It has been supposed that Dr. Johnson, so far as fashion was concerned, was careless of his appearance in publick. But this is not altogether true, as the following slight instance may show:—Goldsmith’s last Comedy was to be represented during some court-mourning[1004]: and Mr. Steevens appointed to call on Dr. Johnson, and carry him to the tavern where he was to dine with others of the Poet’s friends. The Doctor was ready dressed, but in coloured cloaths; yet being told that he would find every one else in black, received the intelligence with a profusion of thanks, hastened to change his attire, all the while repeating his gratitude for the information that had saved him from an appearance so improper in the front row of a front box. “I would not (added he,) for ten pounds, have seemed so retrograde to any general observance[1005].”

’He would sometimes found his dislikes on very slender circumstances. Happening one day to mention Mr. Flexman, a Dissenting Minister, with some compliment to his exact memory in chronological matters; the Doctor replied, “Let me hear no more of him, Sir. That is the fellow who made the Index to my *Ramblers*, and set down the name of Milton thus: Milton, *Mr*. John[1006].”’

Mr. Steevens adds this testimony:—

’It is unfortunate, however, for Johnson, that his particularities and frailties can be more distinctly traced than his good and amiable exertions. Could the many bounties he studiously concealed, the many acts of humanity he performed in private, be displayed with equal circumstantiality, his defects would be so far lost in the blaze of his virtues, that the latter only would be regarded.’

Page 161

Though from my very high admiration of Johnson, I have wondered[1007] that he was not courted by all the great and all the eminent persons of his time, it ought fairly to be considered, that no man of humble birth, who lived entirely by literature, in short no authour by profession, ever rose in this country into that personal notice which he did. In the course of this work a numerous variety of names has been mentioned, to which many might be added. I cannot omit Lord and Lady Lucan, at whose house he often enjoyed all that an elegant table and the best company can contribute to happiness; he found hospitality united with extraordinary accomplishments, and embellished with charms of which no man could be insensible[1008].

On Tuesday, June 22, I dined with him at THE LITERARY CLUB, the last time of his being in that respectable society. The other members present were the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. He looked ill; but had such a manly fortitude, that he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. They all shewed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased, and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.

The anxiety of his friends to preserve so estimable a life, as long as human means might be supposed to have influence, made them plan for him a retreat from the severity of a British winter, to the mild climate of Italy[1009]. This scheme was at last brought to a serious resolution at General Paoli's, where I had often talked of it. One essential matter, however, I understood was necessary to be previously settled, which was obtaining such an addition to his income, as would be sufficient to enable him to defray the expence in a manner becoming the first literary character of a great nation, and, independent of all his other merits, the Authour of THE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. The person to whom I above all others thought I should apply to negociate this business, was the Lord Chancellor[1010], because I knew that he highly valued Johnson, and that Johnson highly valued his Lordship; so that it was no degradation of my illustrious friend to solicit for him the favour of such a man. I have mentioned[1011] what Johnson said of him to me when he was at the bar; and after his Lordship was advanced to the seals[1012], he said of him, 'I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet with him I should wish to know a day before[1013]'. How he would have prepared himself I cannot conjecture. Would he have selected certain topicks, and considered them in every view so as to be in readiness to argue them at all points? and what may we suppose those topicks to have been? I once started the curious enquiry to the great man who was the subject of this compliment: he smiled, but did not pursue it.

Page 162

I first consulted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who perfectly coincided in opinion with me; and I therefore, though personally very little known to his Lordship, wrote to him[1014], stating the case, and requesting his good offices for Dr. Johnson. I mentioned that I was obliged to set out for Scotland early in the following week, so that if his Lordship should have any commands for me as to this pious negociation, he would be pleased to send them before that time; otherwise Sir Joshua Reynolds would give all attention to it.

This application was made not only without any suggestion on the part of Johnson himself, but was utterly unknown to him, nor had he the smallest suspicion of it. Any insinuations, therefore, which since his death have been thrown out, as if he had stooped to ask what was superfluous, are without any foundation. But, had he asked it, it would not have been superfluous; for though the money he had saved proved to be more than his friends imagined, or than I believe he himself, in his carelessness concerning worldly matters, knew it to be, had he travelled upon the Continent, an augmentation of his income would by no means have been unnecessary.

On Wednesday, June 23, I visited him in the morning, after having been present at the shocking sight of fifteen men executed before Newgate[1015]. I said to him, I was sure that human life was not machinery, that is to say, a chain of fatality planned and directed by the Supreme Being, as it had in it so much wickedness and misery, so many instances of both, as that by which my mind was now clouded. Were it machinery it would be better than it is in these respects, though less noble, as not being a system of moral government. He agreed with me now, as he always did[1016], upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry. 'But, Sir, as to the doctrine of Necessity, no man believes it. If a man should give me arguments that I do not see, though I could not answer them, should I believe that I do not see?' It will be observed, that Johnson at all times made the just distinction between doctrines *contrary* to reason, and doctrines *above* reason.

Talking of the religious discipline proper for unhappy convicts, he said, 'Sir, one of our regular clergy will probably not impress their minds sufficiently: they should be attended by a Methodist preacher[1017]; or a Popish priest.' Let me however observe, in justice to the Reverend Mr. Vilette, who has been Ordinary of Newgate for no less than eighteen years, in the course of which he has attended many hundreds of wretched criminals, that his earnest and humane exhortations have been very effectual. His extraordinary diligence is highly praiseworthy, and merits a distinguished reward[1018].

Page 163

On Thursday, June 24, I dined with him at Mr. Dilly's, where were the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Knox, master of Tunbridge-school, Mr. Smith, Vicar of Southill, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Pinkerton, authour of various literary performances, and the Rev. Dr. Mayo. At my desire old Mr. Sheridan was invited, as I was earnest to have Johnson and him brought together again by chance, that a reconciliation might be effected. Mr. Sheridan happened to come early, and having learned that Dr. Johnson was to be there, went away[1019]; so I found, with sincere regret, that my friendly intentions were hopeless. I recollect nothing that passed this day, except Johnson's quickness, who, when Dr. Beattie observed, as something remarkable which had happened to him, that he had chanced to see both No. 1, and No. 1000, of the hackney-coaches, the first and the last; 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) there is an equal chance for one's seeing those two numbers as any other two.' He was clearly right; yet the seeing of the two extremes, each of which is in some degree more conspicuous than the rest, could not but strike one in a stronger manner than the sight of any other two numbers. Though I have neglected to preserve his conversation, it was perhaps at this interview that Dr. Knox formed the notion of it which he has exhibited in his *Winter Evenings*[1020].

On Friday, June 25, I dined with him at General Paoli's, where, he says in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, 'I love to dine[1021].' There was a variety of dishes much to his taste, of all which he seemed to me to eat so much, that I was afraid he might be hurt by it[1022]; and I whispered to the General my fear, and begged he might not press him. 'Alas! (said the General,) see how very ill he looks; he can live but a very short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death? There is a humane custom in Italy, by which persons in that melancholy situation are indulged with having whatever they like best to eat and drink, even with expensive delicacies.'

I shewed him some verses on Lichfield by Miss Seward, which I had that day received from her, and had the pleasure to hear him approve of them. He confirmed to me the truth of a high compliment which I had been told he had paid to that lady, when she mentioned to him *The Colombiade*, an epick poem, by Madame du Boccage[1023]:—-'Madam, there is not any thing equal to your description of the sea round the North Pole, in your Ode on the death of Captain Cook[1024].'

On Sunday, June 27, I found him rather better. I mentioned to him a young man who was going to Jamaica with his wife and children, in expectation of being provided for by two of her brothers settled in that island, one a clergyman, and the other a physician. JOHNSON. 'It is a wild scheme, Sir, unless he has a positive and deliberate invitation. There was a poor girl, who used to come about me, who had a cousin in Barbadoes, that, in a letter to her,

Page 164

expressed a wish she should come out to that Island, and expatiated on the comforts and happiness of her situation. The poor girl went out: her cousin was much surprised, and asked her how she could think of coming. “Because, (said she,) you invited me.” “Not I,” answered the cousin. The letter was then produced. “I see it is true, (said she,) that I did invite you: but I did not think you would come.” They lodged her in an out-house, where she passed her time miserably; and as soon as she had an opportunity she returned to England. Always tell this, when you hear of people going abroad to relations, upon a notion of being well received. In the case which you mention, it is probable the clergyman spends all he gets, and the physician does not know how much he is to get.’

We this day dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, with General Paoli, Lord Eliot, (formerly Mr. Eliot, of Port Eliot,) Dr. Beattie, and some other company. Talking of Lord Chesterfield; —JOHNSON. ’His manner was exquisitely elegant[1025], and he had more knowledge than I expected.’ BOSWELL. ’Did you find, Sir, his conversation to be of a superiour style?’ JOHNSON. ’Sir, in the conversation which I had with him I had the best right to superiority, for it was upon philology and literature.’ Lord Eliot, who had travelled at the same time with Mr. Stanhope[1026], Lord Chesterfield’s natural son, justly observed, that it was strange that a man who shewed he had so much affection for his son as Lord Chesterfield did, by writing so many long and anxious letters to him, almost all of them when he was Secretary of State[1027], which certainly was a proof of great goodness of disposition, should endeavour to make his son a rascal. His Lordship told us, that Foote had intended to bring on the stage a father who had thus tutored his son, and to shew the son an honest man to every one else, but practising his father’s maxims upon him, and cheating him[1028]. JOHNSON. ’I am much pleased with this design; but I think there was no occasion to make the son honest at all. No; he should be a consummate rogue: the contrast between honesty and knavery would be the stronger. It should be contrived so that the father should be the only sufferer by the son’s villainy, and thus there would be poetical justice.’

He put Lord Eliot in mind of Dr. Walter Harte[1029]. ’I know (said he,) Harte was your Lordship’s tutor, and he was also tutor to the Peterborough family. Pray, my Lord, do you recollect any particulars that he told you of Lord Peterborough? He is a favourite of mine, and is not enough known; his character has been only ventilated in party pamphlets[1030].’ Lord Eliot said, if Dr. Johnson would be so good as to ask him any questions, he would tell what he could recollect. Accordingly some things were mentioned. ’But, (said his Lordship,) the best account of Lord Peterborough that I have happened to meet with, is in *Captain Carleton’s Memoirs*. Carleton was descended of an ancestor who had distinguished

Page 165

himself at the siege of Derry[1031]. He was an officer; and, what was rare at that time, had some knowledge of engineering[1032].' Johnson said, he had never heard of the book. Lord Eliot had it at Port Eliot; but, after a good deal of enquiry, procured a copy in London, and sent it to Johnson, who told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but was so much pleased with it, that he sat up till he had read it through[1033], and found in it such an air of truth, that he could not doubt of its authenticity[1034]; adding, with a smile, (in allusion to Lord Eliot's having recently been raised to the peerage,) 'I did not think a *young Lord* could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me[1035].'

An addition to our company came after we went up to the drawing-room; Dr. Johnson seemed to rise in spirits as his audience increased. He said, 'He wished Lord Orford's pictures[1036], and Sir Ashton Lever's Museum[1037], might be purchased by the publick, because both the money, and the pictures, and the curiosities, would remain in the country; whereas, if they were sold into another kingdom, the nation would indeed get some money, but would lose the pictures and curiosities, which it would be desirable we should have, for improvement in taste and natural history. The only question was, as the nation was much in want of money, whether it would not be better to take a large price from a foreign State?'

He entered upon a curious discussion of the difference between intuition and sagacity; one being immediate in its effect, the other requiring a circuitous process; one he observed was the *eye* of the mind, the other the *nose* of the mind[1038].

A young gentleman[1039] present took up the argument against him, and maintained that no man ever thinks of the *nose of the mind*, not adverting that though that figurative sense seems strange to us, as very unusual, it is truly not more forced than Hamlet's 'In my *mind's eye*, Horatio[1040].' He persisted much too long, and appeared to Johnson as putting himself forward as his antagonist with too much presumption; upon which he called to him in a loud tone, 'What is it you are contending for, if you *be* contending?' And afterwards imagining that the gentleman retorted upon him with a kind of smart drollery, he said, 'Mr. ——, it does not become you to talk so to me. Besides, ridicule is not your talent; you have *there* neither intuition nor sagacity.' The gentleman protested that he had intended no improper freedom, but had the greatest respect for Dr. Johnson. After a short pause, during which we were somewhat uneasy,—JOHNSON. 'Give me your hand, Sir. You were too tedious, and I was too short.' MR. ——. 'Sir, I am honoured by your attention in any way.' JOHNSON. 'Come, Sir, let's have no more of it. We offended one another by our contention; let us not offend the company by our compliments.'

Page 166

He now said, 'He wished much to go to Italy, and that he dreaded passing the winter in England.' I said nothing; but enjoyed a secret satisfaction in thinking that I had taken the most effectual measures to make such a scheme practicable.

On Monday, June 28, I had the honour to receive from the Lord Chancellor the following letter:—

'TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. SIR,

I should have answered your letter immediately, if, (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask,—it short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c. THURLOW.'

This letter gave me a very high satisfaction; I next day went and shewed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. He thought that I should now communicate the negociation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain if the attention with which he had been honoured, should be too long concealed from him. I intended to set out for Scotland next morning; but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him, that we three might talk of his Italian Tour, and, as Sir Joshua expressed himself, 'have it all out.' I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. BOSWELL. 'I am very anxious about you, Sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which I believe is your own wish.' JOHNSON. 'It is, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'You have no objection, I presume, but the money it would require.' JOHNSON. 'Why, no, Sir.' Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter. He listened with much attention; then warmly said, 'This is taking prodigious pains about a man.' 'O! Sir, (said I, with most sincere affection,) your friends would do every thing for you.' He paused, grew more and more agitated, till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, 'GOD bless you all.' I was so affected that I also shed tears. After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, 'GOD bless you all, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake.' We both remained for some time unable to speak. He rose suddenly and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness. He staid but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness; soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, next day. I never was again under that roof which I had so long reverenced.

Page 167

On Wednesday, June 30, the friendly confidential dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds took place, no other company being present. Had I known that this was the last time that I should enjoy in this world, the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertainment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look back to it, I am vexed that a single word should have been forgotten.

Both Sir Joshua and I were so sanguine in our expectations, that we expatiated with confidence on the liberal provision which we were sure would be made for him, conjecturing whether munificence would be displayed in one large donation, or in an ample increase of his pension. He himself catched so much of our enthusiasm, as to allow himself to suppose it not impossible that our hopes might in one way or other be realised. He said that he would rather have his pension doubled than a grant of a thousand pounds; 'For, (said he,) though probably I may not live to receive as much as a thousand pounds, a man would have the consciousness that he should pass the remainder of his life in splendour, how long soever it might be.' Considering what a moderate proportion an income of six hundred pounds a year bears to innumerable fortunes in this country, it is worthy of remark, that a man so truly great should think it splendour[1041].

As an instance of extraordinary liberality of friendship, he told us, that Dr. Brocklesby had upon this occasion offered him a hundred a year for his life[1042]. A grateful tear started into his eye, as he spoke this in a faultering tone.

Sir Joshua and I endeavoured to flatter his imagination with agreeable prospects of happiness in Italy. 'Nay, (said he,) I must not expect much of that; when a man goes to Italy merely to feel how he breathes the air, he can enjoy very little.'

Our conversation turned upon living in the country, which Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment[1043]. 'Yet, Sir, (said I,) there are many people who are content to live in the country.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is in the intellectual world as in the physical world; we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country, are *fit* for the country.'

Talking of various enjoyments, I argued that a refinement of taste was a disadvantage, as they who have attained to it must be seldomer pleased than those who have no nice discrimination, and are therefore satisfied with every thing that comes in their way. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir; that is a paltry notion. Endeavour to be as perfect as you can in every respect.'

I accompanied him in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, to the entry of Bolt-court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension

that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot-pavement, he called out, ‘Fare you well;’ and without looking back, sprung away with a kind of pathetick briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation.

Page 168

I remained one day more in town, to have the chance of talking over my negociation with the Lord Chancellor; but the multiplicity of his Lordship's important engagements did not allow of it; so I left the management of the business in the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Soon after this time Dr. Johnson had the mortification of being informed by Mrs. Thrale, that, 'what she supposed he never believed[1044],' was true; namely, that she was actually going to marry Signor Piozzi, an Italian musick-master[1045]. He endeavoured to prevent it; but in vain. If she would publish the whole of the correspondence that passed between Dr. Johnson and her on the subject, we should have a full view of his real sentiments. As it is, our judgement must be biassed by that characteristick specimen which Sir John Hawkins has given us: 'Poor Thrale! I thought that either her virtue or her vice would have restrained her from such a marriage. She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over; and for her friends, if she has any left, to forget, or pity[1046].'

It must be admitted that Johnson derived a considerable portion of happiness from the comforts and elegancies which he enjoyed in Mr. Thrale's family[1047]; but Mrs. Thrale assures us he was indebted for these to her husband alone, who certainly respected him sincerely. Her words are,—

'*Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents*, delight *in his conversation, and* habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, *and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with* Mr. Johnson; *but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been* terrifying *in the first years of our friendship, and* irksome *in the last; nor could I pretend to support* it without help, when my coadjutor was no more_[1048].'

Alas! how different is this from the declarations which I have heard Mrs. Thrale make in his life-time, without a single murmur against any peculiarities, or against any one circumstance which attended their intimacy[1049].

As a sincere friend of the great man whose *Life* I am writing, I think it necessary to guard my readers against the mistaken notion of Dr. Johnson's character, which this lady's *Anecdotes* of him suggest; for from the very nature and form of her book, 'it lends deception lighter wings to fly'.[1050]

'Let it be remembered, (says an eminent critick[1051],) that she has comprised in a small volume all that she could recollect of Dr. Johnson in *twenty years*, during which period, doubtless, some severe things were said by him; and they who read the book in *two hours*, naturally enough suppose that his whole conversation was of this complexion. But the fact is, I have been often in his company, and never *once* heard him say a severe thing to any one; and many others can attest the same[1052]. When

he did say a severe thing, it was generally extorted by ignorance pretending to knowledge, or by extreme vanity or affectation.

Page 169

’Two instances of inaccuracy, (adds he,) are peculiarly worthy of notice:

’It is said, *"That natural[1053] roughness of his manner so often mentioned, would, notwithstanding the regularity of his notions, burst through them all from time to time; and he once bade a very celebrated lady, who praised him with too much zeal perhaps, or perhaps too strong an emphasis, (which always offended him,) consider what her flattery was worth, before she choaked him with it."*

’Now let the genuine anecdote be contrasted with this. The person thus represented as being harshly treated, though a very celebrated lady[1054], was *then* just come to London from an obscure situation in the country. At Sir Joshua Reynolds’s one evening, she met Dr. Johnson. She very soon began to pay her court to him in the most fulsome strain. “Spare me, I beseech you, dear Madam,” was his reply. She still *laid it on*. “Pray, Madam, let us have no more of this;” he rejoined. Not paying any attention to these warnings, she continued still her eulogy. At length, provoked by this indelicate and vain obtrusion of compliment, he exclaimed, “Dearest lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth, before you bestow it so freely[1055].”

’How different does this story appear, when accompanied with all these circumstances which really belong to it, but which Mrs. Thrale either did not know, or has suppressed.

’She says, in another place[1056], *"One gentleman, however, who dined at a nobleman’s house in his company, and that of* Mr. Thrale, *to whom I was obliged for the anecdote, was willing to enter the lists in defence of* King William’s *character; and having opposed and contradicted* Johnson *two or three times, petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequences; to avoid which, he said, loud enough for the Doctor to hear,—’Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teized* Johnson *at dinner to-day; this is all to do himself* honour.’ *No, upon my word, (replied the other,’) I see no* honour *in it, whatever you may do. Well, Sir, (returned* Mr. Johnson, *sternly,) if you do not* see *the honour, I am sure I* feel *the disgrace*.”

’This is all sophisticated. Mr. Thrale was *not* in the company, though he might have related the story to Mrs. Thrale. A friend, from whom I had the story, was present; and it was *not* at the house of a nobleman. On the observation being made by the master of the house on a gentleman’s contradicting Johnson, that he had talked for the honour, &c., the gentleman muttered in a low voice, “I see no honour in it;” and Dr. Johnson said nothing: so all the rest, (though *bien trouvee*) is mere garnish.’

I have had occasion several times, in the course of this work, to point out the incorrectness of Mrs. Thrale, as to particulars which consisted with my own knowledge[1057]. But indeed she has, in flippant terms enough, expressed her disapprobation of that anxious desire of authenticity which prompts a person who is to record conversations, to write them down *at the moment*[1058]. Unquestionably, if they

are to be recorded at all, the sooner it is done the better. This lady herself says[1059], —

Page 170

'To recollect, however, and to repeat the sayings of Dr. Johnson, *is almost all that can be done by the writers of his Life; as his life, at least since my acquaintance with him, consisted in little else than talking, when he was not [absolutely] employed in some serious piece of work.'*

She boasts of her having kept a common-place book[1060]; and we find she noted, at one time or other, in a very lively manner, specimens of the conversation of Dr. Johnson, and of those who talked with him; but had she done it recently, they probably would have been less erroneous; and we should have been relieved from those disagreeable doubts of their authenticity, with which we must now peruse them.

She says of him[1061],—

'He was the most charitable of mortals, without being what we call an active friend. *Admirable at giving counsel; no man saw his way so clearly; but he* would not stir a finger *for the assistance of those to whom he was willing enough to give advice.'* And again on the same page, *'If you wanted a slight favour, you must apply to people of other dispositions; for* not a step would Johnson move *to obtain a man a vote in a society, to repay a compliment which might be useful or pleasing, to write a letter of request, &c., or to obtain a hundred pounds a year more for a friend who, perhaps, had already two or three. No force could urge him to diligence, no importunity could conquer his resolution to stand still.'*

It is amazing that one who had such opportunities of knowing Dr. Johnson, should appear so little acquainted with his real character. I am sorry this lady does not advert, that she herself contradicts the assertion of his being obstinately defective in the *petites morales*, in the little endearing charities of social life, in conferring smaller favours; for she says[1062],—

'Dr. Johnson *was liberal enough in granting literary assistance to others, I think; and innumerable are the Prefaces, Sermons, Lectures, and Dedications which he used to make for people who begged of him.*'

I am certain that a *more active friend* has rarely been found in any age[1063]. This work, which I fondly hope will rescue his memory from obloquy, contains a thousand instances of his benevolent exertions in almost every way that can be conceived; and particularly in employing his pen with a generous readiness for those to whom its aid could be useful. Indeed his obliging activity in doing little offices of kindness, both by letters and personal application, was one of the most remarkable features in his character; and for the truth of this I can appeal to a number of his respectable friends: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Mr. Malone, the Bishop of Dromore, Sir William Scott, Sir Robert Chambers. And can Mrs. Thrale forget the advertisements which he wrote for her husband at the time of his election contest[1064]; the epitaphs on him and her mother[1065]; the playful and even trifling

verses, for the amusement of her and her daughters; his corresponding with her children[1066], and entering into their minute concerns[1067], which shews him in the most amiable light? She relates[1068],—

Page 171

That Mr. Ch-lm-ley unexpectedly rode up to Mr. Thrale's carriage, in which Mr. Thrale and she, and Dr. Johnson were travelling; that he paid them all his proper compliments, but observing that Dr. Johnson, who was reading, did not see him, *'tapt him gently on the shoulder. "'Tis* Mr. Ch-lm-ley;" *says my husband. "Well, Sir—and what if it is* Mr. Ch-lm-ley;" *says the other, sternly, just lifting his eyes a moment from his book, and returning to it again, with renewed avidity.'*

This surely conveys a notion of Johnson, as if he had been grossly rude to Mr. Cholmondeley[1069], a gentleman whom he always loved and esteemed. If, therefore, there was an absolute necessity for mentioning the story at all, it might have been thought that her tenderness for Dr. Johnson's character would have disposed her to state any thing that could soften it. Why then is there a total silence as to what Mr. Cholmondeley told her?—that Johnson, who had known him from his earliest years, having been made sensible of what had doubtless a strange appearance, took occasion, when he afterwards met him, to make a very courteous and kind apology. There is another little circumstance which I cannot but remark. Her book was published in 1785, she had then in her possession a letter from Dr. Johnson, dated in 1777[1070], which begins thus:—'Cholmondeley's story shocks me, if it be true, which I can hardly think, for I am utterly unconscious of it: I am very sorry, and very much ashamed[1071].' Why then publish the anecdote? Or if she did, why not add the circumstances, with which she was well acquainted!

In his social intercourse she thus describes him[1072]:—

'*Ever musing till he was called out to converse, and conversing till the fatigue of his friends, or the promptitude of his own temper to take offence, consigned him back again to silent meditation*.'

Yet, in the same book[1073], she tells us,—

'*He was, however, seldom inclined to be silent, when any moral or literary question was started; and it was on such occasions that, like the Sage in* "Rasselas[1074]," *he spoke, and attention watched his lips; he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods*.'

His conversation, indeed, was so far from ever *fatiguing* his friends, that they regretted when it was interrupted, or ceased, and could exclaim in Milton's language,—

'With thee conversing, I forget all time[1075].'

I certainly, then, do not claim too much in behalf of my illustrious friend in saying, that however smart and entertaining Mrs. Thrale's *Anecdotes* are, they must not be held as good evidence against him; for wherever an instance of harshness and severity is told, I beg leave to doubt its perfect authenticity; for though there may have been *some*

foundation for it, yet, like that of his reproof to the ’very celebrated lady,’ it may be so exhibited in the narration as to be very unlike the real fact.

Page 172

The evident tendency of the following anecdote[1076] is to represent Dr. Johnson as extremely deficient in affection, tenderness, or even common civility:—

'When I one day lamented the loss of a first cousin killed in America,—"*Prithee, my dear, (said he,) have done with canting; how would the world be the worse for it, I may ask, if all your relations were at once spitted like larks, and roasted for* Presto's *supper?"*—Presto[1077] *was the dog that lay under the table while we talked.*'

I suspect this too of exaggeration and distortion. I allow that he made her an angry speech; but let the circumstances fairly appear, as told by Mr. Baretti, who was present:—

'Mrs. Thrale, while supping very heartily upon larks, laid down her knife and fork, and abruptly exclaimed, "O, my dear Mr. Johnson, do you know what has happened? The last letters from abroad have brought us an account that our poor cousin's head was taken off by a cannon-ball." Johnson, who was shocked both at the fact, and her light unfeeling manner of mentioning it, replied, "Madam, it would give *you* very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and drest for Presto's supper[1078]."'

It is with concern that I find myself obliged to animadvert on the inaccuracies of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, and perhaps I may be thought to have dwelt too long upon her little collection. But as from Johnson's long residence under Mr. Thrale's roof, and his intimacy with her, the account which she has given of him may have made an unfavourable and unjust impression, my duty, as a faithful biographer, has obliged me reluctantly to perform this unpleasing task.

Having left the *pious negotiation*, as I called it, in the best hands, I shall here insert what relates to it. Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds on July 6, as follows:—

'I am going, I hope, in a few days, to try the air of Derbyshire, but hope to see you before I go. Let me, however, mention to you what I have much at heart. If the Chancellor should continue his attention to Mr. Boswell's request, and confer with you on the means of relieving my languid state, I am very desirous to avoid the appearance of asking money upon false pretences. I desire you to represent to his Lordship, what, as soon as it is suggested, he will perceive to be reasonable,—That, if I grow much worse, I shall be afraid to leave my physicians, to suffer the inconveniences of travel, and pine in the solitude of a foreign country; That, if I grow much better, of which indeed there is now little appearance, I shall not wish to leave my friends and my domestick comforts; for I do not travel for pleasure or curiosity; yet if I should recover, curiosity would revive. In my present state, I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain some help from a softer climate. Do for me what you can.'

Page 173

He wrote to me July 26:—

’I wish your affairs could have permitted a longer and continued exertion of your zeal and kindness. They that have your kindness may want your ardour. In the mean time I am very feeble and very dejected.’

By a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds I was informed, that the Lord Chancellor had called on him, and acquainted him that the application had not been successful; but that his Lordship, after speaking highly in praise of Johnson, as a man who was an honour to his country, desired Sir Joshua to let him know, that on granting a mortgage of his pension, he should draw on his Lordship to the amount of five or six hundred pounds; and that his Lordship explained the meaning of the mortgage to be, that he wished the business to be conducted in such a manner, that Dr. Johnson should appear to be under the least possible obligation. Sir Joshua mentioned, that he had by the same post communicated all this to Dr. Johnson.

How Johnson was affected upon the occasion will appear from what he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

’Ashbourne, Sept. 9. Many words I hope are not necessary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor’s liberality, and your kind offices....[1079] I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or any other general seal, and convey it to him: had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention.’

’To THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR[1080].

MY LORD, After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your Lordship’s offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude[1081]. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary; for, to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased GOD to restore me to so great a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing, if much worse, not able, to migrate. Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but, when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and, from your Lordship’s kindness, I have received a benefit, which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

’I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship’s most obliged,
Most grateful, and
Most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.’

Page 174

‘September, 1784.’

Upon this unexpected failure I abstain from presuming to make any remarks, or to offer any conjectures.[1082]

Having after repeated reasonings[1083], brought Dr. Johnson to agree to my removing to London, and even to furnish me with arguments in favour of what he had opposed; I wrote to him requesting he would write them for me; he was so good as to comply, and I shall extract that part of his letter to me of June 11[1084], as a proof how well he could exhibit a cautious yet encouraging view of it:—

’I remember, and intreat you to remember, that *virtus est vitium fugere*[1085]; the first approach to riches is security from poverty. The condition on which you have my consent to settle in London is, that your expence never exceeds your annual income. Fixing this basis of security, you cannot be hurt, and you may be very much advanced. The loss of your Scottish business, which is all that you can lose, is not to be reckoned as any equivalent to the hopes and possibilities that open here upon you. If you succeed, the question of prudence is at an end; every body will think that done right which ends happily; and though your expectations, of which I would not advise you to talk too much, should not be totally answered, you can hardly fail to get friends who will do for you all that your present situation allows you to hope; and if, after a few years, you should return to Scotland, you will return with a mind supplied by various conversation, and many opportunities of enquiry, with much knowledge, and materials for reflection and instruction.’

Let us now contemplate Johnson thirty years after the death of his wife, still retaining for her all the tenderness of affection.

’TO THE REVEREND MR. BAGSHAW, AT BROMLEY[1086].

’SIR,

’Perhaps you may remember, that in the year 1753[1087], you committed to the ground my dear wife. I now entreat your permission to lay a stone upon her; and have sent the inscription, that, if you find it proper, you may signify your allowance.

’You will do me a great favour by showing the place where she lies, that the stone may protect her remains.

’Mr. Ryland[1088] will wait on you for the inscription[1089], and procure it to be engraved. You will easily believe that I shrink from this mournful office. When it is done, if I have strength remaining, I will visit Bromley once again, and pay you part of the respect to which you have a right from, Reverend Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON[1090].’

‘July 12, 1784.’

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Langton:—

Page 175

’I cannot but think that in my languid and anxious state, I have some reason to complain that I receive from you neither enquiry nor consolation. You know how much I value your friendship, and with what confidence I expect your kindness, if I wanted any act of tenderness that you could perform; at least, if you do not know it, I think your ignorance is your own fault. Yet how long is it that I have lived almost in your neighbourhood without the least notice. I do not, however, consider this neglect as particularly shown to me; I hear two of your most valuable friends make the same complaint. But why are all thus overlooked? You are not oppressed by sickness, you are not distracted by business; if you are sick, you are sick of leisure:—And allow yourself to be told, that no disease is more to be dreaded or avoided. Rather to do nothing than to do good, is the lowest state of a degraded mind. Boileau says to his pupil,

> ’*Que les vers ne soient pas votre eternel emploi,*
> *Cultivez vos amis*[1091].’—

That voluntary debility, which modern language is content to term indolence, will, if it is not counteracted by resolution, render in time the strongest faculties lifeless, and turn the flame to the smoke of virtue. I do not expect nor desire to see you, because I am much pleased to find that your mother stays so long with you, and I should think you neither elegant nor grateful, if you did not study her gratification. You will pay my respects to both the ladies, and to all the young people. I am going Northward for a while, to try what help the country can give me; but, if you will write, the letter will come after me.’

Next day he set out on a jaunt to Staffordshire and Derbyshire, flattering himself that he might be in some degree relieved.

During his absence from London he kept up a correspondence with several of his friends, from which I shall select what appears to me proper for publication, without attending nicely to chronological order.

To Dr. BROCKLESBY, he writes, Ashbourne, July 20:—

’The kind attention which you have so long shewn to my health and happiness, makes it as much a debt of gratitude as a call of interest, to give you an account of what befals me, when accident recovers[1092] me from your immediate care. The journey of the first day was performed with very little sense of fatigue; the second day brought me to Lichfield, without much lassitude; but I am afraid that I could not have borne such violent agitation for many days together. Tell Dr. Heberden, that in the coach I read *Ciceronianus* which I concluded as I entered Lichfield. My affection and understanding went along with Erasmus, except that once or twice he somewhat unskilfully entangles Cicero’s civil or moral, with his rhetorical, character. I staid five days at Lichfield, but, being unable to walk, had no great pleasure, and yesterday (19th) I came hither, where I am to try what air and

Page 176

attention can perform. Of any improvement in my health I cannot yet please myself with the perception.—The asthma has no abatement. Opiates stop the fit, so as that I can sit and sometimes lie easy, but they do not now procure me the power of motion; and I am afraid that my general strength of body does not encrease. The weather indeed is not benign; but how low is he sunk whose strength depends upon the weather[1093]! I am now looking into Floyer[1094] who lived with his asthma to almost his ninetieth year. His book by want of order is obscure, and his asthma, I think, not of the same kind with mine. Something however I may perhaps learn. My appetite still continues keen enough; and what I consider as a symptom of radical health, I have a voracious delight in raw summer fruit, of which I was less eager a few years ago[1095]. You will be pleased to communicate this account to Dr. Heberden, and if any thing is to be done, let me have your joint opinion. Now—*abite curoe*;—let me enquire after the Club[1096].'

July 31. 'Not recollecting that Dr. Heberden might be at Windsor, I thought your letter long in coming. But, you know, *nocitura petuntur*[1097], the letter which I so much desired, tells me that I have lost one of my best and tenderest friends[1098]. My comfort is, that he appeared to live like a man that had always before his eyes the fragility of our present existence, and was therefore, I hope, not unprepared to meet his judge. Your attention, dear Sir, and that of Dr. Heberden, to my health, is extremely kind. I am loth to think that I grow worse; and cannot fairly prove even to my own partiality, that I grow much better.'

August 5. 'I return you thanks, dear Sir, for your unwearied attention, both medicinal and friendly, and hope to prove the effect of your care by living to acknowledge it.'

August 12[1099]. 'Pray be so kind as to have me in your thoughts, and mention my case to others as you have opportunity. I seem to myself neither to gain nor lose strength. I have lately tried milk, but have yet found no advantage, and am afraid of it merely as a liquid. My appetite is still good, which I know is dear Dr. Heberden's criterion of the *vis vitoe*. As we cannot now see each other, do not omit to write, for you cannot think with what warmth of expectation I reckon the hours of a post-day.'

August 14. 'I have hitherto sent you only melancholy letters, you will be glad to hear some better account. Yesterday the asthma remitted, perceptibly remitted, and I moved with more ease than I have enjoyed for many weeks. May GOD continue his mercy. This account I would not delay, because I am not a lover of complaints, or complainers, and yet I have since we parted uttered nothing till now but terrour and sorrow. Write to me, dear Sir.'

Page 177

August 16. ’Better I hope, and better. My respiration gets more and more ease and liberty. I went to church yesterday, after a very liberal dinner, without any inconvenience; it is indeed no long walk, but I never walked it without difficulty, since I came, before.—the intention was only to overpower the seeming *vis inertioe* of the pectoral and pulmonary muscles. I am favoured with a degree of ease that very much delights me, and do not despair of another race upon the stairs of the Academy[1100]. If I were, however, of a humour to see, or to shew the state of my body, on the dark side, I might say,

"Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una[1101]?"

The nights are still sleepless, and the water rises, though it does not rise very fast. Let us, however, rejoice in all the good that we have. The remission of one disease will enable nature to combat the rest. The squills I have not neglected; for I have taken more than a hundred drops a day, and one day took two hundred and fifty, which, according to the popular equivalence of a drop to a grain, is more than half an ounce. I thank you, dear Sir, for your attention in ordering the medicines; your attention to me has never failed. If the virtue of medicines could be enforced by the benevolence of the prescriber, how soon should I be well.’

August 19. ’The relaxation of the asthma still continues, yet I do not trust it wholly to itself, but soothe it now and then with an opiate. I not only perform the perpetual act of respiration with less labour, but I can walk with fewer intervals of rest, and with greater freedom of motion. I never thought well of Dr. James’s compounded medicines[1102]; his ingredients appeared to me sometimes inefficacious and trifling, and sometimes heterogeneous and destructive of each other. This prescription exhibits a composition of about three hundred and thirty grains, in which there are four grains of emetick tartar, and six drops [of] thebaick tincture. He that writes thus, surely writes for show. The basis of his medicine is the gum ammoniacum, which dear Dr. Lawrence used to give, but of which I never saw any effect. We will, if you please, let this medicine alone. The squills have every suffrage, and in the squills we will rest for the present.’

August 21. ’The kindness which you shew by having me in your thoughts upon all occasions, will, I hope, always fill my heart with gratitude. Be pleased to return my thanks to Sir George Baker[1103], for the consideration which he has bestowed upon me. Is this the balloon that has been so long expected, this balloon to which I subscribed, but without payment[1104]? It is pity that philosophers have been disappointed, and shame that they have been cheated; but I know not well how to prevent either. Of this experiment I have read nothing; where was it exhibited? and who was the man that ran away with so much money? Continue, dear Sir, to write often and more at a time; for none of your prescriptions operate to their proper uses more certainly than your letters operate as cordials.’

Page 178

August 26. 'I suffered you to escape last post without a letter, but you are not to expect such indulgence very often; for I write not so much because I have any thing to say, as because I hope for an answer; and the vacancy of my life here makes a letter of great value. I have here little company and little amusement, and thus abandoned to the contemplation of my own miseries, I am sometimes gloomy and depressed; this too I resist as I can, and find opium, I think, useful, but I seldom take more than one grain. Is not this strange weather? Winter absorbed the spring, and now autumn is come before we have had summer. But let not our kindness for each other imitate the inconstancy of the seasons.'

Sept. 2. 'Mr. Windham has been here to see me; he came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half, perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature; and there Windham is, *inter stellas*[1105] *Luna minores*[1106].' He then mentions the effects of certain medicines, as taken; that 'Nature is recovering its original powers, and the functions returning to their proper state. God continue his mercies, and grant me to use them rightly.'

Sept. 9. 'Do you know the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire? And have you ever seen Chatsworth? I was at Chatsworth on Monday: I had indeed seen it before[1107], but never when its owners were at home; I was very kindly received, and honestly pressed to stay: but I told them that a sick man is not a fit inmate of a great house. But I hope to go again some time.'

Sept. 11. 'I think nothing grows worse, but all rather better, except sleep, and that of late has been at its old pranks. Last evening, I felt what I had not known for a long time, an inclination to walk for amusement; I took a short walk, and came back again neither breathless nor fatigued. This has been a gloomy, frigid, ungenial summer, but of late it seems to mend; I hear the heat sometimes mentioned, but I do not feel it:

> "Praterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis
> Febre calet sola[1108].——"

I hope, however, with good help, to find means of supporting a winter at home, and to hear and tell at the Club what is doing, and what ought to be doing in the world. I have no company here, and shall naturally come home hungry for conversation. To wish you, dear Sir, more leisure, would not be kind; but what leisure you have, you must bestow upon me.'

Sept. 16. 'I have now let you alone for a long time, having indeed little to say. You charge me somewhat unjustly with luxury. At Chatsworth, you should remember, that I have eaten but once; and the Doctor, with whom I live, follows a milk diet. I grow no fatter, though my stomach, if it be not disturbed by physick, never fails me. I now grow weary of solitude, and think of removing next week

Page 179

to Lichfield, a place of more society, but otherwise of less convenience. When I am settled, I shall write again. Of the hot weather that you mention, we have [not] had in Derbyshire very much, and for myself I seldom feel heat, and suppose that my frigidity is the effect of my distemper; a supposition which naturally leads me to hope that a hotter climate may be useful. But I hope to stand another English winter.'

Lichfield, Sept. 29. 'On one day I had three letters about the air-balloon[1109]: yours was far the best, and has enabled me to impart to my friends in the country an idea of this species of amusement. In amusement, mere amusement, I am afraid it must end, for I do not find that its course can be directed so as that it should serve any purposes of communication; and it can give no new intelligence of the state of the air at different heights, till they have ascended above the height of mountains, which they seem never likely to do. I came hither on the 27th. How long I shall stay I have not determined. My dropsy is gone, and my asthma much remitted, but I have felt myself a little declining these two days, or at least to-day; but such vicissitudes must be expected. One day may be worse than another; but this last month is far better than the former; if the next should be as much better than this, I shall run about the town on my own legs.'

October 6. 'The fate of the balloon I do not much lament[1110]: to make new balloons, is to repeat the jest again. We now know a method of mounting into the air, and, I think, are not likely to know more. The vehicles can serve no use till we can guide them; and they can gratify no curiosity till we mount with them to greater heights than we can reach without; till we rise above the tops of the highest mountains, which we have yet not done. We know the state of the air in all its regions, to the top of Teneriffe, and therefore, learn nothing from those who navigate a balloon below the clouds. The first experiment, however, was bold, and deserved applause and reward. But since it has been performed, and its event is known, I had rather now find a medicine that can ease an asthma.'

October 25. 'You write to me with a zeal that animates, and a tenderness that melts me. I am not afraid either of a journey to London, or a residence in it. I came down with little fatigue, and am now not weaker. In the smoky atmosphere I was delivered from the dropsy, which I consider as the original and radical disease. The town is my element[1111]; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements. Sir Joshua told me long ago that my vocation was to publick life, and I hope still to keep my station, till GOD shall bid me *Go in peace*[1112].'

To MR. HOOLE:—

Page 180

Ashbourne, Aug. 7. 'Since I was here I have two little letters from you, and have not had the gratitude to write. But every man is most free with his best friends, because he does not suppose that they can suspect him of intentional incivility. One reason for my omission is, that being in a place to which you are wholly a stranger, I have no topicks of correspondence. If you had any knowledge of Ashbourne, I could tell you of two Ashbourne men, who, being last week condemned at Derby to be hanged for a robbery, went and hanged themselves in their cell[1113]. But this, however it may supply us with talk, is nothing to you. Your kindness, I know, would make you glad to hear some good of me, but I have not much good to tell; if I grow not worse, it is all that I can say. I hope Mrs. Hoole receives more help from her migration. Make her my compliments, and write again to, dear Sir, your affectionate servant.'

Aug. 13. 'I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope we shall both be the better for each other's friendship, and I hope we shall not very quickly be parted. Tell Mr. Nicholls that I shall be glad of his correspondence, when his business allows him a little remission; though to wish him less business, that I may have more pleasure, would be too selfish. To pay for seats at the balloon is not very necessary, because in less than a minute, they who gaze at a mile's distance will see all that can be seen. About the wings[1114] I am of your mind; they cannot at all assist it, nor I think regulate its motion. I am now grown somewhat easier in my body, but my mind is sometimes depressed. About the Club I am in no great pain. The forfeitures go on, and the house, I hear, is improved for our future meetings. I hope we shall meet often and sit long.'

Sept. 4. 'Your letter was, indeed, long in coming, but it was very welcome. Our acquaintance has now subsisted long[1115] and our recollection of each other involves a great space, and many little occurrences, which melt the thoughts to tenderness. Write to me, therefore, as frequently as you can. I hear from Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Ryland, that the Club is not crouded. I hope we shall enliven it when winter brings us together.'

To DR. BURNEY:—

August 2. 'The weather, you know, has not been balmy; I am now reduced to think, and am at last content to talk of the weather. Pride must have a fall[1116]. I have lost dear Mr. Allen, and wherever I turn, the dead or the dying meet my notice, and force my attention upon misery and mortality. Mrs. Burney's escape from so much danger, and her ease after so much pain, throws, however, some radiance of hope upon the gloomy prospect. May her recovery be perfect, and her continuance long. I struggle hard for life. I take physick, and take air; my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. *But who can run the race with death?*'

Page 181

’Sept. 4. [Concerning a private transaction, in which his opinion was asked, and after giving it he makes the following reflections, which are applicable on other occasions.] Nothing deserves more compassion than wrong conduct with good meaning; than loss or obloquy suffered by one who, as he is conscious only of good intentions, wonders why he loses that kindness which he wishes to preserve; and not knowing his own fault, if, as may sometimes happen, nobody will tell him, goes on to offend by his endeavours to please. I am delighted by finding that our opinions are the same. You will do me a real kindness by continuing to write. A post-day has now been long a day of recreation.’

Nov. 1. ’Our correspondence paused for want of topicks. I had said what I had to say on the matter proposed to my consideration; and nothing remained but to tell you, that I waked or slept; that I was more or less sick. I drew my thoughts in upon myself, and supposed yours employed upon your book. That your book[1117] has been delayed I am glad, since you have gained an opportunity of being more exact. Of the caution necessary in adjusting narratives there is no end. Some tell what they do not know, that they may not seem ignorant, and others from mere indifference about truth. All truth is not, indeed, of equal importance; but, if little violations are allowed, every violation will in time be thought little; and a writer should keep himself vigilantly on his guard against the first temptations to negligence or supineness. I had ceased to write, because respecting you I had no more to say, and respecting myself could say little good. I cannot boast of advancement, and in cases of convalescence it may be said, with few exceptions, *non progredi, est regredi*. I hope I may be excepted. My great difficulty was with my sweet Fanny[1118], who, by her artifice of inserting her letter in yours, had given me a precept of frugality[1119] which I was not at liberty to neglect; and I know not who were in town under whose cover I could send my letter[1120]. I rejoice to hear that you are all so well, and have a delight particularly sympathetick in the recovery of Mrs. Burney.’

To MR. LANGTON:—

Aug. 25. ’The kindness of your last letter, and my omission to answer it, begins to give you, even in my opinion, a right to recriminate, and to charge me with forgetfulness for the absent. I will, therefore, delay no longer to give an account of myself, and wish I could relate what would please either myself or my friend. On July 13, I left London, partly in hope of help from new air and change of place, and partly excited by the sick man’s impatience of the present. I got to Lichfield in a stage vehicle, with very little fatigue, in two days, and had the consolation[1121] to find, that since my last visit my three old acquaintance are all dead. July 20, I went to Ashbourne, where I have been till now; the house in which we live is

Page 182

repairing. I live in too much solitude, and am often deeply dejected: I wish we were nearer, and rejoice in your removal to London. A friend, at once cheerful and serious, is a great acquisition. Let us not neglect one another for the little time which Providence allows us to hope. Of my health I cannot tell you, what my wishes persuaded me to expect, that it is much improved by the season or by remedies. I am sleepless; my legs grow weary with a very few steps, and the water breaks its boundaries in some degree. The asthma, however, has remitted; my breath is still much obstructed, but is more free than it was. Nights of watchfulness produce torpid days; I read very little, though I am alone; for I am tempted to supply in the day what I lost in bed. This is my history; like all other histories, a narrative of misery. Yet am I so much better than in the beginning of the year, that I ought to be ashamed of complaining. I now sit and write with very little sensibility of pain or weakness; but when I rise, I shall find my legs betraying me. Of the money which you mentioned, I have no immediate need; keep it, however, for me, unless some exigence requires it. Your papers I will shew you certainly when you would see them, but I am a little angry at you for not keeping minutes of your own *acceptum et expensum*[1122], and think a little time might be spared from Aristophanes, for the *res familiares*. Forgive me for I mean well. I hope, dear Sir, that you and Lady Rothes, and all the young people, too many to enumerate, are well and happy. GOD bless you all.'

To MR. WINDHAM:—

August. 'The tenderness with which you have been pleased to treat me, through my long illness, neither health nor sickness can, I hope, make me forget; and you are not to suppose, that after we parted you were no longer in my mind. But what can a sick man say, but that he is sick? His thoughts are necessarily concentered in himself; he neither receives nor can give delight; his enquiries are after alleviations of pain, and his efforts are to catch some momentary comfort. Though I am now in the neighbourhood of the Peak, you must expect no account of its wonders, of its hills, its waters, its caverns, or its mines; but I will tell you, dear Sir, what I hope you will not hear with less satisfaction, that, for about a week past, my asthma has been less afflictive.'

Lichfield. October 2[1123]. 'I believe you have been long enough acquainted with the *phoenomena* of sickness, not to be surprised that a sick man wishes to be where he is not, and where it appears to every body but himself that he might easily be, without having the resolution to remove. I thought Ashbourne a solitary place, but did not come hither till last Monday. I have here more company, but my health has for this last week not advanced; and in the languor of disease how little can be done? Whither or when I shall make my next remove I cannot tell; but I entreat you, dear Sir, to let me know, from time to time, where you may be found, for your residence is a very powerful attractive to, Sir, your most humble servant.'

Page 183

’To MR. PERKINS. ’DEAR SIR,

’I cannot but flatter myself that your kindness for me will make you glad to know where I am, and in what state.

’I have been struggling very hard with my diseases. My breath has been very much obstructed, and the water has attempted to encroach upon me again. I past the first part of the summer at Oxford, afterwards I went to Lichfield, thence to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and a week ago I returned to Lichfield.

’My breath is now much easier, and the water is in a great measure run away, so that I hope to see you again before winter.

’Please to make my compliments to Mrs. Perkins, and to Mr. and Mrs. Barclay.

’I am, dear Sir, ’Your most humble servant, ‘SAM. JOHNSON.’ ’Lichfield, Oct. 4, 1784.’

’To THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON. ’DEAR SIR,

’Considering what reason[1124] you gave me in the spring to conclude that you took part in whatever good or evil might befal me, I ought not to have omitted so long the account which I am now about to give you. My diseases are an asthma and a dropsy, and, what is less curable, seventy-five. Of the dropsy, in the beginning of the summer, or in the spring, I recovered to a degree which struck with wonder both me and my physicians: the asthma now is likewise, for a time, very much relieved. I went to Oxford, where the asthma was very tyrannical, and the dropsy began again to threaten me; but seasonable physick stopped the inundation: I then returned to London, and in July took a resolution to visit Staffordshire and Derbyshire, where I am yet struggling with my diseases. The dropsy made another attack, and was not easily ejected, but at last gave way. The asthma suddenly remitted in bed, on the 13th of August, and, though now very oppressive, is, I think, still something gentler than it was before the remission. My limbs are miserably debilitated, and my nights are sleepless and tedious. When you read this, dear Sir, you are not sorry that I wrote no sooner. I will not prolong my complaints. I hope still to see you *in a happier hour*[1125], to talk over what we have often talked, and perhaps to find new topicks of merriment, or new incitements to curiosity. I am, dear Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON. Lichfield, Oct. 20, 1784.’

’TO JOHN PARADISE, ESQ.[1126]

DEAR SIR,

Though in all my summer’s excursion I have given you no account of myself, I hope you think better of me than to imagine it possible for me to forget you, whose kindness to me has been too great and too constant not to have made its impression on a harder breast than mine. Silence is not very culpable when nothing pleasing is suppressed. It would

have alleviated none of your complaints to have read my vicissitudes of evil. I have struggled hard with very formidable and obstinate maladies; and though I cannot talk of health, think all praise due to my Creator and Preserver for the continuance of my life. The dropsy has made two attacks, and has given way to medicine; the asthma is very oppressive, but that has likewise once remitted. I am very weak, and very sleepless; but it is time to conclude the tale of misery. I hope, dear Sir, that you grow better, for you have likewise your share of human evil, and that your lady and the young charmers are well.

Page 184

I am, dear Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

Lichfield, Oct. 20, 1784.'

'To Mr. George Nicol[1127].

'Dear Sir, 'Since we parted, I have been much oppressed by my asthma, but it has lately been less laborious. When I sit I am almost at ease, and I can walk, though yet very little, with less difficulty for this week past, than before. I hope I shall again enjoy my friends, and that you and I shall have a little more literary conversation. Where I now am, every thing is very liberally provided for me but conversation. My friend is sick himself, and the reciprocation of complaints and groans affords not much of either pleasure or instruction. What we have not at home this town does not supply, and I shall be glad of a little imported intelligence, and hope that you will bestow, now and then, a little time on the relief and entertainment of, Sir, 'Yours, &c. 'Sam. Johnson.'

'Ashbourne, Aug. 19, 1784.'

'To Mr. Cruikshank.

'Dear Sir,

'Do not suppose that I forget you; I hope I shall never be accused of forgetting my benefactors[1128]. I had, till lately, nothing to write but complaints upon complaints, of miseries upon miseries; but within this fortnight I have received great relief. Have your Lectures any vacation? If you are released from the necessity of daily study, you may find time for a letter to me. [In this letter he states the particulars of his case.] In return for this account of my health, let me have a good account of yours, and of your prosperity in all your undertakings.

'I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. 'Sam. Johnson.' 'Ashbourne, Sept. 4, 1784.'

To Mr. Thomas Davies:—

August 14. 'The tenderness with which you always treat me, makes me culpable in my own eyes for having omitted to write in so long a separation; I had, indeed, nothing to say that you could wish to hear. All has been hitherto misery accumulated upon misery, disease corroborating disease, till yesterday my asthma was perceptibly and unexpectedly mitigated. I am much comforted with this short relief, and am willing to flatter myself that it may continue and improve. I have at present, such a degree of ease, as not only may admit the comforts, but the duties of life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Davies. Poor dear Allen, he was a good man.'

To SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS:—

Ashbourne, July 21. 'The tenderness with which I am treated by my friends, makes it reasonable to suppose that they are desirous to know the state of my health, and a desire so benevolent ought to be gratified. I came to Lichfield in two days without any painful fatigue, and on Monday came hither, where I purpose to stay: and try what air and regularity will effect. I cannot yet persuade myself that I have made much progress in recovery. My sleep is little, my breath is very much encumbered, and my legs are very weak. The water has encreased a little, but has again run off. The most distressing symptom is want of sleep.'

Page 185

August 19. ’Having had since our separation, little to say that could please you or myself by saying, I have not been lavish of useless letters; but I flatter myself that you will partake of the pleasure with which I can now tell you that about a week ago, I felt suddenly a sensible remission of my asthma, and consequently a greater lightness of action and motion. Of this grateful alleviation I know not the cause, nor dare depend upon its continuance, but while it lasts I endeavour to enjoy it, and am desirous of communicating, while it lasts, my pleasure to my friends. Hitherto, dear Sir, I had written before the post, which stays in this town but a little while, brought me your letter. Mr. Davies seems to have represented my little tendency to recovery in terms too splendid. I am still restless, still weak, still watery, but the asthma is less oppressive. Poor Ramsay[1129]! On which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield when I was last there, and now found them all dead. I no sooner lose sight of dear Allen, than I am told that I shall see him no more. That we must all die, we always knew; I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate, if I now call, dear Sir, on you to remember it.’

Sept. 2. ’I am glad that a little favour from the court has intercepted your furious purposes[1130]. I could not in any case have approved such publick violence of resentment, and should have considered any who encouraged it, as rather seeking sport for themselves, than honour for you. Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it. But all this is now superfluous. I still continue by GOD’S mercy to mend. My breath is easier, my nights are quieter, and my legs are less in bulk, and stronger in use. I have, however, yet a great deal to overcome, before I can yet attain even an old man’s health. Write, do write to me now and then; we are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together, with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness.’

Sept. 9. ’I could not answer your letter[1131] before this day, because I went on the sixth to Chatsworth, and did not come back till the post was gone. Many words, I hope, are not necessary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart, by the Chancellor’s liberality and your kind offices. I did not indeed expect that what was asked by the Chancellor would have been refused[1132], but since it has, we will not tell that any thing has been asked. I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or other general seal, and convey it to him; had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your

Page 186

intervention. My last letter told you of my advance in health, which, I think, in the whole still continues. Of the hydropick tumour there is now very little appearance; the asthma is much less troublesome, and seems to remit something day after day. I do not despair of supporting an English winter. At Chatsworth, I met young Mr. Burke, who led me very commodiously into conversation with the Duke and Duchess. We had a very good morning. The dinner was publick[1133].'

Sept. 18. 'I flattered myself that this week would have given me a letter from you, but none has come. Write to me now and then, but direct your next to Lichfield. I think, and I hope, am sure, that I still grow better; I have sometimes good nights; but am still in my legs weak, but so much mended, that I go to Lichfield in hope of being able to pay my visits on foot, for there are no coaches. I have three letters this day, all about the balloon, I could have been content with one. Do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say[1134].'

October 2. 'I am always proud of your approbation, and therefore was much pleased that you liked my letter. When you copied it[1135], you invaded the Chancellor's right rather than mine. The refusal I did not expect, but I had never thought much about it, for I doubted whether the Chancellor had so much tenderness for me as to ask. He, being keeper of the King's conscience, ought not to be supposed capable of an improper petition. All is not gold that glitters, as we have often been told; and the adage is verified in your place[1136] and my favour; but if what happens does not make us richer, we must bid it welcome, if it makes us wiser. I do not at present grow better, nor much worse; my hopes, however, are somewhat abated, and a very great loss is the loss of hope, but I struggle on as I can.'

TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS:—

Lichfield, Oct. 20. 'When you were here, you were pleased, as I am told, to think my absence an inconvenience. I should certainly have been very glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information about my native place, of which, however, I know not much, and have reason to believe that not much is known. Though I have not given you any amusement, I have received amusement from you. At Ashbourne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow *Mr. Bowyer's Life*[1137]; a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could, now and then, have told you some hints[1138] worth your notice; and perhaps we may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together; you must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was, besides. He was taken unexpectedly away, but I think he was a very good man. I have made little progress in recovery. I am very weak, and very sleepless; but I live on and hope[1139].'

This various mass of correspondence, which I have thus brought together, is valuable, both as an addition to the store which the publick already has of Johnson's writings, and as exhibiting a genuine and noble specimen of vigour and vivacity of mind, which neither age nor sickness could impair or diminish.

Page 187

It may be observed, that his writing in every way, whether for the publick, or privately to his friends, was by fits and starts; for we see frequently, that many letters are written on the same day. When he had once overcome his aversion to begin, he was, I suppose, desirous to go on, in order to relieve his mind from the uneasy reflection of delaying what he ought to do[1140].

While in the country, notwithstanding the accumulation of illness which he endured, his mind did not lose its powers. He translated an Ode of Horace[1141], which is printed in his *Works*, and composed several prayers. I shall insert one of them, which is so wise and energetick, so philosophical and so pious, that I doubt not of its affording consolation to many a sincere Christian, when in a state of mind to which I believe the best are sometimes liable[1142].

And here I am enabled fully to refute a very unjust reflection, by Sir John Hawkins[1143], both against Dr. Johnson, and his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber[1144]; as if both of them had been guilty of culpable neglect towards a person of the name of Heely, whom Sir John chooses to call a *relation* of Dr. Johnson's. The fact is, that Mr. Heely was not his relation; he had indeed been married to one of his cousins, but she had died without having children, and he had married another woman; so that even the slight connection which there once had been by *alliance* was dissolved. Dr. Johnson, who had shewn very great liberality to this man while his first wife was alive, as has appeared in a former part of this work[1145], was humane and charitable enough to continue his bounty to him occasionally; but surely there was no strong call of duty upon him or upon his legatee, to do more. The following letter, obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Andrew Strahan, will confirm what I have stated: —

'TO MR. HEELY, No. 5, IN PYE-STREET, WESTMINSTER.

'SIR,

'As necessity obliges you to call so soon again upon me, you should at least have told the smallest sum that will supply your present want; you cannot suppose that I have much to spare. Two guineas is as much as you ought to be behind with your creditor. If you wait on Mr. Strahan, in New-street, Fetter-lane, or in his absence, on Mr. Andrew Strahan, shew this, by which they are entreated to advance you two guineas, and to keep this as a voucher.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

‘Ashbourne, Aug. 12, 1784.’

Indeed it is very necessary to keep in mind that Sir John Hawkins has unaccountably viewed Johnson’s character and conduct in almost every particular, with an unhappy prejudice[1146].

We now behold Johnson for the last time, in his native city, for which he ever retained a warm affection, and which, by a sudden apostrophe, under the word *Lich*[1147], he introduces with reverence, into his immortal Work, THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY:—-*Salve, magna parens![1148] While here, he felt a revival of all the tenderness of filial affection, an instance of which appeared in his ordering the grave-stone and inscription over Elizabeth Blaney[1149] to be substantially and carefully renewed.*

Page 188

To Mr. Henry White[1150], a young clergyman, with whom he now formed an intimacy, so as to talk to him with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. 'Once, indeed, (said he,) I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter-market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory[1151].'

'I told him (says Miss Seward) in one of my latest visits to him, of a wonderful learned pig, which I had seen at Nottingham; and which did all that we have observed exhibited by dogs and horses. The subject amused him. 'Then, (said he,) the pigs are a race unjustly calumniated. *Pig* has, it seems, not been wanting to *man*, but *man* to *pig*. We do not allow *time* for his education, we kill him at a year old.' Mr. Henry White, who was present, observed that if this instance had happened in or before Pope's time, he would not have been justified in instancing the swine as the lowest degree of groveling instinct[1152]. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the observation, while the person who made it proceeded to remark, that great torture must have been employed, ere the indocility of the animal could have been subdued. 'Certainly, (said the Doctor;) but, (turning to me,) how old is your pig?' I told him, three years old. 'Then, (said he,) the pig has no cause to complain; he would have been killed the first year if he had not been *educated*, and protracted existence is a good recompence for very considerable degrees of torture[1153].'

As Johnson had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him, it might have been supposed that he would naturally have chosen to remain in the comfortable house of his beloved wife's daughter, and end his life where he began it. But there was in him an animated and lofty spirit[1154], and however complicated diseases might depress ordinary mortals, all who saw him, beheld and acknowledged the *invictum animum Catonis*[1155]. Such was his intellectual ardour even at this time, that he said to one friend, 'Sir, I look upon every day to be lost, in which I do not make a new acquaintance[1156];' and to another, when talking of his illness, 'I will be conquered; I will not capitulate[1157].' And such was his love of London, so high a relish had he of its magnificent extent, and variety of intellectual entertainment, that he languished when absent from it, his mind having become quite luxurious from the long habit of enjoying the metropolis; and, therefore, although at Lichfield, surrounded with friends, who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still

Page 189

found that such conversation as London affords, could be found no where else. These feelings, joined, probably, to some flattering hopes of aid from the eminent physicians and surgeons in London, who kindly and generously attended him without accepting fees, made him resolve to return to the capital. From Lichfield he came to Birmingham, where he passed a few days with his worthy old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, who thus writes to me:—

’He was very solicitous with me to recollect some of our most early transactions, and transmit them to him, for I perceive nothing gave him greater pleasure than calling to mind those days of our innocence. I complied with his request, and he only received them a few days before his death. I have transcribed for your inspection, exactly the minutes I wrote to him.’

This paper having been found in his repositories after his death, Sir John Hawkins has inserted it entire[1158], and I have made occasional use of it and other communications from Mr. Hector[1159], in the course of this Work. I have both visited and corresponded with him since Dr. Johnson’s death, and by my inquiries concerning a great variety of particulars have obtained additional information. I followed the same mode with the Reverend Dr. Taylor, in whose presence I wrote down a good deal of what he could tell; and he, at my request, signed his name, to give it authenticity. It is very rare to find any person who is able to give a distinct account of the life even of one whom he has known intimately, without questions being put to them. My friend Dr. Kippis[1160] has told me, that on this account it is a practice with him to draw out a biographical catechism.

Johnson then proceeded to Oxford, where he was again kindly received by Dr. Adams[1161], who was pleased to give me the following account in one of his letters, (Feb. 17th, 1785):—

’His last visit was, I believe, to my house, which he left, after a stay of four or five days. We had much serious talk together, for which I ought to be the better as long as I live. You will remember some discourse which we had in the summer upon the subject of prayer, and the difficulty of this sort of composition[1162]. He reminded me of this, and of my having wished him to try his hand, and to give us a specimen of the style and manner that he approved. He added, that he was now in a right frame of mind, and as he could not possibly employ his time better, he would in earnest set about it. But I find upon enquiry, that no papers of this sort were left behind him, except a few short ejaculatory forms suitable to his present situation.’

Page 190

Dr. Adams had not then received accurate information on this subject; for it has since appeared that various prayers had been composed by him at different periods, which, intermingled with pious resolutions, and some short notes of his life, were entitled by him *Prayers and Meditations*, and have, in pursuance of his earnest requisition, in the hopes of doing good, been published, with a judicious well-written Preface, by the Reverend Mr. Strahan, to whom he delivered them[1163]. This admirable collection, to which I have frequently referred in the course of this Work, evinces, beyond all his compositions for the publick, and all the eulogies of his friends and admirers, the sincere virtue and piety of Johnson. It proves with unquestionable authenticity, that amidst all his constitutional infirmities, his earnestness to conform his practice to the precepts of Christianity was unceasing, and that he habitually endeavoured to refer every transaction of his life to the will of the Supreme Being.

He arrived in London on the 16th of November, and next day sent to Dr. Burney the following note, which I insert as the last token of his remembrance of that ingenious and amiable man, and as another of the many proofs of the tenderness and benignity of his heart:—

’MR. JOHNSON, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney, and all the dear Burneys, little and great[1164].’

’TO MR. HECTOR, IN BIRMINGHAM.

’DEAR SIR,

’I did not reach Oxford until Friday morning, and then I sent Francis to see the balloon fly, but could not go myself. I staid at Oxford till Tuesday, and then came in the common vehicle easily to London. I am as I was, and having seen Dr. Brocklesby, am to ply the squills; but, whatever be their efficacy, this world must soon pass away. Let us think seriously on our duty. I send my kindest respects to dear Mrs. Careless[1165]: let me have the prayers of both. We have all lived long, and must soon part. GOD have mercy on us, for the sake of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Amen.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Nov. 17, 1784.’

His correspondence with me, after his letter on the subject of my settling in London, shall now, so far as is proper, be produced in one series:—

July 26, he wrote to me from Ashbourne:—

’On the 14th I came to Lichfield, and found every body glad enough to see me. On the 20th, I came hither, and found a house half-built, of very uncomfortable appearance; but my own room has not been altered. That a man worn with diseases, in his seventy-second or third year, should condemn part of his remaining life to pass among ruins and rubbish, and that no inconsiderable part, appears to me very strange. I know that your kindness makes you impatient to know the state of my health, in which I cannot boast of much improvement. I came through the journey without much inconvenience, but when I attempt self-motion I find my legs weak, and my breath very short; this day I have been much disordered. I have no company; the Doctor[1166] is busy in his fields, and goes to bed at nine, and his whole system is so different from mine, that we seem formed for different elements[1167]; I have, therefore, all my amusement to seek within myself.’

Page 191

Having written to him, in bad spirits, a letter filled with dejection and fretfulness, and at the same time expressing anxious apprehensions concerning him, on account of a dream which had disturbed me; his answer was chiefly in terms of reproach, for a supposed charge of 'affecting discontent, and indulging the vanity of complaint.' It, however, proceeded,—

'Write to me often, and write like a man. I consider your fidelity and tenderness as a great part of the comforts which are yet left me, and sincerely wish we could be nearer to each other.... My dear friend, life is very short and very uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can. My worthy neighbour, Allen, is dead. Love me as well as you can. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell. Nothing ailed me at that time; let your superstition at last have an end.'

Feeling very soon, that the manner in which he had written might hurt me, he two days afterwards, July 28, wrote to me again, giving me an account of his sufferings; after which, he thus proceeds:—

'Before this letter, you will have had one which I hope you will not take amiss; for it contains only truth, and that truth kindly intended.... *Spartam quam nactus es orna*[1168]; make the most and best of your lot, and compare yourself not with the few that are above you, but with the multitudes which are below you.... Go steadily forward with lawful business or honest diversions. *Be* (as Temple says of the Dutchmen) *well when you are not ill, and pleased when you are not angry*[1169].... This may seem but an ill return for your tenderness; but I mean it well, for I love you with great ardour and sincerity. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell, and teach the young ones to love me.'

I unfortunately was so much indisposed during a considerable part of the year, that it was not, or at least I thought it was not in my power to write to my illustrious friend as formerly, or without expressing such complaints as offended him. Having conjured him not to do me the injustice of charging me with affectation, I was with much regret long silent. His last letter to me then came, and affected me very tenderly:—

'TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR,

'I have this summer sometimes amended, and sometimes relapsed, but, upon the whole, have lost ground, very much. My legs are extremely weak, and my breath very short, and the water is now encreasing upon me. In this uncomfortable state your letters used to relieve; what is the reason that I have them no longer? Are you sick, or are you sullen? Whatever be the reason, if it be less than necessity, drive it away; and of the short life that we have, make the best use for yourself and for your friends.... I am sometimes afraid that your omission to write has some real cause, and shall be glad to

know that you are not sick, and that nothing ill has befallen dear Mrs. Boswell, or any of your family.

Page 192

’I am, Sir, your, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Lichfield, Nov. 5, 1784.’

Yet it was not a little painful to me to find, that in a paragraph of this letter, which I have omitted, he still persevered in arraigning me as before, which was strange in him who had so much experience of what I suffered. I, however, wrote to him two as kind letters as I could; the last of which came too late to be read by him, for his illness encreased more rapidly upon him than I had apprehended; but I had the consolation of being informed that he spoke of me on his death-bed, with affection, and I look forward with humble hope of renewing our friendship in a better world.

I now relieve the readers of this Work from any farther personal notice of its authour, who if he should be thought to have obtruded himself too much upon their attention, requests them to consider the peculiar plan of his biographical undertaking.

Soon after Johnson’s return to the metropolis, both the asthma and dropsy became more violent and distressful. He had for some time kept a journal in Latin of the state of his illness, and the remedies which he used, under the title of *Aegri Ephemeris*, which he began on the 6th of July, but continued it no longer than the 8th of November; finding, I suppose, that it was a mournful and unavailing register. It is in my possession; and is written with great care and accuracy.

Still his love of literature[1170] did not fail. A very few days before his death he transmitted to his friend Mr. John Nichols, a list of the authours of the *Universal History*, mentioning their several shares in that work. It has, according to his direction, been deposited in the British Museum, and is printed in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for December, 1784.

During his sleepless nights he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the Anthologica[1171]. These translations, with some other poems by him in Latin, he gave to his friend Mr. Langton, who, having added a few notes, sold them to the booksellers for a small sum, to be given to some of Johnson’s relations, which was accordingly done; and they are printed in the collection of his works.

A very erroneous notion has circulated as to Johnson’s deficiency in the knowledge of the Greek language, partly owing to the modesty with which, from knowing how much there was to be learnt, he used to mention his own comparative acquisitions. When Mr. Cumberland[1172] talked to him of the Greek fragments which are so well illustrated in The Observer[1173], and of the Greek dramatists in general, he candidly acknowledged his insufficiency in that particular branch of Greek literature. Yet it may be said, that

though not a great, he was a good Greek scholar. Dr. Charles Burney[1174], the younger, who is universally acknowledged by the best judges to be one of the few men of this age who are very eminent for their skill in that noble

Page 193

language, has assured me, that Johnson could give a Greek word for almost every English one; and that although not sufficiently conversant in the niceties of the language, he upon some occasions discovered, even in these, a considerable degree of critical acumen. Mr. Dalzel, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, whose skill in it is unquestionable, mentioned to me, in very liberal terms, the impression which was made upon him by Johnson, in a conversation which they had in London concerning that language. As Johnson, therefore, was undoubtedly one of the first Latin scholars in modern times, let us not deny to his fame some additional splendour from Greek[1175].

I shall now fulfil my promise[1176] of exhibiting specimens of various sorts of imitation of Johnson's style.

In the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, 1787, there is an 'Essay on the Style of Dr. Samuel Johnson,' by the Reverend Robert Burrowes, whose respect for the great object of his criticism[1177] is thus evinced in the concluding paragraph:—

'I have singled him out from the whole body of English writers, because his universally-acknowledged beauties would be most apt to induce imitation; and I have treated rather on his faults than his perfections, because an essay might comprize all the observations I could make upon his faults, while volumes would not be sufficient for a treatise on his perfections.'

Mr. BURROWES has analysed the composition of Johnson, and pointed out its peculiarities with much acuteness; and I would recommend a careful perusal of his Essay to those, who being captivated by the union of perspicuity and splendour which the writings of Johnson contain, without having a sufficient portion of his vigour of mind, may be in danger of becoming bad copyists of his manner. I, however, cannot but observe, and I observe it to his credit, that this learned gentleman has himself caught no mean degree of the expansion and harmony, which, independent of all other circumstances, characterise the sentences of Johnson. Thus, in the Preface to the volume in which his Essay appears, we find,—

'If it be said that in societies of this sort, too much attention is frequently bestowed on subjects barren and speculative, it may be answered, that no one science is so little connected with the rest, as not to afford many principles whose use may extend considerably beyond the science to which they primarily belong; and that no proposition is so purely theoretical as to be totally incapable of being applied to practical purposes. There is no apparent connection between duration and the cycloidal arch, the properties of which duly attended to, have furnished us with our best regulated methods of measuring time: and he who has made himself master of the nature and affections of the logarithmick curve, is not aware that he has advanced considerably towards

ascertaining the proportionable density of the air at its various distances from the surface of the earth.'

Page 194

The ludicrous imitators of Johnson's style are innumerable. Their general method is to accumulate hard words, without considering, that, although he was fond of introducing them occasionally, there is not a single sentence in all his writings where they are crowded together, as in the first verse of the following imaginary Ode by him to Mrs. Thrale[1178], which appeared in the newspapers:—

'*Cervisial coctor's viduate* dame,
Opin'st thou this gigantick frame,
Procumbing at thy shrine:
Shall, *catenated* by thy charms,
A captive in thy *ambient* arms,
Perennially be thine?'

This, and a thousand other such attempts, are totally unlike the original, which the writers imagined they were turning into ridicule. There is not similarity enough for burlesque, or even for caricature.

Mr. COLMAN, in his *Prose on several occasions*, has *A Letter from LEXIPHANES[1179]; containing Proposals for a Glossary or Vocabulary of the Vulgar Tongue: intended as a Supplement to a larger DICTIONARY*. It is evidently meant as a sportive sally of ridicule on Johnson, whose style is thus imitated, without being grossly overcharged:—

'It is easy to foresee, that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have increased their labours by endeavouring to diminish them; and that I have explained what is more easy by what is more difficult— *ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgements of the learned. He who is buried in scholastick retirement, secluded from the assemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary elucidation of his mother-tongue.'

Annexed to this letter is a short specimen of the work, thrown together in a vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation[1180].

The serious imitators of Johnson's style, whether intentionally or by the imperceptible effect of its strength and animation, are, as I have had already occasion to observe, so many, that I might introduce quotations from a numerous body of writers in our language, since he appeared in the literary world. I shall point out only the following:—

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.[1181]

'In other parts of the globe, man, in his rudest state, appears as lord of the creation, giving law to various tribes of animals which he has tamed and reduced to subjection. The Tartar follows his prey on the horse which he has reared, or tends his numerous

herds, which furnish him both with food and clothing; the Arab has rendered the camel docile, and avails himself of its persevering strength; the Laplander has formed the rein-deer to be subservient to his will; and even the people of Kamschatka have trained their dogs to labour. This command over the inferiour creatures is one of the noblest prerogatives of man, and among the greatest efforts of his wisdom and power. Without this, his dominion is incomplete. He is a monarch who has no subjects; a master without servants; and must perform every operation by the strength of his own arm[1182].'

Page 195

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.[1183]

’Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom supplied by those of humanity. The ardour of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity[1184].’

MISS BURNEY[1185].

’My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success; I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command[1186].’

REVEREND MR. NARES[1187].

’In an enlightened and improving age, much perhaps is not to be apprehended from the inroads of mere caprice; at such a period it will generally be perceived, that needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities, and that nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy. Rules will, therefore, be observed, so far as they are known and acknowledged: but, at the same time, the desire of improvement having been once excited will not remain inactive; and its efforts, unless assisted by knowledge, as much as they are prompted by zeal, will not unfrequently be found pernicious; so that the very persons whose intention it is to perfect the instrument of reason, will deprave and disorder it unknowingly. At such a time, then, it becomes peculiarly necessary that the analogy of language should be fully examined and understood; that its rules should be carefully laid down; and that it should be clearly known how much it contains, which being already right should be defended from change and violation: how much it has that demands amendment; and how much that, for fear of greater inconveniencies, must, perhaps, be left unaltered, though irregular.’

A distinguished authour in *The Mirror*[1188], a periodical paper, published at Edinburgh, has imitated Johnson very closely. Thus, in No. 16,—

’The effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked as well in relation to the human mind as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal Nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.’

The Reverend Dr. KNOX[1189], master of Tunbridge school, appears to have the *imitari avco*[1190] of Johnson's style perpetually in his mind; and to his assiduous, though not servile, study of it, we may partly ascribe the extensive popularity of his writings[1191].

Page 196

In his *Essays, Moral and Literary*, No. 3, we find the following passage:—

’The polish of external grace may indeed be deferred till the approach of manhood. When solidity is obtained by pursuing the modes prescribed by our fore-fathers, then may the file be used. The firm substance will bear attrition, and the lustre then acquired will be durable.’

There is, however, one in No. 11, which is blown up into such tumidity, as to be truly ludicrous. The writer means to tell us, that Members of Parliament, who have run in debt by extravagance, will sell their votes to avoid an arrest[1192], which he thus expresses:—

’They who build houses and collect costly pictures and furniture with the money of an honest artisan or mechanick, will be very glad of emancipation from the hands of a bailiff, by a sale of their senatorial suffrage.’

But I think the most perfect imitation of Johnson is a professed one, entitled *A Criticism on Gray’s Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, said to be written by Mr. Young, Professor of Greek, at Glasgow, and of which let him have the credit, unless a better title can be shewn. It has not only the peculiarities of Johnson’s style, but that very species of literary discussion and illustration for which he was eminent. Having already quoted so much from others, I shall refer the curious to this performance, with an assurance of much entertainment[1193].

Yet whatever merit there may be in any imitations of Johnson’s style, every good judge must see that they are obviously different from the original; for all of them are either deficient in its force, or overloaded with its peculiarities; and the powerful sentiment to which it is suited is not to be found[1194].

Johnson’s affection for his departed relations seemed to grow warmer as he approached nearer to the time when he might hope to see them again. It probably appeared to him that he should upbraid himself with unkind inattention, were he to leave the world without having paid a tribute of respect to their memory.

’To MR. GREEN[1195], APOTHECARY, AT LICHFIELD.

’DEAR SIR,

’I have enclosed the Epitaph[1196] for my Father, Mother, and Brother, to be all engraved on the large size, and laid in the middle aisle in St. Michael’s church, which I request the clergyman and churchwardens to permit.

’The first care must be to find the exact place of interment, that the stone may protect the bodies[1197]. Then let the stone be deep, massy, and hard; and do not let the difference of ten pounds, or more, defeat our purpose.

’I have enclosed ten pounds, and Mrs. Porter will pay you ten more, which I gave her for the same purpose. What more is wanted shall be sent; and I beg that all possible haste may be made, for I wish to have it done while I am yet alive. Let me know, dear Sir, that you receive this.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

Page 197

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Dec. 2, 1784.’

’To MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

’DEAR MADAM,

’I am very ill, and desire your prayers. I have sent Mr. Green the Epitaph, and a power to call on you for ten pounds.

’I laid this summer a stone over Tetty, in the chapel of Bromley, in Kent[1198]. The inscription is in Latin, of which this is the English. [Here a translation.]

’That this is done, I thought it fit that you should know. What care will be taken of us, who can tell? May GOD pardon and bless us, for JESUS CHRIST’S sake.

’I am, &c.

‘SAM. JOHNSON[1199],’

‘Dec. 2, 1784.’

My readers are now, at last, to behold SAMUEL JOHNSON preparing himself for that doom, from which the most exalted powers afford no exemption to man[1200]. Death had always been to him an object of terrour; so that, though by no means happy, he still clung to life with an eagerness at which many have wondered. At any time when he was ill, he was very much pleased to be told that he looked better. An ingenious member of the *Eumelian Club*[1201], informs me, that upon one occasion when he said to him that he saw health returning to his cheek, Johnson seized him by the hand and exclaimed, ’Sir, you are one of the kindest friends I ever had.’

His own state of his views of futurity will appear truly rational; and may, perhaps, impress the unthinking with seriousness.

’You know, (says he,)[1202] I never thought confidence with respect to futurity, any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults, of which it is, perhaps, itself an aggravation; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficience to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence.

’This is the state of the best; but what must be the condition of him whose heart will not suffer him to rank himself among the best, or among the good? Such must be his dread

of the approaching trial, as will leave him little attention to the opinion of those whom he is leaving for ever; and the serenity that is not felt, it can be no virtue to feign.'

His great fear of death, and the strange dark manner in which Sir John Hawkins[1203] imparts the uneasiness which he expressed on account of offences with which he charged himself, may give occasion to injurious suspicions, as if there had been something of more than ordinary criminality weighing upon his conscience. On that account, therefore, as well as from the regard to truth which he inculcated[1204], I am to mention, (with all possible respect and delicacy, however,) that his conduct, after he came to London, and had associated with Savage and others, was not so strictly

Page 198

virtuous, in one respect, as when he was a younger man. It was well known, that his amorous inclinations were uncommonly strong and impetuous. He owned to many of his friends, that he used to take women of the town to taverns, and hear them relate their history[1205]. In short, it must not be concealed, that, like many other good and pious men, among whom we may place the Apostle Paul upon his own authority, Johnson was not free from propensities which were ever 'warring against the law of his mind[1206],'—and that in his combats with them, he was sometimes overcome[1207].

Here let the profane and licentious pause; let them not thoughtlessly say that Johnson was an *hypocrite*, or that his *principles* were not firm, because his *practice* was not uniformly conformable to what he professed.

Let the question be considered independent of moral and religious association; and no man will deny that thousands, in many instances, act against conviction. Is a prodigal, for example, an *hypocrite*, when he owns he is satisfied that his extravagance will bring him to ruin and misery? We are *sure* he *believes* it; but immediate inclination, strengthened by indulgence, prevails over that belief in influencing his conduct. Why then shall credit be refused to the *sincerity* of those who acknowledge their persuasion of moral and religious duty, yet sometimes fail of living as it requires? I heard Dr. Johnson once observe, 'There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self[1208].' And one who said in his presence, 'he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them,' was thus reprimanded by him:—'Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice[1209]?'

But let no man encourage or soothe himself in 'presumptuous sin[1210],' from knowing that Johnson was sometimes hurried into indulgences which he thought criminal. I have exhibited this circumstance as a shade in so great a character, both from my sacred love of truth, and to shew that he was not so weakly scrupulous as he has been represented by those who imagine that the sins, of which a deep sense was upon his mind, were merely such little venial trifles as pouring milk into his tea on Good-Friday. His understanding will be defended by my statement, if his consistency of conduct be in some degree impaired. But what wise man would, for momentary gratifications, deliberately subject himself to suffer such uneasiness as we find was experienced by Johnson in reviewing his conduct as compared with his notion of the ethicks of the gospel? Let the following passages be kept in remembrance:—

Page 199

’O, GOD, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness[1211].’ ’O, LORD, let me not sink into total depravity; look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin[1212].’ ’Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness[1213].’ ’Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws[1214].’ ’Forgive, O merciful LORD, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance; so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for JESUS CHRIST’S sake. Amen[1215].’

Such was the distress of mind, such the penitence of Johnson, in his hours of privacy, and in his devout approaches to his Maker. His *sincerity*, therefore, must appear to every candid mind unquestionable.

It is of essential consequence to keep in view, that there was in this excellent man’s conduct no false principle of *commutation*, no *deliberate* indulgence in sin, in consideration of a counter-balance of duty. His offending, and his repenting, were distinct and separate[1216]: and when we consider his almost unexampled attention to truth, his inflexible integrity, his constant piety, who will dare to ‘cast a stone at him[1217]?’ Besides, let it never be forgotten, that he cannot be charged with any offence indicating badness of *heart*, any thing dishonest, base, or malignant; but that, on the contrary, he was charitable in an extraordinary degree: so that even in one of his own rigid judgements of himself, (Easter-eve, 1781,) while he says, ’I have corrected no external habits;’ he is obliged to own, ’I hope that since my last communion I have advanced, by pious reflections, in my submission to GOD, and my benevolence to man[1218].’

I am conscious that this is the most difficult and dangerous part of my biographical work, and I cannot but be very anxious concerning it. I trust that I have got through it, preserving at once my regard to truth,—to my friend,—and to the interests of virtue and religion. Nor can I apprehend that more harm can ensue from the knowledge of the irregularity of Johnson, guarded as I have stated it, than from knowing that Addison and Parnell were intemperate in the use of wine; which he himself, in his *Lives* of those celebrated writers and pious men, has not forborne to record[1219].

Page 200

It is not my intention to give a very minute detail of the particulars of Johnson's remaining days[1220], of whom it was now evident, that the crisis was fast approaching, when he must '*die like men, and fall like one of the Princes*[1221].' Yet it will be instructive, as well as gratifying to the curiosity of my readers, to record a few circumstances, on the authenticity of which they may perfectly rely, as I have been at the utmost pains to obtain an accurate account of his last illness, from the best authority[1222].

Dr. Heberden[1223], Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren[1224], and Dr. Butter, physicians, generously attended him, without accepting any fees, as did Mr. Cruikshank, surgeon; and all that could be done from professional skill and ability, was tried, to prolong a life so truly valuable. He himself, indeed, having, on account of his very bad constitution, been perpetually applying himself to medical inquiries, united his own efforts with those of the gentlemen who attended him; and imagining that the dropsical collection of water which oppressed him might be drawn off by making incisions in his body, he, with his usual resolute defiance of pain, cut deep, when he thought that his surgeon had done it too tenderly[1225].

About eight or ten days before his death, when Dr. Brocklesby paid him his morning visit, he seemed very low and desponding, and said, 'I have been as a dying man all night.' He then emphatically broke out in the words of Shakspeare,—

'Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?'

To which Dr. Brocklesby readily answered, from the same great poet:—

'----------therein the patient
Must minister to himself[1226].'

Johnson expressed himself much satisfied with the application.

On another day after this, when talking on the subject of prayer, Dr. Brocklesby repeated from Juvenal,—

'*Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore Sano*[1227],'

and so on to the end of the tenth satire; but in running it quickly over, he happened, in the line,

‘*Qui spatium vitae; extremum inter munera ponat*,’

to pronounce *supremum* for *extremum*; at which Johnson’s critical ear instantly took offence, and discoursing vehemently on the unmetrical effect of such a lapse, he shewed himself as full as ever of the spirit of the grammarian[1228].

Page 201

Having no near relations[1229], it had been for some time Johnson's intention to make a liberal provision for his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had all along treated truly as an humble friend. Having asked Dr. Brocklesby what would be a proper annuity to a favourite servant, and being answered that it must depend on the circumstances of the master; and, that in the case of a nobleman, fifty pounds a year was considered as an adequate reward for many years' faithful service; 'Then, (said Johnson,) shall I be *nobilissimus*, for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a year, and I desire you to tell him so[1230].' It is strange, however, to think, that Johnson was not free from that general weakness of being averse to execute a will, so that he delayed it from time to time[1231]; and had it not been for Sir John Hawkins's repeatedly urging it, I think it is probable that his kind resolution would not have been fulfilled. After making one, which, as Sir John Hawkins informs us, extended no further than the promised annuity, Johnson's final disposition of his property was established by a Will and Codicil, of which copies are subjoined[1232].

The consideration of numerous papers of which he was possessed, seems to have struck Johnson's mind, with a sudden anxiety, and as they were in great confusion, it is much to be lamented that he had not entrusted some faithful and discreet person with the care and selection of them; instead of which, he in a precipitate manner, burnt large masses of them, with little regard, as I apprehend, to discrimination. Not that I suppose we have thus been deprived of any compositions which he had ever intended for the publick eye; but, from what escaped the flames, I judge that many curious circumstances relating both to himself and other literary characters have perished[1233].

Two very valuable articles, I am sure, we have lost, which were two quarto volumes, containing a full, fair, and most particular account of his own life, from his earliest recollection. I owned to him, that having accidentally seen them, I had read a great deal in them; and apologizing for the liberty I had taken, asked him if I could help it[1234]. He placidly answered, 'Why, Sir, I do not think you could have helped it.' I said that I had, for once in my life, felt half an inclination to commit theft. It had come into my mind to carry off those two volumes, and never see him more. Upon my inquiring how this would have affected him, 'Sir, (said he,) I believe I should have gone mad[1235].'

Page 202

During his last illness, Johnson experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Mr. Hoole has drawn up a narrative of what passed in the visits which he paid him during that time, from the both of November to the 13th of December, the day of his death, inclusive, and has favoured me with a perusal of it, with permission to make extracts, which I have done. Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton, to whom he tenderly said, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*[1237]. And I think it highly to the honour of Mr. Windham, that his important occupations as an active statesman[1238] did not prevent him from paying assiduous respect to the dying Sage whom he revered. Mr. Langton informs me, that, 'one day he found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, "I am afraid, Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you." "No, Sir, (said Johnson,) it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, "My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me." Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men[1239].'

The following particulars of his conversation within a few days of his death, I give on the authority of Mr. John Nichols[1240]:—

'He said, that the Parliamentary Debates were the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction[1241]: but that at the time he wrote them, he had no conception he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all,—the mere coinage of his own imagination. He never wrote any part of his works with equal velocity. Three columns of the *Magazine*, in an hour, was no uncommon effort, which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity.

'Of his friend Cave, he always spoke with great affection. "Yet (said he,) Cave, (who never looked out of his window, but with a view to the *Gentleman's Magazine*,) was a penurious pay-master; he would contract for lines by the hundred, and expect the long hundred; but he was a good man, and always delighted to have his friends at his table."

'When talking of a regular edition of his own works, he said, "that he had power, [from the booksellers,] to print such an edition, if his health admitted it; but had no power to assign over any edition, unless he could add notes, and so alter them as to make them new works; which his state of health forbade him to think of. I may possibly live, (said he,) or rather breath, three days, or perhaps three weeks; but find myself daily and gradually weaker."

'He said at another time, three or four days only before his death, speaking of the little fear he had of undergoing a chirurgical operation, "I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that which I now suffer;"—and

lamented much his inability to read during his hours of restlessness; “I used formerly, (he added,) when sleepless in bed, *to read like a Turk*[1242].”

Page 203

’Whilst confined by his last illness, it was his regular practice to have the church-service read to him, by some attentive and friendly Divine. The Rev. Mr. Hoole performed this kind office in my presence for the last time, when, by his own desire, no more than the Litany was read; in which his responses were in the deep and sonorous voice which Mr. Boswell has occasionally noticed, and with the most profound devotion that can be imagined. His hearing not being quite perfect, he more than once interrupted Mr. Hoole, with “Louder, my dear Sir, louder, I entreat you, or you pray in vain[1243]!”—and, when the service was ended, he, with great earnestness, turned round to an excellent lady who was present, saying, “I thank you, Madam, very heartily, for your kindness in joining me in this solemn exercise. Live well, I conjure you; and you will not feel the compunction at the last, which I now feel[1244].” So truly humble were the thoughts which this great and good man entertained of his own approaches to religious perfection[1245].

’He was earnestly invited to publish a volume of *Devotional Exercises*[1246]; but this, (though he listened to the proposal with much complacency, and a large sum of money was offered for it,) he declined, from motives of the sincerest modesty.

’He seriously entertained the thought of translating *Thuanus*[1247]. He often talked to me on the subject; and once, in particular, when I was rather wishing that he would favour the world, and gratify his sovereign, by a Life of Spenser[1248], (which he said that he would readily have done, had he been able to obtain any new materials for the purpose,) he added, “I have been thinking again, Sir, of *Thuanus*: it would not be the laborious task which you have supposed it. I should have no trouble but that of dictation, which would be performed as speedily as an amanuensis could write.”

It is to the mutual credit of Johnson and Divines of different communions, that although he was a steady Church-of-England man, there was, nevertheless, much agreeable intercourse between him and them. Let me particularly name the late Mr. La Trobe, and Mr. Hutton[1249], of the Moravian profession. His intimacy with the English Benedictines, at Paris, has been mentioned[1250]; and as an additional proof of the charity in which he lived with good men of the Romish Church, I am happy in this opportunity of recording his friendship with the Reverend Thomas Hussey[1251], D.D. His Catholick Majesty’s Chaplain of Embassy at the Court of London, that very respectable man, eminent not only for his powerful eloquence as a preacher, but for his various abilities and acquisitions. Nay, though Johnson loved a Presbyterian the least of all, this did not prevent his having a long and uninterrupted social connection with the Reverend Dr. James Fordyce, who, since his death, hath gratefully celebrated him in a warm strain of devotional composition[1252].

Page 204

Amidst the melancholy clouds which hung over the dying Johnson, his characteristical manner shewed itself on different occasions.

When Dr. Warren, in the usual style, hoped that he was better; his answer was, 'No, Sir; you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death.'

A man whom he had never seen before was employed one night to sit up with him[1253]. Being asked next morning how he liked his attendant, his answer was, 'Not at all, Sir: the fellow's an ideot; he is as aukward as a turn-spit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse.'

Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, 'That will do,—all that a pillow can do.'

He repeated[1254] with great spirit a poem, consisting of several stanzas, in four lines, in alternate rhyme, which he said he had composed some years before, on occasion of a rich, extravagant young gentleman's coming of age; saying he had never repeated it but once since he composed it, and had given but one copy of it. That copy was given to Mrs. Thrale, now Piozzi, who has published it in a Book which she entitles *British Synonymy*[1255], but which is truly a collection of entertaining remarks and stories, no matter whether accurate or not. Being a piece of exquisite satire, conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings, I shall here insert it[1256]:—

Long-expected one-and-twenty,
  Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
  Great —— ——[1257], are now your own.

Loosen'd from the Minor's tether,
  Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
  Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
  All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
  Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly
  Joy to see their quarry fly;
There the gamester, light and jolly,
  There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
  Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
  Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
  Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
  Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
  Tell the woes of wilful waste;
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother,—
  You can hang or drown at last.

As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, 'An odd thought strikes me: we shall receive no letters in the grave[1258].'

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday[1259]. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced[1260].

Page 205

Indeed he shewed the greatest anxiety for the religious improvement of his friends, to whom he discoursed of its infinite consequence. He begged of Mr. Hoole to think of what he had said, and to commit it to writing: and, upon being afterwards assured that this was done, pressed his hands, and in an earnest tone thanked him. Dr. Brocklesby having attended him with the utmost assiduity and kindness as his physician and friend, he was peculiarly desirous that this gentleman should not entertain any loose speculative notions, but be confirmed in the truths of Christianity, and insisted on his writing down in his presence, as nearly as he could collect it, the import of what passed on the subject: and Dr. Brocklesby having complied with the request, he made him sign the paper, and urged him to keep it in his own custody as long as he lived[1261].

Johnson, with that native fortitude, which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. 'Give me (said he) a direct answer.' The Doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. 'Then, (said Johnson,) I will take no more physick, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to GOD unclouded.' In this resolution he persevered, and, at the same time, used only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect which he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he said, 'I will take any thing but inebriating sustenance[1262].'

The Reverend Mr. Strahan, who was the son of his friend, and had been always one of his great favourites, had, during his last illness, the satisfaction of contributing to soothe and comfort him. That gentleman's house, at Islington, of which he is Vicar, afforded Johnson, occasionally and easily, an agreeable change of place and fresh air; and he attended also upon him in town in the discharge of the sacred offices of his profession.

Mr. Strahan has given me the agreeable assurance, that, after being in much agitation, Johnson became quite composed, and continued so till his death[1263].

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following accounts:—

'For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and *propitiation* of JESUS CHRIST.

'He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the *sacrifice* of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind.

'He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke and to read his Sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian[1264]. "Because, (said he,) he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*."'

Page 206

Johnson having thus in his mind the true Christian scheme, at once rational and consolatory, uniting justice and mercy in the DIVINITY, with the improvement of human nature, previous to his receiving the Holy Sacrament in his apartment, composed and fervently uttered this prayer[1265]:—

’Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now as to human eyes, it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son JESUS CHRIST, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O LORD, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son JESUS CHRIST effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. Amen.’

Having, as has been already mentioned, made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o’clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place.

Of his last moments, my brother, Thomas David[1266], has furnished me with the following particulars:—

’The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned[1267], was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, who gave me this account, “Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance:” he also explained to him passages in the scripture, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects.

’On Monday, the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris[1268], daughter to a particular friend of his, called, and said to Francis, that she begged to be permitted to see the Doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing. Francis went into his room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The Doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, “GOD bless you, my dear!” These were the last words he spoke. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o’clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were sitting in the room, observing that the noise he made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed, and found he was dead[1269].’

About two days after his death, the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter by the Honourable John Byng, to whom I am much obliged for granting me permission to introduce it in my work.

’DEAR SIR,

Page 207

’Since I saw you, I have had a long conversation with Cawston[1270], who sat up with Dr. Johnson, from nine o’clock, on Sunday evening, till ten o’clock, on Monday morning. And, from what I can gather from him, it should seem, that Dr. Johnson was perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of each hour, they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain; when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and though, sometimes, his voice failed him, his senses never did, during that time. The only sustenance he received, was cyder and water. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning, he enquired the hour, and, on being informed, said that all went on regularly, and he felt he had but a few hours to live.

’At ten o’clock in the morning, he parted from Cawston, saying, “You should not detain Mr. Windham’s servant:—I thank you; bear my remembrance to your master.” Cawston says, that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.

’This account, which is so much more agreeable than, and somewhat different from, yours, has given us the satisfaction of thinking that that great man died as he lived, full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope.’

A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, ‘Doubtless, in Westminster-Abbey,’ seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a Poet; and indeed in my opinion very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone, with this inscription:—

’SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. *Obiit* XIII *die Decembris*, *Anno Domini* M. DCC. LXXXIV. Aetatis suoe_ LXXV.’

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly such of the members of the LITERARY CLUB as were then in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman, bore his pall[1271]. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the burial service[1272].

I trust, I shall not be accused of affectation, when I declare, that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a ‘Guide[1273], Philosopher, and Friend[1274].’ I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend[1275], which he uttered with an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions:—’He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which

nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson[1276].'

Page 208

As Johnson had abundant homage paid to him during his life[1277], so no writer in this nation ever had such an accumulation of literary honours after his death. A sermon upon that event was preached in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, before the University, by the Reverend Mr. Agutter, of Magdalen College[1278]. The *Lives*, the *Memoirs*, the *Essays*, both in prose and verse, which have been published concerning him, would make many volumes. The numerous attacks too upon him, I consider as part of his consequence, upon the principle which he himself so well knew and asserted[1279]. Many who trembled at his presence, were forward in assault, when they no longer apprehended danger. When one of his little pragmatical foes was invidiously snarling at his fame, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the Reverend Dr. Parr exclaimed, with his usual bold animation, 'Ay, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him.'

A monument for him, in Westminster Abbey, was resolved upon soon after his death, and was supported by a most respectable contribution[1280]; but the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's having come to a resolution of admitting monuments there, upon a liberal and magnificent plan, that Cathedral was afterwards fixed on, as the place in which a cenotaph should be erected to his memory[1281]: and in the cathedral of his native city of Lichfield, a smaller one is to be erected. To compose his epitaph, could not but excite the warmest competition of genius[1282]. If *laudari a laudato viro* be praise which is highly estimable[1283], I should not forgive myself were I to omit the following sepulchral verses on the authour of THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, written by the Right Honourable Henry Flood[1284]:—

'No need of Latin or of Greek to grace
Our JOHNSON'S memory, or inscribe his grave;
His native language claims this mournful space,
To pay the Immortality he gave.'

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal, may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking[1285], however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate[1286]. So morbid was his temperament,

Page 209

that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon[1287]. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis*[1288] is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these will ever shew themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and, therefore, we are not to wonder, that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times, he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind, and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy[1289]. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politicks. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather shew a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality; both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the GREAT SOURCE of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended[1290]; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart[1291], which shewed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time; especially when provoked by obtrusive

Page 210

ignorance, or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered, that, 'amidst sickness and sorrow[1292],'he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he atchieved the great and admirable DICTIONARY of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, 'of him to whom much is given, much will be required[1293],' seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, 'If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable[1294].' He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that, however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetick verse, particularly in heroick couplets. Though usually grave, and even aweful, in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment[1295] was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation[1296], that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance[1297].

Page 211

In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in shewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk[1298]; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness: but he was too conscientious to make errour permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct[1299].

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence[1300].

APPENDIX A.

(*Page* 115, *note* 4.)

There are at least three accounts of this altercation and three versions of the lines. Two of these versions nearly agree. The earliest is found in a letter by Richard Burke, senior, dated Jan. 6, 1773 (*Burke Corres*. i. 403); the second in *The Annual Register* for 1776, p. 223; and the third in Miss Reynolds's *Recollections* (Croker's *Boswell*, 8vo. p. 833). R. Burke places the scene in Reynolds's house. Whether he himself was present is not clear. 'The dean,' he says, 'asserted that after forty-five a man did not improve. "I differ with you, Sir," answered Johnson; "a man may improve, and you yourself have great room for improvement." The dean was confounded, and for the instant silent. Recovering, he said, "On recollection I see no cause to alter my opinion, except I was to call it improvement for a man to grow (which I allow he may) positive, rude, and insolent, and save arguments by brutality."' Neither the *Annual Register* nor Miss Reynolds reports the Dean's speech. But she says that 'soon after the ladies withdrew, Dr. Johnson followed them, and sitting down by the lady of the house [that is by herself, if they were at Sir Joshua's] he said, "I am very sorry for having spoken so rudely to the Dean." "You very well may, Sir." "Yes," he said, "it was highly improper to speak in that style to a minister of the gospel, and I am the more hurt on reflecting with what mild dignity he received it."' If Johnson really spoke of the Dean's *mild dignity*, it is clear that Richard Burke's account is wrong. But it was written just after the scene, and Boswell says there was 'a pretty

Page 212

smart altercation.' Miss Reynolds continues:—'When the Dean came up into the drawing-room, Dr. Johnson immediately rose from his seat, and made him sit on the sofa by him, and with such a beseeching look for pardon and with such fond gestures —literally smoothing down his arms and his knees,' &c. The *Annual Register* says that Barnard the next day sent the verses addressed to 'Sir Joshua Reynolds & Co.' On the next page I give Richard Burke's version of the lines, and show the various readings.

MISS REYNOLD'S RICHARD BURKE'S VERSION. *Annual Register*
VERSION

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventured to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

'No, Sir,' says Johnson, ''tis not so;
'Tis *That's* your mistake, and I can show
An instance, if you doubt it;
You who perhaps are *You, Sir, who are near* forty-eight,
still May *much* improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it.'

Encouraged thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
could Which way I *should* apply it: Genius I knew was *Learning and wit seem'd* past my reach, what none can For who can learn *where none will* teach? when
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
may You *can improve me, if you will; inform*
(My books are at a distance).
With you I'll live and learn; and then
Instead of books I shall read men,
So_ lend me your assistance. To

Dear Knight of Plympton[1301], teach me how
unclouded To suffer with *unruffled* brow,
as And smile serene *like* thine,
and The jest uncouth *or* truth severe,
Like thee to turn *To such apply* my deafest ear, To such

And calmly drink my wine. I'll turn

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
attained But genius too may be *obtain'd*, attained invitation By studious *imitation*;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
study I'll *copy* till I make *them* mine, thee meditation By constant *application*.

Thy art of pleasing teach me, Garrick,
reverest (*sic*) Thou who *reversest* odes Pindarick[1302],
A second time read o'er;
Oh! could we read thee backwards too,
Past *Last* thirty years thou shouldst review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty—and Greek;
Smith how to think; *Burke* how to speak, Burk
And Beauclerk to converse.

Page 213

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace,
From him I'll learn to write;
free and easy Copy his *clear and easy* style, clear
And from the roughness of his file, familiar
like Grow *as* himself—polite.' like

Horace Walpole, on Dec. 27, 1775, speaks of these verses as if they were fresh. 'They are an answer,' he writes, 'to a gross brutality of Dr. Johnson, to which a properer answer would have been to fling a glass of wine in his face. I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says.' Horace Walpole's *Letters,* vi. 302. It is strange that Walpole should be so utterly ignorant of Johnson's courage and bodily strength. The date of Walpole's letter makes me suspect that Richard Burke dated his Jan. 6, 1775 (he should have written 1776), and that the blunder of a copyist has changed 1775 into 1773.

APPENDIX B.

(*Page* 238.)

Had Boswell continued the quotation from Priestley's *Illustrations of Philosophical Necessity* he would have shown that though Priestley could not *hate* the rioters, he could very easily *prosecute* them. He says:—

'If as a Necessarian I cease to *blame* men for their vices in the ultimate sense of the word, though, in the common and proper sense of it, I continue to do as much as other persons (for how necessarily soever they act, they are influenced by a base and mischievous disposition of mind, against which I must guard myself and others in proportion as I love myself and others),' &c. Priestley's *Works*, iii. 508.

Of his interview with Johnson, Priestley, in his *Appeal to the Public*, part ii, published in 1792 (*Works*, xix. 502), thus writes, answering 'the impudent falsehood that when I was at Oxford Dr. Johnson left a company on my being introduced to it':—

'In fact we never were at Oxford at the same time, and the only interview I ever had with him was at Mr. Paradise's, where we dined together at his own request. He was particularly civil to me, and promised to call upon me the next time he should go through Birmingham. He behaved with the same civility to Dr. Price, when they supped together at Dr. Adams's at Oxford. Several circumstances show that Dr. Johnson had not so

much of bigotry at the decline of life as had distinguished him before, on which account it is well known to all our common acquaintance, that I declined all their pressing solicitations to be introduced to him.'

Priestley expresses himself ill, but his meaning can be made out. Parr answered Boswell in the March number of the *Gent. Mag.* for 1795, p. 179. But the evidence that he brings is rendered needless by Priestley's positive statement. May peace henceforth fall on 'Priestley's injured name.' (Mrs. Barbauld's *Poems*, ii. 243.)

Page 214

When Boswell asserts that Johnson 'was particularly resolute in not giving countenance to men whose writings he considered as pernicious to society,' he forgets that that very summer of 1783 he had been willing to dine at Wilkes's house (*ante*, p. 224, note 2).

Dr. Franklin (*Memoirs*, ed. 1833, iii. 157) wrote to Dr. Price in 1784:—'It is said that scarce anybody but yourself and Dr. Priestley possesses the art of knowing how to differ decently.' Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, i. 304), describing in 1789 the honestest members of the French Assembly, calls them 'a set of wild visionaries, like our Dr. Price, who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five and twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind.' Admiration of Price made Samuel Rogers, when a boy, wish to be a preacher. 'I thought there was nothing on earth so *grand* as to figure in a pulpit. Dr. Price lived much in the society of Lord Lansdowne [Earl of Shelburne] and other people of rank; and his manners were extremely polished. In the pulpit he was great indeed.' Rogers's *Table Talk*, p. 3.

The full title of the tract mentioned by Boswell is, *A small Whole-Length of Dr. Priestley from his Printed Works*. It was published in 1792, and is a very poor piece of writing.

Johnson had refused to meet the Abbe Raynal, the author of the *Histoire Philosophique et Politique du Commerce des Deux Indes*, when he was over in England in 1777. Mrs. Chapone, writing to Mrs. Carter on June 15 of that year, says:—

'I suppose you have heard a great deal of the Abbe Raynal, who is in London. I fancy you would have served him as Dr. Johnson did, to whom when Mrs. Vesey introduced him, he turned from him, and said he had read his book, and would have nothing to say to him.' Mrs. Chapone's *Posthumous Works*, i. 172.

See Walpole's *Letters*, v. 421, and vi. 444. His book was burnt by the common hangman in Paris. Carlyle's *French Revolution*, ed. 1857, i. 45.

APPENDIX C.

(*Page 253*.)

Hawkins gives the two following notes:—

'DEAR SIR,

'As Mr. Ryland was talking with me of old friends and past times, we warmed ourselves into a wish, that all who remained of the club should meet and dine at the house which once was Horseman's, in Ivy-lane. I have undertaken to solicit you, and therefore desire you to tell on what day next week you can conveniently meet your old friends.

’I am, Sir,

’Your most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Bolt-court, Nov. 22, 1783.’

’DEAR SIR,

’In perambulating Ivy-lane, Mr. Ryland found neither our landlord Horseman, nor his successor. The old house is shut up, and he liked not the appearance of any near it; he therefore bespoke our dinner at the Queen’s Arms, in St. Paul’s Church-yard, where, at half an hour after three, your company will be desired to-day by those who remain of our former society.

Page 215

’Your humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘Dec. 3.’

Four met—Johnson, Hawkins, Ryland, and Payne (*ante*, i. 243).

‘We dined,’ Hawkins continues, ’and in the evening regaled with coffee. At ten we broke up, much to the regret of Johnson, who proposed staying; but finding us inclined to separate, he left us with a sigh that seemed to come from his heart, lamenting that he was retiring to solitude and cheerless meditation.’ Hawkins’s *Johnson*, p. 562.

Hawkins is mistaken in saying that they had a second meeting at a tavern at the end of a month; for Johnson, on March 10, 1784, wrote:—

’I have been confined from the fourteenth of December, and know not when I shall get out.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 351.

He thus describes these meetings:—

’Dec. 13. I dined about a fortnight ago with three old friends; we had not met together for thirty years, and one of us thought the other grown very old. In the thirty years two of our set have died; our meeting may be supposed to be somewhat tender.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 339.

’Jan. 12, 1784. I had the same old friends to dine with me on Wednesday, and may say that since I lost sight of you I have had one pleasant day.’ Ib. p. 346.

’April 15, 1784. Yesterday I had the pleasure of giving another dinner to the remainder of the old club. We used to meet weekly, about the year fifty, and we were as cheerful as in former times; only I could not make quite so much noise, for since the paralytick affliction my voice is sometimes weak.’ Ib. p. 361.

’April 19, 1784. The people whom I mentioned in my letter are the remnant of a little club that used to meet in Ivy-lane about three and thirty years ago, out of which we have lost Hawkesworth and Dyer; the rest are yet on this side the grave. Our meetings now are serious, and I think on all parts tender.’ Ib. 363.

See *ante*, i. 191, note 5.

APPENDIX D.

(*Page 254*.)

It is likely that Sir Joshua Reynolds refused to join the Essex Head Club because he did not wish to meet Barry. Not long before this time he had censured Barry's delay in entering upon his duties as Professor of painting.

'Barry answered:—"If I had no more to do in the composition of my lectures than to produce such poor flimsy stuff as your discourses, I should soon have done my work, and be prepared to read." It is said this speech was delivered with his fist clenched, in a menacing posture.' (Northcote's *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 146.)

The Hon. Daines Barrington was the author of an *Essay on the Migration of Birds* (*ante*, ii. 248) and of *Observations on the Statutes* (*ante*, iii. 314). Horace Walpole wrote on Nov. 24, 1780 (*Letters*, vii. 464):—

'I am sorry for the Dean of Exeter; if he dies I conclude the leaden mace of the Antiquarian Society will be given to Judge Barrington.' (He was 'second Justice of Chester.')

Page 216

For Dr. Brocklesby see *ante*, pp. 176, 230, 338, 400.

Of Mr. John Nichols, Murphy says that 'his attachment to Dr. Johnson was unwearied.' *Life of Johnson*, p. 66. He was the printer of *The Lives of the Poets* (*ante*, p. 36), and the author of *Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of William Bowyer, Printer*, 'the last of the learned printers,' whose apprentice he had been (*ante*, p. 369). Horace Walpole (*Letters*, viii. 259) says:—

'I scarce ever saw a book so correct as Mr. Nichols's *Life of Mr. Bowyer*. I wish it deserved the pains he has bestowed on it every way, and that he would not dub so many men *great*. I have known several of his *heroes*, who were very *little* men.'

The *Life of Bowyer* being recast and enlarged was republished under the title of *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*. From 1778 till his death in 1826 the *Gentleman's Magazine* was in great measure in his hands. Southey, writing in 1804, says:—

'I have begun to take in here at Keswick the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *alias* the *Oldwomania*, to enlighten a Portuguese student among the mountains; it does amuse me by its exquisite inanity, and the glorious and intense stupidity of its correspondents; it is, in truth, a disgrace to the age and the country.' Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, ii. 281.

Mr. William Cooke, 'commonly called Conversation Cooke,' wrote *Lives of Macklin and Foote*. Forster's *Essays*, ii. 312, and *Gent. Mag.* 1824, p. 374. Mr. Richard Paul Joddrel, or Jodrell, was the author of *The Persian Heroine, a Tragedy*, which, in Baker's *Biog. Dram.* i. 400, is wrongly assigned to Sir R.P. Jodrell, M.D. Nichols's *Lit. Anec.* ix. 2.

For Mr. Paradise see *ante*, p. 364, note 2.

Dr. Horsley was the controversialist, later on Bishop of St. David's and next of Rochester. Gibbon makes splendid mention of him (*Misc. Works*, i. 232) when he tells how 'Dr. Priestley's Socinian shield has repeatedly been pierced by the mighty spear of Horsley.' Windham, however, in his *Diary* in one place (p. 125) speaks of him as having his thoughts 'intent wholly on prospects of Church preferment;' and in another place (p. 275) says that 'he often lays down with great confidence what turns out afterwards to be wrong.' In the House of Lords he once said that 'he did not know what the mass of the people in any country had to do with the laws but to obey them.' *Parl. Hist*. xxxii. 258. Thurlow rewarded him for his *Letters to Priestley* by a stall at Gloucester, 'saying that "those who supported the Church should be supported by it."' Campbell's *Chancellors*, ed. 1846, v. 635.

For Mr. Windham, see *ante*, p. 200.

Hawkins (*Life of Johnson*, p. 567) thus writes of the formation of the Club:—

Page 217

’I was not made privy to this his intention, but all circumstances considered, it was no matter of surprise to me when I heard that the great Dr. Johnson had, in the month of December 1783, formed a sixpenny club at an ale-house in Essex-street, and that though some of the persons thereof were persons of note, strangers, under restrictions, for three pence each night might three nights in a week hear him talk and partake of his conversation.’

Miss Hawkins (*Memoirs*, i. 103) says:—

’Boswell was well justified in his resentment of my father’s designation of this club as a sixpenny club, meeting at an ale-house. ... Honestly speaking, I dare say my father did not like being passed over.’

Sir Joshua Reynolds, writing of the club, says:—

’Any company was better than none; by which Johnson connected himself with many mean persons whose presence he could command. For this purpose he established a club at a little ale-house in Essex-street, composed of a strange mixture of very learned and very ingenious odd people. Of the former were Dr. Heberden, Mr. Windham, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Paradise. Those of the latter I do not think proper to enumerate.’ Taylor’s *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 455.

It is possible that Reynolds had never seen the Essex Head, and that the term ‘little ale-house’ he had borrowed from Hawkins’s account. Possibly too his disgust at Barry here found vent. Murphy (*Life of Johnson*, p. 124) says:—

’The members of the club were respectable for their rank, their talents, and their literature.’

The ‘little ale-house’ club saw one of its members, Alderman Clarke (*ante*, p. 258), Lord Mayor within a year; another, Horsley, a Bishop within five years; and a third, Windham, Secretary at War within ten years. Nichols (*Literary Anecdotes*, ii. 553) gives a list of the ‘constant members’ at the time of Johnson’s death.

APPENDIX E.

(Page 399.)

Miss Burney’s account of Johnson’s last days is interesting, but her dates are confused more even than is common with her. I have corrected them as well as I can.

’Dec. 9. He will not, it seems, be talked to—at least very rarely. At times indeed he re-animates; but it is soon over and he says of himself:—“I am now like Macbeth—-question enrages me."’

’Dec. 10. At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. Alas! I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me. My father was deeply depressed. I hear from everyone he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death.’

Page 218

’Dec. 11. My father in the morning saw this first of men. He was up and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then in particular how Fanny did. “I hope,” he said, “Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her. I was very bad. Tell Fanny to pray for me.” After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself, the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh! would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present; and again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said: “I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet.”’

’Dec. 12. [Miss Burney called at Bolt-court.] All the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. [See *ante*, p. 239, note 2.] Mr. Langton then came. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked how the Doctor was. “Going on to death very fast,” was his mournful answer. “Has he taken,” said she, “anything?” “Nothing at all. We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said:—’The less the better.’”’

’Dec. 20. This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended. I could not keep my eyes dry all day; nor can I now in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 333-339.

APPENDIX F.

(*Notes on Boswell’s note on pages 403-405*.)

[F-1] In a letter quoted in Mr. Croker’s Boswell, p. 427, Dr. Johnson calls Thomas Johnson ‘cousin,’ and says that in the last sixteen months he had given him L40. He mentions his death in 1779. *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 45.

[F-2] Hawkins (*Life*, p. 603) says that Elizabeth Herne was Johnson’s first-cousin, and that he had constantly—how long he does not say—contributed L15 towards her maintenance.

[F-3] For Mauritius Lowe, see *ante*, iii. 324, and iv. 201.

[F-4] To Mr. Windham, two days earlier, he had given a copy of the *New Testament*, saying:—’Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.’ Windham’s *Diary*, p. 28.

[F-5] For Mrs. Gardiner see *ante*, i. 242.

[F-6] Mr. John Desmoulins was the son of Mrs. Desmoulins (*ante*, iii. 222, 368), and the grandson of Johnson’s god-father, Dr. Swinfen (*ante*, i. 34). Johnson mentions him in a

letter to Mrs. Thrale in 1778. 'Young Desmoulins is taken in an *under-something* of Drury Lane; he knows not, I believe, his own denomination.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 25.

[F-7] The reference is to *The Rambler*, No. 41 (not 42 as Boswell says), where Johnson mentions 'those vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted.'

Page 219

[F-8] Bishop Sanderson described his soul as 'infinitely polluted with sin.' Walton's *Lives*, ed. 1838, p. 396.

[F-9] Hume, writing in 1742 about his *Essays Moral and Political*, says:—

'Innys, the great bookseller in Paul's Church-yard, wonders there is not a new edition, for that he cannot find copies for his customers.' J.H. Burton's *Hume*, i. 143.

[F-10] Nichols (*Lit. Anec.* ii. 554) says that, on Dec. 7,

'Johnson asked him whether any of the family of Faden the printer were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing Cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause:—"I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me."'

[F-11] Nowhere does Hawkins more shew the malignancy of his character than in his attacks on Johnson's black servant, and through him on Johnson. With the passage in which this offensive *caveat* is found he brings his work to a close. At the first mention of Frank (*Life*, p. 328) he says:—

'His first master had *in great humanity* made him a Christian, and his last for no assignable reason, nay rather in despite of nature, and to unfit him for being useful according to his capacity, determined to make him a scholar.'

But Hawkins was a brutal fellow. See *ante*, i. 27, note 2, and 28, note 1.

[F-12] Johnson had written to Taylor on Oct. 23 of this year:—

'"Coming down from a very restless night I found your letter, which made me a little angry. You tell me that recovery is in my power. This indeed I should be glad to hear if I could once believe it. But you mean to charge me with neglecting or opposing my own health. Tell me, therefore, what I do that hurts me, and what I neglect that would help me." This letter is endorsed by Taylor: "This is the last letter. My answer, which were (*sic*) the words of advice he gave to Mr. Thrale the day he dyed, he resented extremely from me."' Mr. Alfred Morrison's *Collection of Autographs*, &c., ii. 343.

'The words of advice' which were given to Mr. Thrale *the day before* the fatal fit seized him, were that he should abstain from full meals. *Ante*, iv. 84, note 4. Johnson's resentment of Taylor's advice may account for the absence of his name in his will.

[F-13] They were sold in 650 Lots, in a four days' sale. Besides the books there were 146 portraits, of which 61 were framed and glazed. These prints in their frames were sold in lots of 4, 8, and even 10 together, though certainly some of them—and perhaps many—were engravings from Reynolds. The Catalogue of the sale is in the Bodleian Library.

APPENDIX G.

(*Notes on Boswell's note on page 408*.)

[G-1] Mrs. Piozzi records (*Anecdotes*, p. 120) that Johnson told her,—

Page 220

’When Boyse was almost perishing with hunger, and some money was produced to purchase him a dinner, he got a bit of roast beef, but could not eat it without ketch-up; and laid out the last half-guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of clothes, or even a shirt to sit up in.’

Hawkins (*Life*, p. 159) gives 1740 as the year of Boyse’s destitution.

‘He was,’ he says, ’confined to a bed which had no sheets; here, to procure food, he wrote; his posture sitting up in bed, his only covering a blanket, in which a hole was made to admit of the employment of his arm.’

Two years later Boyse wrote the following verses to Cave from a spunging-house:—

’Hodie, teste coelo summo,
Sine pane, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infeste,
Scribo tibi dolens moeste.
Fame, bile tumet jecur:
Urbane, mitte opem, precor.
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum:
Mihi mens nee male grato,
Pro a te favore dato.
Ex gehenna debitoria,
Vulgo, domo spongiatoria.’

He adds that he hopes to have his *Ode on the British Nation* done that day. This *Ode*, which is given in the *Gent. Mag.* 1742, p. 383, contains the following verse, which contrasts sadly with the poor poet’s case:—

’Thou, sacred isle, amidst thy ambient main,
Enjoyst the sweets of freedom all thy own.’

[G-2] It is not likely that Johnson called a sixpence ’a serious consideration.’ He who in his youth would not let his comrades say *prodigious* (*ante/*, in. 303) was not likely in his old age so to misuse a word.

[G-3] Hugh Kelly is mentioned *ante*, ii. 48, note 2, and iii. 113.

[G-4] It was not on the return from Sky, but on the voyage from Sky to Rasay, that the spurs were lost. *Post*, v. 163.

[G-5] Dr. White’s *Bampton Lectures* of 1784 ’became part of the triumphant literature of the University of Oxford,’ and got the preacher a Christ Church Canonry. Of these *Lectures* Dr. Parr had written about one-fifth part. White, writing to Parr about a

passage in the manuscript of the last Lecture, said:—'I fear I did not clearly explain myself; I humbly beg the favour of you to make my meaning more intelligible.' On the death of Mr. Badcock in 1788, a note for L500 from White was found in his pocket-book. White pretended that this was remuneration for some other work; but it was believed on good grounds that Badcock had begun what Parr had completed, and that these famous *Lectures* were mainly their work. Badcock was one of the writers in the *Monthly Review*. Johnstone's *Life of Dr. Parr*, i. 218-278. For Badcock's correspondence with the editor of the *Monthly Review*, see *Bodleian* MS. *Add.* C. 90.

[G-6] 'Virgilium vidi tantum.' Ovid, *Tristia*, iv. 10. 51.

Page 221

[G-7] Mackintosh says of Priestley:—'Frankness and disinterestedness in the avowal of his opinion were his point of honour.' He goes on to point out that there was 'great mental power in him wasted and scattered.' *Life of Mackintosh*, i. 349. See *ante*, ii. 124, and iv. 238 for Johnson's opinion of Priestley.

[G-8] Badcock, in using the term 'index-scholar,' was referring no doubt to Pope's lines:—

'How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.'

Dunciad, i. 279.

APPENDIX H.

(*Notes on Boswell's note on pages 421-422*.)

[H-1] The last lines of the inscription on this urn are borrowed, with a slight change, from the last paragraph of the last *Rambler/*. (Johnson's *Works*, iii. 465, and *ante*, i. 226.) Johnson visited Colonel Myddelton on August 29, 1774, in his Tour to Wales. See *post*, v. 453.

[H-2] Johnson, writing to Dr. Taylor on Sept. 3, 1783, said:—'I sat to Opey (sic) as long as he desired, and I think the head is finished, but it is not much admired.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 481. Hawkins (*Life of Johnson*, p. 569) says that in 1784 'Johnson resumed sitting to Opie, but,' he adds, 'I believe the picture was never finished.'

[H-3] Of this picture, which was the one painted for Beauclerk (*ante*, p. 180), it is stated in Johnson's *Work*, ed. 1787, xi. 204, that 'there is in it that appearance of a labouring working mind, of an indolent reposing body, which he had to a very great degree.'

[H-4] It seems almost certain that the portrait of Johnson in the Common Room of University College, Oxford, is this very mezzotinto. It was given to the College by Sir William Scott, and it is a mezzotinto from Opie's portrait. It has been reproduced for this work, and will be found facing page 244 of volume iii. Scott's inscription on the back of the frame is given on page 245, note 3, of the same volume.

APPENDIX I.

(*Page* 424.)

Boswell most likely never knew that in the year 1790 Mr. Seward, in the name of Cadell the publisher, had asked Parr to write a *Life of Johnson*. (Johnstone's *Life of Parr*, iv.

678.) Parr, in his amusing vanity, was as proud of this *Life* as if he had written it. '"It would have been," he said, "the third most learned work that has ever yet appeared. The most learned work ever published I consider Bentley *On the Epistles of Phalaris*; the next Salmasius *On the Hellenistic Language*." Alluding to Boswell's Life he continued, "Mine should have been, not the droppings of his lips, but the history of his mind."' Field's *Life of Parr*, i. 164.

In the epitaph that he first sent in were found the words 'Probabili Poetae.'

Page 222

‘In arms,’ wrote Parr, ’were all the Johnsonians: Malone, Steevens, Sir W. Scott, Windham, and even Fox, all in arms. The epithet was cold. They do not understand it, and I am a Scholar, not a Belles-Lettres man.’

Parr had wished to pass over all notice of Johnson’s poetical character. To this, Malone said, none of his friends of the Literary Club would agree. He pointed out also that Parr had not noticed ’that part of Johnson’s genius, which placed him on higher ground than perhaps any other quality that can be named—the universality of his knowledge, the promptness of his mind in producing it on all occasions in conversation, and the vivid eloquence with which he clothed his thoughts, however suddenly called upon.’ Parr, regardless of Johnson’s rule that ’in lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath’ (*ante*, ii. 407), replied, that if he mentioned his conversation he should have to mention also his roughness in contradiction, &c. As for the epithet *probabili*, he ’never reflected upon it without almost a triumphant feeling in its felicity.’ Nevertheless he would change it into ’poetae sententiarum et verborum ponderibus admirabili.’ Yet these words, ’energetic and sonorous’ though they were, ’fill one with a secret and invincible loathing, because they tend to introduce into the epitaph a character of magnificence.’ With every fresh objection he rose in importance. He wrote for the approbation of real scholars of generations yet unborn. ’That the epitaph was written by such or such a man will, from the publicity of the situation, and the popularity of the subject, be long remembered.’ Johnstone’s *Life of Parr*, iv. 694-712. No objection seems to have been raised to the five pompous lines of perplexing dates and numerals in which no room is found even for Johnson’s birth and birth-place.

‘After I had written the epitaph,’ wrote Parr to a friend, ’Sir Joshua Reynolds told me there was a scroll. I was in a rage. A scroll! Why, Ned, this is vile modern contrivance. I wanted one train of ideas. What could I do with the scroll? Johnson held it, and Johnson must speak in it. I thought of this, his favourite maxim, in the Life of Milton, [Johnson’s *Works*, vii. 77],

“[Greek: Otti toi en megaroisi kakon t agathon te tetuktai.].”

In Homer [*Odyssey*, iv. 392] you know—and shewing the excellence of Moral Philosophy. There Johnson and Socrates agree. Mr. Seward, hearing of my difficulty, and no scholar, suggested the closing line in the *Rambler* [*ante*, i. 226, note 1]; had I looked there I should have anticipated the suggestion. It is the closing line in Dionysius’s *Periegesis*,

“[Greek: Anton ek makaron antaxios eiae amoibae.].”

I adopted it, and gave Seward the praise. “Oh,” quoth Sir William Scott, “*[Greek: makaron]* is Heathenish, and the Dean and Chapter will hesitate.” “The more fools they,” said I. But to prevent disputes I have altered it.

Page 223

"[Greek: En makaressi ponon antaxios ein amoibae]."
Johnstone's *Life of Parr*, iv. 713.

Though the inscription on the scroll is not strictly speaking part of the epitaph, yet this mixture of Greek and Latin is open to the censure Johnson passed on Pope's Epitaph on Craggs.

'It may be proper to remark,' he said, 'the absurdity of joining in the same inscription Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue and part in another on a tomb more than in any other place, or on any other occasion.' Johnson's *Works*, viii. 353.

Bacon the sculptor was anxious, wrote Malone, 'that posterity should know that he was entitled to annex R.A. to his name.' Parr was ready to give his name, lest if it were omitted 'Bacon should slily put the figure of a hog on Johnson's monument'; just as 'Saurus and Batrachus, when Octavia would not give them leave to set their names on the Temples they had built in Rome, scattered one of them [Greek: saurai] [lizards], and the other [Greek: batrachoi] [frogs] on the bases and capitals of the columns.' But as for the R.A., the sculptor 'very reluctantly had to agree to its omission.' Johnstone's *Parr*, iv. 705 and 710.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Nothing can compensate for this want this year of all years. Johnson's health was better than it had been for long, and his mind happier perhaps than it had ever been. The knowledge that in his *Lives of the Poets*, he had done, and was doing good work, no doubt was very cheering to him. At no time had he gone more into society, and at no time does he seem to have enjoyed it with greater relish. 'How do you think I live?' he wrote on April 25. 'On Thursday, I dined with Hamilton, and went thence to Mrs. Ord. On Friday, with much company at Reynolds's. On Saturday, at Dr. Bell's. On Sunday, at Dr. Burney's; at night, came Mrs. Ord, Mr. Greville, &c. On Monday with Reynolds, at night with Lady Lucan; to-day with Mr. Langton; to-morrow with the Bishop of St. Asaph; on Thursday with Mr. Bowles; Friday ——; Saturday, at the Academy; Sunday with Mr. Ramsay.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 107. On May 1, he wrote:—'At Mrs. Ord's, I met one Mrs. B —— [Buller], a travelled lady, of great spirit, and some consciousness of her own abilities. We had a contest of gallantry an hour long, so much to the diversion of the company that at Ramsay's last night, in a crowded room, they would have pitted us again. There were Smelt, [one of the King's favourites] and the Bishop of St. Asaph, who comes to every place; and Lord Monboddo, and Sir Joshua, and ladies out of tale.' *Ib*. p. 111. The account that Langton gives of the famous evening at Mrs. Vesey's, 'when the company began to collect round Johnson till they became not less than four, if

not five deep (*ante*, May 2, 1780), is lively enough; but ‘the particulars of the conversation’ which he neglects, Boswell would have given us in full.

Page 224

[2] In 1792, Miss Burney, after recording that Boswell told some of his Johnsonian stories, continues:—'Mr. Langton told some stories in imitation of Dr. Johnson; but they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me—"Every man has some time in his life an ambition to be a wag."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, v. 307.

[3] *Stephanorum Historia, vitas ipsorum ac libros complectens*. London, 1709.

[4] *Senilia* was published in 1742. The line to which Johnson refers is, 'Mel, nervos, fulgur, Carteret, unus, habes,' p. 101. In another line, the poet celebrates Colley Cibber's Muse—the *Musa Cibberi*: 'Multa Cibberum levat aura.' p. 50. See Macaulay's Essays, ed. 1843, i. 367.

[5] *Graecae Linguae Dialecti in Scholae Westmonast. usum*, 1738.

[6] Giannone, an Italian historian, born 1676, died 1748. When he published his *History of the Kingdom of Naples*, a friend congratulating him on its success, said:—'Mon ami, vous vous etes mis une couronne sur la tete, mais une couronne d'epines.' His attacks on the Church led to persecution, in the end he made a retractation, but nevertheless he died in prison. *Nouv. Biog. Gen.* xx. 422.

[7] See *ante*, ii. 119.

[8] 'There is no kind of impertinence more justly censurable than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologises for every word which his own narrowness of converse inclines him to think unusual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under visible restraint; is solicitous to anticipate inquiries by needless explanations; and endeavours to shade his own abilities lest weak eyes should be dazzled with their lustre.' *The Rambler*, No. 173.

[9] Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, defines *Anfractuousness* as *Fulness of windings and turnings*. *Anfractuosity* is not given. Lord Macaulay, in the last sentence in his *Biography of Johnson*, alludes to this passage.

[10] See *ante*, iii. 149, note 2.

[11] 'My purpose was to admit no testimony of living authors, that I might not be misled by partiality, and that none of my contemporaries might have reason to complain; nor have I departed from this resolution, but when some performance of uncommon excellence excited my veneration, when my memory supplied me from late books with an example that was wanting, or when my heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name.' Johnson's *Works*, v. 39. He cites himself under *important*, Mrs. Lennox under *talent*, Garrick under *giggler*; from Richardson's *Clarissa*, he makes frequent quotations. In the fourth edition, published in 1773 (*ante*, ii.

203), he often quotes Reynolds; for instance, under *vulgarism*, which word is not in the previous editions. Beattie he quotes under *weak*, and Gray under *bosom*. He introduces also many quotations from Law, and Young. In the earlier editions, in his quotations from *Clarissa*, he very rarely gives the author's name; in the fourth edition I have found it rarely omitted.

Page 225

[12] In one of his *Hypochondriacks* (*London Mag.* 1782, p. 233) Boswell writes:—'I have heard it remarked by one, of whom more remarks deserve to be remembered than of any person I ever knew, that a man is often as narrow as he is prodigal for want of counting.'

[13] 'Sept. 1778. We began talking of *Irene*, and Mrs. Thrale made Dr. Johnson read some passages which I had been remarking as uncommonly applicable to the present time. He read several speeches, and told us he had not ever read so much of it before since it was first printed.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 96. 'I was told,' wrote Sir Walter Scott, 'that a gentleman called Pot, or some such name, was introduced to him as a particular admirer of his. The Doctor growled and took no further notice. "He admires in especial your *Irene* as the finest tragedy modern times;" to which the Doctor replied, "If Pot says so, Pot lies!" and relapsed into his reverie.' *Croker Corres.* ii. 32.

[14] *Scrupulosity* was a word that Boswell had caught up from Johnson. Sir W. Jones (*Life*, i. 177) wrote in 1776:—'You will be able to examine with the minutest *scrupulosity*, as Johnson would call it.' Johnson describes Addison's prose as 'pure without scrupulosity.' *Works*, vii. 472. 'Swift,' he says, 'washed himself with oriental scrupulosity.' *Ib.* viii. 222. Boswell (*Hebrides*, Aug. 15) writes of 'scrupulosity of conscience.'

[15]

'When thou didst not, savage, Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known.' *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

[16] Secretary to the British Herring Fishery, remarkable for an extraordinary number of occasional verses, not of eminent merit. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i. 115, note i. Lockman was known in France as the translator of Voltaire's *La Henriade*. See Marmontel's Preface. Voltaire's *Works*, ed. 1819, viii. 18.

[17] *Luke* vii. 50. BOSWELL.

[18] Miss Burney, describing him in 1783, says:—'He looks unformed in his manners and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 237. See *ante*, ii. 41, note 1.

[19] By Garrick.

[20] See *ante*, i. 201.

[21] See *post*, under Sept. 30, 1783.

[22] The actor. Churchill introduces him in *The Rosciad* (*Poems*, i. 16):—'Next Holland came. With truly tragic stalk, He creeps, he flies. A Hero should not walk.'

[23] In a letter written by Johnson to a friend in 1742-43, he says: 'I never see Garrick.' MALONE.

[24] See *ante*, ii. 227.

[25] *The Wonder! A Woman keeps a Secret*, by Mrs. Centlivre. Acted at Drury Lane in 1714. Revived by Garrick in 1757. Reed's *Biog. Dram*. iii. 420.

Page 226

[26] In *Macbeth*.

[27] Mr. Longley was Recorder of Rochester, and father of Archbishop Longley. To the kindness of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Newton Smart, I owe the following extract from his manuscript *Autobiography*:—'Dr. Johnson and General Paoli came down to visit Mr. Langton, and I was asked to meet them, when the conversation took place mentioned by Boswell, in which Johnson gave me more credit for knowledge of the Greek metres than I deserved. There was some question about anapaestics, concerning which I happened to remember what Foster used to tell us at Eton, that the whole line to the *Basis Anapaestica* was considered but as one verse, however divided in the printing, and consequently the syllables at the end of each line were not common, as in other metres. This observation was new to Johnson, and struck him. Had he examined me farther, I fear he would have found me ignorant. Langton was a very good Greek scholar, much superior to Johnson, to whom nevertheless he paid profound deference, sometimes indeed I thought more than he deserved. The next day I dined at Langton's with Johnson, I remember Lady Rothes [Langton's wife] spoke of the advantage children now derived from the little books published purposely for their instruction. Johnson controverted it, asserting that at an early age it was better to gratify curiosity with wonders than to attempt planting truth, before the mind was prepared to receive it, and that therefore, *Jack the Giant-Killer, Parisenus and Parismenus*, and *The Seven Champions of Christendom* were fitter for them than Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer.' Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 16) says:—'Dr. Johnson used to condemn me for putting Newbery's books into children's hands. "Babies do not want," said he, "to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds." When I would urge the numerous editions of *Tommy Prudent* or *Goody Two Shoes*; "Remember always," said he, "that the parents buy the books, and that the children never read them.'" For Johnson's visit to Rochester, see *post*, July, 1783.

[28] See *post*, beginning of 1781, after *The Life of Swift*, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 15.

[29] See *ante*, under Sept. 9, 1779.

[30] Johnson wrote of this grotto (*Works*, viii. 270):—'It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish.'

[31] See *ante*, i. 332.

Page 227

[32] *Epilogue to the Satires*, i. 131. Dr. James Foster, the Nonconformist preacher. Johnson mentions 'the reputation which he had gained by his proper delivery.' *Works*, viii. 384. In *The Conversations of Northcote*, p. 88, it is stated that 'Foster first became popular from the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke stopping in the porch of his chapel in the Old Jewry out of a shower of rain: and thinking he might as well hear what was going on he went in, and was so well pleased that he sent all the great folks to hear him, and he was run after as much as Irving has been in our time.' Dr. T. Campbell (*Diary*, p. 34) recorded in 1775, that 'when Mrs. Thrale quoted something from Foster's *Sermons*, Johnson flew in a passion, and said that Foster was a man of mean ability, and of no original thinking.' Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, v. 300) wrote of Foster:—'Wonderful! a divine preferring reason to faith, and more afraid of vice than of heresy.'

[33] It is believed to have been her play of *The Sister*, brought out in 1769. 'The audience expressed their disapprobation of it with so much appearance of prejudice that she would not suffer an attempt to exhibit it a second time.' *Gent. Mag.* xxxix. 199. It is strange, however, if Goldsmith was asked to hiss a play for which he wrote the epilogue. Goldsmith's *Misc. Works*, ii. 80. Johnson wrote on Oct. 28, 1779 (*Piozzi Letters*, ii. 72):—'C—— L—— accuses —— of making a party against her play. I always hissed away the charge, supposing him a man of honour; but I shall now defend him with less confidence.' Baretti, in a marginal note, says that C—— L—— is 'Charlotte Lennox.' Perhaps —— stands for Cumberland. Miss Burney said that 'Mr. Cumberland is notorious for hating and envying and spiting all authors in the dramatic line.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 272.

[34] See *ante*, i. 255.

[35] In *The Rambler*, No. 195, Johnson describes rascals such as this man. 'They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations against a man whose name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not understand; for they were resolved to judge for themselves, and would not suffer the town to be imposed upon by scribblers. In the pit they exerted themselves with great spirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obscene songs, talked loudly at intervals of Shakespeare and Jonson,' &c.

[36] See *ante*, ii. 469.

[37] Dr. Percy told Malone 'that they all at the Club had such a high opinion of Mr. Dyer's knowledge and respect for his judgment as to appeal to him constantly, and that his sentence was final.' Malone adds that 'he was so modest and reserved, that he frequently sat silent in company for an hour, and seldom spoke unless appealed to. Goldsmith, who used to rattle away upon *all* subjects, had been talking somewhat loosely relative to music.

Page 228

Some one wished for Mr. Dyer's opinion, which he gave with his usual strength and accuracy. "Why," said Goldsmith, turning round to Dyer, whom he had scarcely noticed before, "you seem to know a good deal of this matter." "If I had not," replied Dyer, "I should not, in this company, have said a word upon the subject.'" Burke described him as 'a man of profound and general erudition; his sagacity and judgment were fully equal to the extent of his learning.' Prior's *Malone*, pp. 419, 424. Malone in his *Life of Dryden*, p. 181, says that Dyer was *Junius*. Johnson speaks of him as 'the late learned Mr. Dyer.' *Works*, viii. 385. Had he been alive he was to have been the professor of mathematics in the imaginary college at St. Andrews. Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 25. Many years after his death, Johnson bought his portrait to hang in 'a little room that he was fitting up with prints.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 639.

[38] *Memoirs of Agriculture and other Oeconomical Arts*, 3 vols., by Robert Dossie, London, 1768-82.

[39] See *ante*, ii. 14.

[40] Here Lord Macartney remarks, 'A Bramin or any cast of the Hindoos will neither admit you to be of their religion, nor be converted to yours;—a thing which struck the Portuguese with the greatest astonishment, when they first discovered the East Indies.' BOSWELL.

[41] See *ante*, ii. 250.

[42] See *ante*, Aug. 30, 1780.

[43] John, Lord Carteret, and Earl Granville, who died Jan. 2, 1763. It is strange that he wrote so ill; for Lord Chesterfield says (*Misc. Works*, iv. *Appendix*, p. 42) that 'he had brought away with him from Oxford, a great stock of Greek and Latin, and had made himself master of all the modern languages. He was one of the best speakers in the House of Lords, both in the declamatory and argumentative way.'

[44] Walpole describes the partiality of the members of the court-martial that sat on Admiral Keppel in Jan. 1779. One of them 'declared frankly that he should not attend to forms of law, but to justice.' So friendly were the judges to the prisoner that 'it required the almost unanimous voice of the witnesses in favour of his conduct, and the vile arts practised against him, to convince all mankind how falsely and basely he had been accused.' Walpole, referring to the members, speaks of 'the feelings of seamen unused to reason.' Some of the leading politicians established themselves at Portsmouth during the trial. *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ii. 329

[45] See *ante*, ii. 240.

[46] In all Gray's *Odes*, there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away.... The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tip-toe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.' Johnson's *Works*, viii. 484-87. See *ante*, i. 402, and ii. 327, 335.

Page 229

[47] One evening, in the Haymarket Theatre, 'when Foote lighted the King to his chair, his majesty asked who [sic] the piece was written by? "By one of your Majesty's chaplains," said Foote, unable even then to suppress his wit; "and dull enough to have been written by a bishop."' Forster's *Essays*, ii. 435. See *ante*, i. 390, note 3.

[48] Bk. v. ch. 1.

[49] See *ante*, ii. 133, note 1; Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 27, and Oct. 28.

[50] The correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* [1792, p. 214] who subscribes himself SCIOLUS furnishes the following supplement:—

'A lady of my acquaintance remembers to have heard her uncle sing those homely stanzas more than forty-five years ago. He repeated the second thus:—

She shall breed young lords and ladies fair,
And ride abroad in a coach and three pair,
And the best, &c.
And have a house, &c.

And remembered a third which seems to have been the introductory one, and is believed to have been the only remaining one:—

When the Duke of Leeds shall have made his choice
Of a charming young lady that's beautiful and wise,
She'll be the happiest young gentlewoman under the skies,
As long as the sun and moon shall rise,
And how happy shall, &c.

It is with pleasure I add that this stanza could never be more truly applied than at this present time. BOSWELL. This note was added to the second edition.

[51] See *ante*, i. 115, note 1.

[52] See *ante*, i. 82.

[53] Baretti, in a MS. note on *Piozzi Letters*, i. 121, says:—'Johnson was a real *true-born Englishman*. He hated the Scotch, the French, the Dutch, the Hanoverians, and had the greatest contempt for all other European nations; such were his early prejudices which he never attempted to conquer.' Reynolds wrote of Johnson:—'The prejudices he had to countries did not extend to individuals. In respect to Frenchmen he rather laughed at himself, but it was insurmountable. He considered every foreigner as a fool till they had convinced him of the contrary.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 460. Garrick wrote of the French in 1769:—'Their *politesse* has reduced their character to such a sameness,

and their humours and passions are so curbed by habit, that, when you have seen half-a-dozen French men and women, you have seen the whole.' *Garrick Corres*. i. 358.

[54] 'There is not a man or woman here,' wrote Horace Walpole from Paris (*Letters* iv. 434), 'that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance.'

Page 230

[55] '"I remember that interview well," said Dr. Parr with great vehemence when once reminded of it; "I gave him no quarter." The subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great. Whilst he was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, "Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?" I replied, "Because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument."' This, Parr said, was by no means his first introduction to Johnson. Field's *Parr*, i. 161. Parr wrote to Romilly in 1811:—'Pray let me ask whether you have ever read some admirable remarks of Mr. Hutcheson upon the word *merit*. I remember a controversy I had with Dr. Johnson upon this very term: we began with theology fiercely, I gently carried the conversation onward to philosophy, and after a dispute of more than three hours he lost sight of my heresy, and came over to my opinion upon the metaphysical import of the term.' *Life of Romilly*, ii. 365. When Parr was a candidate for the mastership of Colchester Grammar School, Johnson wrote for him a letter of recommendation. Johnstone's *Parr*, i. 94.

[56] 'Somebody was praising Corneille one day in opposition to Shakespeare. "Corneille is to Shakespeare," replied Mr. Johnson, "as a clipped hedge is to a forest."' Piozzi's *Anec*. p. 59.

[57] Johnson, it is clear, discusses here Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakespeare*. She compared Shakespeare first with Corneille, and then with Aeschylus. In contrasting the ghost in *Hamlet* with the shade of Darius in *The Persians*, she says:—'The phantom, who was to appear ignorant of what was past, that the Athenian ear might be soothed and flattered with the detail of their victory at Salamis, is allowed, for the same reason, such prescience as to foretell their future triumph at Plataea.' p. 161.

[58] Caution is required in everything which is laid before youth, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images. In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himself.' *The Rambler*, No. 4.

[59] Johnson says of Pope's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*:—'The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow can be found.' *Works*, viii. 328. Of Gray's *Progress of Poetry*, he says:—'The second stanza, exhibiting Mars' car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy to his common-places.' *Ib*. p. 484.

[60] See *ante*, ii. 178.

[61]

'A Wizard-Dame, the Lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy husband's ear,

At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career, &c.'

Page 231

Hammond. *Elegy*, v. In Boswell's *Hebrides* (Sept. 29), he said 'Hammond's *Love Elegies* were poor things.'

[62] Perhaps Lord Corke and Orrery. *Ante*, iii. 183. CROKER.

[63] Colman assumed that Johnson had maintained that Shakespeare was totally ignorant of the learned languages. He then quotes a line to prove 'that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had at least read Ovid;' and continues:—'And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion? Nothing.' Colman's *Terence*, ii. 390. For Farmer, see *ante*, iii. 38.

[64] 'It is most likely that Shakespeare had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors.' Johnson's *Works*, V. 129. 'The style of Shakespeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure.' *Ib*. p. 135.

[65]

'May I govern my passion with
an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as
my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone by a
gentle decay.'

The Old Man's Wish was sung to Sir Roger de Coverley by 'the fair one,' after the collation in which she ate a couple of chickens, and drank a full bottle of wine. *Spectator*, No. 410. 'What signifies our wishing?' wrote Dr. Franklin. 'I have sung that *wishing song* a thousand times when I was young, and now find at fourscore that the three contraries have befallen me, being subject to the gout and the stone, and not being yet master of all my passions.' Franklin's *Memoirs*, iii. 185.

[66] He uses the same image in *The Life of Milton* (*Works*, vii. 104):—'He might still be a giant among the pigmies, the one-eyed monarch of the blind.' Cumberland (*Memoirs*, i. 39) says that Bentley, hearing it maintained that Barnes spoke Greek almost like his mother tongue, replied:—'Yes, I do believe that Barnes had as much Greek and understood it about as well as an Athenian blacksmith.' See *ante*, iii 284. A passage in Wooll's *Life of Dr. Warton* (i. 313) shews that Barnes attempted to prove that Homer and Solomon were one and the same man. But I. D'Israeli says that it was reported that Barnes, not having money enough to publish his edition of *Homer*, 'wrote a poem, the design of which is to prove that Solomon was the author of the *Iliad*, to interest his wife, who had some property, to lend her aid towards the publication of so divine a work.' *Calamities of Authors*, i. 250.

[67] 'The first time Suard saw Burke, who was at Reynolds's, Johnson touched him on the shoulder and said, "Le grand Burke."' *Boswelliana*, p. 299. See ante, ii. 450.

[68] Miss Hawkins (*Memoirs*, i. 279, 288) says that Langton told her father that he meant to give his six daughters such a knowledge of Greek, 'that while five of them employed themselves in feminine works, the sixth should read a Greek author for the general amusement.' She describes how 'he would get into the most fluent recitation of half a page of Greek, breaking off for fear of wearying, by saying, "and so it goes on," accompanying his words with a gentle wave of his hand.'

Page 232

[69] See post, p. 42.

[70] See ante, i. 326.

[71] This assertion concerning Johnson's insensibility to the pathetick powers of Otway, is too *round*. I once asked him, whether he did not think Otway frequently tender: when he answered, 'Sir, he is all tenderness.' BURNEY. He describes Otway as 'one of the first names in the English drama.' *Works*, vii. 173.

[72] See ante, April 16, 1779.

[73] Johnson; it seems, took up this study. In July, 1773, he recorded that between Easter and Whitsuntide, he attempted to learn the Low Dutch language. 'My application,' he continues, 'was very slight, and my memory very fallacious, though whether more than in my earlier years, I am not very certain.' *Pr. and Med.* p. 129, and ante, ii. 263. On his death-bed, he said to Mr. Hoole:—'About two years since I feared that I had neglected God, and that then I had not a *mind* to give him; on which I set about to read *Thomas a Kempis* in Low Dutch, which I accomplished, and thence I judged that my mind was not impaired, Low Dutch having no affinity with any of the languages which I knew.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 844. See ante, iii. 235.

[74] See post, under July 5, 1783.

[75] See ante, ii. 409, and iii. 197.

[76] One of Goldsmith's friends 'remembered his relating [about the year 1756] a strange Quixotic scheme he had in contemplation of going to decipher the inscriptions on the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written.' Goldsmith's *Misc. Works*, ed. 1801, i. 40. Percy says that Goldsmith applied to the prime minister, Lord Bute, for a salary to enable him to execute 'the visionary project' mentioned in the text. 'To prepare the way, he drew up that ingenious essay on this subject which was first printed in the *Ledger*, and afterwards in his *Citizen of the World* [No. 107].' *Ib*. p. 65. Percy adds that the Earl of Northumberland, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, regretted 'that he had not been made acquainted with his plan; for he would have procured him a sufficient salary on the Irish establishment.' Goldsmith, in his review of Van Egmont's *Travels in Asia*, says:—'Could we see a man set out upon this journey [to Asia] not with an intent to consider rocks and rivers, but the manners, and the mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the inhabitants; resolved to penetrate into countries as yet little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, with an heart not terrified at trifling dangers; if there could be found a man who could unite this true courage with sound learning, from such a character we might hope much information.' Goldsmith's *Works*, ed. 1854, iv. 225. Johnson would have gone to Constantinople, as he himself said, had he received his pension twenty years earlier. *Post*, p. 27.

Page 233

[77] It should be remembered, that this was said twenty-five or thirty years ago, [written in 1799,] when lace was very generally worn. MALONE. 'Greek and Latin,' said Porson, 'are only luxuries.' Rogers's *Table Talk*, p. 325.

[78] See *ante*, iii. 8.

[79] Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, says, that these are 'the only English verses which Bentley is known to have written.' I shall here insert them, and hope my readers will apply them.

'Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
  And thence poetick laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force and skill,
  Must fly with swan's or eagle's wing.

Who Nature's treasures would explore,
  Her mysteries and arcana know;
Must high as lofty Newton soar,
  Must stoop as delving Woodward low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
  Tongues, arts, and arms, and history;
Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
  And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religious jars,
  (Truth mixt with errour, shades with rays;)
Like Whiston, wanting pyx or stars,
  In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our hero's hope, long toil
  And comprehensive genius crown,
All sciences, all arts his spoil,
  Yet what reward, or what renown?

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
  Envy steps in and stops his rise,
Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
  His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious or in want,
  To college and old books confin'd;
Instead of learn'd he's call'd pedant,
  Dunces advanc'd, he's left behind:

Yet left content a genuine Stoick he,
Great without patron, rich without South Sea.' BOSWELL.

In Mr. Croker's octavo editions, *arts* in the fifth stanza is changed into *hearts*. J. Boswell, jun., gives the following reading of the first four lines of the last stanza, not from *Dodsley's Collection*, but from an earlier one, called *The Grove*.

'Inglorious or by wants inthralled,
To college and old books confined,
A pedant from his learning called,
Dunces advanced, he's left behind.'

[80] Bentley, in the preface to his edition of *Paradise Lost*, says:—

'Sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.'

Page 234

[81] The difference between Johnson and Smith is apparent even in this slight instance. Smith was a man of extraordinary application, and had his mind crowded with all manner of subjects; but the force, acuteness, and vivacity of Johnson were not to be found there. He had book-making so much in his thoughts, and was so chary of what might be turned to account in that way, that he once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he made it a rule, when in company, never to talk of what he understood. Beauclerk had for a short time a pretty high opinion of Smith's conversation. Garrick, after listening to him for a while, as to one of whom his expectations had been raised, turned slyly to a friend, and whispered him, 'What say you to this?—eh? *flabby*, I think.' BOSWELL. Dr. A. Carlyle (*Auto*. p. 279), says:—'Smith's voice was harsh and enunciation thick, approaching to stammering. His conversation was not colloquial, but like lecturing. He was the most absent man in company that I ever saw, moving his lips, and talking to himself, and smiling in the midst of large companies. If you awaked him from his reverie and made him attend to the subject of conversation, he immediately began a harangue, and never stopped till he told you all he knew about it, with the utmost philosophical ingenuity.' Dugald Stewart (*Life of Adam Smith*, p. 117) says that 'his consciousness of his tendency to absence rendered his manner somewhat embarrassed in the company of strangers.' But 'to his intimate friends, his peculiarities added an inexpressible charm to his conversation, while they displayed in the most interesting light the artless simplicity of his heart.' *Ib*. p. 113. See also Walpole's *Letters*, vi. 302, and *ante*, ii. 430, note 1.

[82] Garrick himself was a good deal of an infidel: see *ante*, ii. 85, note 7.

[83] *Ante*, i. 181.

[84] The Tempest, act iv. sc. i. In *The Rambler*, No. 127, Johnson writes of men who have 'borne opposition down before them, and left emulation panting behind.' He quotes (*Works*, vii. 261) the following couplet by Dryden:—

> 'Fate after him below with pain did move,
> And victory could scarce keep pace above.'

Young in *The Last Day*, book I, had written:—

> 'Words all in vain pant after the distress.'

[85] I am sorry to see in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. ii, *An Essay on the Character of Hamlet*, written, I should suppose, by a very young man, though called 'Reverend;' who speaks with presumptuous petulance of the first literary character of his age. Amidst a cloudy confusion of words, (which hath of late too often passed in Scotland for *Metaphysicks*,) he thus ventures to criticise one of the noblest lines in our language:—'Dr. Johnson has remarked, that "time toil'd after him in vain." But I should apprehend, that this is *entirely to*

Page 235

mistake the character. Time toils after *every great man*, as well after Shakspeare. The *workings* of an ordinary mind *keep pace*, indeed, with time; they move no faster; *they have their beginning, their middle, and their end*; but superiour natures can *reduce these into a point*. They do not, indeed, *suppress* them; but they *suspend*, or they *lock them up in the breast*.' The learned Society, under whose sanction such gabble is ushered into the world, would do well to offer a premium to any one who will discover its meaning. BOSWELL.

[86] 'May 29, 1662. Took boat and to Fox-hall, where I had not been a great while. To the old Spring Garden, and there walked long.' Pepys's *Diary*, i. 361. The place was afterwards known as Faux-hall and Vauxhall. See *ante*, iii. 308.

[87] 'One that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar.' *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2.

[88] Yet W.G. Hamilton said:—'Burke understands everything but gaming and music. In the House of Commons I sometimes think him only the second man in England; out of it he is always the first.' Prior's *Burke*, p. 484. See *ante*, ii. 450. Bismarck once 'rang the bell' to old Prince Metternich. 'I listened quietly,' he said, 'to all his stories, merely jogging the bell every now and then till it rang again. That pleases these talkative old men.' DR. BUSCH, quoted in Lowe's *Prince Bismarck*, i. 130.

[89] See *ante*, i. 470, for his disapproval of 'studied behaviour.'

[90] Johnson had perhaps Dr. Warton in mind. *Ante*, ii. 41, note 1.

[91] See *ante*, i. 471, and iii. 165.

[92] 'Oblivion is a kind of annihilation.' Sir Thomas Browne's *Christian Morals*, sect. xxi.

[93] 'Nec te quaesiveris extra.' Persius, *Sat*. i. 7. We may compare Milton's line,

> 'In himself was all his state.'
> *Paradise Lost*, v. 353.

[94] See *ante,* iii. 269.

[95] 'A work of this kind must, in a minute examination, discover many imperfections; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.' Johnson's *Works,* viii. 398.

[96] See Boswell's *Hebrides,* Aug. 25, 1773.

[97] See *ante,* i. 82, and ii. 228.

[98] See *ante,* i. 242.

[99] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, under Nov. 11.

Page 236

[100] A literary lady has favoured me with a characteristick anecdote of Richardson. One day at his country-house at Northend, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance,—that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman, 'I think, Sir, you were saying something about,—' pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered, 'A mere trifle Sir, not worth repeating.' The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much. BOSWELL.

[101]

'E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
Seeker is decent, Rundel has a heart.'

Pope, *Epil. to Sat*. ii. 70. Horace Walpole wrote on Aug. 4,1768 (Letters, v. 115):—'We have lost our Pope. Canterbury [Archbishop Seeker] died yesterday. He had never been a Papist, but almost everything else. Our Churchmen will not be Catholics; that stock seems quite fallen.'

[102] Perhaps the Earl of Corke. *Ante*, iii. 183.

[103] Garrick perhaps borrowed this saying when, in his epigram on Goldsmith, speaking of the ideas of which his head was full, he said:—

'When his mouth opened all were in a pother,
Rushed to the door and tumbled o'er each other,
But rallying soon with all their force again,
In bright array they issued from his pen.'

Fitzgerald's *Garrick*, ii. 363. See *ante*, ii. 231.

[104] See *ante*, i. 116, and ii. 52.

[105] Horace Walpole (*Letters*, ix. 318) writes of Boswell's *Life of Johnson:*—'Dr. Blagden says justly, that it is a new kind of libel, by which you may abuse anybody, by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody alive.'

[106] See *ante*, ii. III. In the *Gent. Mag.* 1770, p. 78, is a review of *A Letter to Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 'that is generally imputed to Mr. Wilkes.'

[107] 'Do you conceive the full force of the word CONSTITUENT? It has the same relation to the House of Commons as Creator to creature.' *A Letter to Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, p. 23.

[108] His profound admiration of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE was such as to set him above that 'Philosophy and vain deceit' [*Colossians*, ii. 8] with which men of narrower conceptions have been infected. I have heard him strongly maintain that 'what is right is not so from any natural fitness, but because GOD wills it to be right;' and it is certainly so, because he has predisposed the relations of things so as that which he wills must be right. BOSWELL. Johnson was as much opposed as the Rev. Mr. Thwackum to the philosopher Square, who 'measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right and the eternal fitness of things.' *Tom Jones*, book iii. ch. 3.

Page 237

[109] In *Rasselas* (ch. ii.) we read that the prince's look 'discovered him to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them.' See *ante*, April 8, 1780.

[110] I hope the authority of the great Master of our language will stop that curtailing innovation, by which we see *critic, public*, &c., frequently written instead of *critick, publick*, &c. BOSWELL. Boswell had always been nice in his spelling. In the Preface to his *Corsica*, published twenty-four years before *The Life of Johnson*, he defends his peculiarities, and says:—'If this work should at any future period be reprinted, I hope that care will be taken of my orthography.' Mr. Croker says that in a memorandum in Johnson's writing he has found '*cubic* feet.'

[111] 'Disorders of intellect,' answered Imlac, 'happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state.' *Rasselas*, ch. 44.

[112] See *ante*, i. 397, for Kit Smart's madness in praying.

[113] Yet he gave lessons in Latin to Miss Burney and Miss Thrale. *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 243. In Skye he said, 'Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.' Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 19.

[114] See *ante*, iii, 240.

[115] Nos. 588, 601, 626 and 635. The first number of the *Spectator* was written by Addison, the last by Grove. See *ante*, iii. 33, for Johnson's praise of No. 626.

[116] Sterne is of a direct contrary opinion. See his *Sentimental Journey*, Article, 'The Mystery.' BOSWELL. Sterne had been of the same opinion as Johnson, for he says that the beggar he saw 'confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.' 'He passed by me,' he continues, 'without asking anything—and yet he did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman—I was much more likely to have given of the two. He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way.—An ancient gentleman came slowly—and, after him, a young smart one—He let them both pass, and asked nothing; I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.' *Sentimental Journey*, ed. 1775, ii. 105.

[117] Very likely Dr. Warton. *Ante*, ii. 41.

[118] I differ from Mr. Croker in the explanation of this ill-turned sentence. The *shield* that Homer may hold up is the observation made by Mrs. Fitzherbert. It was this observation that Johnson respected as a very fine one. For his high opinion of that lady's understanding, see *ante*, i. 83.

Page 238

[119] In *Boswelliana* (p. 323) are recorded two more of Langton's Anecdotes. 'Mr. Beauclerk told Dr. Johnson that Dr. James said to him he knew more Greek than Mr. Walmesley. "Sir," said he, "Dr. James did not know enough of Greek to be sensible of his ignorance of the language. Walmesley did."' See *ante*, i. 81. 'A certain young clergyman used to come about Dr. Johnson. The Doctor said it vexed him to be in his company, his ignorance was so hopeless. "Sir," said Mr. Langton, "his coming about you shows he wishes to help his ignorance." "Sir," said the Doctor, "his ignorance is so great, I am afraid to show him the bottom of it."'

[120] Dr. Francklin. See *ante*, iii. 83, note 3. Churchill attacked him in *The Rosciad* (Poems, ii. 4). When, he says, it came to the choice of a judge,

'Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sickened at all triumphs but his own.'

[121] See *ante*, iii. 241, note 2.

[122] *Pr. and Med*. p.190. BOSWELL.

[123] *Ib*. 174. BOSWELL.

[124] 'Mr. Fowke once observed to Dr. Johnson that, in his opinion, the Doctor's literary strength lay in writing biography, in which he infinitely exceeded all his contemporaries. "Sir," said Johnson, "I believe that is true. The dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity."'—R. Warner's *Original Letters*, p. 204.

[125] His design is thus announced in his *Advertisement*: 'The Booksellers having determined to publish a body of English Poetry, I was persuaded to promise them a Preface to the works of each authour; an undertaking, as it was then presented to my mind, not very tedious or difficult.

'My purpose was only to have allotted to every poet an Advertisement, like that [in original *those*] which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates, and a general character; but I have been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure.' BOSWELL.

[126] *Institutiones*, liber i, Prooemium 3.

[127] 'He had bargained for two hundred guineas, and the booksellers spontaneously added a third hundred; on this occasion Dr. Johnson observed to me, "Sir, I always said the booksellers were a generous set of men. Nor, in the present instance, have I reason to complain. The fact is, not that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much." The *Lives* were soon published in a separate edition; when, for a very few corrections, he was presented with another hundred guineas.' Nichols's *Lit. Anec.* viii. 416. See *ante*, iii. 111. In Mr. Morrison's *Collection of Autographs* &c., vol. ii,

’is Johnson’s receipt for 100_l_., from the proprietors of *The Lives of the Poets* for revising the last edition of that work.’ It is dated Feb. 19, 1783. ’Underneath, in Johnson’s autograph, are these words: “It is great impudence to put *Johnson’s Poets* on the back of books which Johnson neither recommended nor revised. He recommended only Blackmore on the Creation, and Watts. How then are they Johnson’s? This is indecent."’ The poets whom Johnson recommended were Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden. *Ante*, under Dec. 29, 1778.

Page 239

[128] Gibbon says of the last five quartos of the six that formed his *History*:—'My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press.' *Misc. Works*, i. 255. In the *Memoir of Goldsmith*, prefixed to his *Misc. Works*, i. 113, it is said:—'In whole quires of his *Histories*, *Animated Nature*, &c., he had seldom occasion to correct or alter a single word.' See *ante*, i. 203.

[129] From Waller's *Of Loving at First Sight*. Waller's *Poems, Miscellanies*, xxxiv.

[130] He trusted greatly to his memory. If it did not retain anything exactly, he did not think himself bound to look it up. Thus in his criticism on Congreve (*Works*, viii. 31) he says:—'Of his plays I cannot speak distinctly; for since I inspected them many years have passed.' In a note on his *Life of Rowe*, Nichols says:—'This *Life* is a very remarkable instance of the uncommon strength of Dr. Johnson's memory. When I received from him the MS. he complacently observed that the criticism was tolerably well done, considering that he had not read one of Rowe's plays for thirty years.' *Ib*. vii. 417.

[131] Thus:—'In the *Life of Waller*, Mr. Nichols will find a reference to the *Parliamentary History* from which a long quotation is to be inserted. If Mr. Nichols cannot easily find the book, Mr. Johnson will send it from Streatham.'

'Clarendon is here returned.'

'By some accident, I laid *your* note upon Duke up so safely, that I cannot find it. Your informations have been of great use to me. I must beg it again; with another list of our authors, for I have laid that with the other. I have sent Stepney's Epitaph. Let me have the revises as soon as can be. Dec. 1778.'

'I have sent Philips, with his Epitaphs, to be inserted. The fragment of a preface is hardly worth the impression, but that we may seem to do something. It may be added to the *Life of Philips*. The Latin page is to be added to the *Life of Smith*. I shall be at home to revise the two sheets of Milton. March 1, 1779.'

'Please to get me the last edition of Hughes's *Letters*; and try to get *Dennis upon Blackmore*, and upon Calo, and any thing of the same writer against Pope. Our materials are defective.'

'As Waller professed to have imitated Fairfax, do you think a few pages of Fairfax would enrich our edition? Few readers have seen it, and it may please them. But it is not necessary.'

'An account of the Lives and works of some of the most eminent English Poets. By, &c.—"The English Poets, biographically and critically considered, by SAM. JOHNSON."—-Let Mr. Nichols take his choice, or make another to his mind. May, 1781.'

’You somehow forgot the advertisement for the new edition. It was not inclosed. Of Gay’s *Letters* I see not that any use can be made, for they give no information of any thing. That he was a member of the Philosophical Society is something; but surely he could be but a corresponding member. However, not having his life here, I know not how to put it in, and it is of little importance.’

Page 240

See several more in *The Gent. Mag.*, 1785. The Editor of that Miscellany, in which Johnson wrote for several years, seems justly to think that every fragment of so great a man is worthy of being preserved. BOSWELL. In the original MS. in the British Museum, *Your* in the third paragraph of this note is not in italics. Johnson writes his correspondent's name *Nichols*, *Nichol*, and *Nicol*. In the fourth paragraph he writes, first *Philips*, and next *Phillips*. His spelling was sometimes careless, *ante*, i. 260, note 2. In the *Gent. Mag.* for 1785, p. 10, another of these notes is published:—'In reading Rowe in your edition, which is very impudently called mine, I observed a little piece unnaturally and odiously obscene. I was offended, but was still more offended when I could not find it in Rowe's genuine volumes. To admit it had been wrong; to interpolate it is surely worse. If I had known of such a piece in the whole collection, I should have been angry. What can be done?' In a note, Mr. Nichols says that this piece 'has not only appeared in the *Works* of Rowe, but has been transplanted by Pope into the *Miscellanies* he published in his own name and that of Dean Swift.'

[132] He published, in 1782, a revised edition of Baker's_ Biographia Dramatica_. Baker was a grandson of De Foe. *Gent. Mag.* 1782, p. 77.

[133] Dryden writing of satiric poetry, says:—'Had I time I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts, which are as requisite in this as in heroic poetry itself; of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller, and Sir John Denham. ... This hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley.' Dryden's *Works*, ed. 1821, xiii. III.

[134] In one of his letters to Nichols, Johnson says:—'You have now all Cowley. I have been drawn to a great length, but Cowley or Waller never had any critical examination before.' *Gent. Mag.* 1785, p.9.

[135] *Life of Sheffield*. BOSWELL. Johnson's *Works*, vii. 485.

[136] See, however, p.11 of this volume, where the same remark is made and Johnson is there speaking of *prose*. MALONE.

[137]

> 'Purpureus, late qui splendeat unus et alter
> Assuitur pannus.'
>
> '... Shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
> Sewed on your poem.'

FRANCIS. Horace, *Ars Poet*. 15.

[138] The original reading is enclosed in crochets, and the present one is printed in Italicks. BOSWELL.

Page 241

[139] I have noticed a few words which, to our ears, are more uncommon than at least two of the three that Boswell mentions; as, 'Languages divaricate,' *Works*, vii. 309; 'The mellifluence of Pope's numbers,' *ib.* 337; 'A subject flux and transitory,' *ib.* 389; 'His prose is pure without scrupulosity,' *ib.* 472; 'He received and accommodated the ladies' (said of one serving behind the counter), *ib.* viii. 62; 'The prevalence of this poem was gradual,' *ib.* p. 276; 'His style is sometimes concatenated,' *ib.* p. 458. Boswell, on the next page, supplies one more instance—'Images such as the superficies of nature readily supplies.'

[140] See *ante*, iii. 249.

[141] Veracious is perhaps one of the 'four or five words' which Johnson added, or thought that he added, to the English language. *Ante*, i. 221. He gives it in his *Dictionary*, but without any authority for it. It is however older than his time.

[142] See Johnson's *Works*, vii. 134, 212, and viii. 386.

[143] Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 452) writes of Johnson's '*Billingsgate on Milton*.' A later letter shows that, like so many of Johnson's critics, he had not read the *Life*. *Ib*. p. 508.

[144] *Works*, vii. 108.

[145] Thirty years earlier he had written of Milton as 'that poet whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness shall be obliterated.' *Ante*, i. 230. See *ante*, ii. 239.

[146] Earl Stanhope (*Life of Pitt*, ii. 65) describes this Society in 1790, 'as a Club, till then of little note, which had a yearly festival in commemoration of the events of 1688. It had been new-modelled, and enlarged with a view to the transactions at Paris, but still retained its former name to imply a close connection between the principles of 1688 in England, and the principles of 1789 in France.' The Earl Stanhope of that day presided at the anniversary meeting on Nov. 4, 1789. Nov. 4 was the day on which William III. landed.

[147] See *An Essay on the Life, Character, and writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, London, 1787; which is very well written, making a proper allowance for the democratical bigotry of its authour; whom I cannot however but admire for his liberality in speaking thus of my illustrious friend:—

'He possessed extraordinary powers of understanding, which were much cultivated by study, and still more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgement keen and penetrating. He had a strong sense of the importance of religion; his piety was sincere,

and sometimes ardent; and his zeal for the interests of virtue was often manifested in his conversation and in his writings. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking, and instructive; and perhaps no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees.'

Page 242

’His *Dictionary*, his moral Essays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey useful instruction, and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood.’ BOSWELL.

[148] Boswell paraphrases the following passage:—’The King, with lenity of which the world has had perhaps no other example, declined to be the judge or avenger of his own or his father’s wrongs; and promised to admit into the Act of Oblivion all, except those whom the Parliament should except; and the Parliament doomed none to capital punishment but the wretches who had immediately co-operated in the murder of the King. Milton was certainly not one of them; he had only justified what they had done.’ Johnson’s *Works*, vii. 95.

[149]
’Though fall’n on evil days,
On evil days though fall’n and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compast round.’
Paradise Lost, vii. 26.

[150] Johnson’s *Works*, vii. 105.

[151] ’His political notions were those of an acrimonious and surly republican.’ *Ib*. p. 116.

[152] ’What we know of Milton’s character in domestick relations is, that he was severe and arbitrary.’ *Ib.* p. 116.

[153] ’His theological opinions are said to have been first, Calvinistical; and afterwards, perhaps when he began to hate the Presbyterians, to have tended towards Arminianism.... He appears to have been untainted by any heretical peculiarity of opinion.’ *Ib.* p. 115.

[154] Mr. Malone things it is rather a proof that he felt nothing of those cheerful sensations which he has described: that on these topicks it is the *poet*, and not the *man*, that writes. BOSWELL.

[155] See *ante*, i. 427, ii. 124, and iv. 20, for Johnson’s condemnation of blank verse. This condemnations was not universal. Of Dryden, he wrote (*Works*, vii. 249):—’He made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.’ His own *Irene* is in blank verse; though Macaulay justly remarks of it:—’He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be.’ (Macaulay’s *Writings and Speeches*, ed. 1871, p. 380.) Of Thomson’s *Seasons*, he says (*Works*, vii. 377):—’His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used.’ Of Young’s *Night Thoughts*:—’This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage.’ *Ib*. p. 460. Of Milton himself, he writes:—’Whatever be the advantages of rhyme, I cannot prevail

on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated.' *Ib*. vii. 142. How much he felt the power of Milton's blank verse is shewn by his *Rambler*, No. 90, where, after stating that 'the noblest

Page 243

and most majestick pauses which our versification admits are upon the fourth and sixth syllables,' he adds:—' Some passages [in Milton] which conclude at this stop [the sixth syllable] I could never read without some strong emotions of delight or admiration.' 'If,' he continues, 'the poetry of Milton be examined with regard to the pauses and flow of his verses into each other, it will appear that he has performed all that our language would admit.' Cowper was so indignant at Johnson's criticism of Milton's blank verse that he wrote:—'Oh! I could thresh his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.' Southey's *Cowper*, iii. 315.

[156] One of the most natural instances of the effect of blank verse occurred to the late Earl of Hopeton. His Lordship observed one of his shepherds poring in the fields upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and having asked him what book it was, the man answered, 'An't please your Lordship, this is a very odd sort of an authour: he would fain rhyme, but cannot get at it.' BOSWELL. 'The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse," said an ingenious critick, "seems to be verse only to the eye."' Johnson's *Works*, vii. 141. In the *Life of Roscommon* (*ib*. p. 171), he says:—'A poem frigidly didactick, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.'

[157] Mr. Locke. Often mentioned in *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*.

[158] See vol. in. page 71. BOSWELL.

[159] It is scarcely a defence. Whatever it was, he thus ends it:-'It is natural to hope, that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his judge.' Works, vii. 279.

[160] In the original *fright*. *The Hind and the Panther*, i. 79.

[161] In this quotation two passages are joined. *Works*, vii. 339, 340.

[162] 'The deep and pathetic morality of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*' says Sir Walter Scott, 'has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over the pages of professed sentimentality.' CROKER. It. drew tears from Johnson himself. 'When,' says Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 50), 'he read his own satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, he burst into a passion of tears. The family and Mr. Scott only were present,

who, in a jocose way, clapped him on the back, and said:—“What’s all this, my dear Sir? Why you, and I, and Hercules, you know, were all troubled with melancholy.” He was a very large man, and made out the triumvirate with Johnson and Hercules comically enough. The Doctor was so delighted at his odd sally, that he suddenly embraced him, and the subject was immediately changed.’

Page 244

[163] In Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, ed. 1834, iv. 180, is given 'a memorandum of Dr. Johnson's of hints for the *Life of Pope*.'

[164] *Works*, viii. 345.

[165] 'Of the last editor [Warburton] it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments.' *Works*, v. 140. See *post*, June 10,1784.

[166] The liberality is certainly measured. With much praise there is much censure. *Works*, viii. 288. See *ante*, ii. 36, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 23.

[167] Of Johnson's conduct towards Warburton, a very honourable notice is taken by the editor of *Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collection of their respective Works*. After an able and 'fond, though not undistinguishing,' consideration of Warburton's character, he says, 'In two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man, impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow-creatures in the "balance of the sanctuary." He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superiour. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every man of sense and virtue would wish to be known,—I mean, both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles, or who envied his reputation. But, as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and, if my memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting impressions of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetic genius, Johnson has done that spontaneously and ably, which, by some writers, had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton, without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendental excellencies. He defended him when living, amidst the clamours of his enemies; and praised him when dead, amidst the *silence of his friends*.'

Page 245

Having availed myself of this editor's eulogy on my departed friend, for which I warmly thank him, let me not suffer the lustre of his reputation, honestly acquired by profound learning and vigorous eloquence, to be tarnished by a charge of illiberality. He has been accused of invidiously dragging again into light certain writings of a person respectable by his talents, his learning, his station and his age, which were published a great many years ago, and have since, it is said, been silently given up by their authour. But when it is considered that these writings were not *sins of youth*, but deliberate works of one well-advanced in life, overflowing at once with flattery to a great man of great interest in the Church, and with unjust and acrimonious abuse of two men of eminent merit; and that, though it would have been unreasonable to expect an humiliating recantation, no apology whatever has been made in the cool of the evening, for the oppressive fervour of the heat of the day; no slight relenting indication has appeared in any note, or any corner of later publications; is it not fair to understand him as superciliously persevering? When he allows the shafts to remain in the wounds, and will not stretch forth a lenient hand, is it wrong, is it not generous to become an indignant avenger? BOSWELL. Boswell wrote on Feb. 16, 1789:—'There is just come out a publication which makes a considerable noise. The celebrated Dr. Parr, of Norwich, has—wickedly, shall we say?—but surely wantonly—published Warburton's *Juvenile Translations and Discourse on Prodigies*, and Bishop Kurd's attacks on Jortin and Dr. Thomas Leland, with his *Essay on the Delicacy of Friendship*.' *Letters of Boswell*, p. 275. The 'editor,' therefore, is Parr, and the 'Warburtonian' is Hurd. Boswell had written to Parr on Jan. 10, 1791:—'I request to hear by return of post if I may say or guess that Dr. Parr is the editor of these tracts.' Parr's *Works*, viii. 12. See also *ib*. iii. 405.

[168] In Johnson's *Works* (1787), xi. 213, it is said, that this meeting was 'at the Bishop of St. ——'s [Asaph's]. Boswell, by his 'careful enquiry,' no doubt meant to show that this statement was wrong. Johnson is reported to have said:—' Dr. Warburton at first looked surlily at me; but after we had been jostled into conversation he took me to a window, asked me some questions, and before we parted was so well pleased with me that he patted me.'

[169] 'Warburton's style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure; and his sentences are unmeasured.' Johnson's *Works*, viii. 288.

[170] Churchill, in *The Duellist (Poems* ed. 1766, ii. 85), describes Warburton as having

> 'A heart, which virtue ne'er disgraced;
> A head where learning runs to waste.'

[171] *Works*, viii. 230.

Page 246

[172] ‘I never,’ writes Mrs. Piozzi, ’heard Johnson pronounce the words, “I beg your pardon, Sir,” to any human creature but the apparently soft and gentle Dr. Burney.’ Burney had asked her whether she had subscribed L100 to building a bridge. ’"It is very comical, is it not, Sir?” said I, turning to Dr. Johnson, “that people should tell such unfounded stories.” “It is,” answered he, “neither comical nor serious, my dear; it is only a wandering lie.” This was spoken in his natural voice, without a thought of offence, I am confident; but up bounced Burney in a towering passion, and to my much amaze put on the hero, surprising Dr. Johnson into a sudden request for pardon, and protestation of not having ever intended to accuse his friend of a falsehood.’ Hayward’s *Piozzi*, i. 312.

[173] In the original, ‘*nor*.’ *Works*, viii. 311.

[174] In the original, ‘*either* wise or merry.’

[175] In the original, ‘*stands upon record*’.

[176] *Works*, viii. 316. Surely the words ‘had not much to say’ imply that Johnson had heard the answer, but thought little of its wit. According to Mr. Croker, the repartee is given in Ruffhead’s *Life of Pope*, and this book Johnson had seen. *Ante*, ii. 166.

[177] Let me here express my grateful remembrance of Lord Somerville’s kindness to me, at a very early period. He was the first person of high rank that took particular notice of me in the way most flattering to a young man, fondly ambitious of being distinguished for his literary talents; and by the honour of his encouragement made me think well of myself, and aspire to deserve it better. He had a happy art of communicating his varied knowledge of the world, in short remarks and anecdotes, with a quiet pleasant gravity, that was exceedingly engaging. Never shall I forget the hours which I enjoyed with him at his apartments in the Royal Palace of Holy-Rood House, and at his seat near Edinburgh, which he himself had formed with an elegant taste. BOSWELL.

[178] *Ante*, iii. 392.

[179] Boswell, I think, misunderstands Johnson. Johnson said (*Works*, viii. 313) that ’Pope’s admiration of the Great seems to have increased in the advance of life.’ His *Iliad* he had dedicated to Congreve, but ’to his latter works he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice; for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.’ Johnson, it seems clear, is speaking, not of the noblemen whom Pope knew in general, but of those to whom he dedicated any of his works. Among them Lord Marchmont is not found, so that on him no slight is cast.

Page 247

[180] Neither does Johnson actually say that Lord Marchmont had 'any concern,' though perhaps he implies it. He writes:—'Pope left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont: undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age."' *Ib*. p. 306. As Bolingbroke outlived Pope by more than seven years, it is clear, from what Johnson states, that he alone had the care of the papers, and that he gave the answer to Dodsley. Marchmont, however, knew the contents of the papers. *Ib*. p. 319.

[181] This neglect did not arise from any ill-will towards Lord Marchmont, but from inattention; just as he neglected to correct his statement concerning the family of Thomson the poet, after it had been shewn to be erroneous (*ante*, in. 359). MALONE.

[182] *Works, vii. 420.*

[183] Benjamin Victor published in 1722, a *Letter to Steele*, and in 1776, *Letters, Dramatic Pieces, and Poems* Brit. Mus. Catalogue.

[184] Mr. *Wilks*. See *ante*, i. 167, note 1.

[185] See *post*, p. 91 and Macaulay's *Essay on Addison* (ed. 1974, iv. 207).

[186] 'A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.' Thackery's *English Humourists*, ed. 1858, p. 94.

[187] See *ante*, i. 30, and iii. 155.

[188] See *post*, under Dec. 2, 1784.

[189] Parnell 'drank to excess.' *Ante*, iii. 155.

[190] I should have thought that Johnson, who had felt the severe affliction from which Parnell never recovered, would have preserved this passage. BOSWELL.

[191] Mrs. Thrale wrote to Johnson in May, 1780:-'Blackmore will be rescued from the old wits who worried him much to your disliking; so, a little for love of his Christianity, a little for love of his physic, a little for love of his courage—and a little for love of contradiction, you will save him from his malevolent critics, and perhaps do him the honour to devour him yourself.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 122. See *ante*, ii. 107.

[192] 'This is a tribute which a painter owes to an architect who composed like a painter; and was defrauded of the due reward of his merit by the wits of his time, who did not understand the principles of composition in poetry better than he did; and who knew little, or nothing, of what he understood perfectly, the general ruling principles of architecture and painting.' Reynolds's *Thirteenth Discourse*.

Page 248

[193] Johnson had not wished to write *Lyttelton's Life*. He wrote to Lord Westcote, Lyttelton's brother, 'My desire is to avoid offence, and be totally out of danger. I take the liberty of proposing to your lordship, that the historical account should be written under your direction by any friend you may be willing to employ, and I will only take upon myself to examine the poetry.'—Croker's *Boswell*, p.650.

[194] It was not *Molly Aston* (*ante* i. 83) but Miss Hill Boothby (*ib*.) of whom Mrs. Thrale wrote. She says (*Anec*. p.160):—'Such was the purity of her mind, Johnson said, and such the graces of her manner, that Lord Lyttelton and he used to strive for her preference with an emulation that occasioned hourly disgust, and ended in lasting animosity.' There is surely much exaggeration in this account.

[195] Let not my readers smile to think of Johnson's being a candidate for female favour; Mr. Peter Garrick assured me, that he was told by a lady, that in her opinion Johnson was 'a very *seducing man*.' Disadvantages of person and manner may be forgotten, where intellectual pleasure is communicated to a susceptible mind; and that Johnson was capable of feeling the most delicate and disinterested attachment, appears from the following letter, which is published by Mrs. Thrale [*Piozzi Letters*, ii. 391], with some others to the same person, of which the excellence is not so apparent:—

'TO MISS BOOTHBY. January, 1755.

DEAREST MADAM,

Though I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish, indeed, I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to, dearest, dearest Madam, Your, &c. SAM JOHNSON.' (BOSWELL.)

[196] Horace, *Odes*, iv. 3.2, quoted also *ante*, i.352, note.

[197] The passage which Boswell quotes in part is as follows:—'When they were first published they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*; [i.e. the writers in the *Critical Review*. In some of the later editions of Boswell these words have been printed, *critical reviewers*; so as to include all the reviewers who criticised the work]; and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgements which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.' *Works*, viii.491. Boswell forgets that what may be proper in one is improper in another. Lyttelton, when he wrote this note, had long been a man of high position. He had 'stood in the first rank of opposition,' he had been Chancellor of the

Exchequer, and when he lost his post, he had been ‘recompensed with a peerage.’ See *ante*, ii. 126.

Page 249

[198] See *post*, June 12 and 15, 1784.

[199] He adopted it from indolence. Writing on Aug. 1, 1780, after mentioning the failure of his application to Lord Westcote, he continues:—'There is an ingenious scheme to save a day's work, or part of a day, utterly defeated. Then what avails it to be wise? The plain and the artful man must both do their own work.—But I think I have got a life of Dr. Young.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 173.

[200] *Gent. Mag.* vol. lv. p. 10. BOSWELL.

[201] By a letter to Johnson from Croft, published in the later editions of the *Lives*, it seems that Johnson only expunged one passage. Croft says:—'Though I could not prevail on you to make any alteration, you insisted on striking out one passage, because it said, that, if I did not wish you to live long for your sake, I did for the sake of myself and the world.' *Works* viii.458.

[202] The Late Mr. Burke. MALONE.

[203] See_post_, June 2, 1781.

[204] Johnson's *Works*, viii 440.

[205] *Ib.* p.436

[206] 'Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni.' 'How swiftly glide our flying years!' FRANCIS. Horace, *Odes*, ii.14. i.

[207] The late Mr. James Ralph told Lord Macartney, that he passed an evening with Dr. Young at Lord Melcombe's (then Mr. Dodington) at Hammersmith. The Doctor happening to go out into the garden, Mr. Dodington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, as in truth it was, there being a violent storm of rain and wind. 'No, Sir, (replied the Doctor) it is a very fine night. The LORD is abroad.' BOSWELL.

[208] See *ante*, ii.96, and iii.251; and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 30.

[209] 'An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust, With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just.' Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, l.677.

[210] *Works*, viii.459. Though the *Life of Young* is by Croft, yet the critical remarks are by Johnson.

[211] *Ib.* p.460.

[212] Johnson refers to Chambers's *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*, which was ridiculed in the *Heroic Epistle*. See *post*, under May 8, 1781, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 13.

[213] Boswell refers to the death of Narcissa in the third of the *Night Thoughts*. While he was writing the *Life of Johnson* Mrs. Boswell was dying of consumption in (to quote Young's words)

> The rigid north,
> Her native bed, on which bleak
> Boreas blew.'

She died nearly two years before *The Life* was published.

[214] *Proverbs*, xviii.14.

[215] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 16.

[216] See vol. i. page 133. BOSWELL.

Page 250

[217] 'In his economy Swift practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give.' *Works*, viii.222.

[218] *Ib*. p.225.

[219] Mr. Chalmers here records a curious literary anecdote—that when a new and enlarged edition of the *Lives of the Poets* was published in 1783, Mr. Nichols, in justice to the purchasers of the preceding editions, printed the additions in a separate pamphlet, and advertised that it might be had *gratis*. Not ten copies were called for. CROKER.

[220] See *ante*, p.9, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 15.

[221] *Works*, vii. Preface.

[222] From this disreputable class, I except an ingenious though not satisfactory defence of HAMMOND, which I did not see till lately, by the favour of its authour, my amiable friend, the Reverend Mr. Bevill, who published it without his name. It is a juvenile performance, but elegantly written, with classical enthusiasm of sentiment, and yet with a becoming modesty, and great respect for Dr. Johnson. BOSWELL.

[223] Before the *Life of Lyttelton* was published there was, it seems, some coolness between Mrs. Montagu and Johnson. Miss Burney records the following conversation in September 1778. 'Mark now,' said Dr. Johnson, 'if I contradict Mrs. Montagu to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her.' MRS. THRALE. 'Why to be sure, Sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came.'...DR. JOHNSON. 'Why, Madam, I won't answer that I shan't contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already; and I begin (added he, laughing heartily) to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.' Yet when they met a few days later all seemed friendly. 'When Mrs. Montagu's new house was talked of, Dr. Johnson in a jocose manner, desired to know if he should be invited to see it. "Ay, sure," cried Mrs. Montagu, looking well pleased, "or else I shan't like it."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i.118, 126. 'Mrs. Montagu's dinners and assemblies,' writes Wraxall, 'were principally supported by, and they fell with, the giant talents of Johnson, who formed the nucleus round which all the subordinate members revolved.' Wraxall's *Memoirs*, ed. 1815, i.160.

Page 251

[224] Described by the author as ‘a body of original essays.’ ’I consider *The Observer,’* he arrogantly continues, ’as fairly enrolled amongst the standard classics of our native language.’ Cumberland’s *Memoirs*, ii.199. In his account of this *Feast of Reason* he quite as much satirises Mrs. Montagu as praises her. He introduces Johnson in it, annoyed by an impertinent fellow, and saying to him:—’Have I said anything, good Sir, that you do not comprehend?’ ‘No, no,’ replied he, ‘I perfectly well comprehend every word you have been saying.’ ’Do you so, Sir?’ said the philosopher, ’then I heartily ask pardon of the company for misemploying their time so egregiously.’ *The Observer*, No. 25.

[225] Miss Burney gives an account of an attack made by Johnson, at a dinner at Streatham, in June 1781, on Mr. Pepys (*post*, p. 82), ’one of Mrs. Montagu’s steadiest abettors.’ ‘Never before,’ she writes, ’have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion. “Mr. Pepys,” he cried, in a voice the most enraged, “I understand you are offended by my *Life of Lord Lyttelton*. What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring."’ After the quarrel had been carried even into the drawing-room, Mrs. Thrale, ’with great spirit and dignity, said that she should be very glad to hear no more of it. Everybody was silenced, and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said:—“Well, Madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom."... Thursday morning, Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 45. Two months later the quarrel was made up. ’Mr. Pepys had desired this meeting by way of a reconciliation; and Dr. Johnson now made amends for his former violence, as he advanced to him, as soon as he came in, and holding out his hand to him received him with a cordiality he had never shewn him before. Indeed he told me himself that he thought the better of Mr. Pepys for all that had passed.’ *Ib.* p. 82. Miss Burney, in Dec. 1783, described the quarrel to Mr. Cambridge:—’"I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then; and dreadful indeed it was to see. I wished myself away a thousand times. It was a frightful scene. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale.” “It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale certainly to quarrel in her house.” “Yes, but he never repeated it; though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu; and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance. She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her.” “And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave?” Very stately, indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even courtesying

Page 252

to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never speak to him more. However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin, and very roughly said:—"Well, Madam, what's become of your fine new house? I hear no more of it." "But how did she bear this?" "Why, she was obliged to answer him; and she soon grew so frightened—as everybody does—that she was as civil as ever." He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams [see *post*, Sept. 18, 1783, note], because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased. "And I had a very kind answer from her," said he. "Well then, Sir," cried I, "I hope peace now will be again proclaimed." "Why, I am now," said he, "come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end.'" *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 290.

[226] January, 1791. BOSWELL. Hastings's trial had been dragging on for more than three years when *The Life of Johnson* was published. It began in 1788, and ended in 1795.

[227] *Gent. Mag*. for 1785, p. 412.

[228] Afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of his Majesty's Judges in India. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i.274.

[229] 'He conceived that the cultivation of Persian literature might with advantage be made a part of the liberal education of an English gentleman; and he drew up a plan with that view. It is said that the University of Oxford, in which Oriental learning had never, since the revival of letters, been wholly neglected, was to be the seat of the institution which he contemplated.' Macaulay's *Essays*, ed. 1843, iii. 338.

[230] Lord North's. Feeble though it was, it lasted eight years longer.

[231] Jones's *Persian Grammar*. Boswell. It was published in 1771.

[232] *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. BOSWELL.

[233] See *ante*, ii. 296.

[234] Macaulay wrote of Hastings's answer to this letter:—'It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson bears date a very few hours after the death of Nuncomar. While the whole settlement was in commotion, while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief, the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic self-possession, to write about the *Tour to the Hebrides*, Jones's *Persian Grammar*, and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India.' Macaulay's *Essays*, ed. 1843, iii.376.

[235] Johnson wrote the Dedication, *Ante*, i.383.

[236] See *ante*, ii.82, note 2.

[237] *Copy* is *manuscript for printing*.

[238] Published by Kearsley, with this well-chosen motto:—'From his cradle He was a SCHOLAR, and a ripe and good one: And to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing Heaven.' SHAKSPEARE. BOSWELL. This quotation is a patched up one from *Henry VIII*, act iv. sc.2. The quotation in the text is found on p. 89 of this *Life of Johnson*.

Page 253

[239] Mr. Thrale had removed, that is to say, from his winter residence in the Borough. Mrs. Piozzi has written opposite this passage in her copy of Boswell:—'Spiteful again! He went by direction of his physicians where they could easiest attend to him.' Hayward's *Piozzi*, i. 91. There was, perhaps, a good deal of truth in Boswell's supposition, for in 1779 Johnson had told her that he saw 'with indignation her despicable dread of living in the Borough.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.92. Johnson had a room in the new house. 'Think,' wrote Hannah More, 'of Johnson's having apartments in Grosvenor-square! but he says it is not half so convenient as Bolt-court.' H. More's *Memoirs*, i.2O7.

[240] See *ante*, iii. 250.

[241] Shakspeare makes Hamlet thus describe his father:—

'See what a grace was seated on this brow: Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald, Mercury, New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; A combination, and a form, indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man.! [Act iii. sc. 4.]

Milton thus pourtrays our first parent, Adam:—

'His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clus'tring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.'
[*P.L.* iv. 300.] BOSWELL.

[242] 'Grattan's Uncle, Dean Marlay [afterwards Bishop of Waterford], had a good deal of the humour of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the man objected, that *his* business was to drive, not to run on errands. "Well, then," said Marlay, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well;"—a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.' Rogers's *Table-Talk*, p.176.

[243] See *ante*, ii. 241, for Johnson's contempt of puns.

[244] 'He left not faction, but of that was left.' *Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 568.

[245] Boswell wrote of Gibbon in 1779:—'He is an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our Literary Club to me.' *Letters of Boswell*, p.242. See *ante*, ii.443, note 1.

[246] *The schools* in this sense means a University.

[247] See *ante*, ii.224.

[248] Up to the year 1770, controverted elections had been tried before a Committee of the whole House. By the *Grenville Act* which was passed in that year they were tried by a select committee. *Parl. Hist.* xvi. 902. Johnson, in *The False Alarm* (1770), describing the old method of trial, says;—'These decisions have often been apparently partial, and sometimes tyrannically oppressive.' *Works, vi. 169. In The Patriot* (1774), he says:—'A disputed election is now tried with the same scrupulousness and solemnity as any other title.' *Ib.* p.223. See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Nov.10.

Page 254

[249] Miss Burney describes a dinner at Mr. Thrale's, about this time, at which she met Johnson, Boswell, and Dudley Long. *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 14.

[250] See *ante*, ii.171, *post*, two paragraphs before April 10, 1783, and May 15, 1784.

[251] Johnson wrote on May i, 1780:—'There was the Bishop of St. Asaph who comes to every place.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 111. Hannah More, in 1782, describes an assembly at this Bishop's. 'Conceive to yourself 150 or 200 people met together dressed in the extremity of the fashion, painted as red as Bacchanals...ten or a dozen card-tables crammed with dowagers of quality, grave ecclesiastics and yellow admirals.' *Memoirs*, i.242. He was elected a member of the Literary Club, 'with the sincere approbation and eagerness of all present,' wrote Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones; elected, too, on the same day on which Lord Chancellor Camden was rejected (*ante*, iii. 311, note 2). Two or three years later Sir William married the Bishop's daughter. *Life of Sir W Jones*, pp.240, 279.

[252] 'Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show; The villain lurks beneath the cassocked beau.' Churchill's *Poems* (ed. 1766), ii.41.

[253] No. 2.

[254] See vol. i p. 378. BOSWELL.

[255] Northcote, according to Hazlitt, said of this character with some truth, that 'it was like one of Kneller's portraits—it would do for anybody.' Northcote's *Conversations*, p.86.

[256] See *post*, p.98.

[257] *London Chronicle*, May 2, 1769. This respectable man is there mentioned to have died on the 3rd of April, that year, at Cofflect, the seat of Thomas Veale, Esq., in his way to London. BOSWELL.

[258] Dr. Harte was the tutor of Mr. Eliot and of young Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's illegitimate son. 'My morning hopes,' wrote Chesterfield to his son at Rome, 'are justly placed in Mr. Harte, and the masters he will give you; my evening ones in the Roman ladies: pray be attentive to both.' Chesterfield's *Letters*, ii.263. See *ante*, i.163, note 1, ii.120, and *post*, June 27, 1784.

[259] Robertson's *Scotland* is in the February list of books in the *Gent. Mag*. for 1759; Harte's *Gustavus Adolphus* and Hume's *England under the House of Tudor* in the March list. Perhaps it was from Hume's competition that Harte suffered.

[260] *Essays on Husbandry*, 1764.

[261] See *ante*, iii. 381.

[262] 'Christmas Day, 1780. I shall not attempt to see Vestris till the weather is milder, though it is the universal voice that he is the only perfect being that has dropped from the clouds, within the memory of man or woman...When the Parliament meets he is to be thanked by the Speaker.' Walpole's *Letters*, vii. 480.

[263] Here Johnson uses his title of Doctor (*ante*, ii.332, note 1), but perhaps he does so as quoting the paragraph in the newspaper.

Page 255

[264] William, the first Viscount Grimston. BOSWELL. Swift thus introduces him in his lines *On Poetry, A Rhapsody*:—

> ’When death had finished Blackmore’s reign,
> The leaden crown devolved to thee,
> Great poet of the hollow tree.’

Mr. Nichols, in a note on this, says that Grimston ’wrote the play when a boy, to be acted by his schoolfellows.’ Swift’s *Works* (1803), xi. 297. Two editions were published apparently by Grimston himself, one bearing his name but no date, and the other the date of 1705 but no name. By 1705 Grimston was 22 years old—no longer a boy. The former edition was published by Bernard Lintott at the Cross Keys, Fleet-street, and the latter by the same bookseller at the Middle Temple Gate. The grossness of a young man of birth at this period is shewn by the Preface. The third edition with the elephant on the tight-rope was published in 1736. There is another illustration in which an ass is represented bearing a coronet. Grimston’s name is not given here, but there is a dedication ‘To the Right Sensible the Lord Flame.’ Three or four notes are added, one of which is very gross. The election was for St. Alban’s, for which borough he was thrice returned.

[265] Dr. T. Campbell records (*Diary*, p. 69) that ’Boswell asked Johnson if he had never been under the hands of a dancing master. “Aye, and a dancing mistress too,” says the Doctor; “but I own to you I never took a lesson but one or two; my blind eyes showed me I could never make a proficiency.”’

[266] See vol. ii. p.286. BOSWELL.

[267] Miss Burney writes of him in Feb. 1779:—’He is a professed minority man, and very active and zealous in the opposition. Men of such different principles as Dr. Johnson and Sir Philip cannot have much cordiality in their political debates; however, the very superior abilities of the former, and the remarkable good breeding of the latter have kept both upon good terms.’ She describes a hot argument between them, and continues:—’Dr. Johnson pursued him with unabating vigour and dexterity, and at length, though he could not convince, he so entirely baffled him, that Sir Philip was self-compelled to be quiet—which, with a very good grace, he confessed. Dr. Johnson then recollecting himself, and thinking, as he owned afterwards, that the dispute grew too serious, with a skill all his own, suddenly and unexpectedly turned it to burlesque.’ D’Arblay’s *Diary*, i. 192.

[268] See *post*, Jan. 20, 1782.

[269] See *ante*, ii.355.

[270] Here Johnson condescended to play upon the words *Long* and *short*. But little did he know that, owing to Mr. Long's reserve in his presence, he was talking thus of a gentleman distinguised amongst his acquaintance for acuteness of wit; one to whom I think the French expression, '*Il petille d'esprit*,' is particularly He has gratified me by mentioning that he heard Dr. Johnson say, 'Sir, if I were to lose Boswell, it would be a limb amputated.' BOSWELL.

Page 256

[271] William Weller Pepys, Esq., one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery, and well known in polite circles. My acquaintance with him is not sufficient to enable me to speak of him from my own judgement. But I know that both at Eton and Oxford he was the intimate friend of the late Sir James Macdonald, the *Marcellus* of Scotland [*ante*, i.449], whose extraordinary talents, learning, and virtues, will ever be remembered with admiration and regret. BOSWELL.

[272] See note, *ante*, p. 65, which describes an attack made by Johnson on Pepys more than two months after this conversation.

[273] Johnson once said to Mrs. Thrale:—'Why, Madam, you often provoke me to say severe things by unreasonable commendation. If you would not call for my praise, I would not give you my censure; but it constantly moves my indignation to be applied to, to speak well of a thing which I think contemptible.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i.132. See *ante*, iii.225.

[274] 'Mrs. Thrale,' wrote Miss Burney in 1780, 'is a most dear creature, but never restrains her tongue in anything, nor, indeed, any of her feelings. She laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun—does everything she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame; and, pure and artless as is this character, it often draws both herself and others into scrapes, which a little discretion would avoid.' *Ib*. i.386. Later on she writes:—'Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however unseasonable or even painful... I knew she was not to be safely trusted with anything she could turn into ridicule.' *Ib*. ii.24 and 29.

[275] Perhaps Mr. Seward, who was constantly at the Thrales' (*ante*, iii. 123).

[276] See *ante*, iii.228, 404.

[277] It was the seventh anniversary of Goldsmith's death.

[278] 'Mrs. Garrick and I,' wrote Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 208), 'were invited to an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. There was to be a fine concert, and all the fine people were to be there. Just as my hair was dressed, came a servant to forbid our coming, for that Mr. Thrale was dead.'

[279] *Pr. and Med.* p 191. BOSWELL. The rest of the entry should be given:—'On Wednesday, 11, was buried my dear friend Thrale, who died on Wednesday 4; and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. [On Sunday, 1st, the physician warned him against full meals, on Monday I pressed him to observance of his rules, but without effect, and Tuesday I was absent, but his wife pressed forbearance upon him again unsuccessfully. At night I was called to him, and found him senseless in strong convulsions. I staid in the room, except that I visited Mrs. Thrale twice.] About five, I

think, on Wednesday morning he expired; I felt, &c. Farewell. May God that delighteth in mercy have had mercy on thee. I

Page 257

had constantly prayed for him some time before his death. The decease of him from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself.' The passage enclosed in brackets I have copied from the original MS. Mr. Strahan, the editor, omitted it, no doubt from feelings of delicacy. What a contrast in this to the widow who published a letter in which she had written:—'I wish that you would put in a word of your own to Mr. Thrale about eating less!' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.130. Baretti, in a note on *Piozzi Letters*, ii.142, says that 'nobody ever had spirit enough to tell Mr. Thrale that his fits were apoplectic; such is the blessing of being rich that nobody dares to speak out.' In Johnson's *Works* (1787), xi.203, it is recorded that 'Johnson, who attended Thrale in his last moments, said, "His servants would have waited upon him in this awful period, and why not his friend?"'

[280] Johnson's letters to the widow show how much he felt Thrale's death. 'April 5, 1781. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. April 7. My part of the loss hangs upon me. I have lost a friend of boundless kindness, at an age when it is very unlikely that I should find another. April 9. Our sorrow has different effects; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have lost. I never had such a friend before. April 11. I feel myself like a man beginning a new course of life. I had interwoven myself with my dear friend.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 191-97. 'I have very often,' wrote Miss Burney, in the following June, 'though I mention them not, long and melancholy discourses with Dr. Johnson about our dear deceased master, whom, indeed, he regrets incessantly.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 63. On his next birthday, he wrote:—'My first knowledge of Thrale was in 1765. I enjoyed his favour for almost a fourth part of my life.' *Pr. and Med.* p.191. One or two passages in Mrs. Thrale's Letters shew her husband's affection for Johnson. On May 3, 1776, she writes:—'Mr. Thrale says he shall not die in peace without seeing Rome, and I am sure he will go nowhere that he can help without you.' *Piozzi Letters*, i.317. A few days later, she speaks of 'our dear master, who cannot be quiet without you for a week.' *Ib.* p.329. Johnson, in his fine epitaph on Thrale (*Works*, i.153) broke through a rule which he himself had laid down. In his *Essay on Epitaphs* (*Ib.* v 263), he said:—'It is improper to address the epitaph to the passenger [traveller], a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters.' Yet in the monument in Streatham Church, we find the same *Abi viator* which he had censured in an epitaph on Henry IV of France.

Page 258

[281] Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale shew that he had long been well acquainted with the state of her husband's business. In the year 1772, Mr. Thrale was in money difficulties. Johnson writes to her almost as if he were a partner in the business. 'The first consequence of our late trouble ought to be an endeavour to brew at a cheaper rate...Unless this can be done, nothing can help us; and if this be done, we shall not want help.' *Piozzi Letters*, i.57. He urges economy in the household, and continues:—-'But the fury of housewifery will soon subside; and little effect will be produced, but by methodical attention and even frugality.' *Ib.* p.64. In another letter he writes:—'This year will undoubtedly be an year of struggle and difficulty; but I doubt not of getting through it; and the difficulty will grow yearly less and less. Supposing that our former mode of life kept us on the level, we shall, by the present contraction of expense, gain upon fortune a thousand a year, even though no improvements can be made in the conduct of the trade.' *Piozzi Letters*, i. 66. Four years later, he writes:—'To-day I went to look into my places at the Borough. I called on Mr. Perkins in the counting-house. He crows and triumphs, as we go on we shall double our business.' *Ib.* p. 333. When the executors first met, he wrote:—'We met to-day, and were told of mountainous difficulties, till I was provoked to tell them, that if there were really so much to do and suffer, there would be no executors in the world. Do not suffer yourself to be terrified.' *Ib.* ii. 197. Boswell says (*ante*, ii. 44l):—'I often had occasion to remark, Johnson loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life.' When Boswell had purchased a farm, 'Johnson,' he writes (*ante*, iii. 207), 'made several calculations of the expense and profit; for he delighted in exercising his mind on the science of numbers.' The letter (*ante*, ii. 424) about the book-trade 'exhibits,' to use Boswell's words, 'his extraordinary precision and acuteness.' Boswell wrote to Temple:—'Dr. Taylor has begged of Dr. Johnson to come to London, to assist him in some interesting business; and Johnson loves much to be so consulted, and so comes up.' *Ante*, iii. 51, note 3.

[282] Johnson, as soon as the will was read, wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—'You have, L500 for your immediate expenses, and, L2000 a year, with both the houses and all the goods.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 192. Beattie wrote on June 1:—'Everybody says Mr. Thrale should have left Johnson L200 a year; which, from a fortune like his, would have been a very inconsiderable deduction.' Beattie's *Life*, ed. 1824, p. 290.

[283] Miss Burney thus writes of the day of the sale:—'Mrs. Thrale went early to town, to meet all the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, who was the bidder. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me if all went well she would wave a white handkerchief out of the coach-window. Four o'clock came and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Queeny and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered in eager expectation, till near six, and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white handkerchief was waved from it.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 34. The brewery was sold for L135,000. See *post*, June 16, 1781.

Page 259

[284] See *post*, paragraph before June 22, 1784.

[285] Baretti, in a MS. note on *Piozzi Letters*, i. 369, says that 'the two last years of Thrale's life his brewery brought him L30,000 a year neat profit.'

[286] In the fourth edition of his *Dictionary*, published in 1773, Johnson introduced a second definition of *patriot*:—'It is sometimes used for a factious disturber of the government.' Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, ii. 77) wrote on Feb. 21, 1772:—'Charles Fox is commenced patriot, and is already attempting to pronounce the words, *country*, *liberty*, *corruption*, &c.; with what success time will discover.' Forty years before Johnson begged not to meet patriots, Sir Robert Walpole said:—'A patriot, Sir! why patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts.' Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 659. See *ante*, ii. 348, and iii. 66.

[287] He was tried on Feb. 5 and 6, 1781. *Ann. Reg.* xxiv. 217.

[288] Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 210) records a dinner on a Tuesday in this year. (Like Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, she cared nothing for dates.) It was in the week after Thrale's death. It must have been the dinner here mentioned by Boswell; for it was at a Bishop's (Shipley of St. Asaph), and Sir Joshua and Boswell were among the guests. Why Boswell recorded none of Johnson's conversation may be guessed from what she tells. 'I was heartily disgusted,' she says, 'with Mr. Boswell, who came up stairs after dinner much disordered with wine.' (See *post*, p. 109). The following morning Johnson called on her. 'He reproved me,' she writes, 'with pretended sharpness for reading *Les Pensees de Pascal*, alleging that as a good Protestant I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and with a tear running down his cheeks, "Child," said he, with the most affecting earnestness, "I am heartily glad that you read pious books, by whomsoever they may be written."'

[289] On Good-Friday, in 1778, Johnson recorded:—'It has happened this week, as it never happened in Passion-week before, that I have never dined at home, and I have therefore neither practised abstinence nor peculiar devotion' *Pr. and Med.* p. 163.

[290] No. 7.

[291] See *ante*, iii. 302.

[292] Richard Berenger, Esq., many years Gentleman of the Horse, and first Equerry to his present Majesty. MALONE. According to Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec.* p. 156), he was Johnson's 'standard of true elegance.'

[293] See *ante*, iii. 186.

Page 260

[294] Johnson (*Works*, vii. 449) thus describes Addison's 'familiar day,' on the authority of Pope:—'He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterwards to Button's [coffee-house]. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine.' Spence (*Anec.* p. 286) adds, on the authority of Pope, that 'Addison passed each day alike, and much in the manner that Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing; dined *en famille*; and then went to Wills's; only he came home earlier a'nights'

[295] Mr. Foss says of Blackstone:—'Ere he had been long on the bench he experienced the bad effects of the studious habits in which he had injudiciously indulged in his early life, and of his neglect to take the necessary amount of exercise, to which he was specially averse.' He died at the age of 56. Foss's *Judges*, viii. 250. He suffered greatly from his corpulence. His portrait in the Bodleian shews that he was a very fat man. Malone says that Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell) wrote to Blackstone's family to apologise for Boswell's anecdote. Prior's *Malone*, p. 415. Scott would not have thought any the worse of Blackstone for his bottle of port; both he and his brother, the Chancellor, took a great deal of it. 'Lord Eldon liked plain port; the stronger the better.' Twiss's *Eldon*, iii. 486. Some one asked him whether Lord Stowell took much exercise. 'None,' he said, 'but the exercise of eating and drinking.' *Ib.* p. 302. Yet both men got through a vast deal of hard work, and died, Eldon at the age of 86, and Stowell of 90.

[296] See this explained, pp. 52, 53 of this volume. BOSWELL.

[297] See *ante*, ii. 7.

[298] William Scott was a tutor of University College at the age of nineteen. He held the office for ten years—to 1775. He wrote to his father in 1772 about his younger brother John (afterwards Lord Eldon), who had just made a run-away match:—'The business in which I am engaged is so extremely disagreeable in itself, and so destructive to health (if carried on with such success as can render it at all considerable in point of profit) that I do not wonder at his unwillingness to succeed me in it.' Twiss's *Eldon*, i. 47, 74.

[299] The account of her marriage given By John Wesley in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hall, is curious. He wrote on Dec. 22, 1747:—'More than twelve years ago you told me God had revealed it to you that you should marry my youngest sister ... You asked and gained her consent... In a few days you had a counter-revelation, that you was not to marry her, but her sister. This last error was far worse than the first. But you was not quite above conviction. So, in spite of her poor astonished parents, of her brothers, of all your vows and promises, you shortly after jilted the younger and married the elder sister.' Wesley's *Journal*, ii. 39. Mrs. Hall suffered greatly for marrying a wretch who had so cruelly treated her own sister, Southey's *Wesley*, i. 369.

Page 261

[300] See *ante*, iii. 269.

[301] The original ‘Robinhood’ was a debating society which met near Temple-Bar. Some twenty years before this time Goldsmith belonged to it, and, it was said, Burke. Forster’s *Goldsmith*, i. 287, and Prior’s *Burke*, p. 79. The president was a baker by trade. ’Goldsmith, after hearing him give utterance to a train of strong and ingenious reasoning, exclaimed to Derrick, “That man was meant by nature for a Lord Chancellor.” Derrick replied, “No, no, not so high; he is only intended for Master of the *Rolls*."’ Prior’s *Goldsmith*, i. 420. Fielding, in 1752, in *The Covent-Garden Journal*, Nos. 8 and 9, takes off this Society and the baker. A fragment of a report of their discussions which he pretends to have discovered, begins thus:—’This evenin the questin at the Robinhood was, whether relidgin was of any youse to a sosyaty; baken bifor mee To’mmas Whytebred, baker.’ Horace Walpole (*Letters*, iv. 288), in 1764, wrote of the visit of a French gentleman to England, ’He has *seen* ... Jews, Quakers, Mr. Pitt, the Royal Society, the Robinhood, Lord Chief-Justice Pratt, the Arts-and-Sciences, &c.’ Romilly (*Life*, i. 168), in a letter dated May 22, 1781, says that during the past winter several of these Sunday religious debating societies had been established. ‘The auditors,’ he was assured, ’were mostly weak, well-meaning people, who were inclined to Methodism;’ but among the speakers were ’some designing villains, and a few coxcombs, with more wit than understanding.’ ‘Nothing,’ he continues, ’could raise up panegyrists of these societies but what has lately happened, an attempt to suppress them. The Solicitor-General has brought a bill into Parliament for this purpose. The bill is drawn artfully enough; for, as these societies are held on Sundays, and people pay for admittance, he has joined them with a famous tea-drinking house [Carlisle House], involving them both in the same fate, and entitling his bill, *A Bill to regulate certain Abuses and Profanations of the Lord’s Day*.’ The Bill was carried; on a division none being found among the Noes but the two tellers. The penalties for holding a meeting were L200 for the master of the house, L100 for the moderator of the meeting, and L50 for each of the servants at the door. *Parl. Hist.* xxii. 262, 279.

[302] *St. Matthew*, xxvii. 52.

[303] I *Corinthians*, xv. 37.

[304] As this subject frequently recurs in these volumes, the reader may be led erroneously to suppose that Dr. Johnson was so fond of such discussions, as frequently to introduce them. But the truth is, that the authour himself delighted in talking concerning ghosts, and what he has frequently denominated *the mysterious*; and therefore took every opportunity of *leading* Johnson to converse on such subjects. MALONE. See *ante*, i. 406.

[305] Macbean (Johnson’s old amanuensis, *ante*, i. 187) is not in Boswell’s list of guests; but in the Pemb. Coll. MSS., there is the following entry on Monday, April 16: —’Yesterday at dinner were Mrs. Hall, Mr. Levet, Macbean, Boswel (sic), Allen. Time

passed in talk after dinner. At seven, I went with Mrs. Hall to Church, and came back to tea.'

Page 262

[306] Mrs. Piozzi records (*Anec*. p. 192) that he said 'a long time after my poor mother's death, I heard her voice call *Sam*.' She is so inaccurate that most likely this is merely her version of the story that Boswell has recorded above. See also *ante*, i. 405. Lord Macaulay made more of this story of the voice than it could well bear—'Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst.' Macaulay's *Writings and Speeches*, ed. 1871, p. 374.

[307]

'One wife is too much for most husbands to bear, But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.'

Act iii. sc. 4.

[308] 'I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless.' *The Spectator*, No. 110.

[309] *St. Matthew*, chap. xxvii. vv. 52, 53. BOSWELL.

[310] Garrick died on Jan. 20, 1779.

[311] Garrick called her *Nine*, (the Nine Muses). 'Nine,' he said, 'you are a *Sunday Woman*.' H. More's *Memoirs*, i. 113.

[312] See vol. iii. p. 331. BOSWELL.

[313] See *ante*, ii. 325, note 3.

[314] Boswell is quoting from Johnson's eulogium on Garrick in his *Life of Edmund Smith. Works*, vii. 380. See *ante*, i. 81.

[315] How fond she and her husband had been is shewn in a letter, in which, in answer to an invitation, he says:—'As I have not left Mrs. Garrick one day since we were married, near twenty-eight years, I cannot now leave her.' *Garrick Corres.* ii. 150. 'Garrick's widow is buried with him. She survived him forty-three years—"a little bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." (*Pen and Ink Sketches*, 1864).' Stanley's *Westminster Abbey*, ed. 1868, p. 305.

[316] *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. i.

[317] See *ante*, ii. 461.

[318] Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 346) describes Hollis as 'a most excellent man, a most immaculate Whig, but as simple a poor soul as ever existed, except his editor, who has given extracts from the good creature's diary that are very near as anile as Ashmole's. There are thanks to God for reaching every birthday, ... and thanks to Heaven for her Majesty's being delivered of a third or fourth prince, and *God send he may prove a good man*.' See also Walpole's *Journal of the Reign of George III*, i. 287. Dr. Franklin wrote much more highly of him. Speaking of what he had done, he said:—-'It is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man, *if he will make a business of it*.' Franklin's Memoirs, ed. 1818, iii. 135.

Page 263

[319] See p. 77 of this volume. BOSWELL.

[320] See *ante*, iii. 97.

[321] On April 6 of the next year this gentleman, when Secretary of the Treasury, destroyed himself, overwhelmed, just as Cowper had been, by the sense of the responsibility of an office which had been thrust upon him. See Hannah More's *Memoirs*, i. 245, and Walpole's *Letters*, viii. 206.

[322] 'It is commonly supposed that the uniformity of a studious life affords no matter for a narration; but the truth is, that of the most studious life a great part passes without study. An author partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes and fears, expectations and disappointments, griefs and joys, and friends and enemies, like a courtier, or a statesman; nor can I conceive why his affairs should not excite curiosity as much as the whisper of a drawing-room or the factions of a camp.' *The Idler*, No. 102.

[323] Hannah More wrote of this day (*Memoirs*, i. 212):—'I accused Dr. Johnson of not having done justice to the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He spoke disparagingly of both. I praised *Lycidas*, which he absolutely abused, adding, "if Milton had not written the *Paradise Lost*, he would have only ranked among the minor Poets. He was a Phidias that could cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry-stones."' See *post*, June 13, 1784. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* Johnson described as 'two noble efforts of imagination.' Of *Lycidas* he wrote:—'Surely no man could have fancied that he read it with pleasure, had he not known the author.' *Works*, vii. 121, 2.

[324] Murphy (*Life of Garrick*, p. 374) says 'Shortly after Garrick's death Johnson was told in a large company, "You are recent from the *Lives of the Poets*; why not add your friend Garrick to the number?" Johnson's answer was, "I do not like to be officious; but if Mrs. Garrick will desire me to do it, I shall be very willing to pay that last tribute to the memory of a man I loved." 'Murphy adds that he himself took care that Mrs. Garrick was informed of what Johnson had said, but that no answer was ever received.

[325] Miss Burney wrote in May:—'Dr. Johnson was charming, both in spirits and humour. I really think he grows gayer and gayer daily, and more *ductile* and pleasant.' In June she wrote:—'I found him in admirable good-humour, and our journey [to Streatham] was extremely pleasant. I thanked him for the last batch of his poets, and we talked them over almost all the way.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 23, 44. Beattie, a week or two later, wrote:—'Johnson grows in grace as he grows in years. He not only has better health and a fresher complexion than ever he had before (at least since I knew him), but he has contracted a gentleness of manner which pleases everybody.' Beattie's *Life*, ed. 1824, p. 289.

Page 264

[326] See *ante*, iii. 65. Wilkes was by this time City Chamberlain. 'I think I see him at this moment,' said Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 43), 'walking through the crowded streets of the city, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, "A coach, your honour."'

[327] See *ante*, ii. 201, for Beattie's *Essay on Truth*.

[328] Thurot, in the winter of 1759-60, with a small squadron made descents on some of the Hebrides and on the north-eastern coast of Ireland. In a sea fight off Ireland he was killed and his ships were taken. *Gent. Mag*. xxx. 107. Horace Walpole says that in the alarm raised by him in Ireland, 'the bankers there stopped payment.' *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, iii. 224.

[329]

> 'Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
> And think they grow immortal as they quote.'

Young's *Love of Fame*, sat. i. Cumberland (*Memoirs*, ii. 226) says that Mr. Dilly, speaking of 'the profusion of quotations which some writers affectedly make use of, observed that he knew a Presbyterian parson who, for eighteenpence, would furnish any pamphleteer with as many scraps of Greek and Latin as would pass him off for an accomplished classic.'

[330] Cowley was quite out of fashion. Richardson (*Corres.* ii. 229) wrote more than thirty years earlier:—'I wonder Cowley is so absolutely neglected.' Pope, a dozen years or so before Richardson, asked,

> 'Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.'

Imitations of Horace, Epis. ii. i. 75.

[331] See *ante*, ii. 58, and iii. 276.

[332] 'There was a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall that arrogantly called itself The World. Lord Stanhope (now Lord Chesterfield) was a member. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses by each member after dinner. Once when Dr. Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing because he had no diamond, Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

> "*Accept* a miracle," &c.'

Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 377. Dr. Maty (*Memoirs of Chesterfield*, i. 227) assigns the lines to Pope, and lays the scene at Lord Cobham's. Spence, however, gives Young himself as his authority.

[333] 'Aug. 1778. "I wonder," said Mrs. Thrale, "you bear with my nonsense." "No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sense and more wit than any woman I know." "Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, "it is my turn to go under the table this morning, Miss Burney." "And yet," continued the doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint." "Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale. "Pray, who is she?" "Oh, a fine character, madam. She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot.... Mrs. Williams," he added, "did not love Bet Flint, but Bet Flint made herself very easy about that."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 87, 90.

Page 265

[334] Johnson, whose memory was wonderfully retentive [see *ante*, i. 39], remembered the first four lines of this curious production, which have been communicated to me by a young lady of his acquaintance:—

'When first I drew my vital breath, A little minikin I came upon earth; And then I came from a dark abode, Into this gay and gaudy world.' BOSWELL.

[335] The *Sessional Reports of the Old Bailey Trials* for 1758, p. 278, contain a report of the trial. The Chief Justice Willes was in the Commission, but, according to the *Report*, it was before the Recorder that Bet Flint was tried. It may easily be, however, that either the reporter or the printer has blundered. It is only by the characters * and that the trials before the Chief Justice and the Recorder are distinguished. Bet had stolen not only the counterpane, but five other articles. The prosecutrix could not prove that the articles were hers, and not a captain's, whose servant she said she had been, and who was now abroad. On this ground the prisoner was acquitted. Of Chief Justice Willes, Horace Walpole writes:—'He was not wont to disguise any of his passions. That for gaming was notorious; for women unbounded.' He relates an anecdote of his wit and licentiousness. Walpole's *Reign of George II*, i. 89. He had been Johnson's schoolfellow (*ante*, i. 45).

[336] Burke is meant. See *ante*, ii. 131, where Johnson said that Burke spoke too familiarly; and *post*, May 15, 1784, where he said that 'when Burke lets himself down to jocularity he is in the kennel.'

[337] Wilkes imperfectly recalled to mind the following passage in Plutarch:—'[Greek: Euphranor ton Thaesea ton heatou to Parrhasiou parebale, legon tor men ekeinou hroda bebrokenai, tor de eautou krea boeia.]' 'Euphranor, comparing his own Theseus with Parrhasius's, said that Parrhasius's had fed on roses, but his on beef.' *Plutarch*, ed. 1839, iii. 423.

[338] Portugal, receiving from Brazil more gold than it needed for home uses, shipped a large quantity to England. It was said, though probably with exaggeration, that the weekly packet-boat from Lisbon, brought one week with another, more than L50,000 in gold to England. Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, book iv. ch. 6. Portugal pieces were current in our colonies, and no doubt were commonly sent to them from London. It was natural therefore that they should be selected for this legal fiction.

[339] See *ante*, ii. III.

[340] 'Whenever the whole of our foreign trade and consumption exceeds our exportation of commodities, our money must go to pay our debts so contracted, whether melted or not melted down. If the law makes the exportation of our coin penal, it will be melted down; if it leaves the exportation of our coin free, as in Holland, it will be carried out in specie. One way or other, go it must, as we see in Spain.... Laws made against

exportation of money or bullion will be all in vain. Restraint or liberty in that matter makes no country rich or poor.' Locke's *Works*, ed. 1824, iv. 160.

Page 266

[341] 'Nov. 14, 1779. Mr. Beauclerk has built a library in Great Russellstreet, that reaches half way to Highgate. Everybody goes to see it; it has put the Museum's nose quite out of joint.' Walpole's *Letters*, vii. 273. It contained upwards of 30,000 volumes, and the sale extended over fifty days. Two days' sale were given to the works on divinity, including, in the words of the catalogue, 'Heterodox! et Increduli. Angl. Freethinkers and their opponents.' *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics*, p. 315. It sold for L5,011 (ante, in. 420, note 4). Wilkes's own library—a large one—had been sold in 1764, in a five days' sale, as is shewn by the *Auctioneer's Catalogue*, which is in the Bodleian.

[342] 'Our own language has from the Reformation to the present time been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them.' *The Idler*, No. 91.

[343] Mr. Wilkes probably did not know that there is in an English sermon the most comprehensive and lively account of that entertaining faculty, for which he himself is so much admired. It is in Dr. Barrow's first volume, and fourteenth sermon, *'Against foolish Talking and Jesting.'* My old acquaintance, the late Corbyn Morris, in his ingenious *Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule*, calls it 'a profuse description of Wit;' but I do not see how it could be curtailed, without leaving out some good circumstance of discrimination. As it is not generally known, and may perhaps dispose some to read sermons, from which they may receive real advantage, while looking only for entertainment, I shall here subjoin it:—'But first (says the learned preacher) it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is? Or what this facetiousness (or *wit* as he calls it before) doth import? To which questions I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, "'Tis that which we all see and know." Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgements, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection:

Page 267

sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange: sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable, and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy, and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by,) which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dextrously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed [Greek: *hepidexioi*], dextrous men, and [Greek: *eustrophoi*], men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves.) It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, as semblance of difficulty: (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure:) by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.' BOSWELL. Morris's *Essay* was published in 1744. Hume wrote:—'Pray do you not think that a proper dedication may atone for what is objectionable in my Dialogues'! I am become much of my friend Corbyn Morrice's mind, who says that he writes all his books for the sake of the dedications.' J. H. Burton's *Hume*, ii. 147.

[344] The quarrel arose from the destruction by George II. of George I.'s will (*ante*, ii. 342). The King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, was George I.'s grandson. 'Vague rumours spoke of a large legacy to the Queen of Prussia [Frederick's mother]. Of that bequest demands were afterwards said to have been frequently and roughly made by her son, the great King of Prussia, between whom and his uncle subsisted much inveteracy.' Walpole's *Letters*, i. cxx.

Page 268

[345] When I mentioned this to the Bishop of Killaloe, ‘With the goat,’ said his Lordship. Such, however, is the engaging politeness and pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes, and such the social good humour of the Bishop, that when they dined together at Mr. Dilly’s, where I also was, they were mutually agreeable. BOSWELL. It was not the lion, but the leopard, that shall lie down with the kid. *Isaiah*, xi. 6.

[346] Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, authour of tracts relating to natural history, &c. BOSWELL.

[347] Mrs. Montagu, so early as 1757, wrote of Mr. Stillingfleet:—’I assure you our philosopher is so much a man of pleasure, he has left off his old friends and his blue stockings, and is at operas and other gay assemblies every night.’ Montagu’s *Letters*, iv. 117.

[348] See *ante*, in. 293, note 5.

[349] Miss Burney thus describes her:—’She is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly yet evidently, and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak (sic) all within to be comfortable.... She is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside.... Her parties are the most brilliant in town.’ Miss Burney then describes one of these parties, at which were present Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. ’The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland’s.’ Miss Burney herself was ’surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all looking saucily.... Dr. Johnson was standing near the fire, and environed with listeners.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 179, 186, 190. Leslie wrote of Lady Corke in 1834 (*Autobiographical Recollections*, i. 137, 243):—’Notwithstanding her great age, she is very animated. The old lady, who was a lion-hunter in her youth, is as much one now as ever.’ She ran after a Boston negro named Prince Saunders, who ’as he put his Christian name “Prince” on his cards without the addition of Mr., was believed to be a native African prince, and soon became a lion of the first magnitude in fashionable circles.’ She died in 1840.

[350] ’A lady once ventured to ask Dr. Johnson how he liked Yorick’s [Sterne’s] *Sermons*. “I know nothing about them, madam,” was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them. The lady retorted:—“I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them.” “No, Madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach; I should not have even deigned to look at them had I been at large.” Cradock’s *Memoirs*, p. 208.

[351] See *ante*, iii. 382, note 1.

Page 269

[352] Next day I endeavoured to give what had happened the most ingenious turn I could, by the following verses:—

To THE HONOURABLE Miss MONCKTON.

‘Not that with th’ excellent Montrose
  I had the happiness to dine;
Not that I late from table rose,
  From Graham’s wit, from generous wine.

It was not these alone which led
  On sacred manners to encroach;
And made me feel what most I dread,
  JOHNSON’S just frown, and self-reproach.

But when I enter’d, not abash’d,
  From your bright eyes were shot such rays,
At once intoxication flash’d,
  And all my frame was in a blaze.

But not a brilliant blaze I own,
  Of the dull smoke I’m yet asham’d;
I was a dreary ruin grown,
  And not enlighten’d though inflam’d.

Victim at once to wine and love,
  I hope, MARIA, you’ll forgive;
While I invoke the powers above,
  That henceforth I may wiser live.’

The lady was generously forgiving, returned me an obliging answer, and I thus obtained an *Act of Oblivion*, and took care never to offend again. BOSWELL.

[353] See *ante*, ii. 436, and iv. 88, note I.

[354] On May 22 Horace Walpole wrote (*Letters*, viii. 44):—’Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week, and was let in, which he should not have been, could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics, to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand. “Had I seen Dr. Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*?” I said slightly, “No, not yet;” and so overlaid his whole impertinence.’

[355] See *ante*, iii. 1.

[356] See *ante*, ii. 47, note 2; 352, note I; and iii. 376, for explanations of like instances of Boswell’s neglect.

[357] See *ante*, i. 298, note 4.

[358] ‘He owned he sometimes talked for victory.’ Boswell’s *Hebrides*, opening pages.

[359] The late Right Hon. William Gerard Hamilton. MALONE.

[360] Dr. Johnson, being told of a man who was thankful for being introduced to him, ’as he had been convinced in a long dispute that an opinion which he had embraced as a settled truth was no better than a vulgar error, “Nay,” said he, “do not let him be thankful, for he was right, and I was wrong.” Like his Uncle Andrew in the ring at Smithfield, Johnson, in a circle of disputants, was determined neither to be thrown nor conquered.’ Murphy’s *Johnson*, p. 139. Johnson, in *The Adventurer*, No. 85, seems to describe his own talk. He writes:—’ While the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible;

Page 270

a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force.' J. S. Mill gives somewhat the same account of his own father. 'I am inclined to think,' he writes, 'that he did injustice to his own opinions by the unconscious exaggerations of an intellect emphatically polemical; and that when thinking without an adversary in view, he was willing to make room for a great portion of the truths he seemed to deny.' Mill's *Autobiography*, p. 201. See also *ante*, ii. 100, 450, in. 23, 277, 331; and *post*, May 18, 1784, and Steevens's account of Johnson just before June 22, 1784.

[361] Thomas Shaw, D.D., author of *Travels to Barbary and the Levant*.

[362] See ante, iii. 314.

[363] The friend very likely was Boswell himself. He was one of 'these *tanti* men.' 'I told Paoli that in the very heat of youth I felt the *nom est tanti*, the *omnia vanitas* of one who has exhausted all the sweets of his being, and is weary with dull repetition. I told him that I had almost become for ever incapable of taking a part in active life.' Boswell's *Corsica*, ed. 1879, p. 193.

[364] *Letters on the English Nation: By Batista Angeloni, a Jesuit, who resided many years in London. Translated from the original Italian by the Author of the Marriage Act. A Novel*. 2 vols. London [no printer's name given], 1755. Shebbeare published besides six *Letters to the People of England* in the years 1755-7, for the last of which he was sentenced to the pillory. *Ante*, iii. 315, note I. Horace Walpole (*Letters*, iii. 74) described him in 1757 as 'a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory.'

[365] I recollect a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that the King had pensioned both a *He*-bear and a *She*-bear. BOSWELL. See *ante*, ii. 66, and *post*, April 28, 1783.

[366]

> Witness, ye chosen train
> Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
> Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
> Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.'

Heroic Epistle. See *post*, under June 16, 1784.

[367] In this he was unlike the King, who, writes Horace Walpole,' expecting only an attack on Chambers, bought it to tease, and began reading it to, him; but, finding it more

bitter on himself, flung it down on the floor in a passion, and would read no more.' *Journal of the Reign of George III*, i. 187.

[368] They were published in 1773 in a pamphlet of 16 pages, and, with the good fortune that attends a muse in the peerage, reached a third edition in the year. To this same earl the second edition of Byron's *Hours of Idleness* was 'dedicated by his obliged ward and affectionate kinsman, the author.' In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, he is abused in the passage which begins:—

Page 271

’No muse will cheer with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.’

In a note Byron adds:—’The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.’ In the third canto of *Childe Harold* Byron makes amends. In writing of the death of Lord Carlisle’s youngest son at Waterloo, he says:—

’Their praise is hymn’d by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong.’

For his lordship’s tragedy see *post*, under Nov. 19, 1783.

[369] Men of rank and fortune, however, should be pretty well assured of having a real claim to the approbation of the publick, as writers, before they venture to stand forth. Dryden, in his preface to *All for Love*, thus expresses himself:—

’Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so) and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out by [with] a smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen, by their poetry:

*"Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in ilia
Fortuna,”——[Juvenal*, viii. 73.]

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle: If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talents [talent], yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right where he said, “That no man is satisfied with his own condition.” A poet is not pleased, because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number.’ BOSWELL. Boswell, it should seem, had followed Swift’s advice:—

’Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;

Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.'

Swift's *Works*, ed. 1803, xi. 293.

[370] See *ante*, i. 402.

[371] Wordsworth, it should seem, held with Johnson in this. When he read the article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Lord Byron's early poems, he remarked that 'though Byron's verses were probably poor enough, yet such an attack was abominable,—that a young nobleman, who took to poetry, deserved to be encouraged, not ridiculed.' Rogers's *Table-Talk*, p. 234, note.

Page 272

[372] Dr. Barnard, formerly Dean of Derry. See *ante*, iii. 84.

[373] This gave me very great pleasure, for there had been once a pretty smart altercation between Dr. Barnard and him, upon a question, whether a man could improve himself after the age of forty-five; when Johnson in a hasty humour, expressed himself in a manner not quite civil. Dr. Barnard made it the subject of a copy of pleasant verses, in which he supposed himself to learn different perfections from different men. They concluded with delicate irony:—

’Johnson shall teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow’d grace;
From him I’ll learn to write;
Copy his clear familiar style,
And by the roughness of his file
Grow, like *himself, polite*.’

I know not whether Johnson ever saw the poem, but I had occasion to find that as Dr. Barnard and he knew each other better, their mutual regard increased. BOSWELL. See Appendix A.

[374] See *ante*, ii. 357, iii. 309, and *post*, March 23, 1783.

[375] ’Sir Joshua once asked Lord B—— to dine with Dr. Johnson and the rest, but though a man of rank and also of good information, he seemed as much alarmed at the idea as if you had tried to force him into one of the cages at Exeter-Change.’ Hazlitt’s *Conversations of Northcote*, p. 41.

[376] Yet when he came across them he met with much respect. At Alnwick he was, he writes, ’treated with great civility by the Duke of Northumberland.’ *Piozzi Letters*, i. 108. At Inverary, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle shewed him great attention. Boswell’s *Hebrides*, Oct. 25. In fact, all through his Scotch tour he was most politely welcomed by ‘the great.’ At Chatsworth, he was ‘honestly pressed to stay’ by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire (*post*, Sept. 9, 1784). See *ante*, iii. 21. On the other hand, Mrs. Barbauld says:—’I believe it is true that in England genius and learning obtain less personal notice than in most other parts of Europe.’ She censures ’the contemptuous manner in which Lady Wortley Montagu mentioned Richardson:—“The doors of the Great,” she says, “were never opened to him."’ *Richardson Corres.* i. clxxiv.

[377] When Lord Elibank was seventy years old, he wrote:—’I shall be glad to go five hundred miles to enjoy a day of his company.’ Boswell’s *Hebrides*, Sept. 12.

[378] *Romans*, x. 2.

[379] I *Peter*, iii. 15.

[380] Horace Walpole wrote three years earlier:—' Whig principles are founded on sense; a Whig may be a fool, a Tory must be so.' *Letters*, vii. 88.

[381] Mr. Barclay, a descendant of Robert Barclay, of Ury, the celebrated apologist of the people called Quakers, and remarkable for maintaining the principles of his venerable progenitor, with as much of the elegance of modern manners, as is consistent with primitive simplicity, BOSWELL.

Page 273

[382] Now Bishop of Llandaff, one of the *poorest* Bishopricks in this kingdom. His Lordship has written with much zeal to show the propriety of *equalizing* the revenues of Bishops. He has informed us that he has burnt all his chemical papers. The friends of our excellent constitution, now assailed on every side by innovators and levellers, would have less regretted the suppression of some of this Lordship's other writings. BOSWELL. Boswell refers to *A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Richard, Lord Bishop of Landaff*, 1782. If the revenues were made more equal, 'the poorer Bishops,' the Bishop writes, 'would be freed from the necessity of holding ecclesiastical preferments *in commendam* with their Bishopricks,' p. 8.

[383] De Quincey says that Sir Humphry Davy told him, 'that he could scarcely imagine a time, or a condition of the science, in which the Bishop's *Essays* would be superannuated.' De Quincey's *Works*, ii. 106. De Quincey describes the Bishop as being 'always a discontented man, a railer at the government and the age, which could permit such as his to pine away ingloriously in one of the humblest among the Bishopricks.' *Ib*. p. 107. He was, he adds, 'a true Whig,' and would have been made Archbishop of York had his party staid in power a little longer in 1807.'

[384] *Rasselas*, chap. xi.

[385] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 30.

[386] 'They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden.' *Genesis*, iii. 8.

[387]

> ... 'Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
> Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.'
>
> 'And sure the man who has it in his power
> To practise virtue, and protracts the hour,
> Waits like the rustic till the river dried;
> Still glides the river, and will ever glide.'

FRANCIS. Horace, *Epist*. i. 2. 41.

[388] See *ante*, p. 59.

[389] See *ante*, iii. 251.

[390] See *ante*, iii. 136.

[391] This assertion is disproved by a comparison of dates. The first four satires of Young were published in 1725; The South Sea scheme (which appears to be meant,)

was in 1720. MALONE. In Croft's *Life of Young*, which Johnson adopted, it is stated: —'By the *Universal Passion* he acquired no vulgar fortune, more than L3000. A considerable sum had already been swallowed up in the South Sea.' Johnson's *Works*, viii. 430. Some of Young's poems were published before 1720.

[392] Crabbe got Johnson to revise his poem, *The Village* (*post*, under March 23, 1783). He states, that 'the Doctor did not readily comply with requests for his opinion; not from any unwillingness to oblige, but from a painful contention in his mind between a desire of giving pleasure and a determination to speak truth.' Crabbe's *Works*, ii. 12. See *ante*, ii. 51, 195, and iii. 373.

Page 274

[393] Pope's *Essay on Man*, iv. 390. See *ante*, iii. 6, note 2.

[394] He had within the last seven weeks gone up drunk, at least twice, to a lady's drawing-room. *Ante*, pp. 88, note 1, and 109.

[395] Mr. Croker, though without any authority, prints *unconscious*.

[396] I Corinthians, ix. 27. See *ante*, 295.

[397] 'We walk by faith, not by sight.' 2 Corinthians, v. 7

[398] Dr. Ogden, in his second sermon *On the Articles of the Christian Faith*, with admirable acuteness thus addresses the opposers of that Doctrine, which accounts for the confusion, sin and misery, which we find in this life: 'It would be severe in GOD, you think, to *degrade* us to such a sad state as this, for the offence of our first parents: but you can allow him to *place* us in it without any inducement. Are our calamities lessened for not being ascribed to Adam? If your condition be unhappy, is it not still unhappy, whatever was the occasion? with the aggravation of this reflection, that if it was as good as it was at first designed, there seems to be somewhat the less reason to look for its amendment.' BOSWELL.

[399] 'Which taketh away the sin' &c. St. John, i. 29.

[400] See Boswell's Hebrides, August 22.

[401] This unfortunate person, whose full name was Thomas Fysche Palmer, afterwards went to Dundee, in Scotland, where he officiated as minister to a congregation of the sect who called themselves *Unitarians*, from a notion that they distinctively worship ONE GOD, because they *deny* the mysterious doctrine of the TRINITY. They do not advert that the great body of the Christian Church, in maintaining that mystery, maintain also the *Unity* of the GODHEAD; the 'TRINITY in UNITY!—three persons and ONE GOD.' The Church humbly adores the DIVINITY as exhibited in the holy Scriptures. The Unitarian sect vainly presumes to comprehend and define the ALMIGHTY. Mr. Palmer having heated his mind with political speculations, became so much dissatisfied with our excellent Constitution, as to compose, publish, and circulate writings, which were found to be so seditious and dangerous, that upon being found guilty by a Jury, the Court of Justiciary in Scotland sentenced him to transportation for fourteen years. A loud clamour against this sentence was made by some Members of both Houses of Parliament; but both Houses approved of it by a great majority; and he was conveyed to the settlement for convicts in New South Wales. BOSWELL. This note first appears in the third edition. Mr. Palmer was sentenced to seven (not fourteen) years transportation in Aug. 1793. It was his fellow prisoner, Mr. Muir, an advocate, who was sentenced to fourteen years. *Ann. Reg.* 1793, p. 40. When these sentences were brought before the

House of Commons, Mr. Fox said that it was ’the Lord-Advocate’s fervent wish that his native principles of justice should be introduced into this

Page 275

country; and that on the ruins of the common law of England should be erected the infamous fabric of Scottish persecution. ... If that day should ever arrive, if the tyrannical laws of Scotland should ever be introduced in opposition to the humane laws of England, it would then be high time for my hon. friends and myself to settle our affairs, and retire to some happier clime, where we might at least enjoy those rights which God has given to man, and which his nature tells him he has a right to demand.' *Parl. Hist.* xxx. 1563. For *Unitarians*, see *ante*, ii. 408, note I.

[402] Taken from Herodotus. [Bk. ii. ch. 104.] BOSWELL.

[403] 'The mummies,' says Blakesley, 'have straight hair, and in the paintings the Egyptians are represented as red, not black.' *Ib*. note.

[404] See *ante*, i. 441, and *post*, March 28, and June 3, 1782.

[405] Mr. Dawkins visited Palmyra in 1751. He had 'an escort of the Aga of Hassia's best Arab horsemen.' Johnson was perhaps astonished at the size of their caravan, 'which was increased to about 200 persons.' The writer treats the whole matter with great brevity. Wood's *Ruins of Palmyra*, p. 33. On their return the travellers discovered a party of Arab horsemen, who gave them an alarm. Happily these Arabs were still more afraid of them, and were at once plundered by the escort, 'who laughed at our remonstrances against their injustice.' Wood's *Ruins of Balbec*, p. 2.

[406] He wrote a *Life of Watts*, which Johnson quoted. *Works*, viii. 382.

[407] See *ante*, iii. 422, note 6.

[408] In the first two editions *formal*.

[409] Johnson maintains this in *The Idler*, No. 74. 'Few,' he says, 'have reason to complain of nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of memory ... The true art of memory is the art of attention.' See *ante*, iii. 191.

[410]The first of the definitions given by Johnson of *to remember* is *to bear in mind anything; not to forget. To recollect* he defines *to recover to memory*. We may, perhaps, assume that Boswell said, 'I did not recollect that the chair was broken;' and that Johnson replied, 'you mean, you did not remember. That you did not remember is your own fault. It was in your mind that it was broken, and therefore you ought to have remembered it. It was not a case of recollecting; for we recollect, that is, recover to memory, what is not in our mind.' In the passage *ante*, i. 112, which begins, 'I indeed doubt if he could have remembered,' we find in the first two editions not *remembered*, but *recollected*. Perhaps this change is due to euphony, as *collected* comes a few lines before. Horace Walpole, in one of his *Letters* (i. 15), distinguishes the two words, on his

revisiting his old school, Eton:—'By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound—I recollect so much, and remember so little.'

Page 276

[411] He made the same boast at St. Andrews. See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 19. He was, I believe, speaking of his translation of Courayer's *Life of Paul Sarpi and Notes*, of which some sheets were printed off. *Ante*, i. 135.

[412] Horace Walpole, after mentioning that George III's mother, who died in 1772, left but L27,000 when she was reckoned worth at least L300,000, adds:—'It is no wonder that it became the universal belief that she had wasted all on Lord Bute. This became still more probable as he had made the purchase of the estate at Luton, at the price of L114,000, before he was visibly worth L20,000; had built a palace there, another in town, and had furnished the former in the most expensive manner, bought pictures and books, and made a vast park and lake.' *Journal of the Reign of George III*, i. 19.

[413] To him Boswell dedicated his *Thesis* as *excelsae familiae de Bute spei alterae* (*ante*, ii. 20). In 1775, he wrote of him:—'He is warmly my friend and has engaged to do for me.' *Letters of Boswell*, p. 186

[414] He was mistaken in this. See *ante*, i. 260; also iii. 420.

[415] In England in like manner, and perhaps for the same reason, all Attorneys have been converted into Solicitors.

[416] 'There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand boys, called Cawdies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanthorns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages.' *Humphrey Clinker*. Letter of Aug. 8.

[417] Their services in this sense are noticed in the same letter.

[418]

> 'The formal process shall be turned to sport,
> And you dismissed with honour by the Court.'
> FRANCIS. Horace, *Satires*, ii.i.86.

[419] Mr. Robertson altered this word to *jocandi*, he having found in Blackstone that to irritate is actionable. BOSWELL.

[420] Quoted by Johnson, *ante*, ii. l97.

[421] His god-daughter. See *post* May 10, 1784.

[422] See *post*, under Dec. 20, 1782

[423] See *ante*, i. 155

[424] The will of King Alfred, alluded to in this letter, from the original Saxon, in the library of Mr. Astle, has been printed at the expense of the University of Oxford. BOSWELL.

[425] He was a surgeon in this small Norfolk town. Dr. Burney's *Memoirs*, i. 106.

[426] Burney visited Johnson first in 1758, when he was living in Gough Square. *Ante*, i. 328.

[427] *Mme*. D'Arblay says that Dr. Johnson sent them to Dr. Burney's house, directed 'For the Broom Gentleman.' Dr. Burney's *Memoirs*, ii. 180.

Page 277

[428] ’Sept. 14, 1781. Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him; but he continues his strange discipline—starving, mercury, opium; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always in the end rises superior both to the disease and the remedy, which commonly is the most alarming of the two.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 107. On Sept. 18, his birthday, he wrote:—’As I came home [from church], I thought I had never begun any period of life so placidly. I have always been accustomed to let this day pass unnoticed, but it came this time into my mind that some little festivity was not improper. I had a dinner, and invited Allen and Levett.’ *Pr. and Med.* p. 199.

[429] This remark, I have no doubt, is aimed at Hawkins, who (*Life*, p. 553) pretends to account for this trip.

[430] *Pr. and Med.* p. 201. BOSWELL.

[431] He wrote from Lichfield on the previous Oct. 27:—’All here is gloomy; a faint struggle with the tediousness of time; a doleful confession of present misery, and the approach seen and felt of what is most dreaded and most shunned. But such is the lot of man.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 209.

[432] The truth of this has been proved by sad experience. BOSWELL. Mrs. Boswell died June 4, 1789. MALONE.

[433] See account of him in the *Gent. Mag*. Feb. 1785. BOSWELL, see ante, i. 243, note 3.

[434] Mrs. Piozzi (*Synonymy*, ii. 79), quoting this verse, under *Officious*, says;—-’Johnson, always thinking neglect the worst misfortune that could befall a man, looked on a character of this description with less aversion than I do.’

[435]

> ‘Content thyself to be *obscurely good*.’

Addisons *Cato*, act. iv. sc. 4.

[436] In both editions of Sir John Hawkins’s *Life of Dr. Johnson*, ‘letter’d *ignorance*’ is printed. BOSWELL. Mr. Croker (*Boswell*, p. I) says that ‘Mr. Boswell is habitually unjust to Sir J. Hawkins.’ As some kind of balance, I suppose, to this injustice, he suppresses this note.

[437] Johnson repeated this line to me thus:—

> ‘And Labour steals an hour to die.’

But he afterwards altered it to the present reading. BOSWELL. This poem is printed in the *Ann. Reg*. for 1783, p. 189, with the following variations:—l. 18, for ‘ready help’ ‘useful care’: l. 28, ’His single talent,’ ‘The single talent’; l. 33, ‘no throbs of fiery pain,’ ’no throbbing fiery pain’; l. 36, ‘and freed,’ ‘and forced.’ On the next page it is printed *John Gilpin*.

[438] Mr. Croker says that this line shows that ’some of Gray’s happy expressions lingered in Johnson’s memory’ He quotes a line that comes at the end of the *Ode on Vicissitude*—’From busy day, the peaceful night.’ This line is not Gray’s, but Mason’s.

[439] Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale on Aug. 14, 1780:—’If you want events, Here is Mr. Levett just come in at fourscore from a walk to Hampstead, eight miles, in August.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 177.

Page 278

[440] In the original, *March* 20. On the afternoon of March 20 Lord North announced in the House of Commons 'that his Majesty's Ministers were no more.' *Parl. Hist*. xxii. 1215.

[441] *Pr. and Med*. p. 209 [207]. BOSWELL.

[442] See *ante*, ii. 355, iii. 46, iv. 81, 100. Mr. Seward records in his *Biographiana*, p. 600—without however giving the year—that 'Johnson being asked what the Opposition meant by their flaming speeches and violent pamphlets against Lord North's administration, answered: "They mean, Sir, rebellion; they mean in spite to destroy that country which they are not permitted to govern."'

[443] In the previous December the City of London in an address, writes Horace Walpole, 'besought the King to remove both his public and *private* counsellors, and used these stunning and memorable words:—*"Your armies are captured; the wonted superiority of your navies is annihilated, your dominions are lost."* Words that could be used to no other King; no King had ever lost so much without losing all. If James II. lost his crown, yet the crown lost no dominions.' *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ii. 483. The address is given in the *Ann. Reg.* xxiv. 320. On Aug. 4 of this year Johnson wrote to Dr. Taylor:—'Perhaps no nation not absolutely conquered has declined so much in so short a time. We seem to be sinking. Suppose the Irish, having already gotten a free trade and an independent Parliament, should say we will have a King and ally ourselves with the House of Bourbon, what could be done to hinder or overthrow them?' Mr. Morrison's *Autographs*, vol. ii.

[444] In February and March, 1771, the House of Commons ordered eight printers to attend at the bar on a charge of breach of privilege, in publishing reports of debates. One of the eight, Miller of the *Evening Post*, when the messenger of the House tried to arrest him, gave the man himself into custody on a charge of assault. The messenger was brought before Lord Mayor Crosby and Aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, and a warrant was made out for his commitment. Bail was thereupon offered and accepted for his appearance at the next sessions. The Lord Mayor and Oliver were sent to the Tower by the House. Wilkes was ordered to appear on April 8; but the Ministry, not daring to face his appearance, adjourned the House till the 9th. A committee was appointed by ballot to inquire into the late obstructions to the execution of the orders of the House. It recommended the consideration of the expediency of the House ordering that Miller should be taken into custody. The report, when read, was received with a roar of laughter. Nothing was done. Such was, to quote the words of Burke in the *Annual Register* (xiv. 70), 'the miserable result of all the pretended vigour of the Ministry.' See *Parl. Hist.* xvii. 58, 186.

[445] Lord Cornwallis's army surrendered at York Town, five days before Sir Henry Clinton's fleet and army arrived off the Chesapeak. *Ann. Reg.* xxiv. 136.

Page 279

[446] Johnson wrote on March 30:—'The men have got in whom I have endeavoured to keep out; but I hope they will do better than their predecessors; it will not be easy to do worse.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 706.

[447] This note was in answer to one which accompanied one of the earliest pamphlets on the subject of Chatterton's forgery, entitled *Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*, &c. Mr. Thomas Warton's very able *Inquiry* appeared about three months afterwards; and Mr. Tyrwhitt's admirable *Vindication of his Appendix* in the summer of the same hear, left the believers in this daring imposture nothing but 'the resolution to say again what had been said before.' MALONE.

[448] *Pr. and Med.* p. 207. BOSWELL.

[449] He addressed to him an Ode in Latin, entitled *Ad Thomam Laurence, medicum doctissimum, quum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur. Works*, i. 165.

[450] Mr. Holder, in the Strand, Dr. Johnson's apothecary. BOSWELL.

[451] 'Johnson should rather have written "imperatum est." But the meaning of the words is perfectly clear. "If you say yes, the messenger has orders to bring Holder to me." Mr. Croker translates the words as follows:-"If you consent, pray tell the messenger to bring Holder to me." If Mr. Croker is resolved to write on points of classical learning, we would advise him to begin by giving an hour every morning to our old friend Corderius.' Macaulay's *Essays*, ed. 1843, i 366. In *The Answers to Mr. Macaulay's Criticism*, prefixed to Croker's *Boswell*, p. 13, it is suggested that Johnson wrote either *imperetur* or *imperator*. The letter may be translated: 'A fresh chill, a fresh cough, and a fresh difficulty in breathing call for a fresh letting of blood. Without your advice, however, I would not submit to the operation. I cannot well come to you, nor need you come to me. Say yes or no in one word, and leave the rest to Holder and to me. If you say yes, let the messenger be bidden (imperetur) to bring Holder to me. May 1, 1782. When *you* have left, whither shall I turn?'

[452] Soon after the above letter, Dr. Lawrence left London, but not before the palsy had made so great a progress as to render him unable to write for himself. The folio wing are extracts from letters addressed by Dr. Johnson to one of his daughters:—

'You will easily believe with what gladness I read that you had heard once again that voice to which we have all so often delighted to attend. May you often hear it. If we had his mind, and his tongue, we could spare the rest.

'I am not vigorous, but much better than when dear Dr. Lawrence held my pulse the last time. Be so kind as to let me know, from one little interval to another, the state of his

body. I am pleased that he remembers me, and hope that it never can be possible for me to forget him. July 22, 1782.'

Page 280

’I am much delighted even with the small advances which dear Dr. Lawrence makes towards recovery. If we could have again but his mind, and his tongue in his mind, and his right hand, we should not much lament the rest. I should not despair of helping the swelled hand by electricity, if it were frequently and diligently supplied.

’Let me know from time to time whatever happens; and I hope I need not tell you, how much I am interested in every change. Aug. 26, 1782.’

’Though the account with which you favoured me in your last letter could not give me the pleasure that I wished, yet I was glad to receive it; for my affection to my dear friend makes me desirous of knowing his state, whatever it be. I beg, therefore, that you continue to let me know, from time to time, all that you observe.

’Many fits of severe illness have, for about three months past, forced my kind physician often upon my mind. I am now better; and hope gratitude, as well as distress, can be a motive to remembrance. Bolt-court, Fleet-street, Feb. 4, 1783.’ BOSWELL.

[453] Mr. Langton being at this time on duty at Rochester, he is addressed by his military title. BOSWELL.

[454] Eight days later he recorded:—’I have in ten days written to Aston, Lucy, Hector, Langton, Boswell; perhaps to all by whom my letters are desired.’ *Pr. and Med.* 209. He had written also to Mrs. Thrale, but her affection, it should seem from this, he was beginning to doubt.

[455] See *ante*, p. 84.

[456] See *ante*, i. 247.

[457] See *post*, p. 158, note 4.

[458] Johnson has here expressed a sentiment similar to that contained in one of Shenstone’s stanzas, to which, in his life of that poet, he has given high praise:—

> ’I prized every hour that went by,
> Beyond all that had pleased me before;
> But now they are gone [past] and I sigh,
> I grieve that I prized them no more.’

J. BOSWELL, JUN.

[459] She was his god-daughter. See *post*, May 10, 1784.

[460] ’Dr. Johnson gave a very droll account of the children of Mr. Langton, “who,” he said, “might be very good children, if they were let alone; but the father is never easy

when he is not making them do something which they cannot do; they must repeat a fable, or a speech, or the Hebrew alphabet, and they might as well count twenty for what they know of the matter; however, the father says half, for he prompts every other word.'" *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 73. See *ante*, p. 20, note 2.

[461] A part of this letter having been torn off, I have, from the evident meaning, supplied a few words and half-words at the ends and beginnings of lines. BOSWELL.

[462] See vol. ii. p. 459. BOSWELL. She was Hector's widowed sister, and Johnson's first love. In the previous October, writing of a visit to Birmingham, he said:—'Mrs. Careless took me under her care, and told me when I had tea enough.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 205.

Page 281

[463] This letter cannot belong to this year. In it Johnson says of his health, ‘at least it is not worse.’ But 1782 found him in very bad health; he passed almost the whole of the year ’in a succession of disorders’ (*post*, p. 156). What he says of friendship renders it almost certain that the letter was written while he had still Thrale; and him he lost in April, 1781. Had it been written after June, 1779, but before Thrale’s death, the account given of health would have been even better than it is (*ante*, iii. 397). It belongs perhaps to the year 1777 or 1778.

[464] ’To a man who has survived all the companions of his youth ... this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude.’ *Rambler*, No. 69.

[465] See *ante*, i. 63.

[466] They met on these days in the years 1772, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 81, and 3.

[467] The ministry had resigned on the 20th. *Ante*, p. 139, note 1.

[468] Thirty-two years earlier he wrote in *The Rambler*, No. 53:-’In the prospect of poverty there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviation; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach.’ And again in No. 57:—’The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing.’ See *ante*. 441.

[469] See *ante*, p. 128.

[470] Hannah More wrote in April of this year (*Memoirs*, i. 249):—’Poor Johnson is in a bad state of health. I fear his constitution is broken up.’ (Yet in one week he dined out four times. *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 237.) At one of these dinners, ‘I urged him,’ she continues (*ib*. p. 251) ’to take a *little* wine. He replied, “I can’t drink a *little*, child; therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.” He was very good-humoured and gay. One of the company happened to say a word about poetry, “Hush, hush,” said he, “it is dangerous to say a word of poetry before her; it is talking of the art of war before Hannibal."’

[471] This book was published in 1781, and, according to Lowndes, reached its seventh edition by 1787. See *ante*, i. 214.

[472] The clergyman’s letter was dated May 4. *Gent. Mag.* 1786, p. 93. Johnson is explaining the reason of his delay in acknowledging it.

[473] What follows appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of May 29, 1782:—’A correspondent having mentioned, in the *Morning Chronicle* of December 12, the last clause of the following paragraph, as seeming to favour suicide; we are requested to

print the whole passage, that its true meaning may appear, which is not to recommend suicide but exercise.

Page 282

’Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed: but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronical from ourselves; the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.’ [*The Rambler*, No. 85.] BOSWELL.

[474] The Correspondence may be seen at length in the *Gent. Mag.* Feb. 1786. BOSWELL. Johnson, advising Dr. Taylor ’to take as much exercise as he can bear,’ says:-’I take the true definition of exercise to be labour without weariness.’ *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 461.

[475] Here he met Hannah More. ‘You cannot imagine,’ she writes (*Memoirs*, i. 261), ’with what delight he showed me every part of his own college. Dr. Adams had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner, Johnson begged to conduct me to see the College; he would let no one show it me but himself. “This was my room; this Shenstone’s.” Then, after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college, “In short,” said he, “we were a nest of singing-birds.” When we came into the common-room, we spied a fine large print of Johnson, hung up that very morning, with this motto:—*And is not Johnson ours, himself a host?* Under which stared you in the face—*From Miss More’s “Sensibility*.” This little incident amused us; but, alas! Johnson looks very ill indeed—spiritless and wan. However, he made an effort to be cheerful.’ Miss Adams wrote on June 14, 1782:—’On Wednesday we had here a delightful blue-stocking party. Dr. and Mrs. Kennicott and Miss More, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Henderson, &c., dined here. Poor Dr. Johnson is in very bad health, but he exerted himself as much as he could, and being very fond of Miss More, he talked a good deal, and every word he says is worth recording. He took great delight in showing Miss More every part of Pembroke College, and his own rooms, &c., and told us many things about himself when here. .. June 19, 1782. We dined yesterday for the last time in the company with Dr. Johnson; he went away to-day. A warm dispute arose; it was about cider or wine freezing, and all the spirit retreating to the center.’ *Pemb. Coll. MSS.*

[476] ’I never retired to rest without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb, “Let him who sleeps too much borrow the pillow of a debtor."’ Johnson’s *Works*, iv. 14.

[477] See *ante*, i. 441.

[478] Which I celebrated in the Church of England chapel at Edinburgh, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, of respectable and pious memory. BOSWELL.

[479] See *ante*, p. 80.

[480] The Reverend Mr. Temple, Vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i. 436, and ii. 316.

Page 283

[481] ‘He had settled on his eldest son,’ says Dr. Rogers (*Boswelliana*, p. 129), ’the ancestral estate, with an unencumbered rental of Ll,600 a year.’ That the rental, whatever it was, was not unencumbered is shewn by the passage from Johnson’s letter, *post*, p. 155, note 4. Boswell wrote to Malone in 1791 (Croker’s *Boswell*, p. 828):—’The clear money on which I can reckon out of my estate is scarcely L900 a year.’

[482] Cowley’s *Ode to Liberty*, Stanza vi.

[483] ‘I do beseech all the succeeding heirs of entail,’ wrote Boswell in his will, ’to be kind to the tenants, and not to turn out old possessors to get a little more rent.’ Rogers’s *Boswelliana, p. 186.*

[484] Macleod, the Laird of Rasay. See Boswell’s *Hebrides*, Sept. 8.

[485] A farm in the Isle of Skye, where Johnson wrote his Latin Ode to Mrs. Thrale. *Ib.* Sept. 6.

[486] Johnson wrote to Dr. Taylor on Oct. 4:—’Boswel’s (sic) father is dead, and Boswel wrote me word that he would come to London for my advice. [The] advice which I sent him is to stay at home, and [busy] himself with his own affairs. He has a good es[tate], considerably burthened by settlements, and he is himself in debt. But if his wife lives, I think he will be prudent.’ *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 462.

[487] Miss Burney wrote in the first week in December:—’Dr. Johnson was in most excellent good humour and spirits.’ She describes later on a brilliant party which he attended at Miss Monckton’s on the 8th, where the people were ‘superbly dressed,’ and where he was ’environed with listeners.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 186, and 190. See *ante*, p. 108, note 4.

[488] See *ante,*, iii. 337, where Johnson got ‘heated’ when Boswell maintained this.

[489] See *ante*, in. 395.

[490] The greatest part of the copy, or manuscript of *The Lives of the Poets* had been given by Johnson to Boswell (*ante*, iv. 36).

[491] Of her twelve children but these three were living. She was forty-one years old.

[492] ‘The family,’ writes Dr. Burney, ’lived in the library, which used to be the parlour. There they breakfasted. Over the bookcases were hung Sir Joshua’s portraits of Mr. Thrale’s friends—Baretti, Burke, Burney, Chambers, Garrick, Goldsmith, Johnson, Murphy, Reynolds, Lord Sandys, Lord Westcote, and in the same picture Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter.’ Mr. Thrale’s portrait was also there. Dr. Burney’s *Memoirs*, ii. 80, and Prior’s *Malone*, p. 259.

[493] *Pr. and Med.* p. 214. BOSWELL.

[494] Boswell omits a line that follows this prayer:—'O Lord, so far as, &c.,—Thrale.' This means, I think, 'so far as it might be lawful, I prayed for Thrale.' The following day Johnson entered:—'I was called early. I packed up my bundles, and used the foregoing prayer with my morning devotions, somewhat, I think, enlarged. Being earlier than the family, I read St. Paul's farewell in the *Acts* [xx. 17-end], and then read fortuitously in the gospels, which was my parting use of the library.'

Page 284

[495] Johnson, no doubt, was leaving Streatham because Mrs. Thrale was leaving it. ‘Streatham,’ wrote Miss Burney, on Aug. 12 of this year, ’my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only on my own pleasure, is already let for three years to Lord Shelburne.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii.151. Johnson was not yet leaving the Thrale family, for he joined them at Brighton, and he was living with them the following spring in Argyll-street. Nevertheless, if, as all Mrs. Thrale’s friends strongly held, her second marriage was blameworthy, Boswell’s remark admits of defence. Miss Burney in her diary and letters keeps the secret which Mrs. Thrale had confided to her of her attachment to Mr. Piozzi; but in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, which, as *Mme*. D’Arblay, she wrote long afterwards, she leaves little doubt that Streatham was given up as a step towards the second marriage. In 1782, on a visit there, she found that her father ’and all others—Dr. Johnson not excepted—were cast into the same gulf of general neglect. As Mrs. Thrale became more and more dissatisfied with her own situation, and impatient for its relief, she slighted Johnson’s counsel, and avoided his society.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay describes a striking scene in which her father, utterly puzzled by ’sad and altered Streatham,’ left it one day with tears in his eyes. Another day, Johnson accompanied her to London. ’His look was stern, though dejected, but when his eye, which, however shortsighted, was quick to mental perception, saw how ill at ease she appeared, all sternness subsided into an undisguised expression of the strongest emotion, while, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving; and when they faced it from the coach-window, as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, “That house ...is lost to *me*... for ever."’ Johnson’s letter to Langton of March 20, 1782 (*ante*, p. 145), in which he says that he was ‘musing in his chamber at Mrs. Thrale’s,’ shews that so early as that date he foresaw that a change was coming. Boswell’s statement that ‘Mrs. Thrale became less assiduous to please Johnson,’ might have been far more strongly worded. See Dr. Burney’s *Memoirs*, ii. 243-253. Lord Shelburne, who as Prime Minister was negotiating peace with the United States, France, and Spain, hired Mrs. Thrale’s house ’in order to be constantly near London.’ Fitzmaurice’s *Shelburne*, iii. 242.

[496] Mr. Croker quotes the following from the *Rose MSS*.:—’Oct. 6, Die Dominica, 1782. Pransus sum Streathamiae agninum crus coctum cum herbis (spinach) comminutis, farcimen farinaceum cum uvis passis, lumbos bovillos, et pullum gallinae: Turcicae; et post carnes missas, ficus, uvas, non admodum maturas, ita voluit anni intemperies, cum malis Persicis, iis tamen duris. Non laetus accubui, cibum modice sumpsi, ne intemperantia ad extremum peccaretur. Si recte memini, in mentem venerunt epulae in exequiis Hadoni celebratae. Streathamiam quando revisam?’

Page 285

[497] 'Mr. Metcalfe is much with Dr. Johnson, but seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Thrale, to whom he never speaks.... He is a shrewd, sensible, keen, and very clever man.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 172, 174. He, Burke, and Malone were Sir Joshua's executors. Northcote's *Reynolds*, ii. 293.

[498] Boswell should have shown, for he must have known it, that Johnson was Mrs. Thrale's guest at Brighton. Miss Burney was also of the party. Her account of him is a melancholy one:—'Oct. 28. Dr. Johnson accompanied us to a ball, to the universal amazement of all who saw him there; but he said he had found it so dull being quite alone the preceding evening, that he determined upon going with us; "for," said he, "it cannot be worse than being alone."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 161. 'Oct. 29. Mr. Pepys joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into an argument, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and, in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and, wishing Mrs. Thrale goodnight, very abruptly withdrew. Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument and to reason; but his opposition was so warm, and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred.' *Ib*. p. 163. 'Oct. 30. In the evening we all went to Mrs. Hatsel's. Dr. Johnson was not invited.' *Ib*. p. 165. 'Oct. 31. A note came to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothes's.' *Ib*. p. 168. 'Nov. 2. We went to Lady Shelley's. Dr. Johnson again excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone.' *Ib*. p. 160. 'Nov. 7. Mr. Metcalfe called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalfe is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than anybody.' *Ib*. p. 177.

[499] '"Dr. Johnson has asked me," said Mr. Metcalfe, "to go with him to Chichester, to see the cathedral, and I told him I would certainly go if he pleased; but why I cannot imagine, for how shall a blind man see a cathedral?" "I believe," quoth I [i.e. Miss Burney] "his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times."' *Ib*. p. 174. For Johnson's eyesight, see *ante*, i. 41.

[500] The second letter is dated the 28th. Johnson says:—'I have looked *often*,' &c.; but he does not say 'he has been *much* informed,' but only 'informed.' Both letters are in the *Gent. Mag.* 1784, p. 893.

Page 286

[501] The reference is to Rawlinson's MS. collections for a continuation of Wood's *Athenae* (Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian*, p. 181).

[502] Jortin's sermons are described by Johnson as 'very elegant.' *Ante*, in. 248. He and Thirlby are mentioned by him in the *Life of Pope. Works*, viii. 254.

[503] Markland was born 1693, died 1776. His notes on some of Euripides' *Plays* were published at the expense of Dr. Heberden. Markland had previously destroyed a great many other notes; writing in 1764 he said:—'Probably it will be a long time (if ever) before this sort of learning will revive in England; in which it is easy to foresee that there must be a disturbance in a few years, and all public disorders are enemies to this sort of literature.' *Gent. Mag.* 1778, P. 3l0. 'I remember,' writes Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 252), 'when lamentation was made of the neglect shown to Jeremiah Markland, a great philologist, as some one ventured to call him: "He is a scholar undoubtedly, Sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "but remember that he would run from the world, and that it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and [who] does nothing when he is there but sit and *growl*; let him come out as I do, and *bark*"' A brief account of him is given in the *Ann. Reg.* xix. 45.

[504] Nichols published in 1784 a brief account of Thirlby, nearly half of it being written by Johnson. Thirlby was born in 1692 and died in 1753. 'His versatility led him to try the round of what are called the learned professions.' His life was marred by drink and insolence.' His mind seems to have been tumultuous and desultory, and he was glad to catch any employment that might produce attention without anxiety; such employment, as Dr. Battie has observed, is necessary for madmen.' *Gent. Mag.* 1784, pp. 260, 893.

[505] He was attacked, says Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, ii. 131), 'by a slight paralytic affection, after an almost uninterrupted course of good health for many years.' Miss Burney wrote on Dec. 28 to one of her sisters:—'How can you wish any wishes [matrimonial wishes] about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy!' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 218.

[506] Dr. Patten in Sept. 1781 (Croker's *Boswell*, p. 699) informed Johnson of Wilson's intended dedication. Johnson, in his reply, said:—'What will the world do but look on and laugh when one scholar dedicates to another?'

[507] On the same day he wrote to Dr. Taylor:-'This, my dear Sir, is the last day of a very sickly and melancholy year. Join your prayers with mine, that the next may be more happy to us both. I hope the happiness which I have not found in this world will by infinite mercy be granted in another.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 462.

Page 287

[508] 'Jan. 4, 1783. Dr. Johnson came so very late that we had all given him up; he was very ill, and only from an extreme of kindness did he come at all. When I went up to him to tell how sorry I was to find him so unwell, "Ah," he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, "who shall ail anything when Cecilia is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am."

All dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me:—"Ah! you little know how ill I am." He was excessively kind to me in spite of all his pain.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 228. *Cecilia* was the name of her second novel (*post*, May 26, 1783). On Jan. 10 he thus ended a letter to Mr. Nichols:—'Now I will put you in a way of shewing me more kindness. I have been confined by ilness (sic) a long time, and sickness and solitude make tedious evenings. Come sometimes and see, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

MS. in the British Museum.

[509] 'Dr. Johnson found here [at Auchinleck] Baxter's Anacreon, which he told me he had long inquired for in vain, and began to suspect there was no such book.' Boswell's *Hebrides*, Nov.2. See *post*, under Sept. 29, 1783.

[510] 'The delight which men have in popularity, fame, honour, submission, and subjection of other men's minds, wills, or affections, although these things may be desired for other ends, seemeth to be a thing in itself, without contemplation of consequence, grateful and agreeable to the nature of man.' Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Exper. No. 1000. See *ante*, ii. 178.

[511] In a letter to Dr. Taylor on Jan. 21 of this year, he attacked the scheme of equal representation.' Pitt, on May 7, 1782, made his first reform motion. Johnson thus ended his letter:—'If the scheme were more reasonable, this is not a time for innovation. I am afraid of a civil war. The business of every wise man seems to be now to keep his ground.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 481.

[512] See *ante*, i. 429, *post*, 170, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 30.

[513] The year after this conversation the General Election of 1784 was held, which followed on the overthrow of the Coalition Ministry and the formation of the Pitt Ministry in December, 1783. The 'King's friends' were in a minority of one in the last great division in the old Parliament; in the motion on the Address in the new Parliament they had a majority of 168. *Parl. Hist.* xxiv. 744, 843. Miss Burney, writing in Nov. 1788, when the King was mad, says that one of his physicians 'moved me even to tears by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so

prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the physicians received threatening letters daily, to answer for the safety of their monarch with their lives! Sir G. Baker had already been stopped in his carriage by the mob, to give an account of

Page 288

the King; and when he said it was a bad one, they had furiously exclaimed, “The more shame for you.'" *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, iv. 336. Describing in 1789 a Royal tour in the West of England, she writes of ’the crowds, the rejoicings, the hallooing and singing, and garlanding and decorating of all the inhabitants of this old city [Exeter], and of all the country through which we passed.’ *Ib.* v. 48.

[514] Miss Palmer, Sir Joshua’s niece, ’heard Dr. Johnson repeat these verses with the tears falling over his cheek.’ Taylor’s *Reynolds*, ii. 417.

[515] Gibbon remarked that ’Mr. Fox was certainly very shy of saying anything in Johnson’s presence.’ *Ante*, iii. 267. See *post*, under June 9, 1784, where Johnson said ‘Fox is my friend.’

[516] Mr. Greville (*Journal*, ed. 1874, ii. 316) records the following on the authority of Lord Holland:—’Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said it was only to blame in not being large enough. “Fox,” he said, is a liberal man; he would always be *aut Caesar aut nullus*; whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*. Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule never to talk in Johnson’s presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them.’ Fox could not have known what was not the fact. When Boswell was by, he had reason for his silence; but otherwise he might have spoken out. ‘Mr. Fox,’ writes Mackintosh (*Life*, i. 322) ’united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was so averse from parade and dogmatism as to be somewhat inactive in conversation.’ Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, i. 283) tells how Fox spent a day with him at Lausanne:—’Perhaps it never can happen again, that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone from ten in the morning till ten at night. Our conversation never flagged a moment.’ ’In London mixed society,’ said Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 74), ’Fox conversed little; but at his own house in the country, with his intimate friends, he would talk on for ever, with all the openness and simplicity of a child.’

[517] Sec *ante*, ii. 450.

[518] Most likely ‘Old Mr. Sheridan.’

[519] See *ante*, ii. 166.

[520] Were I to insert all the stories which have been told of contests boldly maintained with him, imaginary victories obtained over him, of reducing him to silence, and of making him own that his antagonist had the better of him in argument, my volumes would swell to an immoderate size. One instance, I find, has circulated both in conversation and in print; that when he would not allow the Scotch writers to have merit,

the late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, asserted, that he could name one Scotch writer, whom Dr. Johnson himself would allow to have written better than any man of the age; and upon Johnson's asking who it was, answered, 'Lord Bute, when he signed the warrant for your pension.' Upon which Johnson, struck with the repartee, acknowledged that this *was* true. When I mentioned it to Johnson, 'Sir, (said he,) if Rose said this, I never heard it.' BOSWELL.

Page 289

[521] This reflection was very natural in a man of a good heart, who was not conscious of any ill-will to mankind, though the sharp sayings which were sometimes produced by his discrimination and vivacity, which he perhaps did not recollect, were, I am afraid, too often remembered with resentment. BOSWELL. When, three months later on, he was struck with palsy, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—'I have in this still scene of life great comfort in reflecting that I have given very few reason to hate me. I hope scarcely any man has known me closely but for his benefit, or cursorily but to his innocent entertainment. Tell me, you that know me best, whether this be true, that according to your answer I may continue my practice, or try to mend it.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 287. See *post*, May 19, 1784. Passages such as the two following might have shewn him why he had enemies. 'For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate.' Bacon's *Essays*, No. xi. ''Tis possible that men may be as oppressive by their parts as their power.' *The Government of the Tongue*, sect. vii. See *ante*, i. 388, note 2.

[522] 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' *Ante*, i. 294. Stockdale records (*Memoirs*, ii. 191) that he heard a Scotch lady, after quoting this definition, say to Johnson, 'I can assure you that in Scotland we give oats to our horses as well as you do to yours in England.' He replied:—'I am very glad, Madam, to find that you treat your horses as well as you treat yourselves.'

[523] Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote:—'The prejudices he had to countries did not extend to individuals. The chief prejudice in which he indulged himself was against Scotland, though he had the most cordial friendship with individuals. This he used to vindicate as a duty. ... Against the Irish he entertained no prejudice; he thought they united themselves very well with us; but the Scotch, when in England, united and made a party by employing only Scotch servants and Scotch tradesmen. He held it right for Englishmen to oppose a party against them.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 460. See *ante*, ii. 242, 306, and Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 20.

[524] *Ante*, ii. 300.

[525] Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 85) says that 'Dr. Johnson, commonly spending the middle of the week at our house, kept his numerous family in Fleet-street upon a settled allowance; but returned to them every Saturday to give them three good dinners and his company, before he came back to us on the Monday night.'

[526] Lord North's Ministry lasted from 1770, to March, 1782. It was followed by the Rockingham Ministry, and the Shelburne Ministry, which in its turn was at this very time giving way to the Coalition Ministry, to be followed very soon by the Pitt Ministry.

Page 290

[527] I have, in my *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* [p. 200, Sept. 13], fully expressed my sentiments upon this subject. The Revolution was *necessary*, but not a subject for *glory*; because it for a long time blasted the generous feelings of *Loyalty*. And now, when by the benignant effect of time the present Royal Family are established in our *affections*, how unwise it is to revive by celebrations the memory of a shock, which it would surely have been better that our constitution had not required. BOSWELL. See *ante*, iii. 3, and iv. 40, note 4.

[528] Johnson reviewed this book in 1756. *Ante*, i. 309.

[529] Johnson, four months later, wrote to one of Mrs. Thrale's daughters:—'Never think, my sweet, that you have arithmetick enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. ... A thousand stories which the ignorant tell and believe die away at once when the computist takes them in his gripe.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 296. See *post*, April 18, 1783.

[530] See *ante*, p. 116; also iii. 310, where he bore the same topic impatiently when with Dr. Scott.

[531] See *ante*, ii. 357.

[532]

> 'See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust.'
> Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

[533] He was perhaps, thinking of Markland. *Ante*, p. 161, note 3.

[534] 'Dr. Johnson,' writes Mrs. Piozzi, 'was no complainer of ill-usage. I never heard him even lament the disregard shown to *Irene*.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 386. See *ante*, i. 200.

[535] Letter to the People of Scotland against the attempt to diminish the number of the Lords of Session, 1785. BOSWELL. 'By Mr. Burke's removal from office the King's administration was deprived of the assistance of that affluent mind, which is so universally rich that, as long as British literature and British politicks shall endure, it will be said of Edmund Burke, *Regum equabat [sic] opes animis.'* p.71.

[536] *Georgics*, iv. 132.

[537] See *ante*, iii. 56, note 2.

[538] Very likely Boswell.

[539] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 22.

[540] Johnson had said:—'Lord Chesterfield is the proudest man this day existing.' *Ante*, i. 265.

[541] Lord Shelburne. At this time he was merely holding office till a new Ministry was formed. On April 5 he was succeeded by the Duke of Portland. His 'coarse manners' were due to a neglected childhood. In the fragment of his *Autobiography* he describes 'the domestic brutality and ill-usage he experienced at home,' in the South of Ireland. 'It cost me,' he continues, 'more to unlearn the habits, manners, and principles which I then imbibed, than would have served to qualify me for any *role* whatever through life.' Fitzmaurice's *Shelburne*, i. 12, 16.

Page 291

[542] Bentham, it is reported, said of of him that ’alone of his own time, he was a “Minister who did not fear the people.'" *Ib.* iii. 572.

[543] Malagrida, a Jesuit, was put to death at Lisbon in 1761, nominally on a charge of heresy, but in reality on a suspicion of his having sanctioned, as confessor to one of the conspirators, an attempt to assassinate King Joseph of Portugal. Voltaire, *Siecle de Louis XV*, ch. xxxviii. ‘His name,’ writes Wraxall (*Memoirs*, ed. 1815, i. 67), ’is become proverbial among us to express duplicity.’ It was first applied to Lord Shelburne in a squib attributed to Wilkes, which contained a vision of a masquerade. The writer, after describing him as masquerading as ‘the heir apparent of Loyola and all the College,’ continues:—’A little more of the devil, my Lord, if you please, about the eyebrows; that’s enough, a perfect Malagrida, I protest.’ Fitzmaurice’s *Shelburne*, ii. 164. ’George III. habitually spoke of Shelburne as “Malagrida,” and the “Jesuit of Berkeley Square.'" *Ib.* iii. 8. The charge of duplicity was first made against Shelburne on the retirement of Fox (the first Lord Holland) in 1763. ’It was the tradition of Holland House that Bute justified the conduct of Shelburne, by telling Fox that it was “a pious fraud.” “I can see the fraud plainly enough,” is said to have been Fox’s retort, “but where is the piety?'" *Ib*. i. 226. Any one who has examined Reynolds’s picture of Shelburne, especially ‘about the eyebrows,’ at once sees how the name of Jesuit was given.

[544] Beauclerk wrote to Lord Charlemont on Nov. 20, 1773:-’Goldsmith the other day put a paragraph into the newspapers in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend. [Shelburne supported Townshend in opposition to Wilkes in the election of the Lord Mayor. Fitzmaurice’s *Shelburne*, ii. 287.] The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne at Drury Lane. I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him; he said to Goldsmith that he hoped that he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. “Do you know,” answered Goldsmith, “that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.” You see plainly what he meant to say, but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says that this story is a picture of Goldsmith’s whole life.’ *Life of Charlemont*, i. 344.

[545] Most likely Reynolds, who introduced Crabbe to Johnson. Crabbe’s *Works*, ed. 1834, ii. 11.

[546]

’I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.
Nor you, ye Poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O’ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?

Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?'

Page 292

The Village, book i.

See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 6.

[547] I shall give an instance, marking the original by Roman, and Johnson's substitution in Italick characters:—

'In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring, Tityrus, the pride of Mantuan swains, might sing: But charmed by him, or smitten with his views, Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse? From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray, Where Fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?' '*On Mincio's banks, in Caesar's bounteous reign, If Tityrus found the golden age again, Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong, Mechanick echoes of the Mantuan song?* From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray, *Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?.*

Here we find Johnson's poetical and critical powers undiminished. I must, however, observe, that the aids he gave to this poem, as to *The Traveller* and *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith, were so small as by no means to impair the distinguished merit of the authour. BOSWELL.

[548] In the *Gent. Mag.* 1763, pp. 602, 633, is a review of his *Observations on Diseases of the Army*. He says that the register of deaths of military men proves that more than eight times as many men fall by what was called the gaol fever as by battle. His suggestions are eminently wise. Lord Seaford, in 1835, told Leslie 'that he remembered dining in company with Dr. Johnson at Dr. Brocklesby's, when he was a boy of twelve or thirteen. He was impressed with the superiority of Johnson, and his knocking everybody down in argument.' C.R. Leslie's *Recollections*, i. 146.

[549] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 28.

[550] See *ante*, i. 433, and ii. 217, 358.

[551] "In his *Life of Swift* (*Works*, viii. 205) he thus speaks of this *Journal*:-'In the midst of his power and his politicks, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befell him was interesting, and no accounts could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the presence of the dean, may be reasonably doubted: they have, however, some odd attraction: the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed, he can hardly complain.'"

[552] On his fifty-fifth birthday he recorded:—'I resolve to keep a journal both of employment and of expenses. To keep accounts.' *Pr. and Med*. 59. See *post*, Aug. 25, 1784, where he writes to Langton:—'I am a little angry at you for not keeping minutes of your own *acceptum et expensum*, and think a little time might be spared from Aristophanes for the *res familiares*.'

Page 293

[553] This Mr. Chalmers thought was George Steevens. CROKER. D'Israeli (*Curiosities of Literature*, ed. 1834, vi. 76) describes Steevens as guilty of 'an unparalleled series of arch deception and malicious ingenuity.' He gives curious instances of his literary impostures. See *ante*, iii. 281, and *post*, May 15, 1784.

[554] If this be Lord Mansfield, Boswell must use *late* in the sense of *in retirement*; for Mansfield was living when the *Life of Johnson* was published. He retired in 1788. Johnson in 1772, said that he had never been in his company (*ante*, ii. 158). The fact that Mansfield is mentioned in the previous paragraph adds to the probability that he is meant.

[555] See *ante*, ii. 318.

[556] In Scotland, Johnson spoke of Mansfield's 'splendid talents.' Boswell's *Hebrides*, under Nov. 11.

[557] 'I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.' 2 _ Henry IV_, act i. sc. 2.

[558] Knowing as well as I do what precision and elegance of oratory his Lordship can display, I cannot but suspect that his unfavourable appearance in a social circle, which drew such animadversions upon him, must be owing to a cold affectation of consequence, from being reserved and stiff. If it be so, and he might be an agreeable man if he would, we cannot be sorry that he misses his aim. BOSWELL. Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough, is mentioned (*ante*, ii. 374), and again in Murphy's *Life of Johnson*, p. 43, as being in company with Johnson and Foote. Boswell also has before (*ante*, i. 387) praised the elegance of his oratory. Henry Mackenzie (*Life of John Home*, i. 56) says that Wedderburne belonged to a club at the British Coffee-house, of which Garrick, Smollett, and Dr. Douglas were members.

[559] Boswell informed the people of Scotland in the Letter that he addressed to them in 1785 (p. 29), that 'now that Dr. Johnson is gone to a better world, he (Boswell) bowed the intellectual knee to *Lord Thurlow*.' See *post*, June 22, 1784.

[560] Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 27.

[561]

> 'Charged with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
> Unable to support a gem of weight.'
> DRYDEN. Juvenal, *Satires*, i. 29.

[562] He had published a series of seventy *Essays* under the title of *The Hypochondriack* in the *London Magazine* from 1777 to 1783.

[563] Juvenal, *Satires*, x. 365. The common reading, however, is ‘Nullum numen *habes*,’ &c. Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec.* p. 218) records this saying, but with a variation. ’"For,” says Mr. Johnson, “though I do not quite agree with the proverb, that *Nullum numen adest si sit prudentia*, yet we may very well say, that *Nullum numen adest, ni sit prudentia."’*

[564] It has since appeared. BOSWELL.

Page 294

[565] Miss Burney mentions meeting Dr. Harington at Bath in 1780. 'It is his son,' she writes, 'who published those very curious remains of his ancestor [Sir John Harington] under the title *Nugae Antiquae* which my father and all of us were formerly so fond of.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 341.

[566]

'For though they are but trifles, thou
Some value didst to them allow.'

Martin's *Catullus*, p. 1.

[567]

—Underneath this rude, uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.'

FRANCIS. Horace, *Satires*, i. 3. 33.

[568] He would not have been a troublesome patient anywhere, for, according to Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 275),'he required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature.'

[569] 'That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body; and that he whom we are now forced to confess superiour is hastening daily to a level with ourselves.' Johnson's *Works*, vii. 212.

[570] With the following elucidation of the saying-*Quos Deus* (it should rather be-*Quem Jupiter) vult perdere, prius dementat*-Mr. Boswell was furnished by Mr. Pitts:—'Perhaps no scrap of Latin whatever has been more quoted than this. It occasionally falls even from those who are scrupulous even to pedantry in their Latinity, and will not admit a word into their compositions, which has not the sanction of the first age. The word *demento* is of no authority, either as a verb active or neuter.—After a long search for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, in what edition I do not recollect, where it is given as a translation of a Greek Iambick: [Greek: Ou Theos thelei apolesoi' apophreuai.]

'The above scrap was found in the hand-writing of a suicide of fashion, Sir D. O., some years ago, lying on the table of the room where he had destroyed himself. The suicide was a man of classical acquirements: he left no other paper behind him.'

Another of these proverbial sayings,

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,

I, in a note on a passage in *The Merchant of Venice* [act iii. sc. 5], traced to its source. It occurs (with a slight variation) in the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gualtier (a poet of the thirteenth century), which was printed at Lyons in 1558. Darius is the person addressed:—

—Quo tendis inertem, Rex periture, fugam? nescis, heu! perdite, nescis Quern fugias: hostes incurris dum fugis hostem; *Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*

A line not less frequently quoted was suggested for enquiry in a note on *The Rape of Lucrece:*—

Page 295

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris—_:

But the author of this verse has not, I believe, been discovered. MALONE. The 'Greek lambick' in the above note is not Greek. To a learned friend I owe the following note. 'The *Quem Jupiter vult perdere*, &c., is said to be a translation of a fragment of *Euripides* by Joshua Barnes. There is, I believe, no such fragment at all. In Barnes's *Euripides*, Cantab. 1694, fol. p. 515, is a fragment of Euripides with a note which may explain the muddle of Boswell's correspondent:—

"[Greek: otau de daimonn handri porsunae kaka ton noun heblapse proton,]"

on which Barnes writes:—"Tale quid in Franciados nostrae [probably his uncompleted poem on Edward III.] l. 3. *Certe ille deorum Arbiter ultricem cum vult extendere dextram Dementat prius.*"' See *ante*, ii. 445, note 1. Sir D. O. is, perhaps, Sir D'Anvers Osborne, whose death is recorded in the *Gent. Mag.* 1753, p. 591. 'Sir D'Anvers Osborne, Bart., Governor of New York, soon after his arrival there; *in his garden.' Solamen miseris, &c.*, is imitated by Swift in his *Verses on Stella's Birthday*, 1726-7:—

'The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes.'

Swift's *Works*, ed. 1803, xi. 22. The note on *Lucrece* was, I conjecture, on line 1111:—

'Grief best is pleased with grief's society.'

[571]

'FAUSTUS—
"Tu quoque, ut hic video, non es ignarus amorum."
'FORTUNATUS—
"Id commune malum; semel insanivimus omnes."'

Baptistae Mantuani Carmelitae *Adolescentia, seu Bucolica*. Ecloga I, published in 1498. 'Scaliger,' says Johnson (*Works*, viii. 391), 'complained that Mantuan's Bucolicks were received into schools, and taught as classical. ... He was read, at least in some of the inferiour schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present [eighteenth] century.'

[572] See *ante*, i. 368.

[573] See *ante*, i. 396.

[574] I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out:—Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his

extraordinary motions, said to him, 'Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?' 'From bad habit,' he replied. 'Do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits.' This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate. BOSWELL. Boswell had himself told Johnson of some of them, at least in writing. Johnson read in manuscript his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. Boswell says in a note on Oct. 12:—'It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have read this account of some of his own peculiar habits, without saying anything on the subject, which I hoped he would have done.'

Page 296

[575] See *ante*, ii. 42, note 2, and iii. 324.

[576] Johnson, after stating that some of Milton's manuscripts prove that 'in the early part of his life he wrote with much care,' continues:—'Such reliques show how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence.' *Works*, vii. 119. Lord Chesterfield (*Letters*, iii. 146) had made the same rule as Johnson:—'I was,' he writes, 'early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word even in common conversation that should not be the most expressive and the most elegant that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains if I would express myself very inelegantly.'

[577] 'Dr. Johnson,' wrote Malone in 1783, 'is as correct and elegant in his common conversation as in his writings. He never seems to study either for thoughts or words. When first introduced I was very young; yet he was as accurate in his conversation as if he had been talking to the first scholar in England.' Prior's *Malone*, p. 92. See *post*, under Aug. 29, 1783.

[578] See *ante*, iii. 216.

[579] See *ante*, ii. 323.

[580] The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot:—A country parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor. 'He is a very good preacher,' was his answer, 'but no *latiner*.' BOSWELL. For the original of Lord Eliot's story see Twells's *Life of Dr. E. Pocock*, ed. 1816, p. 94. Reynolds said that 'Johnson always practised on every occasion the rule of speaking his best, whether the person to whom he addressed himself was or was not capable of comprehending him. "If," says he, "I am understood, my labour is not lost. If it is above their comprehension, there is some gratification, though it is the admiration of ignorance;" and he said those were the most sincere admirers; and quoted Baxter, who made a rule never to preach a sermon without saying something which he knew was beyond the comprehension of his audience, in order to inspire their admiration.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 456. Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 221, tells of a preacher in a country town who outshone a more ignorant rival, by quoting every now and then a Latin sentence from one of the Fathers. 'The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quae Genus*, adding, however, such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in praesenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.'

Page 297

[581] See *ante*, ii. 96

[582] '"Well," said he, "we had good talk." BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir; you tossed and gored several persons."' *Ante,* ii. 66.

[583] Dr. J. H. Burton says of Hume (*Life, ii. 31*):—'No Scotsman could write a book of respectable talent without calling forth his loud and warm eulogiums. Wilkie was to be the Homer, Blacklock the Pindar, and Home the Shakespeare or something still greater of his country.' See *ante*, ii. 121, 296, 306.

[584] *The Present State of Music in France and Italy,* I vol. 1771, and *The Present State of Music in Germany, &c.,* 2 vols. 1773. Johnson must have skipped widely in reading these volumes, for though Dr. Burney describes his travels, yet he writes chiefly of music.

[585] Boswell's son James says that he heard from his father, that the passage which excited this strong emotion was the following:—

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew;
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

[586] Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 338) mentions this book at some length. On March 13, 1780, he wrote:—'Yesterday was published an octavo, pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman and Miss Ray that he murdered.' See *ante*, iii. 383.

[587] Hawkins (*Life*, p. 547), recording how Johnson used to meet Psalmanazar at an ale-house, says that Johnson one day 'remarked on the human mind, that it had a necessary tendency to improvement, and that it would frequently anticipate instruction. "Sir," said a stranger that overheard him, "that I deny; I am a tailor, and have had many apprentices, but never one that could make a coat till I had taken great pains in teaching him."' See *ante*, iii. 443. Robert Hall was influenced in his studies by 'his intimate association in mere childhood with a tailor, one of his father's congregation, who was an acute metaphysician.' Hall's *Works*, vi. 5.

[588] Johnson had never been in Grub-street. *Ante*, i. 296, note 2.

[589] The Honourable Horace Walpole, late Earl of Orford, thus bears testimony to this gentleman's merit as a writer:—'Mr. Chambers's *Treatise on Civil Architecture* is the

most sensible book, and the most exempt from prejudices, that ever was written on that science.'—Preface to *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. BOSWELL. Chambers was the architect of Somerset House. See *ante*, p. 60, note 7.

Page 298

[590] The introductory lines are these:—'It is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. The boundless panegyricks which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts, shew with what power novelty attracts regard, and how naturally esteem swells into admiration. I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them; and have no intention to place them in competition either with the antients or with the moderns of this part of the world; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men: as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilized countries, who have formed their own manners, and invented their own arts, without the assistance of example.' BOSWELL.

[591] The last execution at Tyburn was on Nov. 7, 1783, when one man was hanged. The first at Newgate was on the following Dec. 9, when ten were hanged. *Gent. Mag.* 1783, pp. 974, 1060.

[592] We may compare with this 'loose talk' Johnson's real opinion, as set forth in *The Rambler*, No. 114, entitled:—*The necessity of proportioning punishments to crimes*. He writes:—'The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave relates that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, "Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?" On the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of this dreadful procession put the same question to his own heart. Few among those that crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection.' He continues:—'It may be observed that all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour.... They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared with his misery, and severity defeats itself by exciting pity.'

[593] Richardson, in his *Familiar Letters*, No. 160, makes a country gentleman in town describe the procession of five criminals to Tyburn, and their execution. He should have heard, he said, 'the exhortation spoken by the bell-man from the wall of St. Sepulchre's church-yard; but the noise of the officers and the mob was so great, and the silly curiosity of people climbing into the cart to take leave of the criminals made such a confused noise that I could not hear them. They are as follow: "All good people pray heartily to God for these poor sinners, who now are going to their deaths; for whom this great bell doth toll. You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears.... Lord have mercy upon you! Christ have mercy upon you!" which last words the bell-man repeats

Page 299

three times. All the way up Holborn the crowd was so great, as at every twenty or thirty yards to obstruct the passage; and wine, notwithstanding a late good order against that practice, was brought the malefactors, who drank greedily of it. After this the three thoughtless young men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew most shamefully daring and wanton. They swore, laughed, and talked obscenely. At the place of execution the scene grew still more shocking; and the clergyman who attended was more the subject of ridicule than of their serious attention. The psalm was sung amidst the curses and quarrelling of hundreds of the most abandoned and profligate of mankind. As soon as the poor creatures were half-dead, I was much surprised to see the populace fall to haling and pulling the carcases with so much earnestness as to occasion several warm rencounters and broken heads. These, I was told, were the friends of the persons executed, or such as for the sake of tumult chose to appear so; and some persons sent by private surgeons to obtain bodies for dissection.' The psalm is mentioned in a note on the line in *The Dunciad*, i. 4l, 'Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines:'—'It is an ancient English custom,' says Pope, 'for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn.'

[594] The rest of these miscellaneous sayings were first given in the *Additions to Dr. Johnson's Life* at the beginning of vol. I of the second edition.

[595] Hume (*Auto*. p. 6) speaks of Hurd as attacking him 'with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility which distinguish the Warburtonian school.' 'Hurd,' writes Walpole, 'had acquired a great name by several works of slender merit, was a gentle, plausible man, affecting a singular decorum that endeared him highly to devout old ladies.' *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ii. 50. He is best known to the present generation by his impertinent notes on Addison's *Works*. By reprinting them, Mr. Bohn did much to spoil what was otherwise an excellent edition of that author. See *ante*, p. 47, note 2.

[596] The Rev. T. Twining, one of Dr. Burney's friends, wrote in 1779:—'You use a form of reference that I abominate, *i.e*. the latter, the former. "As long as you have the use of your tongue and your pen," said Dr. Johnson to Dr. Burney, "never, Sir, be reduced to that shift."' *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the XVIIIth Century*, p. 72.

[597] 'A shilling was now wanted for some purpose or other, and none of them happened to have one; I begged that I might lend one. "Ay, do," said the Doctor, "I will borrow of you; authors are like privateers, always fair game for one another."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 212.

[598] See *ante*, i. 129, note 3.

[599] See *post*, June 3, 1784, where he uses almost the same words.

Page 300

[600] What this period was Boswell seems to leave intentionally vague. Johnson knew Lord Shelburne at least as early as 1778 (*ante*, iii. 265). He wrote to Dr. Taylor on July 22, 1782:—'Shelburne speaks of Burke in private with great malignity.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 462. The company commonly gathered at his house would have been displeasing to Johnson. Priestley, who lived with Shelburne seven years, says (*Auto*. p. 55) that a great part of the company he saw there was like the French philosophers, unbelievers in Christianity, and even professed atheists: men 'who had given no proper attention to Christianity, and did not really know what it was.' Johnson was intimate with Lord Shelburne's brother. *Ante*, ii. 282, note 3.

[601] Johnson being asked his opinion of this Essay, answered, 'Why, Sir, we shall have the man come forth again; and as he has proved Falstaff to be no coward, he may prove Iago to be a very good character.' BOSWELL.

[602] A writer in the *European Magazine*, xxx. 160, says that Johnson visited Lord Shelburne at Bowood. At dinner he repeated part of his letter to Lord Chesterfield (*ante*, i. 261). A gentleman arrived late. Shelburne, telling him what he had missed, went on:-'I dare say the Doctor will be kind enough to give it to us again.' 'Indeed, my Lord, I will not. I told the circumstance first for my own amusement, but I will not be dragged in as story-teller to a company.' In an argument he used some strong expressions, of which his opponent took no notice, Next morning 'he went up to the gentleman with great good-nature, and said, "Sir, I have found out upon reflection that I was both warm and wrong in my argument with you last night; for the first of which I beg your pardon, and for the second, I thank you for setting me right."' It is clear that the second of these anecdotes is the same as that told by Mr. Morgann of Johnson and himself, and that the scene has been wrongly transferred from Wickham to Bowood. The same writer says that it was between Derrick and Boyce—not Derrick and Smart—that Johnson, in the story that follows, could not settle the precedency.

[603] See ante, i. 124, 394.

[604] See ante, i. 397.

[605] What the great TWALMLEY was so proud of having invented, was neither more nor less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing linen. BOSWELL.

[606]

> 'Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
> Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
> Quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.'
>
> *Aeneid*, vi. 660.

’Lo, they who in their country’s fight
  sword-wounded bodies bore;
Lo, priests of holy life and chaste,
  while they in life had part;
Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake
  things worthy Phoebus’ heart,
And they who bettered life on earth
  by new-found mastery.’

Page 301

MORRIS. Virgil, *Aeneids*, vi. 660. The great Twalmley might have justified himself by *The Rambler*, No. 9:—'Every man, from the highest to the lowest station, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being useful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exercise; and for that end he must necessarily consider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance.... Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.' All this is what Twalmley did. He adorned an art, he endeavoured at eminence, and he inoffensively enjoyed the pleasure of his own superiority. He could also have defended himself by the example of Aeneas, who, introducing himself, said:—

'Sum pius Aeneas .....
... fama super aethera notus.'

Aeneid, i. 378. I fear that Twalmley met with the neglect that so commonly befalls inventors. In the *Gent. Mag*. 1783, p. 719, I find in the list of 'B-nk-ts,' Josiah Twamley, the elder, of Warwick, ironmonger.

[607] 'Sir, Hume is a Tory by chance, as being a Scotchman; but not upon a principle of duty, for he has no principle. If he is anything, he is a Hobbist.' Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 30. Horace Walpole's opinion was very different. 'Are not atheism and bigotry first cousins? Was not Charles II. an atheist and a bigot? and does Mr. Hume pluck a stone from a church but to raise an altar to tyranny?' *Letters*, v. 444. Hume wrote in 1756:—'My views of *things* are more conformable to Whig principles; my representations of *persons* to Tory prejudices.' J.H. Burton's *Hume*, ii. 11. Hume's Toryism increased with years. He says in his *Autobiography/* (p. xi.) that all the alterations which he made in the later editions of his *History of the Stuarts*, 'he made invariably to the Tory side.' Dr. Burton gives instances of these; *Life of Hume*, ii. 74. Hume wrote in 1763 that he was 'too much infected with the plaguy prejudices of Whiggism when he began the work.' *Ib*. p. 144. In 1770 he wrote:—'I either soften or expunge many villainous, seditious Whig strokes which had crept into it.' *Ib*. p. 434. This growing hatred of Whiggism was, perhaps, due to pique. John Home, in his notes of Hume's talk in the last weeks of his life, says: 'He recurred to a subject not unfrequent with him—that is, the design to ruin him as an author, by the people that were ministers at the first publication of his *History*, and called themselves Whigs.' *Ib*. p. 500. As regards America, Hume was with the Whigs, as Johnson had perhaps learnt from their common friend, Mr. Strahan. 'He was,' says Dr. Burton, 'far more tolerant of the sway of individuals over numbers, which he looked upon

Page 302

as the means of preserving order and civilization, than of the predominance of one territory over another, which he looked upon as subjugation.' *Ib*. p. 477. Quite at the beginning of the struggle he foretold that the Americans would not be subdued, unless they broke in pieces among themselves. *Ib*. p. 482. He was not frightened by the prospect of the loss of our supremacy. He wrote to Adam Smith:—'My notion is that the matter is not so important as is commonly imagined. Our navigation and general commerce may suffer more than our manufactures.' *Ib*. p. 484. Johnson's charge against Hume that he had no principle, is, no doubt, a gross one; yet Hume's advice to a sceptical young clergyman, who had good hope of preferment, that he should therefore continue in orders, was unprincipled enough. 'It is,' he wrote, 'putting too great a respect on the vulgar and on their superstitions to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods—[Greek: nomo poleos]. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world.' *Ib/*. p. 187.

[608] Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 48) says that Johnson told her that in writing the story of Gelaleddin, the poor scholar (*Idler*, No. 75), who thought to fight his way to fame by his learning and wit, 'he had his own outset into life in his eye.' Gelaleddin describes how 'he was sometimes admitted to the tables of the viziers, where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge; but he observed that where, by endeavour or accident he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.' See *ante*, p. 116.

[609] See ante, p. 115.

[610] Bar. BOSWELL.

[611] Nard. BOSWELL.

[612] Barnard. BOSWELL.

[613] It was reviewed in the *Gent. Mag*. 1781, p. 282, where it is said to have been written by Don Gabriel, third son of the King of Spain.

[614] Though 'you was' is very common in the authors of the last century when one person was addressed, I doubt greatly whether Johnson ever so expressed himself.

[615] See *ante*, i. 311.

[616] Horace Walpole (*Letters* v. 85) says, 'Boswell, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of.' Miss Burney records 'an old trick of Mr. Cambridge to his son George, when listening to a dull story, in saying to the relator "Tell the rest of that to George."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 274. See *ante*, ii. 361.

Page 303

[617] Virgil, *Eclogues*, i. 47.

[618] ‘Mr. Johnson,’ writes Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 21), ’was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He had strongly persuaded himself of the difficulty people always find to erase early impressions either of kindness or resentment.’

[619] *Ante*, ii.171, iv.75; also *post*, May 15, 1784.

[620] Johnson, on May 1, 1780, wrote of the exhibition dinner:—’The apartments were truly very noble. The pictures, for the sake of a sky-light, are at the top of the house; there we dined, and I sat over against the Archbishop of York. See how I live when I am not under petticoat government.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 111. It was Archbishop Markham whom he met; he is mentioned by Boswell in his *Hebrides, post*, v. 37. In spite of the ‘elaboration of homage’ Johnson could judge freely of an archbishop. He described the Archbishop of Tuam as ’a man coarse of voice and inelegant of language.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 300.

[621] By Lord Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont. He carried, writes Horace Walpole (*Letters*, ii. 144), ’the Westminster election at the end of my father’s ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called the *History of the House of Yvery*, a work which cost him three thousand pounds; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words:—“And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country.'”

[622] Five days earlier Johnson made the following entry in his Diary:—’1783, April 5. I took leave of Mrs. Thrale. I was much moved. I had some expostulations with her. She said that she was likewise affected. I commended the Thrales with great good-will to God; may my petitions have been heard.’ Hawkins’s *Life*, p. 553. This was not ’a formal taking of leave,’ as Hawkins says. She was going to Bath (Mme. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 264). On May-day he wrote to her on the death of one of her little girls:—’I loved her, for she was Thrale’s and yours, and, by her dear father’s appointment, in some sort mine: I love you all, and therefore cannot without regret see the phalanx broken, and reflect that you and my other dear girls are deprived of one that was born your friend. To such friends every one that has them has recourse at last, when it is discovered and discovered it seldom fails to be, that the fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 255. He was sadly thinking how her friendship for him was rapidly passing away.

[623] Johnson modestly ended his account of the tour by saying:—’I cannot but be conscious that my thoughts on national manners are the thoughts of one who has seen but little.’ *Works*, ix. 161. See Boswell’s *Hebrides*, Nov. 22.

Page 304

[624] See *ib*. Oct. 21.

[625] She says that he was 'the genuine author of the first volume. An ingenious physician,' she continues, 'with the assistance of several others, continued the work until the eighth volume.' Mrs. Manley's *History of her own Life and Times*, p. 15—a gross, worthless book. Swift satirised her in *Corinna, a Ballad*. Swift's *Works* (1803), x. 94.

[626] The real authour was I. P. Marana, a Genoese, who died at Paris in 1693. John Dunton in his *Life* says, that Mr. *William Bradshaw* received from Dr. Midgeley forty shillings a sheet for writing part of the *Turkish Spy*; but I do not find that he any where mentions *Sault* as engaged in that work. MALONE.

[627] See *ante*, ii. 355, iii. 46, and iv. 139.

[628] This was in June, 1783, and I find in Mr. Windham's private diary (which it seems this conversation induced him to keep) the following memoranda of Dr. Johnson's advice: 'I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. Never be afraid to think yourself fit for any thing for which your friends think you fit. *You will become an able negotiator—a very pretty rascal*. No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption; no one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing. Set sail, and see where the winds and the waves will carry you. Every day will improve another. *Dies diem docet*, by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail so no more.' CROKER. The Whigs thought he made 'a very pretty rascal' in a very different way. On his opposition to Whitbread's bill for establishing parochial schools, Romilly wrote (*Life*, ii. 2l6), 'that a man so enlightened as Windham should take the same side (which he has done most earnestly) would excite great astonishment, if one did not recollect his eager opposition a few months ago to the abolition of the slave trade.' He was also 'most strenuous in opposition' to Romilly's bill for repealing the act which made it a capital offence to steal to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling-house, *Ib*. p. 316.

[629] We accordingly carried our scheme into execution, in October, 1792; but whether from that uniformity which has in modern times, in a great degree, spread through every part of the Metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed. BOSWELL.

[630] Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, p. 193. See *post*, under June 30, 1784.

[631] Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, ii. 139-143) says that the picture, which was execrable beyond belief, was exhibited in an empty room. Lowe, in 1769 (not in 1771 as Northcote says), gained the gold medal of the Academy for the best historical picture. (*Gent. Mag*. 1770, p. 587.) Northcote says that the award was not a fair one. He adds that Lowe, being sent to Rome by the patronage of

Page 305

the Academy, was dissatisfied with the sum allowed him. 'When Sir Joshua said that he knew from experience that it was sufficient, Lowe pertly answered "that it was possible for a man to live on guts and garbage."' He died at an obscure lodging in Westminster, in 1793. There is, wrote Miss Burney, 'a certain poor wretch of a villainous painter, one Mr. Lowe, whom Dr. Johnson recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their picture. Among these he applied to Mr. Crutchley [one of Mr. Thrale's executors]. "But now," said Mr. Crutchley to me, "I have not a notion of sitting for my picture—for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without; but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give *him* my picture." "And I assure you, Sir," says he, "I shall put it in very good company, for I have portraits of some very respectable people in my dining-room." After all I could say I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling... "Oh!" says I, "Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement; so I poked three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii.41. A correspondent of the *Examiner* writing on May 28, 1873, said that he had met one of Lowe's daughters, 'who recollected,' she told him, 'when a child, sitting on Dr. Johnson's knee and his making her repeat the Lord's Prayer.' She was Johnson's god-daughter. By a committee consisting of Milman, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle and others, an annuity fund for her and her sister was raised. Lord Palmerston gave a large subscription.

[632] See *post*, May 15, 1783.

[633] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, *post*, v. 48.

[634] See *ante*, p. 171.

[635] Quoted by Boswell, *ante*, iii. 324.

[636] It is suggested to me by an anonymous Annotator on my Work, that the reason why Dr. Johnson collected the peels of squeezed oranges may be found in the 58th [358th] Letter in Mrs. Piozzi's *Collection*, where it appears that he recommended 'dried orange-peel, finely powdered,' as a medicine. BOSWELL. See *ante*, ii. 330.

[637] There are two mistakes in this calculation, both perhaps due to Boswell. *Eighty-four* should be *eighty-eight*, and square-yards should be *yards square*. 'If a wall cost L1000 a mile, L100 would build 176 yards of wall, which would form a square of 44 yards, and enclose an area of 1936 square yards; and L200 would build 352 yards of wall, which would form a square of 88 yards, and inclose an area of 7744 square yards. The cost of the wall in the latter case, as compared with the space inclosed, would therefore be reduced to one half.' *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. x. 471.

Page 306

[638] See *ante*, i. 318.

[639] 'Davies observes, in his account of Ireland, that no Irishman had ever planted an orchard.' Johnson's *Works*, ix.7. 'At Fochabars [in the Highlands] there is an orchard, which in Scotland I had never seen before.' *Ib.* p. 21.

[640] Miss Burney this year mentions meeting 'Mr. Walker, the lecturer. Though modest in science, he is vulgar in conversation.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 237. Johnson quotes him, *Works*, viii. 474.

[641] 'Old Mr. Sheridan' was twelve years younger than Johnson. For his oratory, see *ante*, i. 453, and *post*, April 28 and May 17, 1783.

[642] See *ante*, i. 358, when Johnson said of Sheridan:—'His voice when strained is unpleasing, and when low is not always heard.'

[643] See *ante*, iii. 139.

[644] 'A more magnificent funeral was never seen in London,' wrote Murphy (*Life of Garrick*, p. 349). Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 169), wrote on the day of the funeral:—'I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services.' He added, 'at Lord Chatham's interment there were not half the noble coaches that attended Garrick's.' *Ib*. p. 171. In his *Journal of the Reign of George III* (ii. 333), he says:—'The Court was delighted to see a more noble and splendid appearance at the interment of a comedian than had waited on the remains of the great Earl of Chatham.' Bishop Horne (*Essays and Thoughts*, p. 283) has some lines on 'this grand parade of woe,' which begin:—

'Through weeping London's crowded streets,
As Garrick's funeral passed,
Contending wits and nobles strove,
Who should forsake him last.
Not so the world behaved to *him*
Who came that world to save,
By solitary Joseph borne
Unheeded to his grave.'

Johnson wrote on April 30, 1782: 'Poor Garrick's funeral expenses are yet unpaid, though the undertaker is broken.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 239. Garrick was buried on Feb. 1, 1779, and had left his widow a large fortune. Chatham died in May, 1778.

[645] Boswell had heard Johnson maintain this; *ante*, ii. 101.

[646] See *post*, p. 238, note 2.

[647] This duel was fought on April 21, between Mr. Riddell of the Horse-Grenadiers, and Mr. Cunningham of the Scots Greys. Riddell had the first fire, and shot Cunningham through the breast. After a pause of two minutes Cunningham returned the fire, and gave Riddell a wound of which he died next day. *Gent. Mag.* 1783, p. 362. Boswell's grandfather's grandmother was a Miss Cunningham. Rogers's *Boswelliana*, p. 4. I do not know that there was any nearer connection. In Scotland, I suppose, so much kindred as this makes two men 'near relations.'

Page 307

[648] 'Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other.' *St. Luke*, vi. 29. Had Miss Burney thought of this text, she might have quoted it with effect against Johnson, who, criticising her *Evelina*, said:—'You write Scotch, you say "the one,"—my dear, that's not English. Never use that phrase again.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 84.

[649] 'Turn not thou away.' *St. Matthew*, v. 42.

[650] I think it necessary to caution my readers against concluding that in this or any other conversation of Dr. Johnson, they have his serious and deliberate opinion on the subject of duelling. In my *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 3 ed. p. 386 [p. 366, Oct. 24], it appears that he made this frank confession:—'Nobody at times, talks more laxly than I do;' and, *ib*. p. 231 [Sept. 19, 1773], 'He fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.' We may, therefore, infer, that he could not think that justifiable, which seems so inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. At the same time it must be confessed, that from the prevalent notions of honour, a gentleman who receives a challenge is reduced to a dreadful alternative. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by a clause in the will of the late Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, written the night before he fell in a duel, Sept. 3, 1783:—'In the first place, I commit my soul to Almighty GOD, in hopes of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable customs of this wicked world) put myself under the necessity of taking.' BOSWELL. See *ante*, ii. 179.

[651] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Aug. 24 and Sept. 20. Dr. Franklin (*Memoirs*, i. 177) says that when the assembly at Philadelphia, the majority of which were Quakers, was asked by New England to supply powder for some garrison, 'they would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid of L3000 to be appropriated for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*.' The Governor interpreted *other grain* as gunpowder, without any objection ever being raised.

[652] 'A gentleman falling off his horse brake his neck, which sudden hap gave occasion of much speech of his former life, and some in this judging world judged the worst. In which respect a good friend made this good epitaph, remembering that of Saint Augustine, *Misericordia Domini inter pontem et fontem*.

"My friend judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee;
Betwixt the stirrop and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found."'

Camden's Remains, ed. 1870, p. 420.

[653] 'In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life.' *Prayer-book.*

Page 308

[654] Upon this objection the Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brazennose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following satisfactory observation:—'The passage in the Burial-service does not mean the resurrection of the person interred, but the general resurrection; it is in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection; not *his* resurrection. Where the deceased is really spoken of, the expression is very different, "as our hope is this our brother doth" [rest in Christ]; a mode of speech consistent with every thing but absolute certainty that the person departed doth *not* rest in Christ, which no one can be assured of, without immediate revelation from Heaven. In the first of these places also, "eternal life" does not necessarily mean eternity of bliss, but merely the eternity of the state, whether in happiness or in misery, to ensue upon the resurrection; which is probably the sense of "the life everlasting," in the Apostles' Creed. See *Wheatly and Bennet on the Common Prayer*.' BOSWELL.

[655] Six days earlier the Lord-Advocate Dundas had brought in a bill for the Regulation of the Government of India. Hastings, he said, should be recalled. His place should be filled by 'a person of independent fortune, who had not for object the repairing of his estate in India, that had long been the nursery of ruined and decayed fortunes.' *Parl. Hist*. xxiii. 757. Johnson wrote to Dr. Taylor on Nov. 22 of this year:—'I believe corruption and oppression are in India at an enormous height, but it has never appeared that they were promoted by the Directors, who, I believe, see themselves defrauded, while the country is plundered; but the distance puts their officers out of reach.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 482. See *ante*, p. 66.

[656] See *ante*, p. 113.

[657] Stockdale (*Memoirs*, ii. 57) says that, in 1770, the payment to writers in the *Critical Review* was two guineas a sheet, but that some of the writers in *The Monthly Review* received four guineas a sheet. As these Reviews were octavos, each sheet contained sixteen pages. Lord Jeffrey says that the writers in the *Edinburgh Review* were at first paid ten guineas a sheet. 'Not long after the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign, though two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number.' Cockburn's *Jeffrey*, i. 136.

[658] See ante, ii. 344.

[659] See *ante*, iii.32.

[660] See *ante*, p. 206.

[661] *Monday* is no doubt put by mistake for *Tuesday*, which was the 29th. Boswell had spent a considerable part of Monday the 28th with Johnson (*ante*, p. 211).

[662]

’A fugitive from Heaven and prayer,
I mocked at all religious fear.’
FRANCIS. Horace, *Odes*, i.34. 1.

Page 309

[663] He told Boswell (*ante*, i. 68) that he had been a sort of lax talker against religion for some years before he went to Oxford, but that there he took up Law's *Serious Call* and found it quite an overmatch for him. 'This,' he said, 'was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational enquiry.' During the vacation of 1729 he had a serious illness (*ante*, i. 63), which most likely was 'the sickness that brought religion back.'

[664] See *ante*, i. 93, 164, and *post*, under Dec. 2, 1784.

[665] Mr. Langton. See *ante*, ii. 254.

[666] See *ante*, ii. 249.

[667] Malloch continued to write his name thus, *after he came to London*. His verses prefixed to the second edition of Thomson's *Winter* are so subscribed. MALONE. 'Alias. A Latin word signifying otherwise; as, Mallet, *alias* Malloch; that is *otherwise* Malloch.' The mention of Mallet first comes in Johnson's own abridgment of his *Dictionary*. In the earlier unabridged editions the definition concludes, 'often used in the trials of criminals, whose danger has obliged them to change their names; as Simpson *alias* Smith, *alias* Baker, &c.' For Mallet, see *ante*, i. 268, and ii. 159.

[668] Perhaps Scott had this saying of Johnson's in mind when he made Earl Douglas exclaim:—

'At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.'

Marmion, canto vi. 15.

[669] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Sept. 10.

[670] Johnson often maintained this diffusion of learning. Thus he wrote:—'The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present. To read was not then a general amusement; neither traders, nor often gentlemen, thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aspired to literature nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge.' *Works*, vii. 107. He goes on to mention 'that general literature which now pervades the nation through all its ranks.' *Works*, p. 108. 'That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk was in Addison's time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.' *Ib*. p.470. 'Of the *Essay on Criticism*, Pope declared that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower

character than they are of this.' *Ib*. viii. 243. See *ante*, iii. 3, 254. Yet he maintained that 'learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly.' Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 80.

Page 310

[671] Malone describes a call on Johnson in the winter of this year:—'I found him in his arm-chair by the fire-side, before which a few apples were laid. He was reading. I asked him what book he had got. He said the *History of Birmingham*. Local histories, I observed, were generally dull. "It is true, Sir; but this has a peculiar merit with me; for I passed some of my early years, and married my wife there." [See *ante*, i. 96.] I supposed the apples were preparing as medicine. "Why, no, Sir; I believe they are only there because I want something to do. These are some of the solitary expedients to which we are driven by sickness. I have been confined this week past; and here you find me roasting apples, and reading the *History of Birmingham*."' Prior's *Malone*, p. 92.

[672] On April 19, he wrote:—'I can apply better to books than I could in some more vigorous parts of my life—at least than I *did*; and I have one more reason for reading—-that time has, by taking away my companions, left me less opportunity of conversation.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 727.

[673] He told Mr. Windham that he had never read the *Odyssey* through in the original. Windham's *Diary*, p. 17. 'Fox,' said Rogers (*Table Talk*, p. 92), 'used to read Homer through once every year. On my asking him, "Which poem had you rather have written, the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*?" he answered, "I know which I had rather read" (meaning the *Odyssey*).'

[674] 'Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.' Johnson's *Works*, iv. 145. Of Pope Johnson wrote (*ib*. viii. 321):—'To make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last. ... He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure.' Thomas Carlyle, in 1824, speaking of writing, says:—'I always recoil from again engaging with it.' Froude's *Carlyle*, i. 213. Five years later he wrote:—-'Writing is a dreadful labour, yet not so dreadful as *idleness*.' *Ib*. ii. 75. See *ante*, iii. 19.

[675] See *ante*, ii. 15.

[676] Miss Burney wrote to Mrs. Thrale in 1780:—'I met at Sir Joshua's young Burke, who is made much ado about, but I saw not enough of him to know why.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 416. Mrs. Thrale replied:—'I congratulate myself on being quite of your opinion concerning Burke the minor, whom I once met and could make nothing of.' *Ib*. p. 418. Miss Hawkins (*Memoirs*, i. 304) reports, on Langton's authority, that Burke said:—'How extraordinary it is that I, and Lord Chatham, and Lord Holland, should each have a son so superior to ourselves.'

[677] Cruikshank, not Cruikshanks (see *post*, under Sept. 18, 1783, and Sept. 4 1784). He had been Dr. Hunter's partner; he was not elected (*Gent. Mag.* 1783, p. 626). Northcote, in quoting this letter, says that 'Sir Joshua's influence in the Academy was not always answerable to his desire. "Those who are of some importance everywhere

else," he said, "find themselves nobody when they come to the Academy.'" Northcote's *Reynolds*, ii. 145.

Page 311

[678] William Hunter, scarcely less famous as a physician than his youngest brother, John Hunter, as a surgeon.

[679] Let it be remembered by those who accuse Dr. Johnson of illiberality that both were *Scotchmen*. BOSWELL.

[680] The following day he dined at Mrs. Garrick's. 'Poor Johnson,' wrote Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 280), 'exerted himself exceedingly, but he was very ill and looked so dreadfully, that it quite grieved me. He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun.'

[681] In the winter of 1788-9 Boswell began a canvass of his own county, He also courted Lord Lonsdale, in the hope of getting one of the seats in his gift, who first fooled him and then treated him with great brutality, *Letters of Boswell*, pp. 270, 294, 324.

[682] On April 6, 1780—'a day,' wrote Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 345), 'that ought for ever to be a red-lettered day'—Mr. Dunning made this motion. It was carried by 233 to 215. *Parl. Hist.* xxi. 340-367.

[683] See *ante*, i. 355, and ii. 94 for Johnson's appeal to meals as a measure of vexation.

[684] Johnson defines *cant* as '1. A corrupt dialect used by beggars and vagabonds. 2. A particular form of speaking peculiar to some certain class or body of men. 3. A whining pretension to goodness in formal and affected terms. 4. Barbarous jargon. 5. Auction.' I have noted the following instances of his use of the word:—'I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned in a short time the *cant* of criticism.' *The Rambler*, No.123. 'Every class of society has its *cant* of lamentation.' *Ib*. No.128. 'Milton's invention required no assistance from the common *cant* of poetry.' *Ib*. No.140. 'We shall secure our language from being overrun with *cant*, from being crowded with low terms, the spawn of folly or affectation.' *Works*, v. II. 'This fugitive *cant*, which is always in a state of increase or decay, cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language.' *Ib*. p.45. In a note on I *Henry VI*, act iii. sc.1, he says: 'To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the *cant* of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome.' See *ante*, iii. 197, for 'modern *cant*.'

[685] 'Custom,' wrote Sir Joshua, 'or politeness, or courtly manners has authorised such an eastern hyperbolical style of compliment, that part of Dr. Johnson's character for rudeness of manners must be put to the account of scrupulous adherence to truth. His obstinate silence, whilst all the company were in raptures, vying with each other who should pepper highest, was considered as rudeness or ill-nature.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 458.

Page 312

[686] ‘The shame is to impose words for ideas upon ourselves or others.’ Johnson’s *Works*, vi. 64. See *ante*, p.122, where he says: ’There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy.’ Bacon, in his *Essay of Truth*, says: ’It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt.’

[687] See *ante*, p. 204.

[688] ’I dined and lay at Harrison’s, where I was received with that old-fashioned breeding which is at once so honourable and so troublesome.’ Gibbon’s *Misc. Works*, i. 144. Mr. Pleydell, in *Guy Mannering*, ed. 1860, iv. 96, says: ’You’ll excuse my old-fashioned importunity. I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept.’

[689] See *ante*, ii. 167.

[690] See *ante*, i. 387.

[691] In Johnson’s *Works*, ed. 1787, xi. 197, it is recorded that Johnson said, ’Sheridan’s writings on elocution were a continual renovation of hope, and an unvaried succession of disappointments.’ According to the *Gent. Mag.* 1785, p. 288, he continued:—’If we should have a bad harvest this year, Mr. Sheridan would say:—“It was owing to the neglect of oratory."’ See *ante*, p. 206.

[692] Burke, no doubt, was this ‘bottomless Whig.’ When Johnson said ’so they *all* are now,’ he was perhaps thinking of the Coalition Ministry in which Lord North and his friends had places.

[693] No doubt Burke, who was Paymaster of the Forces. He is Boswell’s ‘eminent friend.’ See *ante* ii.222, and *post*, Dec. 24, 1783, and Jan.8, 1784. In these two consecutive paragraphs, though two people seem to be spoken of, yet only one is in reality.

[694] I believe that Burke himself was present part of the time, and that he was the gentleman who ’talked of *retiring*. On May 19 and 21 he had in Parliament defended his action in restoring to office two clerks, Powell and Bembridge, who had been dismissed by his predecessor, and he had justified his reforms in the Paymaster’s office. ‘He awaited,’ he said, the ’judgement of the House. ...If they so far differed in sentiment, he had only to say, *Nunc dimittis servum tuum.’ Parl. Hist.* xxiii.919.

[695] A copy of *Evelina* had been placed in the Bodleian. ’Johnson says,’ wrote Miss Burney, ’that when he goes to Oxford he will write my name in the books, and my age when I writ them, and then,’ he says, ’the world may know that we *So mix our studies, and so joined our fame.* For we shall go down hand in hand to posterity.’ *Mme*.

D'Arblay's *Diary*, i.429. The oldest copy of *Evelina* now in the Bodleian is of an edition published after Johnson's death. Miss Burney, in 1793, married General D'Arblay, a French refugee.

Page 313

[696] Macaulay maintained that Johnson had a hand in the composition of *Cecilia*. He quotes a passage from it, and says:—'We say with confidence, either Sam. Johnson or the Devil.' (*Essays*, ed. 1874, iv. 157.) That he is mistaken is shown by *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary* (ii. 172). 'Ay,' cried Dr. Johnson, 'some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book. I was told by a gentleman this morning that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own.' "It is all her own," said I, "for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed."' On p. 196 she records the following:—-'SIR JOSHUA. "Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day." "'Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke, "it cost me three days; and you know I never parted with it from the day I first opened it."' See *post*, among the imitators of Johnson's style, under Dec. 6, 1784.

[697] In Mr. Barry's printed analysis, or description of these pictures, he speaks of Johnson's character in the highest terms. BOSWELL. Barry, in one of his pictures, placed Johnson between the two beautiful duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire, pointing to their Graces Mrs. Montagu as an example. He expresses his 'reverence for his consistent, manly, and well-spent life.' Barry's *Works*, ii. 339. Johnson, in his turn, praises 'the comprehension of Barry's design.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 256. He was more likely to understand it, as the pictures formed a series, meant 'to illustrate one great maxim of moral truth, *viz*. that the obtaining of happiness depends upon cultivating the human faculties. We begin with man in a savage state full of inconvenience, imperfection, and misery, and we follow him through several gradations of culture and happiness, which, after our probationary state here, are finally attended with beatitude or misery.' Barry's *Works*, ii. 323. Horace Walpole (*Letters*, viii. 366) describes Barry's book as one 'which does not want sense, though full of passion and self, and vulgarisms and vanity.'

[698] Boswell had tried to bring about a third meeting between Johnson and Wilkes. On May 21 he wrote:—'Mr. Boswell's compliments to Mr. Wilkes. He finds that it would not be unpleasant to Dr. Johnson to dine at Mr. Wilkes's. The thing would be so curiously benignant, it were a pity it should not take place. Nobody but Mr. Boswell should be asked to meet the doctor.' An invitation was sent, but the following answer was returned:—'May 24, 1783. Mr. Johnson returns thanks to Mr. and Miss Wilkes for their kind invitation; but he is engaged for Tuesday to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and for Wednesday to Mr. Paradise.' Owing to Boswell's return to Scotland, another day could not be fixed. Almon's *Wilkes*, iv. 314, 321.

[699] 'If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.' *Ecclesiastes*, xi. 3.

Page 314

[700] 'When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.' Shenstone's *Works*, ed. 1773, ii. 255.

[701] Hazlitt says that 'when old Baxter first went to Kidderminster to preach, he was almost pelted by the women for maintaining from the pulpit the then fashionable and orthodox doctrine, that "Hell was paved with infants' skulls.'" *Conversations of Northcote*, p. 80.

[702] *Acts*, xvii. 24.

[703] Now the celebrated Mrs. Crouch. BOSWELL.

[704] Mr. Windham was at this time in Dublin, Secretary to the Earl of Northington, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. BOSWELL. See *ante*, p.200.

[705] Son of Mr. Samuel Paterson. BOSWELL. See *ante*, iii.90, and *post*, April 5, 1784.

[706] The late Keeper of the Royal Academy. He died on Jan. 23 of this year. Reynolds wrote of him:—'He may truly be said in every sense, to have been the father of the present race of artists.' Northcote's *Reynolds* ii.137.

[707] Mr. Allen was his landlord and next neighbour in Bolt-court. *Ante*, iii. 141.

[708] Cowper mentions him in *Retirement*:—

> 'Virtuous and faithful Heberden! whose skill
> Attempts no task it cannot well fulfill,
> Gives melancholy up to nature's care,
> And sends the patient into purer air.'
>
> Cowper's *Poems*, ed. 1786, i. 272.

He is mentioned also by Priestley (*Auto.* ed. 1810, p.66) as one of his chief benefactors. Lord Eldon, when almost a briefless barrister, consulted him. 'I put my hand into my pocket, meaning to give him his fee; but he stopped me, saying, "Are you the young gentleman who gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?" I said I was. "I will take no fee from you." I often consulted him; but he would never take a fee.' Twiss's *Eldon*, i. 104.

[709] How much he had physicked himself is shewn by a letter of May 8. 'I took on Thursday,' he writes, 'two brisk catharticks and a dose of calomel. Little things do me no good. At night I was much better. Next day cathartick again, and the third day opium

for my cough. I lived without flesh all the three days.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.257. He had been bled at least four times that year and had lost about fifty ounces of blood. *Ante*, pp.142, 146. On Aug. 3, 1779, he wrote:—'Of the last fifty days I have taken mercurial physick, I believe, forty.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v.461.

[710] An exact reprint of this letter is given by Professor Mayor in *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v.481. The omissions and the repetitions 'betray,' he says, 'the writer's agitation.' The postscript Boswell had omitted. It is as follows:—'Dr. Brocklesby will be with me to meet Dr. Heberden, and I shall have previously make (sic) master of the case as well as I can.'

Page 315

[711] Vol. ii. p.268, of Mrs. Thrale's *Collection*. BOSWELL. The beginning of the letter is very touching:—'I am sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will perhaps pass over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard, however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know, and I do not blame myself, who have for a great part of human life done you what good I could, and have never done you evil.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 268. 'I have loved you,' he continued, 'with virtuous affection; I have honoured you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearments be forgotten, but let me have in this great distress your pity and your prayers. You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend; do not, do not drive me from you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred.' *Ib.* p.271.

[712] On Aug. 20 he wrote:—'I sat to Mrs. Reynolds yesterday for my picture, perhaps the tenth time, and I sat near three hours with the patience of *mortal born to bear*; at last she declared it quite finished, and seems to think it fine. I told her it was *Johnson's grimly ghost*. It is to be engraved, and I think *in glided*, &c., will be a good inscription.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 302. Johnson is quoting from Mallet's ballad of *Margaret's Ghost*:—

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.'

Percy Ballads, in. 3, 16.

According to Northcote, Reynolds said of his sister's oil-paintings, 'they made other people laugh and him cry.' 'She generally,' Northcote adds, 'did them by stealth.' *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 160.

[713] 'Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783.

Summe pater, quodcunque tuum de corpore Numen
Hoc statuat, precibus Christus adesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nee sit mihi culpa rogasse,
Qua solum potero parte placere tibi.'

Works, i.159.

[714] According to the *Gent. Mag*. 1783, p.542, Dr. Lawrence died at Canterbury on June 13 of this year, his second son died on the 15th. But, if we may trust Munk's *Roll of the College of Physicians*, ii.153, on the father's tomb-stone, June 6 is given as the day of his death. Mr. Croker gives June 17 as the date, and June 19 as the day of the son's death, and is puzzled accordingly.

[715] Poor Derrick, however, though he did not himself introduce me to Dr. Johnson as he promised, had the merit of introducing me to Davies, the immediate introductor. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i.385, 391.

[716] Miss Burney, calling on him the next morning, offered to make his tea. He had given her his own large arm-chair which was too heavy for her to move to the table. '"Sir," quoth she, "I am in the wrong chair." "It is so difficult," cried he with quickness, "for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I that am in the wrong chair to keep you from the right one."' Dr. Burney's *Memoirs*, ii. 345.

Page 316

[717] His Lordship was soon after chosen, and is now a member of THE CLUB. BOSWELL. He was father of the future prime-minister, who was born in the following year.

[718] He wrote on June 23:—'What man can do for man has been done for me.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.278. Murphy (*Life*, p. 121) says that, visiting him during illness, he found him reading Dr. Watson's *Chymistry* (*ante*, p. 118). 'Articulating with difficulty he said:—-"From this book he who knows nothing may learn a great deal, and he who knows will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing."'

[719] 'I have, by the migration of one of my ladies, more peace at home; but I remember an old savage chief that says of the Romans with great indignation-*ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant* [*Tacitus, Agricola*, c. xxx]. *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 259.

[720] 'July 23. I have been thirteen days at Rochester, and am just now returned. I came back by water in a common boat twenty miles for a shilling, and when I landed at Billingsgate, I carried my budget myself to Cornhill before I could get a coach, and was not much incommoded' *Ib*. ii.294. See *ante*, iv.8, 22, for mention of Rochester.

[721] Murphy (*Life*, p. 121) says that Johnson visited Oxford this summer. Perhaps he was misled by a passage in the *Piozzi Letters* (ii. 302) where Johnson is made to write:—'At Oxford I have just left Wheeler.' For *left* no doubt should be read *lost*. Wheeler died on July 22 of this year. *Gent. Mag*. 1783, p. 629.

[722] This house would be interesting to Johnson, as in it Charles II, 'for whom he had an extraordinary partiality' (*ante*, ii. 341), lay hid for some days after the battle of Worcester. Clarendon (vi. 540) describes it 'as a house that stood alone from neighbours and from any highway.' Charles was lodged 'in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents.'

[723] 'I told Dr. Johnson I had heard that Mr. Bowles was very much delighted with the expectation of seeing him, and he answered me:—"He is so delighted that it is shocking. It is really shocking to see how high are his expectations." I asked him why, and he said:—"Why, if any man is expected to take a leap of twenty yards, and does actually take one of ten, everybody will be disappointed, though ten yards may be more than any other man ever leaped."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii.260. On Oct. 9, he wrote:—'Two nights ago Mr. Burke sat with me a long time. We had both seen Stonehenge this summer for the first time.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.315.

[724] Salisbury is eighty-two miles from Cornhill by the old coach-road. Johnson seems to have been nearly fifteen hours on the journey.

Page 317

[725] 'Aug. 13, 1783. I am now broken with disease, without the alleviation of familiar friendship or domestic society. I have no middle state between clamour and silence, between general conversation and self-tormenting solitude. Levett is dead, and poor Williams is making haste to die.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.301. 'Aug. 20. This has been a day of great emotion; the office of the Communion of the Sick has been performed in poor Mrs. Williams's chamber.' *Ib*. 'Sept. 22. Poor Williams has, I hope, seen the end of her afflictions. She acted with prudence and she bore with fortitude. She has left me.

> "Thou thy weary [worldly] task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."
>
> [*Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.]

Had she had good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all that knew her.' *Ib*. p. 311.

[726] Johnson (*Works*, viii. 354) described in 1756 such a companion as he found in Mrs. Williams. He quotes Pope's *Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet*, and continues:—'I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs, weary and disgusted, from the ostentatious, the volatile and the vain. Of such a character which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established.' See *ante*, i.232.

[727] *Pr. and Med*. p. 226. BOSWELL.

[728] I conjecture that Mr. Bowles is the friend. The account follows close on the visit to his house, and contains a mention of Johnson's attendance at a lecture at Salisbury.

[729] A writer in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. xii. 149, says:—'Mr. Bowles had married a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, *viz*. Dinah, the fourth daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland, and highly valued himself upon this connection with the Protector.' He adds that Mr. Bowles was an active Whig.

[730] Mr. Malone observes, 'This, however, was certainly a mistake, as appears from the *Memoirs* published by Mr. Noble. Had Johnson been furnished with the materials which the industry of that gentleman has procured, and with others which, it it is believed, are yet preserved in manuscript, he would, without doubt, have produced a most valuable and curious history of Cromwell's life.' BOSWELL.

[731] See *ante*, ii.358, note 3.

[732] *Short Notes for Civil Conversation*. Spedding's *Bacon*, vii.109.

Page 318

[733] 'When I took up his *Life of Cowley*, he made me put it away to talk. I could not help remarking how very like he is to his writing, and how much the same thing it was to hear or to read him; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be laboured and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts. "Very true," said Mrs. Thrale, "he writes and talks with the same ease, and in the same manner."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 120. What a different account is this from that given by Macaulay:—'When he talked he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious.' Macaulay's *Essays*, edit. 1843, i.404. See *ante*, ii.96, note; iv.183; and *post*, the end of the vol.

[734] See *ante*, ii.125, iii.254, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 14.

[735] Hume said:—'The French have more real politeness, and the English the better method of expressing it. By real politeness I mean softness of temper, and a sincere inclination to oblige and be serviceable, which is very conspicuous in this nation, not only among the high, but low; in so much that the porters and coachmen here are civil, and that, not only to gentlemen, but likewise among themselves.' J.H. Burton's *Hume*, i. 53.

[736] This is the third time that Johnson's disgust at this practice is recorded. See *ante*, ii.403, and iii.352.

[737] See *ante*, iii.398, note 3.

[738] 'Sept. 22, 1783. The chymical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will enquire) which, dissolved by an acid, emits a vapour lighter than the atmospherical air. This vapour is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder compressed upon the body in which the dissolution is performed; the vapour rising swells the bladder and fills it. *Piozzi Letters*, ii.310. The 'body' was iron-filings, the acid sulphuric acid, and the vapour nitrogen. The other 'new kinds of air' were the gases discovered by Priestley.

[739] I do not wonder at Johnson's displeasure when the name of Dr. Priestley was mentioned; for I know no writer who has been suffered to publish more pernicious doctrines. I shall instance only three. First, *Materialism*; by which *mind* is denied to human nature; which, if believed, must deprive us of every elevated principle. Secondly, *Necessity*; or the doctrine that every action, whether good or bad, is included in an unchangeable and unavoidable system; a notion utterly subversive of moral government. Thirdly, that we have no reason to think that the *future* world, (which, as he is pleased to *inform* us, will be adapted to our *merely improved* nature,) will be materially different from *this*; which, if believed, would

Page 319

sink wretched mortals into despair, as they could no longer hope for the 'rest that remaineth for the people of GOD' [*Hebrews*, iv.9], or for that happiness which is revealed to us as something beyond our present conceptions; but would feel themselves doomed to a continuation of the uneasy state under which they now groan. I say nothing of the petulant intemperance with which he dares to insult the venerable establishments of his country.

As a specimen of his writings, I shall quote the following passage, which appears to me equally absurd and impious, and which might have been retorted upon him by the men who were prosecuted for burning his house. 'I cannot, (says he,) as a *necessarian*, [meaning *necessitarian*] hate *any man*; because I consider him as *being*, in all respects, just what GOD has *made him to be*; and also as *doing with respect to me*, nothing but what he was *expressly designed* and *appointed* to do; GOD being the *only cause*, and men nothing more than the *instruments* in his hands to *execute all his pleasure*.'—*Illustrations of Philosophical Necessity*, p. 111.

The Reverend Dr. Parr, in a late tract, appears to suppose that *'Dr. Johnson not only endured, but almost solicited, an interview with Dr. Priestley*. In justice to Dr. Johnson, I declare my firm belief that he never did. My illustrious friend was particularly resolute in not giving countenance to men whose writings he considered as pernicious to society. I was present at Oxford when Dr. Price, even before he had rendered himself so generally obnoxious by his zeal for the French Revolution, came into a company where Johnson was, who instantly left the room. Much more would he have reprobated Dr. Priestley. Whoever wishes to see a perfect delineation of this *Literary Jack of all Trades*, may find it in an ingenious tract, entitled, 'A SMALL WHOLE-LENGTH OF DR. PRIESTLEY,' printed for Rivingtons, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. BOSWELL. See Appendix B.

[740] Burke said, 'I have learnt to think *better* of mankind.' *Ante*, iii.236.

[741] He wrote to his servant Frank from Heale on Sept. l6:—'As Thursday [the 18th] is my birthday I would have a little dinner got, and would have you invite Mrs. Desmoulins, Mrs. Davis that was about Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Allen, and Mrs. Gardiner.' Croker's *Boswell*, p.739. See *ante*, iii.157, note 3.

[742] Dr. Burney had just lost Mr. Bewley, 'the Broom Gentleman' (*ante*, p. 134), and Mr. Crisp. Dr. Burney's *Memoirs*, ii.323, 352. For Mr. Crisp, see Macaulay's *Review* of *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary. Essays*, ed. 1874, iv.104.

[743] He wrote of her to Mrs. Montagu:—'Her curiosity was universal, her knowledge was very extensive, and she sustained forty years of misery with steady fortitude. Thirty years and more she had been my companion, and her death has left me very desolate.'

Croker's *Boswell*, p. 739. This letter brought to a close his quarrel with Mrs. Montagu (*ante*, p. 64).

Page 320

[744] On Sept. 22 he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—'If excision should be delayed, there is danger of a gangrene. You would not have me for fear of pain perish in putrescence. I shall, I hope, with trust in eternal mercy, lay hold of the possibility of life which yet remains.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii.312.

[745] Rather more than seven years ago. *Ante*, ii.82, note 2.

[746] Mrs. Anna Williams. BOSWELL.

[747] See *ante*, p. 163, and Boswell's *Hebrides*, Nov 2.

[748] Dated Oct. 27. *Piozzi Letters*, ii.321.

[749] According to Mrs. Piozzi (*Letters*, ii.387), he said to Mrs. Siddons:—'You see, Madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got.' Sir Joshua also paid her a fine compliment. 'He never marked his own name [on a picture],' says Northcote, 'except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the Tragic Muse, when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. "I could not lose," he said, "the honour this opportunity offered to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."' Northcote's *Reynolds*, i. 246. In Johnson's *Works*, ed. 1787, xi. 207, we read that 'he said of Mrs. Siddons that she appeared to him to be one of the few persons that the two great corrupters of mankind, money and reputation, had not spoiled.'

[750] 'Indeed, Dr. Johnson,' said Miss Monckton, 'you *must* see Mrs. Siddons.' 'Well, Madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 198.

[751] 'Mrs. Porter, the tragedian, was so much the favourite of her time, that she was welcomed on the stage when she trod it by the help of a stick.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 319.

[752] He said:—'Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw.' Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 126. See *ante*, p. 7. She was for many years the neighbour and friend of Horace Walpole.

[753] She acted the heroine in *Irene. Ante*, i. 197. 'It is wonderful how little mind she had,' he once said. *Ante*, ii. 348. See Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 126.

[754] See *ante*, iii. 183.

[755] See ante, iii. 184.

[756] 'Garrick's great distinction is his universality,' Johnson said. 'He can represent all modes of life, but that of an easy, fine-bred gentleman.' Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 126. See *ante*, iii. 35. Horace Walpole wrote of Garrick in 1765 (*Letters*, iv. 335):—-'Several actors have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin in

Falstaff was as excellent as Garrick in *Lear*. Old Johnson far more natural in everything he attempted; Mrs. Porter surpassed him in passionate tragedy. Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy.'

[757] See *ante*, ii. 465.

Page 321

[758] Mr. Kemble told Mr. Croker that 'Mrs. Siddons's pathos in the last scene of *The Stranger* quite overcame him, but he always endeavoured to restrain any impulses which might interfere with his previous study of his part.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 742. Diderot, writing of the qualifications of a great actor, says:—'Je lui veux beaucoup de jugement; je le veux spectateur froid et tranquille de la nature humaine; qu'il ait par consequent beaucoup de finesse, mais nulle sensibilite, ou, ce qui est la meme chose, l'art de tout imiter, et une egale aptitude a toutes sortes de caracteres et de roles; s'il etait sensible, il lui serait impossible de jouer dix fois de suite le meme role avec la meme chaleur et le meme succes; tres chaud a la premiere representation, il serait epuise et froid comme le marble a la troisieme,' &c. Diderot's *Works* (ed. 1821), iii. 274. See Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 46.

[759] My worthy friend, Mr. John Nichols, was present when Mr. Henderson, the actor, paid a visit to Dr. Johnson; and was received in a very courteous manner. See *Gent. Mag*. June, 1791.

I found among Dr. Johnson's papers, the following letter to him, from the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy [*ante*, i. 326]:—

'To DR. JOHNSON.

'SIR,

'The flattering remembrance of the partiality you honoured me with, some years ago, as well as the humanity you are known to possess, has encouraged me to solicit your patronage at my Benefit.

'By a long Chancery suit, and a complicated train of unfortunate events, I am reduced to the greatest distress; which obliges me, once more, to request the indulgence of the publick.

'Give me leave to solicit the honour of your company, and to assure you, if you grant my request, the gratification I shall feel, from being patronized by Dr. Johnson, will be infinitely superiour to any advantage that may arise from the Benefit; as I am, with the profoundest respect, Sir,

'Your most obedient, humble servant, G. A. BELLAMY. No. 10 Duke-street, St. James's, May 11, 1783.'

I am happy in recording these particulars, which prove that my illustrious friend lived to think much more favourably of Players than he appears to have done in the early part of his life. BOSWELL. Mr. Nichols, describing Henderson's visit to Johnson, says:—'The conversation turning on the merits of a certain dramatic writer, Johnson said: "I never

did the man an injury; but he would persist in reading his tragedy to me."' *Gent. Mag*: 1791, p. 500.

[760] *Piozzi Letters*, vol. ii. p. 328. BOSWELL.

[761] *Piozzi Letters*, vol. ii. p. 342. BOSWELL. The letter to Miss Thrale was dated Nov. 18. Johnson wrote on Dec. l3:—'You must all guess again at my friend. It was not till Dec. 31 that he told the name.

[762] Miss Burney, who visited him on this day, records:—'He was, if possible, more instructive, entertaining, good-humoured, and exquisitely fertile than ever.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 284. The day before he wrote to one of Mrs. Thrale's little daughters:—'I live here by my own self, and have had of late very bad nights; but then I have had a pig to dinner which Mr. Perkins gave me. Thus life is chequered.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 327.

Page 322

[763] See *ante*, i. 242.

[764] See *ante*, i. 242.

[765] Nos. 26 and 29.

[766] *Piozzi Letters*, i. 334. See *ante*, p. 75.

[767] He strongly opposed the war with America, and was one of Dr. Franklin's friends. Franklin's *Memoirs*, ed. 1818, iii. 108.

[768] It was of this tragedy that the following story is told in Rogers's *Table-Talk*, p. 177:—'Lord Shelburne could say the most provoking things, and yet appear quite unconscious of their being so. In one of his speeches, alluding to Lord Carlisle, he said:—"The noble Lord has written a comedy." "No, a tragedy." "Oh, I beg pardon; I thought it was a comedy."' See *ante*, p. 113. Pope, writing to Mr. Cromwell on Aug. 19, 1709, says:—'One might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play: "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me is this your tragedy or your comedy?"' Pope's *Works*, ed. 1812, vi. 81.

[769] Mrs. Chapone, when she was Miss Mulso, had written 'four billets in *The Rambler*, No. 10.' *Ante*, i. 203. She was one of the literary ladies who sat at Richardson's feet. Wraxall (*Memoirs*, ed. 1815, i. 155) says that 'under one of the most repulsive exteriors that any woman ever possessed she concealed very superior attainments and extensive knowledge.' Just as Mrs. Carter was often called 'the learned Mrs. Carter,' so Mrs. Chapone was known as 'the admirable Mrs. Chapone.'

[770] See *ante*, iii. 373.

[771] A few copies only of this tragedy have been printed, and given to the authour's friends. BOSWELL.

[772] Dr. Johnson having been very ill when the tragedy was first sent to him, had declined the consideration of it. BOSWELL.

[773] Johnson refers, I suppose, to a passage in Dryden which he quotes in his *Dictionary* under *mechanick*:—'Many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematicks, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanick operation.'

[774]

> 'I could have borne my woes; that stranger Joy
> Wounds while it smiles:—The long imprison'd wretch,
> Emerging from the night of his damp cell,

Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which flings
Gladness o'er all, to him is agony.' BOSWELL.

[775] Lord Cockburn (*Life of Lord Jeffrey*, i. 74) describing the representation of Scotland towards the close of last century, and in fact till the Reform Bill of 1832, says: —'There were probably not above 1500 or 2000 county electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in Government's hand. The election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper.'

Page 323

[776] Six years later, when he was *Praeses* of the Quarter-Sessions, he carried up to London an address to be presented to the Prince of Wales. 'This,' he wrote, 'will add something to my *conspicuousness*. Will that word do?' *Letters of Boswell*, p. 295.

[777] This part of this letter was written, as Johnson goes on to say, a considerable time before the conclusion. The Coalition Ministry, which was suddenly dismissed by the King on Dec. 19, was therefore still in power. Among Boswell's 'friends' was Burke. See *ante*, p. 223.

[778] On Nov. 22 he wrote to Dr. Taylor:-'I feel the weight of solitude very pressing; after a night of broken and uncomfortable slumber I rise to a solitary breakfast, and sit down in the evening with no companion. Sometimes, however, I try to read more and more.' *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 482. On Dec. 27 he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—'You have more than once wondered at my complaint of solitude, when you hear that I am crowded with visits. *Inopem me copia fecit*. Visitors are no proper companions in the chamber of sickness. They come when I could sleep or read, they stay till I am weary.... The amusements and consolations of langour and depression are conferred by familiar and domestick companions, which can be visited or called at will.... Such society I had with Levett and Williams; such I had where I am never likely to have it more.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 341.

[779] The confusion arising from the sudden dismissal of a Ministry which commanded a large majority in the House of Commons had been increased by the resignation, on Dec. 22, of Earl Temple, three days after his appointment as Secretary of State. *Parl. Hist*. xxiv. 238.

[780] 'News I know none,' wrote Horace Walpole on Dec. 30, 1783 (*Letters*, viii. 447), 'but that they are crying Peerages about the streets in barrows, and can get none off.' Thirty-three peerages were made in the next three years. (*Whitaker's Almanac*, 1886, p. 463.) Macaulay tells how this December 'a troop of Lords of the Bedchamber, of Bishops who wished to be translated, and of Scotch peers who wished to be reelected made haste to change sides.' Macaulay's *Writings and Speeches*, ed. 1871, p. 407.

[781] See *ante*, ii. 182. He died Oct. 28, 1788.

[782]'Prince Henry was the first encourager of remote navigation. What mankind has lost and gained by the genius and designs of this prince it would be long to compare, and very difficult to estimate. Much knowledge has been acquired, and much cruelty been committed; the belief of religion has been very little propagated, and its laws have been outrageously and enormously violated. The Europeans have scarcely visited any coast but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption; to arrogate dominion without right, and practise cruelty without incentive. Happy had it then been for the oppressed, if the designs of Henry had slept in his bosom, and surely more happy for the oppressors.' Johnson's *Works*, v. 219. See *ante*, ii. 478.

Page 324

[783] ‘The author himself,’ wrote Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, i. 220), ’is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.’

[784] Mickle, speaking in the third person as the Translator, says:— ’He is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the Translation, call for his sincerest gratitude.’ Mickle’s *Lusiad*, p. ccxxv.

[785] A brief record, it should seem, is given, *ante*, iii. 37.

[786] See *ante*, iii. 106, 214.

[787] The author of *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr, Johnson* says (p. 153) that it was Johnson who determined Shaw to undertake this work. ‘Sir,’ he said, ’if you give the world a vocabulary of that language, while the island of Great Britain stands in the Atlantic Ocean your name will be mentioned.’ On p. 156 is a letter by Johnson introducing Shaw to a friend.

[788] ‘Why is not the original deposited in some publick library?’ he asked. Boswell’s *Hebrides*, Nov. 10.

[789] See ante, i. 190.

[790] See Appendix C.

[791] ’Dec. 27, 1873. The wearisome solitude of the long evenings did indeed suggest to me the convenience of a club in my neighbourhood, but I have been hindered from attending it by want of breath.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 340. ’Dec. 31. I have much need of entertainment; spiritless, infirm, sleepless, and solitary, looking back with sorrow and forward with terrour.’ *Ib*, p. 343.

[792] ’"I think,” said Mr. Cambridge, “it sounds more like some club that one reads of in *The Spectator* than like a real club in these times; for the forfeits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs."’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 290. Mr. Cambridge was thinking of the Two-penny Club. *Spectator*, No. ix.

[793] I was in Scotland when this Club was founded, and during all the winter. Johnson, however, declared I should be a member, and invented a word upon the occasion: ‘Boswell (said he) is a very *clubable* man.’ When I came to town I was proposed by Mr. Barrington, and chosen. I believe there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, above eight years since that loss, we go on happily. BOSWELL. Mr. Croker says ‘Johnson had already invented *unclubable* for Sir J. Hawkins,’ and refers to a note by Dr. Burney

(*ante*, i. 480, note I), in which Johnson is represented as saying of Hawkins, while he was still a member of the Literary Club:—'Sir John, Sir, is a very unclubable man.' But, as Mr. Croker points out (Croker's *Boswell*, p. 164), 'Hawkins was not knighted till long after he had left the club.' The anecdote, being proved to be inaccurate in one point, may be inaccurate in another, and may therefore belong to a much later date.

Page 325

[794] See Appendix D.

[795] Ben Jonson wrote *Leges Convivales* that were ’engraven in marble over the chimney in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar; that being his Club Room.’ Jonson’s *Works*, ed. 1756, vii. 291.

[796] RULES.

> ’To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench
> In mirth, which after no repenting draws.’—MILTON.
>
> [’To-day deep thoughts *resolve with me* to drench
> In mirth *that*, &c.’ *Sonnets*, xxi.]

’The Club shall consist of four-and-twenty.

’The meetings shall be on the Monday, Thursday, and Saturday of every week; but in the week before Easter there shall be no meeting.

’Every member is at liberty to introduce a friend once a week, but not oftener.

’Two members shall oblige themselves to attend in their turn every night from eight to ten, or to procure two to attend in their room.

’Every member present at the Club shall spend at least sixpence; and every member who stays away shall forfeit three-pence.

’The master of the house shall keep an account of the absent members; and deliver to the President of the night a list of the forfeits incurred.

’When any member returns after absence, he shall immediately lay down his forfeits; which if he omits to do, the President shall require.

’There shall be no general reckoning, but every man shall adjust his own expences.

’The night of indispensable attendance will come to every member once a month. Whoever shall for three months together omit to attend himself, or by substitution, nor shall make any apology in the fourth month, shall be considered as having abdicated the Club.

’When a vacancy is to be filled, the name of the candidate, and of the member recommending him, shall stand in the Club-room three nights. On the fourth he may be chosen by ballot; six members at least being present, and two-thirds of the ballot being in his favour; or the majority, should the numbers not be divisible by three.

’The master of the house shall give notice, six days before, to each of those members whose turn of necessary attendance is come.

’The notice may be in these words:—“Sir, On —— the —— of —— — will be your turn of presiding at the Essex-Head. Your company is therefore earnestly requested.”

‘One penny shall be left by each member for the waiter.’

Johnson’s definition of a Club in this sense, in his *Dictionary*, is, ‘An assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions.’ BOSWELL.

[797] She had left him in the summer (*ante*, p. 233), but perhaps she had returned.

[798] He received many acts of kindness from outside friends. On Dec. 31 he wrote:—’I have now in the house pheasant, venison, turkey, and ham, all unbought. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 343.

Page 326

[799] 'Dec. 16, 1783. I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, who indeed is very ill, and whom I could hardly tell how to leave. He was very, very kind. Oh! what a cruel, heavy loss will he be! Dec. 30. I went to Dr. Johnson, and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand and saying:—"The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them. Ah! *priez Dieu pour moi*."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 293, 5. 'I snatch,' he wrote a few weeks later, 'every lucid interval, and animate myself with such amusements as the time offers.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 349.

[800] He had written to her on Nov. 10. See Croker's *Boswell*, p. 742.

[801] Hawkins (*Life*, 562) says that this November Johnson said to him:—'What a man am I, who have got the better of three diseases, the palsy, the gout, and the asthma, and can now enjoy the conversation of my friends, without the interruptions of weakness or pain.'

[802] 'The street [on London Bridge], which, before the houses fell to decay, consisted of handsome lofty edifices, pretty regularly built, was 20 feet broad, and the houses on each side generally 26-1/2 feet deep.' After 1746 no more leases were granted, and the houses were allowed to run to ruin. In 1756-7 they were all taken down. Dodsley's *London and its Environs*, ed. 1761, iv. 136-143.

[803] In Lowndes's *Bibl. Man*. i. 328 is given a list of nearly fifty of these books. Some of them were reprinted by Stace in 1810-13 in 6 vols. quarto. Dr. Franklin, writing of the books that he bought in his boyhood says:—'My first acquisition was Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections*; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap. Forty volumes in all.' Franklin's *Memoirs*, i. 17.

[804] He wrote to Mrs. Thrale this same day:—'Alas, I had no sleep last night, and sit now panting over my paper. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.' ['This too the Gods shall end.' MORRIS, Virgil,* Aeneids_, 1.199.] *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 347.

[805] Boswell's purpose in this *Letter* was to recommend the Scotch to address the King to express their satisfaction that the East India Company Bill had been rejected by the House of Lords. *Ib*. p. 39. 'Let us,' he writes, 'upon this awful occasion think only of *property* and *constitution*;' p. 42. 'Let me add,' he says in concluding, 'that a dismission of the Portland Administration will probably disappoint an object which I have most ardently at heart;' p. 42. He was thinking no doubt of his 'expectations from the interest of an eminent person then in power' (ante, p. 223.)

Page 327

[806] On p. 4 Boswell condemns the claim of Parliament to tax the American colonies as 'unjust and inexpedient.' 'This claim,' he says, 'was almost universally approved of in Scotland, where due consideration was had of the advantage of raising regiments.' He continues:—'When pleading at the bar of the House of Commons in a question concerning taxation, I avowed that opinion, declaring that the man in the world for whom I have the highest respect (Dr. Johnson) had not been able to convince me that *Taxation was no Tyranny*.'

[807] Boswell wrote to Reynolds on Feb. 6:—'I intend to be in London next month, chiefly to attend upon Dr. Johnson with respectful affection.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 748.

[808] 'I have really hope from spring,' he wrote on Jan. 21, 'and am ready, like Almanzor, to bid the sun *fly swiftly*, and *leave weeks and months behind him*. The sun has looked for six thousand years upon the world to little purpose, if he does not know that a sick man is almost as impatient as a lover.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 347. Almanzor's speech is at the end of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*:—

> 'Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace;
> Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.'

See *ante*, i. 332, where Johnson said, 'This distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. To temperance every day is bright,' and *post*, Aug. 2, 1784.

[809] He died in the following August at Dover, on his way home. Walpole's *Letters*, viii. 494. See *ante*, iii. 250, 336, and *post*, Aug. 19, 1784.

[810] On the last day of the old year he wrote:—'To any man who extends his thoughts to national consideration, the times are dismal and gloomy. But to a sick man, what is the publick?' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 344.

The original of the following note is in the admirable collection of autographs belonging to my friend, Mr. M. M. Holloway:—

'TO THE REV. DR. TAYLOR,

'in Ashbourne,

'Derbyshire.

'DEAR SIR,

'I am still confined to the house, and one of my amusements is to write letters to my friends, though they, being busy in the common scenes of life, are not equally diligent in writing to me. Dr. Heberden was with me two or three days ago, and told me that

nothing ailed me, which I was glad to hear, though I knew it not to be true. My nights are restless, my breath is difficult, and my lower parts continue tumid.

'The struggle, you see, still continues between the two sets of ministers: those that are *out* and *in* one can scarce call them, for who is *out* or *in* is perhaps four times a day a new question. The tumult in government is, I believe, excessive, and the efforts of each party outrageously violent, with very little thought on any national interest, at a time when we have all the

Page 328

world for our enemies, when the King and parliament have lost even the titular dominion of America, and the real power of Government every where else. Thus Empires are broken down when the profits of administration are so great, that ambition is satisfied with obtaining them, and he that aspires to greatness needs do nothing more than talk himself into importance. He has then all the power which danger and conquest used formerly to give; he can raise a family and reward his followers.

’Mr. Burke has just sent me his Speech upon the affairs of India, a volume of above a hundred pages closely printed. I will look into it; but my thoughts seldom now travel to great distances.

’I would gladly know when you think to come hither, and whether this year you will come or no. If my life be continued, I know not well how I shall bestow myself.

’I am, Sir,

’Your affectionate &c.,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘London, Jan. 24, 1784.’

[811] See *post*, v. 48.

[812] See *post*, p. 271.

[813] I sent it to Mr. Pitt, with a letter, in which I thus expressed myself:—’My principles may appear to you too monarchical: but I know and am persuaded, they are not inconsistent with the true principles of liberty. Be this as it may, you, Sir, are now the Prime Minister, called by the Sovereign to maintain the rights of the Crown, as well as those of the people, against a violent faction. As such, you are entitled to the warmest support of every good subject in every department.’ He answered:—’I am extremely obliged to you for the sentiments you do me the honour to express, and have observed with great pleasure the *zealous and able support* given to the CAUSE OF THE PUBLICK in the work you were so good to transmit to me.’ BOSWELL. Five years later, and two years before *The Life of Johnson* was published, Boswell wrote to Temple:—’As to Pitt, he is an insolent fellow, but so able, that upon the whole I must support him against the *Coalition*; but I will *work* him, for he has behaved very ill to me. Can he wonder at my wishing for preferment, when men of the first family and fortune in England struggle for it?’ *Letters of Boswell*, p. 295. Warburton said of Helvetius, whom he disliked, that, if he had met him, ‘he would have *worked* him.’ Walpole’s *Letters*, iv. 217.

[814] Out of this offer, and one of a like nature made in 1779 (*ante*, iii. 418), Mr. Croker weaves a vast web of ridiculous suspicions.

[815] From his garden at Prestonfield, where he cultivated that plant with such success, that he was presented with a gold medal by the Society of London for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. BOSWELL.

[816] In the original *effusion*. Johnson's *Works*, vii. 402.

[817] Who had written him a very kind letter. BOSWELL.

[818] On Jan. 12 the Ministry had been in a minority of 39 in a House of 425; on March 8 the minority was reduced to one in a House of 381. Parliament was dissolved on the 25th. In the first division in the new Parliament the Ministry were in a majority of 97 in a House of 369. *Parl. Hist.* xxiv. 299, 744, 829.

Page 329

[819] See *ante*, p. 241.

[820] 'In old Aberdeen stands the King's College, of which the first president was Hector Boece, or Boethius, who may be justly reverenced as one of the revivers of elegant learning.' Johnson's *Works*, ix. 11.

[821] See *ante*, iii. 104.

[822] In his dining-room, no doubt, among 'the very respectable people' whose portraits hung there. *Ante*, p. 203, note.

[823] Horace Walpole (*Letters*, viii. 466) wrote on March 30:—'The nation is intoxicated, and has poured in Addresses of Thanks to the Crown for exerting the prerogative *against* the palladium of the people.'

[824] The election lasted from April 1 to May 16. Fox was returned second on the poll. *Ann. Reg.* xxvii. 190.

[825] He was returned also for Kirkwall, for which place he sat for nearly a year, while the scrutiny of the Westminster election was dragging on. *Parl. Hist*. xxiv. 799.

[826] Hannah More wrote on March 8 (*Memoirs*, i. 310):—'I am sure you will honour Mr. Langton, when I tell you he is come on purpose to stay with Dr. Johnson, and that during his illness. He has taken a little lodging in Fleet-street in order to be near, to devote himself to him. He has as much goodness as learning, and that is saying a bold thing of one of the first Greek scholars we have.'

[827] Floyer was the Lichfield physician on whose advice Johnson was '*touched*' by Queen Anne. *Ante*, i. 42, 91, and *post*, July 20, 1784.

[828] To which Johnson returned this answer:—

'TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF PORTMORE.

'Dr. Johnson acknowledges with great respect the honour of Lord Portmore's notice. He is better than he was; and will, as his Lordship directs, write to Mr. Langton.

'Bolt-court, Fleet-street,

April 13, 1784.'

BOSWELL. Johnson here assumes his title of Doctor, which Boswell says (*ante*, ii. 332, note 1), so far as he knew, he never did. Perhaps the letter has been wrongly copied, or perhaps Johnson thought that, in writing to a man of title, he ought to assume such title as he himself had.

[829] The eminent painter, representative of the ancient family of Homfrey (now Humphry) in the west of England; who, as appears from their arms which they have invariably used, have been, (as I have seen authenticated by the best authority,) one of those among the Knights and Esquires of honour who are represented by Holinshed as having issued from the Tower of London on coursers apparelled for the justes, accompanied by ladies of honour, leading every one a Knight, with a chain of gold, passing through the streets of London into Smithfield, on Sunday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, being the first Sunday after Michaelmas, in the fourteenth year of King Richard the Second. This family once enjoyed large possessions, but, like others, have lost them in the progress of ages. Their blood, however, remains to them well ascertained; and they may hope in the revolution of events, to recover that rank in society for which, in modern times, fortune seems to be an indispensable requisite. BOSWELL.

Page 330

[830] Son of Mr. Samuel Paterson. BOSWELL. In the first two editions after 'Paterson' is added 'eminent for his knowledge of books.' See *ante*, iii. 90.

[831] Humphry, on his first coming to London, poor and unfriended, was helped by Reynolds. Northcote's *Reynolds*, ii. 174.

[832] On April 21 he wrote:—'After a confinement of 129 days, more than the third part of a year, and no inconsiderable part of human life, I this day returned thanks to God in St. Clement's Church for my recovery.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 365.

[833] On April 26 he wrote:—'On Saturday I showed myself again to the living world at the Exhibition; much and splendid was the company, but like the Doge of Genoa at Paris [Versailles, Voltaire, *Siecle de Louis XIV*, chap, xiv.], I admired nothing but myself. I went up the stairs to the pictures without stopping to rest or to breathe,

"In all the madness of superfluous health."

[Pope's *Essay on Man*, iii. 3.] The Prince of Wales had promised to be there; but when we had waited an hour and a half, sent us word that he could not come.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 367. 'The first Gentleman in Europe' was twenty-one years old when he treated men like Johnson and Reynolds with this insolence. Mr. Forster (*Life of Goldsmith*, ii. 244) says that it was at this very dinner that 'Johnson left his seat by desire of the Prince of Wales, and went to the head of the table to be introduced.' He does not give his authority for the statement.

[834] Mr. Croker wrote in 1847 that he had 'seen it very lately framed and glazed, in possession of the lady to whom it was addressed.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 753.

[835] Shortly before he begged one of Mrs. Thrale's daughters 'never to think that she had arithmetic enough.' *Ante*, p. 171, note 3. See *ante*, iii. 207, note 3.

[836] Cowper wrote on May 10 to the Rev. John Newton:—'We rejoice in the account you give us of Dr. Johnson. His conversion will indeed be a singular proof of the omnipotence of Grace; and the more singular, the more decided.' Southey's *Cowper*, xv. 150. Johnson, in a prayer that he wrote on April 11, said:—'Enable me, O Lord, to glorify Thee for that knowledge of my corruption, and that sense of Thy wrath, which my disease and weakness and danger awakened in my mind.' *Pr. and Med.* p. 217.

[837] Mr. Croker suggests *immediate*.

[838] 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' *St. James*, v. 16.

[839] Upon this subject there is a very fair and judicious remark in the life of Dr. Abernethy, in the first edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, which I should have been glad to see in his life which has been written for the second edition of that valuable

work. 'To deny the exercise of a particular providence in the Deity's government of the world is certainly impious: yet nothing serves the cause of the scorner more than an incautious forward zeal in determining the particular instances of it.'

Page 331

In confirmation of my sentiments, I am also happy to quote that sensible and elegant writer Mr. *Melmoth* [see *ante*, iii. 422], in Letter VIII. of his collection, published under the name of *Fitzosborne*. 'We may safely assert, that the belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion which affords so firm a support to the soul, in those seasons wherein she stands in most need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them.' BOSWELL.

[840] I was sorry to observe Lord Monboddo avoid any communication with Dr. Johnson. I flattered myself that I had made them very good friends (see *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 67, *post*, v. 80), but unhappily his Lordship had resumed and cherished a violent prejudice against my illustrious friend, to whom I must do the justice to say, there was on his part not the least anger, but a good-humoured sportiveness. Nay, though he knew of his Lordship's indisposition towards him, he was even kindly; as appeared from his inquiring of me after him, by an abbreviation of his name, 'Well, how does *Monny*?' BOSWELL. Boswell (*Hebrides, post*, v. 74) says:—'I knew Lord Monboddo and Dr. Johnson did not love each other; yet I was unwilling not to visit his lordship, and was also curious to see them together.' Accordingly, he brought about a meeting. Four years later, in 1777 (*ante*, iii. 102), Monboddo received from Johnson a copy of his Journey to the Hebrides. They met again in London in 1780 (Piozzi Letters, ii. III), and perhaps then quarrelled afresh. Dr. Seattle wrote on Feb. 28, 1785:-'Lord Monboddo's hatred of Johnson was singular; he would not allow him to know anything but Latin grammar, "and that," says he, "I know as well as he does." I never heard Johnson say anything severe of him, though when he mentioned his name, he generally "grinned horribly a ghastly smile,"' ['Grinned horrible,' &c. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 846.] Forbes's *Beattie*, p. 333. The use of the abbreviation *Monny* on Johnson's part scarcely seems a proof of kindliness. See *ante*, i. 453, where he said:—'Why, Sir, *Sherry* is dull, naturally dull,' &c.; and iii. 84, note 2, where he said:—'I should have thought *Mund* Burke would have had more sense;' see also Rogers's *Boswelliana*, p. 216, where he said:—'*Derry* [Derrick] may do very well while he can outrun his character; but the moment that his character gets up with him he is gone.'

[841] On May 13 he wrote:—' Now I am broken loose, my friends seem willing enough to see me. ... But I do not now drive the world about; the world drives or draws me. I am very weak.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 369.

[842] See *ante,* iii, 443.

[843] See *ante,* p. 197.

Page 332

[844] Boswell himself, likely enough.

[845] Verses on the death of Mr. Levett. BOSWELL. *Ante,* p. 138

[846] If it was Boswell to whom this advice was given, it is not unlikely that he needed it. The meagreness of his record of Johnson's talk at this season may have been due, as seems to have happened before, to too much drinking. *Ante,* p.88, note 1.

[847] *Ante,* ii. 100.

[848] George Steevens. See *ante,* iii. 281.

[849] Forty-six years earlier Johnson wrote of this lady:-'I have composed a Greek epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand.' *Ante*, i. 122. Miss Burney described her in 1780 as 'really a noble-looking woman; I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 373.

[850] 'Mrs. Thrale says that though Mrs. Lennox's books are generally approved, nobody likes her.' *Ib.* p. 91. See *ante*, i. 255, and iv. 10.

[851] 'Sept. 1778. MRS. THRALE. "Mrs. Montagu is the first woman for literary knowledge in England, and if in England, I hope I may say in the world." DR. JOHNSON. "I believe you may, Madam. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or, indeed, almost any man." MRS. THRALE. "I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, for that art."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 118. It is curious that Mrs. Thrale and Boswell should both thus instance Burke. Miss Burney writes of her in much more moderate terms:—'Allowing a little for parade and ostentation, which her power in wealth and rank in literature offer some excuse for, her conversation is very agreeable; she is always reasonable and sensible, and sometimes instructive and entertaining.' *Ib.* p. 325. See *ante*, ii. 88, note 3. These five ladies all lived to a great age. Mrs. Montagu was 80 when she died; Mrs. Lennox, 83; Miss Burney (Mme. D'Arblay), 87; Miss More and Mrs. (Miss) Carter, 88. Their hostess, Mrs. Garrick, was 97 or 98.

[852] Miss Burney, describing how she first saw Burke, says:—'I had been told that Burke was not expected; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other. There was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanour, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 145. See *ante*, ii. 450, where Johnson said of Burke:—'His stream of mind is perpetual;' and Boswell's *Hebrides post,*, v. 32, and Prior's *Life of Burke*, fifth edition, p. 58.

Page 333

[853] *Kennel* is a strong word to apply to Burke; but, in his jocularity, he sometimes 'let himself down' to indelicate stories. In the House of Commons he had told one—and a very stupid one too—not a year before. *Parl. Hist*, xxiii. 918. Horace Walpole speaks of Burke's 'pursuit of wit even to puerility.' *Journal of the Reign of George III*, i. 443. He adds (*ib*. ii. 26):—'Burke himself always aimed at wit, but was not equally happy in public and private. In the former, nothing was so luminous, so striking, so abundant; in private, it was forced, unnatural, and bombast.' See *ante*, p. 104, where Wilkes said that in his oratory 'there was a strange want of taste.'

[854] *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, third edition, p. 20 [*post*, v. 32.] BOSWELL. See also *ante*, i. 453, and iii. 323.

[855] I have since heard that the report was not well founded; but the elation discovered by Johnson in the belief that it was true, shewed a noble ardour for literary fame. BOSWELL. Johnson wrote on Feb. 9:—'One thing which I have just heard you will think to surpass expectation. The chaplain of the factory at Petersburgh relates that the *Rambler* is now, by the command of the Empress, translating into Russian, and has promised, when it is printed, to send me a copy.' *Piozzi Letters,* ii. 349. Stockdale records (*Memoirs,* ii. 98) that in 1773 the Empress of Russia engaged 'six English literary gentlemen for instructors of her young nobility in her Academy at St. Petersburgh.' He was offered one of the posts. Her zeal may have gone yet further, and she may have wished to open up English literature to those who could not read English. Beauclerk's library was offered for sale to the Russian Ambassador. *Ante,* iii. 420. Miss Burney, in 1789, said that a newspaper reported that 'Angelica Kauffmann is making drawings from *Evelina* for the Empress of Russia.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary,* v. 35.

[856]

'—me peritus
Disect Iber, Rhodanique potor.'

'To him who drinks the rapid Rhone
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known.'

FRANCIS. Horace, *Odes*, ii. 20. 19.

[857] See *ante*, iii. 49.

[858] See *post*, June 12, 1784.

[859] See *ante*, p. 126.

[860] H. C. Robinson (*Diary*, i. 29) describes him as 'an author on an infinity of subjects; his books were on Law, History, Poetry, Antiquities, Divinity, Politics.' He adds (*ib*. p. 49l):—'Godwin, Lofft, and Thelwall are the only three persons I know (except Hazlitt)

who grieve at the late events'—the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. He found long after his death 'a MS. by him in these words:—"Rousseau, Euripides, Tasso, Racine, Cicero, Virgil, Petrarch, Richardson. If I had five millions of years to live upon this earth, these I would read daily with increasing delight."' *Ib*. iii. 283.

Page 334

[861] Dunciad, iv. 394, note.

[862] The King opened Parliament this day. Hannah More during the election found the mob favourable to Fox. One night, in a Sedan chair, she was stopped with the news that it was not safe to go through Covent Garden. 'There were a hundred armed men,' she was told, 'who, suspecting every chairman belonged to Brookes's, would fall upon us. A vast number of people followed me, crying out "It is Mrs. Fox; none but Mr. Fox's wife would dare to come into Covent Garden in a chair; she is going to canvas in the dark."' H. More's *Memoirs*, i. 316. Horace Walpole wrote on April 11:—'In truth Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster.' *Letters*, viii. 469.

[863] See *post*, under June 9, 1784, where Johnson describes Fox as 'a man who has divided the kingdom with Caesar.'

[864] See *ante*, p. 111.

[865] See *ante*, ii. 162.

[866] Boswell twice speaks of W. G. Hamilton as 'an eminent friend' of Johnson. He was not Boswell's friend. (Ante, p. 111, and *post*, under Dec. 20, 1784.) But Boswell does not here say 'a friend *of ours*.' By 'eminent friend' Burke is generally meant, and he, possibly, is meant here. Boswell, it is true, speaks of his 'orderly and amiable domestic habits' (*ante*, iii. 378); but then Boswell mentions the person here 'as a virtuous man.' If Burke is meant, Johnson's suspicions would seem to be groundless.

[867] See *ante*, p. 168, where Johnson 'wonders why he should have any enemies.'

[868] After all, I cannot but be of opinion, that as Mr. Langton was seriously requested by Dr. Johnson to mention what appeared to him erroneous in the character of his friend, he was bound, as an honest man, to intimate what he really thought, which he certainly did in the most delicate manner; so that Johnson himself, when in a quiet frame of mind, was pleased with it. The texts suggested are now before me, and I shall quote a few of them. 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' *Mat.* v. 5. —'I therefore, the prisoner of the LORD, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.' *Ephes.* v. [iv.] 1, 2.—'And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.' *Col.* iii. 14.—'Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up: doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked.' 1 *Cor.* xiii. 4, 5. BOSWELL. Johnson, in *The Rambler,* No. 28, had almost foretold what would happen. 'For escaping these and a thousand other deceits many expedients have been proposed. Some have recommended the frequent consultation of a wise friend, admitted to intimacy and encouraged by sincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general use; for,

Page 335

in order to secure the virtue of one, it pre-supposes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the first, such a desire of rectitude and amendment as may incline him to hear his own accusation from the mouth of him whom he esteems, and by whom therefore he will always hope that his faults are not discovered; and in the second, such zeal and honesty as will make him content for his friend's advantage to lose his kindness.'

[869] Member for Dumfries.

[870] Malone points out that the passage is not in Bacon, but in Boyle, and that it is quoted in Johnson's *Dictionary* (in the later editions only), under *cross-bow.* It is as follows:—'Testimony is like the shot of a long-bow, which owes its efficacy to the force of the shooter; argument is like the shot of the cross-bow, equally forcible whether discharged by a giant or a dwarf.' See Smollett's *Works*, ed. 1797, i. cliv, for a somewhat fuller account by Dr. Moore of what was said by Johnson this evening.

[871] The Peace made by that very able statesman, the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdown, which may fairly be considered as the foundation of all the prosperity of Great Britain since that time. BOSWELL. In the winter of 1782-83, preliminary treaties of peace were made with the United States, France, and Spain; and a suspension of arms with Holland. The Ode is made up of such lines as the following:—

'While meek philosophy explores
Creation's vast stupendous round,
With piercing gaze sublime she soars,
And bursts the system's distant bound.'

Gent. Mag.; 1783. p. 245.

[872] In the first edition of my Work, the epithet *amiable* was given. I was sorry to be obliged to strike it out; but I could not in justice suffer it to remain, after this young lady had not only written in favour of the savage Anarchy with which France has been visited, but had (as I have been informed by good authority), walked, without horrour, over the ground at the Thuillieries, when it was strewed with the naked bodies of the faithful Swiss Guards, who were barbarously massacred for having bravely defended, against a crew of ruffians, the Monarch whom they had taken an oath to defend. From Dr. Johnson she could now expect not endearment but repulsion. BOSWELL.

[873] Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 50) described her as 'a very fascinating person,' and narrated a curious anecdote which he heard from her about the Reign of Terror.

[874] This year, forming as it did exactly a quarter of a century since Handel's death, and a complete century since his birth, was sought, says the *Gent. Mag.* (1784, p. 457) as the first public periodical occasion for bringing together musical performers in England. Dr. Burney writes (*Ann. Reg.* 1784, p. 331):—'Foreigners must have been astonished at so numerous a band, moving in such exact measure, without the assistance of a Coryphaeus to beat time. Rousseau says that "the more time is beaten, the less it is kept."' There were upwards of 500 performers.

Page 336

[875] See *ante*, iii. 242.

[876] Lady Wronghead, whispers Mrs. Motherly, pointing to Myrtilla.

'*Mrs. Motherly*. Only a niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me; she will be proud to give your Ladyship any assistance in her power.

'*Lady Wronghead*. A pretty sort of a young woman—Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

'*Jenny*. O Mamma! I am never strange in a strange place. *Salutes Myrtilla*.' *The Provoked Husband; or, A Journey to London*, act ii. sc. 1, by Vanbrugh and Colley Gibber. It was not therefore Squire Richard whom Johnson quoted, but his sister.

[877] See *ante*, p. 191.

[878] See Macaulay's *Essays*, ed. 1843, i. 353, for his application of this story.

[879] She too was learned; for according to Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 292) she had learnt Hebrew, merely to be useful to her husband.

[880]

'This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills.'

Swift's *Lines on Stella's Birthday*, 1726-27. Works, ed. 1803, xi. 21.

[881] Dr. Newton, in his *Account of his own Life*, after animadverting upon Mr. Gibbon's *History*, says, 'Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* afforded more amusement; but candour was much hurt and offended at the malevolence that predominates in every part. Some passages, it must be allowed, are judicious and well written, but make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praise, or more abundant in his censures. He seemingly delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections, and not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the forgotten works of former criticks. His reputation was so high in the republick of letters, that it wanted not to be raised upon the ruins of others. But these *Essays*, instead of raising a higher idea than was before entertained of his understanding, have certainly given the world a worse opinion of his temper.—The Bishop was therefore the more surprized and concerned for his townsman, for *he respected him not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much more for the more amiable part of his character, his humanity and charity, his*

morality and religion.' The last sentence we may consider as the general and permanent opinion of Bishop Newton; the remarks which precede it must, by all who have read Johnson's admirable work, be imputed to the disgust and peevishness of old age. I wish they had not appeared, and that Dr. Johnson had not been provoked by them to express himself, not in respectful terms, of a Prelate, whose labours were certainly of considerable advantage both to literature and religion. BOSWELL.

Page 337

[882] Newton was born Jan. 1, 1704, and was made Bishop in 1761. In his *Account of his own Life* (p. 65) he says:—'He was no great gainer by his preferment; for he was obliged to give up the prebend of Westminster, the precentorship of York, the lecturership of St. George's, Hanover Square, and the *genteel office of sub-almoner*.' He died in 1781. His *Works* were published in 1782. Gibbon, defending himself against an attack by Newton, says (*Misc. Works*, l. 24l):—'The old man should not have indulged his zeal in a false and feeble charge against the historian, who,' &c.

[883] *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* 3rd ed. p. 371 [Oct. 25]. BOSWELL. See *ante*, ii. 216.

[884] The Rev. Mr. Agutter [*post,* under Dec. 20] has favoured me with a note of a dialogue between Mr. John Henderson [*post,* June 12] and Dr. Johnson on this topick, as related by Mr. Henderson, and it is evidently so authentick that I shall here insert it: —HENDERSON. 'What do you think, Sir, of William Law?' JOHNSON. 'William Law, Sir, wrote the best piece of Parenetick Divinity; but William Law was no reasoner.' HENDERSON. 'Jeremy Collier, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Jeremy Collier fought without a rival, and therefore could not claim the victory.' Mr. Henderson mentioned Kenn and Kettlewell; but some objections were made: at last he said, 'But, Sir, what do you think of Leslie?' JOHNSON. 'Charles Leslie I had forgotten. Leslie *was* a reasoner, and *a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against.'* BOSWELL.

For the effect of Law's 'Parenetick Divinity' on Johnson, see *ante*, i. 68. 'I am surprised,' writes Macaulay, 'that Johnson should have pronounced Law no reasoner. Law did indeed fall into great errors; but they were errors against which logic affords no security. In mere dialectical skill he had very few superiors.' Macaulay's *England*, ed. 1874, v. 81, note. Jeremy Collier's attack on the play-writers Johnson describes in his *Life of Congreve* (*Works*, viii. 28), and continues:—'Nothing now remained for the poets but to resist or fly. Dryden's conscience, or his prudence, angry as he was, withheld him from the conflict: Congreve and Vanbrugh attempted answers.' Of Leslie, Lord Bolingbroke thus writes (*Works*, in. 45):—'Let neither the polemical skill of Leslie, nor the antique erudition of Bedford, persuade us to put on again those old shackles of false law, false reason, and false gospel, which were forged before the Revolution, and broken to pieces by it.' Leslie is described by Macaulay, *History of England*, v. 81.

[885] Burnet (*History of his own Time*, ed. 1818, iv. 303) in 1712 speaks of Hickes and Brett as being both in the Church, but as shewing 'an inclination towards Popery.' Hickes, he says, was at the head of the Jacobite party. See Boswell's *Hebrides*, Oct. 25.

[886] 'Only five of the seven were non-jurors; and anybody but Boswell would have known that a man may resist arbitrary power, and yet not be a good reasoner. Nay, the resistance which Sancroft and the other nonjuring Bishops offered to arbitrary power,

while they continued to hold the doctrine of non-resistance, is the most decisive proof that they were incapable of reasoning.' Macaulay's *England*, ed. 1874, v. 81.

Page 338

[887] See *ante*, ii. 321, for Johnson's estimate of the Nonjurors, and i. 429 for his Jacobitism.

[888] Savage's *Works*, ed. 1777, ii. 28.

[889] See *ante*, p. 46.

[890] See Boswell's *Hebrides, post*, v. 77.

[891] I have inserted the stanza as Johnson repeated it from memory; but I have since found the poem itself, in *The Foundling Hospital for Wit*, printed at London, 1749. It is as follows:—

'EPIGRAM, *occasioned by a religious dispute at Bath*.

'On Reason, Faith, and Mystery high,
Two wits harangue the table;
B——y believes he knows not why.
N—— swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, coxcombs, peach, and both agree,
N——, kiss they empty brother:
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
And dreads a friend like t'other.'

BOSWELL. The disputants are supposed to have been Beau Nash and Bentley, the son of the doctor, and the friend of Walpole. Croker. John Wesley in his *Journal*, i. 186, tells how he once silences Nash.

[892] See ante, ii. 105.

[893] Waller, in his *Divine Poesie*, canto first, has the same thought finely expressed:—

'The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present union show;
Their joys are full; our expectation long,
In life we differ, but we join in song;
Angels and we assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.'

BOSWELL.

[894] See Boswell's *Hebrides*, post, v. 45.

[895] In the original, *flee*.

[896] The sermon thus opens:—'That there are angels and spirits good and bad; that at the head of these last there is ONE more considerable and malignant than the rest, who, in the form, or under the name of a *serpent*, was deeply concerned in the fall of man, and whose *head*, as the prophetick language is, the son of man was one day to *bruise*; that this evil spirit, though that prophecy be in part completed, has not yet received his death's wound, but is still permitted, for ends unsearchable to us, and in ways which we cannot particularly explain, to have a certain degree of power in this world hostile to its virtue and happiness, and sometimes exerted with too much success; all this is so clear from Scripture, that no believer, unless he be first of all *spoiled by philosophy and vain deceit [Colossians*, ii. 8], can possibly entertain a doubt of it.'

Having treated of *possessions*, his Lordship says, 'As I have no authority to affirm that there *are* now any such, so neither may I presume to say with confidence, that there are *not* any.'

'But then with regard to the influence of evil spirits at this day upon the SOULS of men, I shall take leave to be a great deal more peremptory.—(Then, having stated the various proofs, he adds,) All this, I say, is so manifest to every one who reads the Scriptures, that, if we respect their authority, the question concerning the reality of the demoniack influence upon the minds of men is clearly determined.'

Page 339

Let it be remembered, that these are not the words of an antiquated or obscure enthusiast, but of a learned and polite Prelate now alive; and were spoken, not to a vulgar congregation, but to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn. His Lordship in this sermon explains the words, 'deliver us from evil,' in the Lord's Prayer, as signifying a request to be protected from 'the evil one,' that is the Devil. This is well illustrated in a short but excellent Commentary by my late worthy friend, the Reverend Dr. Lort, of whom it may truly be said, *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*. It is remarkable that Waller, in his *Reflections on the several Petitions, in that sacred form of devotion*, has understood this in the same sense;—

'Guard us from all temptations of the FOE.'

BOSWELL. Dr. Lort is often mentioned in Horace Walpole's *Letters*. Multis ille *quidem* flebilis occidit,' comes from Horace, *Odes*, i. xxiv. 9, translated by Francis,—

How did the good, the virtuous mourn.'

For Dr. Hurd see *ante*, p. 189.

[897] There is a curious anecdote of this physician in *Gent. Mag.* 1772, p. 467.

[898] See *ante*, p. 166. He may have taken the more to Fox, as he had taken to Beauclerk (*ante*, i. 248), on account of his descent from Charles II. Fox was the great-great-grandson of that king. His Christian names recall his Stuart ancestry.

[899] Horace Walpole wrote on April 11 (*Letters*, viii. 469):—'In truth Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; and, indeed, is so amiable and winning that, could he have stood in person all over England, I question whether he would not have carried the Parliament.' Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 316) in the same month wrote:—'Unluckily for my principles I met Fox canvassing the other day, and he looked so sensible and agreeable, that if I had not turned my eyes another way, I believe it would have been all over with me.' See *ante*, p. 279.

[900] Dr. John Radcliffe, who died in 1714, left by his will, among other great benefactions to the University of Oxford, 'L600 yearly to two persons, when they are Masters of Arts and entered on the physic-line, for their maintenance for the space of ten years; the half of which time at least they are to travel in parts beyond sea for their better improvement.' *Radcliffe's Life and Will*, p. 123. Pope mentions them in his *Imitations of Horace, Epistles*, ii. i. 183:—

'E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance.'

Page 340

[901] What risks were run even by inoculation is shewn in two of Dr. Warton's letters. He wrote to his brother:—'This moment the dear children have all been inoculated, never persons behaved better, no whimpering at all, I hope in God for success, but cannot avoid being in much anxiety.' A few days later he wrote:—'You may imagine I never passed such a day as this in my life! grieved to death myself for the loss of so sweet a child, but forced to stifle my feelings as much as possible for the sake of my poor wife. She does not, however, hit on, or dwell on, that most cutting circumstance of all, poor Nanny's dying, as it were by our own means, tho' well intended indeed.' Wooll's *Warton*, i. 289. Dr. Franklin (*Memoirs*, i. 155), on the other hand, bitterly regretted that he had not had a child inoculated, whom he lost by small-pox.

[902] See *post*, before Nov. 17, and under Dec. 9, 1784.

[903] 'I am the vilest of sinners and the worst of men.' Taylor's *Works* (ed. 1864), iii. 31. 'The best men deserve not eternal life, and I who am the worst may have it given me.' *Ib*. p. 431—'He that hath lived worst, even I.' *Ib*. vii. 241. 'Behold me the meanest of thy creatures.' *Ib*. p. 296.

[904] 'You may fairly look upon yourself to be the greatest sinner that you know in the world. First, because you know more of the folly of your own heart than you do of other people's; and can charge yourself with various sins that you only know of yourself, and cannot be sure that other people are guilty of them.' Law's *Serious Call*, chap. 23.

[905] 1 *Timothy*, i. 15.

[906] See *post*, v. 68, note 4.

[907] 'Be careful thou dost not speak a lie in thy prayers, which though not observed is frequently practised by careless persons, especially in the forms of confession, affirming things which they have not thought, professing sorrow which is not, making a vow they mean not.' Taylor's *Works*, ed. 1865, vii. 622.

[908] Reynolds wrote:—'As in Johnson's writings not a line can be found which a saint would wish to blot, so in his life he would never suffer the least immorality or indecency of conversation, [or anything] contrary to virtue or piety to proceed without a severe check, which no elevation of rank exempted them from.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 458. See *ante*, iii. 41.

[909] No doubt Mr. Langton.

[910] Dr. Sheridan tells how Swift overheard a Captain Hamilton say to a gentleman at whose house he had arrived 'that he was very sorry he had chosen that time for his visit. "Why so?" "Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be

laughed at." Swift then stepped up and said, "Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes* or *no* properly?" "Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that." "Then give me your hand—depend upon it, you and I will agree very well."' 'The Captain told me,' continues Sheridan, 'that he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life.' Swift's *Works*, ed. 1803, ii. 104.

Page 341

[911] Gibbon wrote on Feb. 21, 1772 (*Misc. Works*, ii. 78):—'To day the House of Commons was employed in a very odd way. Tommy Townshend moved that the sermon of Dr. Nowell, who preached before the House on the 30th of January (*id est*, before the Speaker and four members), should be burnt by the common hangman, as containing arbitrary, Tory, high-flown doctrines. The House was nearly agreeing to the motion, till they recollected that they had already thanked the preacher for his excellent discourse, and ordered it to be printed.'

[912]

'Although it be not *shined* upon.'
Hudibras, iii. 2, 175.

[913] According to Mr. Croker, this was the Rev. Henry Bate, of the *Morning Post*, who in 1784 took the name of Dudley, was created a baronet in 1815, and died in 1824. Horace Walpole wrote on Nov. 13, 1776 (*Letters*, vi. 39l):—'Yesterday I heard drums and trumpets in Piccadilly: I looked out of the window and saw a procession with streamers flying. At first I thought it a press-gang, but seeing the corps so well-drest, like Hussars, in yellow with blue waistcoats and breeches, and high caps, I concluded it was some new body of our allies, or a regiment newly raised, and with new regimentals for distinction. I was not totally mistaken, for the Colonel is *a new ally*. In short, this was a procession set forth by Mr. Bate, Lord Lyttelton's chaplain, and author of the old *Morning Post*, and meant as an appeal to the town against his antagonist, the new one.' In June, 1781, Bate was sentenced to a year's imprisonment 'for an atrocious libel on the Duke of Richmond. He was the worst of all the scandalous libellers that had appeared both on private persons as well as public. His life was dissolute, and he had fought more than one duel. Yet Lord Sandwich had procured for him a good Crown living, and he was believed to be pensioned by the Court.' Walpole's *Journal of the Reign of George III*, ii. 464.

[914] See *ante*, ii. 339, and iii. 265.

[915] Three days earlier, in the debate on the Westminster Scrutiny, Fox accused 'a person of great rank in this House'—Pitt I believe—'of adding pertness and personal contumely to every species of rash and inconsiderate violence.' *Parl. Hist*. xxiv. 924. Pitt, in reply, classed Fox among 'political apostates,' *ib*. p. 929. Burke, the same evening, 'sat down saying, "he little minded the ill-treatment of a parcel of boys."' When he was called to order, he said:—'When he used the term "a parcel of boys," he meant to apply it to the ministry, who, he conceived, were insulting him with their triumph; a triumph which grey hairs ought to be allowed the privilege of expressing displeasure at, when it was founded on the rash exultation of mere boys.' *Ib*. p. 939. Pitt, Prime-Minister though he was, in the spring of the same year, was called to order by the Speaker, for charging a member with using 'language the most false, the most malicious, and the most slanderous.' *Ib*. p. 763.

Page 342

[916] *Epistles to Mr. Pope*, ii. 165.

[917] See an account of him, in a sermon by the Reverend Mr. Agutter. BOSWELL. This sermon was published in 1788. In Hannah More's *Memoirs* (i. 217), Henderson is described as 'a mixture of great sense, which discovered uncommon parts and learning, with a tincture of nonsense of the most extravagant kind. He believes in witches and apparitions, as well as in judicial astronomy.' Mrs. Kennicott writes (*ib*. p. 220):—'I think if Dr. Johnson had the shaking him about, he would shake out his nonsense, and set his sense a-working. 'He never got out into the world, says Dr. Hall, the Master of Pembroke College, having died in College in 1788.

[918] This was the second Lord Lyttelton, commonly known as 'the wicked Lord Lyttelton.' Fox described him to Rogers as 'a very bad man—downright wicked.' Rogers's *Table Talk*, p. 95. He died Nov. 27, 1779. Horace Walpole (*Letters*, vii. 292) wrote to Mason on Dec. 11 of that year:—'If you can send us any stories of ghosts out of the North, they will be very welcome. Lord Lyttelton's vision has revived the taste; though it seems a little odd that an apparition should despair of being able to get access to his Lordship's bed in the shape of a young woman, without being forced to use the disguise of a robin-red-breast.' In the *Gent. Mag.* 1815, i. 597, and 1816, ii. 421, accounts are given of this vision. In the latter account it is said that 'he saw a bird fluttering, and afterwards a woman appeared in white apparel, and said, "Prepare to die; you will not exist three days."' Mrs. Piozzi also wrote a full account of it. Hayward's *Piozzi*, i. 332.

[919] See *ante*, ii. 150, and iii. 298, note 1.

[920] See *ante*, p. 278.

[921] 'If he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting for security; what can he judge of himself, but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction? &c.' *The Rambler*, No. 110. In a blank leaf in the book in which Johnson kept his diary of his journey in Wales is written in his own hand, 'Faith in some proportion to Fear.' Duppa's Johnson's *Diary of a Journey &c*., p. 157. See *ante*, iii. 199.

[922] He wrote to Mrs. Thrale on March 20:—'Write to me no more about *dying with a grace*; when you feel what I have felt in approaching eternity—in fear of soon hearing the sentence of which there is no revocation, you will know the folly.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 354. Of him it might have been said in Cowper's words:—

> 'Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears.'

The Task: The Winter Morning Walk, 1. 611. See *ante*, iii. 294.

Page 343

[923] The Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following remarks on my Work, which he is pleased to say, ‘I have hitherto extolled, and cordially approve.’

’The chief part of what I have to observe is contained in the following transcript from a letter to a friend, which, with his concurrence, I copied for this purpose; and, whatever may be the merit or justness of the remarks, you may be sure that being written to a most intimate friend, without any intention that they ever should go further, they are the genuine and undisguised sentiments of the writer:—

’Jan. 6, 1792.

’Last week, I was reading the second volume of Boswell’s *Johnson*, with increasing esteem for the worthy authour, and increasing veneration of the wonderful and excellent man who is the subject of it. The writer throws in, now and then, very properly some serious religious reflections; but there is one remark, in my mind an obvious and just one, which I think he has not made, that Johnson’s “morbid melancholy,” and constitutional infirmities, were intended by Providence, like St. Paul’s thorn in the flesh, to check intellectual conceit and arrogance; which the consciousness of his extraordinary talents, awake as he was to the voice of praise, might otherwise have generated in a very culpable degree. Another observation strikes me, that in consequence of the same natural indisposition, and habitual sickliness, (for he says he scarcely passed one day without pain after his twentieth year,) he considered and represented human life, as a scene of much greater misery than is generally experienced. There may be persons bowed down with affliction all their days; and there are those, no doubt, whose iniquities rob them of rest; but neither calamities nor crimes, I hope and believe, do so much and so generally abound, as to justify the dark picture of life which Johnson’s imagination designed, and his strong pencil delineated. This I am sure, the colouring is far too gloomy for what I have experienced, though as far as I can remember, I have had more sickness (I do not say more severe, but only more in quantity,) than falls to the lot of most people. But then daily debility and occasional sickness were far overbalanced by intervenient days, and, perhaps, weeks void of pain, and overflowing with comfort. So that in short, to return to the subject, human life, as far as I can perceive from experience or observation, is not that state of constant wretchedness which Johnson always insisted it was; which misrepresentation, (for such it surely is,) his Biographer has not corrected, I suppose, because, unhappily, he has himself a large portion of melancholy in his constitution, and fancied the portrait a faithful copy of life.’

The learned writer then proceeds thus in his letter to me:—

Page 344

’I have conversed with some sensible men on this subject, who all seem to entertain the same sentiments respecting life with those which are expressed or implied in the foregoing paragraph. It might be added that as the representation here spoken of, appears not consistent with fact and experience, so neither does it seem to be countenanced by Scripture. There is, perhaps, no part of the sacred volume which at first sight promises so much to lend its sanction to these dark and desponding notions as the book of *Ecclesiastes*, which so often, and so emphatically, proclaims the vanity of things sublunary. But the design of this whole book, (as it has been justly observed,) is not to put us out of conceit with life, but to cure our vain expectations of a compleat and perfect happiness in this world; to convince us, that there is no such thing to be found in mere external enjoyments;—and to teach us to seek for happiness in the practice of virtue, in the knowledge and love of God, and in the hopes of a better life. For this is the application of all; *Let us hear*, &c. xii. 13. Not only his duty, but his happiness too; *For* GOD, &c. ver. 14.—See *Sherlock on Providence*, p. 299.

’The New Testament tells us, indeed, and most truly, that “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;” and, therefore, wisely forbids us to increase our burden by forebodings of sorrows; but I think it no where says that even our ordinary afflictions are not consistent with a very considerable degree of positive comfort and satisfaction. And, accordingly, one whose sufferings as well as merits were conspicuous, assures us, that in proportion “as the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so their consolation also abounded by Christ.” 2 *Cor*. i. 5. It is needless to cite, as indeed it would be endless even to refer to, the multitude of passages in both Testaments holding out, in the strongest language, promises of blessings, even in this world, to the faithful servants of GOD. I will only refer to *St. Luke*, xviii. 29, 30, and 1 *Tim*. iv. 8.

’Upon the whole, setting aside instances of great and lasting bodily pain, of minds peculiarly oppressed by melancholy, and of severe temporal calamities, from which extraordinary cases we surely should not form our estimate of the general tenour and complexion of life; excluding these from the account, I am convinced that as well the gracious constitution of things which Providence has ordained, as the declarations of Scripture and the actual experience of individuals, authorize the sincere Christian to hope that his humble and constant endeavours to perform his duty, checquered as the best life is with many failings, will be crowned with a greater degree of present peace, serenity, and comfort, than he could reasonably permit himself to expect, if he measured his views and judged of life from the opinion of Dr. Johnson, often and energetically expressed in the Memoirs of him, without any animadversion or

Page 345

censure by his ingenious Biographer. If he himself, upon reviewing the subject, shall see the matter in this light, he will, in an octavo edition, which is eagerly expected, make such additional remarks or correction as he shall judge fit; lest the impressions which these discouraging passages may leave on the reader's mind, should in any degree hinder what otherwise the whole spirit and energy of the work tends, and, I hope, successfully, to promote,—pure morality and true religion.'

Though I have, in some degree, obviated any reflections against my illustrious friend's dark views of life, when considering, in the course of this Work, his *Rambler* [*ante*, i. 213] and his *Rasselas* [*ante*, i. 343], I am obliged to Mr. Churton for complying with my request of his permission to insert his Remarks, being conscious of the weight of what he judiciously suggests as to the melancholy in my own constitution. His more pleasing views of life, I hope, are just. *Valeant quantum valere possunt*.

Mr. Churton concludes his letter to me in these words:—'Once, and only once, I had the satisfaction of seeing your illustrious friend; and as I feel a particular regard for all whom he distinguished with his esteem and friendship, so I derive much pleasure from reflecting that I once beheld, though but transiently near our College gate, one whose works will for ever delight and improve the world, who was a sincere and zealous son of the Church of England, an honour to his country, and an ornament to human nature.'

His letter was accompanied with a present from himself of his *Sermons at the Bampton Lecture*, and from his friend, Dr. Townson, the venerable Rector of Malpas, in Cheshire, of his *Discourses on the Gospels*, together with the following extract of a letter from that excellent person, who is now gone to receive the reward of his labours:—'Mr. Boswell is not only very entertaining in his works, but they are so replete with moral and religious sentiments, without an instance, as far as I know, of a contrary tendency, that I cannot help having a great esteem for him; and if you think such a trifle as a copy of the *Discourses, ex dono authoris*, would be acceptable to him, I should be happy to give him this small testimony of my regard.'

Such spontaneous testimonies of approbation from such men, without any personal acquaintance with me, are truly valuable and encouraging. BOSWELL.

[924]

> 'Tout se plaint, tout gemit en cherchant le bien-etre;
> Nul ne voudrait mourir, nul ne voudrait renaitre.'

Voltaire, *Le desastre de Lisbonne. Works*, ed. 1819, x. 124. 'Johnson said that, for his part, he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat, were an angel to make the proposal to him.' *Ante*, ii. 125. Yet Dr. Franklin, whose life overlapped

Johnson's at both ends, said:-'I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to the end, requesting only the advantage authors have of correcting in a second edition the faults of its first. So would I also wish to change some incidents of it for others more favourable Notwithstanding, if this condition was denied, I should still accept the offer of re-commencing the same life.' Franklin's *Memoirs*, i. 2.

Page 346

[925] Mackintosh thus sums up this question:—'The truth is, that endless fallacies must arise from the attempt to appreciate by retrospect human life, of which the enjoyments depend on hope.' *Life of Mackintosh*, ii. 160. See *ante*, ii. 350.

[926] In the lines on Levett. *Ante*, p. 137.

[927] AURENGZEBE, act iv. sc. 1. BOSWELL. According to Dr. Maxwell (*ante*, ii. 124), Johnson frequently quoted the fourth couplet of these lines. Boswell does not give the last—

> 'I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold
> Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.'

[928] Johnson, speaking of the companions of his college days, said:— 'It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick.' *Ante*, i. 73.

[929]

> '—to thee I call
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams.'

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, iv. 35.

[930] Yet there is no doubt that a man may appear very gay in company who is sad at heart. His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying. BOSWELL.

[931] *Mme*. D'Arblay (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, ii. 103) tells how Johnson was one day invited to her father's house at the request of Mr. Greville, 'the finest gentleman about town,' as she earlier described him (*ib*. i. 25), who desired to make his acquaintance. This 'superb' gentleman was afraid to begin to speak. 'Assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority he planted himself, immovable as a noble statue, upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set.' Johnson, who 'never spoke till he was spoken to' (*ante*, in. 307)—this habit the Burneys did not as yet know—'became completely absorbed in silent rumination; very unexpectedly, however, he shewed himself alive to what surrounded him, by one of those singular starts of vision, that made him seem at times, though purblind to things in common, gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action that he thought merited reprehension; for all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who without much self-denial, the night being very cold, kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed:—"If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire, I should like to stand upon the hearth myself." A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smile himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried also to hold his post; and though for two or three minutes he disdained to move,

the awkwardness of a general pause impelled him ere long to glide back to his chair; but he rang the bell with force as he passed it to order his carriage.'

[932] Page 139. BOSWELL.

[933] On this same day Miss Adams wrote to a friend:—'Dr. Johnson, tho' not in good health, is in general very talkative and infinitely agreeable and entertaining.' *Pemb. Coll. MSS*.

Page 347

[934] Johnson said ‘Milton was a *Phidias*, &c.’ *Ante*, p. 99, note 1. In his *Life of Milton* (*Works, vii. 119) he writes:—’Milton never learnt the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of suavity and softness; he was a* Lion_ that had no skill *in dandling the kid*.’

> [’Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
> Dandled the kid.’
>
> *Paradise Lost*, iv. 343.]

[935] Cardinal Newman (*History of my Religious Opinions*, ed. 1865, p. 361) remarks on this:—’As to Johnson’s case of a murderer asking you which way a man had gone, I should have anticipated that, had such a difficulty happened to him, his first act would have been to knock the man down, and to call out for the police; and next, if he was worsted in the conflict, he would not have given the ruffian the information he asked, at whatever risk to himself. I think he would have let himself be killed first. I do not think that he would have told a lie.’

[936] See *ante*, iii. 376.

[937] Book ii. 1. 142.

[938] The annotator calls them ‘amiable verses.’ BOSWELL. The annotators of the *Dunciad* were Pope himself and Dr. Arbuthnot. Johnson’s *Works*, viii. 280.

[939] Boswell was at this time corresponding with Miss Seward. See *post*, June 25.

[940] By John Dyer. *Ante*, ii. 453.

[941] Lewis’s Verses addressed to Pope were first published in a Collection of Pieces on occasion of *The Dunciad*, 8vo., 1732. They do not appear in Lewis’s own *Miscellany*, printed in 1726.—*Grongar Hill* was first printed in Savage’s *Miscellanies* as an Ode, and was *reprinted* in the same year in Lewis’s *Miscellany*, in the form it now bears.

In his *Miscellanies*, 1726, the beautiful poem,—’Away, let nought to love displeasing,’—-reprinted in Percy’s *Reliques*, vol. i. book iii. No. 13, first appeared. MALONE.

[942] See *ante*, p. 58.

[943] See *ante*, i. 71, and ii. 226.

[944] Captain Cook’s third voyage. The first two volumes by Captain Cook; the last by Captain King.

[945] See *ante*, ii. 73, 228, 248; iii. 49.

[946]

‘—quae mollissima fandi Tempora.’
‘—time wherein the word May softliest be said.’

MORRIS. Virgil, *Aeneids*, iv. 293.

[947] See *ante*, i. 71.

[948] See *ante*, i. 203, note 6.

[949] Boswell began to eat dinners in the Inner Temple so early as 1775. *Ante*, ii. 377, note 1. He was not called till Hilary Term, 1786. Rogers’s *Boswelliana*, p. 143.

[950] Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Jones wrote two years earlier (*Life*, p. 268):—’Whether it be a wise part to live uncomfortably in order to die wealthy, is another question; but this I know by experience, and have heard old practitioners make the same observation, that a lawyer who is in earnest must be chained to his chambers and the bar for ten or twelve years together.’

Page 348

[951] Johnson's *Prologue at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. Works,* i. 23.

[952] According to Mr. Seward, who published this account in his *Anecdotes,* ii. 83, it was Mr. Langton's great-grandfather who drew it up.

[953] 'My Lord said that his rule for his, health was to be temperate and keep himself warm. He never made breakfasts, but used in the morning to drink a glass of some sort of ale. That he went to bed at nine, and rose between six and seven, allowing himself a good refreshment for his sleep. That the law will admit of no rival, nothing to go even with it; but that sometimes one may for diversion read in the Latin historians of England, Hoveden and Matthew Paris, &c. But after it is conquered, it will admit of other studies. He said, a little law, a good tongue, and a good memory, would fit a man for the Chancery.' Seward's *Anecdotes*, ii. 92.

[954] Wednesday was the 16th

[955] See *ante*, i. 41.

[956] *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*, vol. ii. p. 372. BOSWELL.

[957] See *ante/*, i. 155.

[958] The recommendation in this list of so many histories little agrees 'with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance' with which, according to Lord Macaulay, Johnson spoke of history. Macaulay's *Essays*, ed. 1843, i. 403.

[959] See *ante*, iii. 12.

[960] Northcote's account of Reynolds's table suits the description of this 'gentleman's mode of living.' 'A table prepared for seven or eight was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen.' There was a 'deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses. The attendance was in the same style.' There were 'two or three undisciplined domestics. The host left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself.' 'Rags' is certainly a strong word to apply to any of the company; but then strong words were what Johnson used. Northcote mentions 'the mixture of company.' Northcote's *Reynolds*, ii. 94-6. See *ante*, iii. 375, note 2.

[961] The Mayor of Windsor. Rogers's *Boswelliana*, p. 211.

[962] The passage occurs in Brooke's *Earl of Essex*(1761) at the close of the first act, where Queen Elizabeth says:

> 'I shall henceforth seek
> For other lights to truth; for righteous monarchs,
> Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see;

To rule o'er freemen should themselves be free.'
Notes and Queries, 5th S. viii. 456.

The play was acted at Drury Lane Theatre, old Mr. Sheridan taking the chief part. He it was who, in admiration, repeated the passage to Johnson which provoked the parody. Murphy's *Garrick*, p. 234.

[963] 'Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii. p. 284. BOSWELL. In a second letter (*ib*. p. 347) he says:—'Cator has a rough, manly independent understanding, and does not spoil it by complaisance.' Miss Burney accuses him of emptiness, verbosity and pomposity, all of which she describes in an amusing manner. *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 47.

Page 349

[964] 'All general reflections upon nations and societies are the trite, thread-bare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place.' Chesterfield's *Letters*, i. 231.

[965] See vol. ii. p. 126. BOSWELL

[966] '"That may be so," replied the lady, "for ought I know, but they are above my comprehension." "I an't obliged to find you comprehension, Madam, curse me," cried he,' *Roderick Random*, ch. 53. '"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning." "O, Sir," cried the Squire, "I am your most humble servant, I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too."' *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. 7.

[967] In the first edition, 'as the Honourable Horace Walpole is often called;' in the second edition, 'as Horace, now Earl of Orford, &c.' Walpole succeeded to the title in Dec. 1791. In answer to congratulations he wrote (*Letters*, ix. 364):—'What has happened destroys my tranquillity.... Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I almost always do, and being called by a new name.' He died March 2, 1797.

[968] In *The Rambler*, No. 83, a character of a virtuoso is given which in many ways suits Walpole:—'It is never without grief that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention enlisting himself in this secondary class of learning; for when he has once discovered a method of gratifying his desire of eminence by expense rather than by labour, and known the sweets of a life blest at once with the ease of idleness and the reputation of knowledge, he will not easily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments and principles.'

[969] Walpole says:—'I do not think I ever was in a room with Johnson six times in my days.' *Letters*, ix. 319. 'The first time, I think, was at the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua said, "Let me present Dr. Goldsmith to you;" he did. "Now I will present Dr. Johnson to you." "No," said I, "Sir Joshua; for Dr. Goldsmith, pass—but you shall not present Dr. Johnson to me."' *Journal &c. of Miss Berry*, i. 305. In his *Journal of the Reign of George III*, he speaks of Johnson as 'one of the venal champions of the Court,' 'a renegade' (i. 430); 'a brute,' 'an old decrepit hireling' (*ib.* p. 472); and as 'one of the subordinate crew whom to name is to stigmatize' (*ib.* ii. 5). In his *Memoirs of the Reign of George III*, iv. 297, he says:—'With a lumber of learning and some strong parts Johnson was an odious and mean character. His manners were sordid, supercilious, and brutal; his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious, and, in one word, with all the pedantry he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster.'

[970] See *ante*, i. 367.

Page 350

[971] On May 26, 1791, Walpole wrote of Boswell's *Life of Johnson (Letters* ix. 3l9):—'I expected amongst the excommunicated to find myself, but am very gently treated. I never would be in the least acquainted with Johnson; or, as Boswell calls it, I had not a just value for him; which the biographer imputes to my resentment for the Doctor's putting bad arguments (purposely out of Jacobitism) into the speeches which he wrote fifty years ago for my father in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which I did not read then, or ever knew Johnson wrote till Johnson died.' Johnson said of these Debates:—'I saved appearances tolerably well; but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' *Ante*, i. 504. 'Lord Holland said that whenever Boswell came into a company where Horace Walpole was, Walpole would throw back his head, purse up his mouth very significantly, and not speak a word while Boswell remained.' *Autobiographical Recollections of C. R. Leslie*, i. 155. Walpole (*Letters*, viii. 44) says:—'Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week, and was let in, which he should not have been, could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics, to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand.'

[972] Walpole wrote (*Letters*, vi. 44):—'If *The School for Wives* and *The Christmas Tale* were laid to me, so was *The Heroic Espistle*. I could certainly have written the two former, but not the latter.' See *ante*, iv. 113.

[973] The title given by Bishop Pearson to his collection of Hales's Writings is the *Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable John Hales of Eaton College, &c*. It was published in 1659.

[974] I *Henry IV*, act ii. sc. 4. 'Sir James Mackintosh remembers that, while spending the Christmas of 1793 at Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke said to him, 'Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his assent with "Why, no, Sir."' CROKER. Croker's *Boswell*, p. 768.

[975]

> Search then the ruling passion: There alone
> The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
> The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
> Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.'
> Pope, *Moral Essays*, i. 174.

'The publick pleasures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit.' *The Idler*, No. 18.

[976] *Ante*, ii. 241, and iii. 325.

[977] Boswell refers to Cicero's *Treatise on Famous Orators*.

Page 351

[978] Boswell here falls into a mistake. About harvest-time in 1766, there were corn-riots owing to the dearness of bread. By the Act of the 15th of Charles II, corn, when under a certain price, might be legally exported. On Sept. 26, 1766, before this price had been reached, the Crown issued a proclamation to prohibit the exportation of grain. When parliament met in November, a bill of indemnity was brought in for those concerned in the late embargo. 'The necessity of the embargo was universally allowed;' it was the exercise by the Crown of a power of dispensing with the laws that was attacked. Some of the ministers who, out of office, 'had set up as the patrons of liberty,' were made the object 'of many sarcasms on the beaten subject of occasional patriotism.' *Ann. Reg.* x. 39-48, and Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*, p. 50.

[979] *St. Mark*, ii. 9.

[980] *Anecdotes*, p. 43. BOSWELL. The passage is from the *Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies*, March 22, 1775. Payne's *Burke*, i. 173. The image of the angel and Lord Bathurst was thus, according to Mrs. Piozzi, parodied by Johnson:—'Suppose, Mr. Speaker, that to Wharton, or to Marlborough, or to any of the eminent Whigs of the last age, the devil had, not with great impropriety, consented to appear.' See *ante*, iii. 326, where Johnson said 'the first Whig was the Devil.'

[981] Boswell was stung by what Mrs. Piozzi wrote when recording this parody. She said that she had begged Johnson's leave to write it down directly. 'A trick,' she continues, 'which I have seen played on common occasions of sitting steadily [? stealthily] down at the other end of the room to write at the moment what should be said in company, either by Dr. Johnson or to him, I never practised myself, nor approved of in another. There is something so ill-bred, and so inclining to treachery in this conduct, that, were it commonly adopted, all confidence would soon be exiled from society.' See *post*, under June 30, 1784, where Boswell refers to this passage.

[982]

> 'Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
> Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.'

Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, 2 Satires, i. 78.

[983] On March 14, 1770, in a debate on the licentiousness of the press, Townshend joined together Johnson and Shebbeare. Burke, who followed him, said nothing about Johnson. Fitzherbert, speaking of Johnson as 'my friend,' defended him as 'a pattern of morality.' *Cavendish Debates*, i.514. On Feb. 16, 1774, when Fox drew attention to a 'vile libel' signed *A South Briton*, Townshend said 'Dr. Shebbeare and Dr. Johnson have been pensioned, but this wretched South Briton is to be prosecuted.' It was Fox, and not Burke, who on this occasion defended Johnson. *Parl. Hist.* xvii.1054. As Goldsmith

was writing *Retaliation* at the very time that this second attack was made, it is very likely that it was the occasion, of the change in the line.

Page 352

[984] In the original *yet*.

[985]

’Sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit,
Tibique Pactolus fluat.’
’Though wide thy land extends, and large thy fold,
Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold.’

FRANCIS. Horace, *Epodes*, xv. 19.

[986] See Macaulay’s *Essays*, ed. 1843, i. 404, for Macaulay’s appropriation and amplification of this passage.

[987] See *ante*, ii. 168.

[988] Mr. Croker suggests the Rev. Martin Sherlock, an Irish Clergyman, ’who published in 1781 his own travels under the title of *Letters of an English Traveller translated from the French.*’ Croker’s *Boswell, p. 770. Mason writes of him as ’Mister, or Monsieur, or Signor Sherlock, for I am told he is both [sic] French, English, and Italian in print.’ Walpole’s* Letters_, viii. 202. I think, however, that Dr. Thomas Campbell is meant. His *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland* Boswell calls ’a very entertaining book, which has, however, one fault;—that it assumes the fictitious character of an Englishman.’ *Ante*, ii. 339.

[989] See *ante*, iv. 49.

[990] This anecdote is not in the first two editions.

[991] See *ante*, in. 369.

[992] ‘I have heard,’ says Hawkins (*Life*, p. 409), ’that in many instances, and in some with tears in his eyes, he has apologised to those whom he had offended by contradiction or roughness of behaviour.’ See *ante*, ii. 109, and 256, note 1.

[993] Johnson (*Works*, viii. 131) describes Savage’s ’superstitious regard to the correction of his sheets ... The intrusion or omission of a comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an errour of a single letter as a heavy calamity.’

[994] Compositor in the Printing-house means, the person who adjusts the types in the order in which they are to stand for printing; and arranges what is called the *form*, from which an impression is taken. BOSWELL.

[995] This circumstance therefore alluded to in Mr. Courtenay's *Poetical Character* of him is strictly true. My informer was Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived many years in Dr. Johnson's house. BOSWELL. The following are Mr. Courtenay's lines:—

'Soft-eyed compassion with a look benign,
His fervent vows he offered at thy shrine;
To guilt, to woe, the sacred debt was paid,
And helpless females blessed his pious aid;
Snatched from disease, and want's abandoned crew,
Despair and anguish from their victims flew;
Hope's soothing balm into their bosoms stole,
And tears of penitence restored the soul.'

[996] The *Cross Readings* were said to be formed 'by reading two columns of a newspaper together onwards,' whereby 'the strangest connections were brought about,' such as:—

Page 353

’This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker was convicted of keeping a disorderly house. Whereas the said barn was set on fire by an incendiary letter dropped early in the morning. By order of the Commissioners for Paving An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel. The sword of state was carried before Sir John Fielding and committed to Newgate.’

The New Foundling Hospital for Wit, i. 129. According to Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, i. 217), ’Dr. Goldsmith declared, in the heat of his admiration of these *Cross Readings*, it would have given him more pleasure to have been the author of them than of all the works he had ever published of his own.’ Horace Walpole (Letters, v. 30) writes:— ’Have you seen that delightful paper composed out of scraps in the newspapers? I laughed till I cried. I mean the paper that says:—

“This day his Majesty will go in great state to fifteen notorious common prostitutes.'”

[997] One of these gentlemen was probably Mr. Musgrave (*ante*, ii. 343, note 2), who, says Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec*. p. 295), when ’once he was singularly warm about Johnson’s writing the lives of our famous prose authors, getting up and entreating him to set about the work immediately, he coldly replied, “Sit down, Sir.'” Miss Burney says that ’the incense he paid Dr. Johnson by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor’s utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance.’ *Mme*. D’Arblay’s *Diary*, ii. 85. The other gentleman was perhaps Dr. Wharton. *Ante*, ii. 41, note 1.

[998] Probably Dr. Beattie. The number of letters in his name agrees with the asterisks given a few lines below. *Ante*, iii. 339, note 1, and *post*, p. 330.

[999] Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, defines *conge d’elire* as *the king’s permission royal to a dean and chapter in time of vacation, to choose a bishop.* When Dr. Hampden was made Bishop of Hereford in 1848, the Dean resisted the appointment. H. C. Robinson records, on the authority of the Bishop’s Secretary (*Diary*, iii. 311), that ’at the actual confirmation in Bow Church the scene was quite ludicrous. After the judge had told the opposers that he could not hear them, the citation for opposers to come forward was repeated, at which the people present laughed out, as at a play.’

[1000] This has been printed in other publications, ’fall *to the ground*.’ But Johnson himself gave me the true expression which he had used as above; meaning that the recommendation left as little choice in the one case as the other. BOSWELL. One of the ’other publications is Hawkins’s edition of Johnson’s *Works*. See in it vol. xi. p. 216.

[1001] They are published in vol. xi. of Hawkins’s edition of Johnson’s *Works*. 1787, and are often quoted in my notes. It should be remembered that Steevens is not trustworthy. See *ante*, iii. 281, and iv. 178.

Page 354

[1002] See *ante*, ii. 96.

[1003] See *ante*, p. iii.

[1004] *She Stoops to Conquer* was first acted on March 15, 1773. The King of Sardinia had died on Feb. 20. *Gent. Mag*. 1773, pp. 149, 151.

[1005] Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 170) describes how, in 1780, she went to one of Mrs. Ord's assemblies at a time when 'the mourning for some foreign Wilhelmina Jaquelina was not over. Every human creature was in deep mourning, and I, poor I, all gorgeous in scarlet. Even Jacobite Johnson was in deep mourning.'

[1006] In the tenth edition of the *Rambler*, published in 1784, the entry is still found:—-'Milton, Mr. John, remarks on his versification.' In like manner we find:—'Shakspeare, Mr. William, his eminent success in tragi-comedy;' 'Spenser, Mr. Edmund, some imitations of his diction censured;' 'Cowley, Mr. Abraham, a passage in his writing illustrated.'

[1007] See *ante*, p. 116.

[1008] See *ante*, iii. 425, note 3.

[1009] Hawkins (*Life*, p. 571) writes:—'The plan for Johnson's visiting the Continent became so well known, that, as a lady then resident at Rome afterwards informed me, his arrival was anxiously expected throughout Italy.'

[1010] Edward Lord Thurlow. BOSWELL.

[1011] See *ante*, p. 179.

[1012] In 1778.

[1013] 'With Lord Thurlow, while he was at the bar, Johnson was well acquainted. He said to Mr. Murphy twenty years ago, "Thurlow is a man of such vigour of mind that I never knew I was to meet him, but—I was going to tell a falsehood; I was going to say I was afraid of him, and that would not be true, for I was never afraid of any man—but I never knew that I was to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had something to encounter."' *Monthly Review* for 1787, lxxvi. 382. Murphy, no doubt, was the writer. Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chancellors*, ed. 1846, v.621) quotes from 'the Diary of a distinguished political character' an account of a meeting between Thurlow and Horne Tooke, in 1801. 'Tooke evidently came forward for a display, and as I considered his powers of conversation as surpassing those of any person I had ever seen (in point of skill and dexterity, and if necessary in *lying*), so I took for granted old grumbling Thurlow would be obliged to lower his top-sail to him—but it seemed as if the very *look* and *voice* of Thurlow scared him out of his senses from the first moment. So Tooke tried to recruit

himself by wine, and, though not generally a drinker, was very drunk, but all would not do.'

[1014] It is strange that Sir John Hawkins should have related that the application was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he could so easily have been informed of the truth by inquiring of Sir Joshua. Sir John's carelessness to ascertain facts is very remarkable. BOSWELL.

Page 355

[1015] There is something dreadful in the thought of the old man quietly going on with his daily life within a few hundred yards of this shocking scene of slaughter, this 'legal massacre,' to use his own words (*ante*, p. 188, note 3). England had a kind of Reign of Terror of its own; little thought of at the time or remembered since. Twenty-four men were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey Sessions that ended on April 28. On June 16 nine of these had the sentence commuted; the rest were hanged this day. Among these men was not a single murderer. Twelve of them had committed burglary, two a street robbery, and one had personated another man's name, with intent to receive his wages. *Ann. Reg*. xxvii, 193, and *Gent. Mag*. liv. 379, 474. The *Gent. Mag*. recording the sentences, remarks:—'Convicts under sentence of death in Newgate and the gaols throughout the kingdom increase so fast, that, were they all to be executed, England would soon be marked among the nations as the *Bloody Country*.' In the spring assizes the returns are given for ten towns. There were 88 capital convictions, of which 21 were at Winchester. *Ib*. 224. In the summer assizes and at the Old Bailey Sessions for July there were 149 capital convictions. At Maidstone a man on being sentenced 'gave three loud cheers, upon which the judge gave strict orders for his being chained to the floor of the dungeon.' *Ib*. pp. 311, 633. The hangman was to grow busier yet. This increase in the number of capital punishments was attributed by Romilly in great part to Madan's *Thoughts on Executive Justice*; 'a small tract, in which, by a mistaken application of the maxim "that the certainty of punishment is more efficacious than its severity for the prevention of crimes," he absurdly insisted on the expediency of rigidly enforcing, in every instance, our penal code, sanguinary and barbarous as it was. In 1783, the year before the book was published, there were executed in London only 51 malefactors; in 1785, the year after the book was published, there were executed 97; and it was recently after the publication of the book that was exhibited a spectacle unseen in London for a long course of years before, the execution of nearly 20 criminals at a time.' *Life of Romilly*, i. 89. Madan's Tract was published in the winter of 1784-5. Boswell's fondness for seeing executions is shewn, *ante*, ii. 93.

[1016] See *ante*, ii. 82, 104; iii. 290; and v. 7l.

[1017] A friend of mine happened to be passing by a *field congregation* in the environs of London, when a Methodist preacher quoted this passage with triumph. BOSWELL. On Dec. 26, 1784, John Wesley preached the condemned criminals' sermon to forty-seven who were under sentence of death. He records:—'The power of the Lord was eminently present, and most of the prisoners were in tears. A few days after, twenty of them died at once, five of whom died in peace. I could not but greatly approve of the spirit and behaviour of Mr. Villette, the Ordinary; and I rejoiced to hear that it was the same on all similar occasions.' Wesley's *Journal*, ed. 1827, iv. 287.

Page 356

[1018] I trust that THE CITY OF LONDON, now happily in unison with THE COURT, will have the justice and generosity to obtain preferment for this Reverend Gentleman, now a worthy old servant of that magnificent Corporation. BOSWELL. In like manner, Boswell in 1768 praised the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Villette's predecessor. 'Mr. Moore, the Ordinary of Newgate, discharged his duty with much earnestness and a fervour for which I and all around me esteemed and loved him. Mr. Moore seems worthy of his office, which, when justly considered, is a very important one.' *London Mag.* 1783, p. 204. For the quarrel between the City and the Court, see *ante*, iii. 201.

[1019] See *ante*, i. 387.

[1020] Knox in *Winter Evenings*, No. xi. (*Works*, ii. 348), attacks Johnson's biographers for lowering his character by publishing his private conversation. 'Biography,' he complains, 'is every day descending from its dignity.' See *ante*, i. 222, note 1.

[1021] *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 256.

[1022] Johnson wrote on April 15:—'I am still very weak, though my appetite is keen and my digestion potent. ... I now think and consult to-day what I shall eat to-morrow. This disease likewise will, I hope, be cured.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 362. Beattie, who dined with Johnson on June 27, wrote:—'Wine, I think, would do him good, but he cannot be prevailed on to drink it. He has, however, a voracious appetite for food. I verily believe that on Sunday last he ate as much to dinner as I have done in all for these ten days past.' Forbes's *Beattie*, ed. 1824, p. 315. It was said that Beattie latterly indulged somewhat too much in wine. *Ib*. p. 432.

[1023] Horace Walpole wrote in April 1750 (*Letters*, ii. 206):—'There is come from France a Madame Bocage who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned, and worthy my lord's approbation.' It was this lady who bade her footman blow into the spout of the tea-pot. *Ante*, ii. 403. Dr. J. H. Burton writes of her in his *Life of Hume*, ii. 213:—'The wits must praise her bad poetry if they frequented her house. "Elle etait d'une figure aimable," says Grimm, "elle est bonne femme; elle est riche; elle pouvait fixer chez elle les gens d'esprit et de bonne compagnie, sans les mettre dans l'embarras de lui parler avec peu de sincerite de sa Colombiade ou de ses Amazones."'

[1024] It is the sea round the South Pole that she describes in her *Elegy* (not *Ode*). The description begins:—

Page 357

’While o’er the deep in many a dreadful form, The giant Danger howls along the storm, *Furling the iron sails with numbed hands, Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands;* Round glitt’ring mountains hear the billows rave, And the vast ruin thunder on the wave.’

In the *Gent. Mag.* 1793, p. 197, were given extracts abusive of Johnson from some foolish letters that passed between Miss Seward and Hayley, a poet her equal in feebleness. Boswell, in his *Corrections and Additions to the First Edition* (*ante*, i.10), corrected an error into which he had been led by Miss Seward (*ante*, i.92, note 2). She, in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1793, p.875, defended herself and attacked him. His reply is found on p.1009. He says:—’As my book was to be a *real history*, and not a *novel*, it was necessary to suppress all erroneous particulars, however entertaining.’ (*Ante*, ii 467, note 4.) He continues:—’So far from having any hostile disposition towards this Lady, I have, in my *Life of Dr. Johnson*...quoted a compliment paid by him to one of her poetical pieces; and I have withheld his opinion of herself, thinking that she might not like it. I am afraid it has reached her by some other means; and thus we may account for various attacks by her on her venerable townsman since his decease...What are we to think of the scraps of letters between her and Mr. Hayley, impotently attempting to undermine the noble pedestal on which the publick opinion has placed Dr. Johnson?’

[1025] See *ante*, i.265, and iv. 174.

[1026] ’Johnson said he had once seen Mr. Stanhope at Dodsley’s shop, and was so much struck with his awkward manners and appearance that he could not help asking Mr. Dodsley who he was.’ Johnson’s *Works*, (1787) xi.209.

[1027] Chesterfield was Secretary of State from Nov. 1746 to Feb. 1748. His letters to his son extend from 1739 to 1768.

[1028] Foote had taken off Lord Chesterfield in *The Cozeners*. Mrs. Aircastle trains her son Toby in the graces. She says to her husband:—’Nothing but grace! I wish you would read some late *Posthumous Letters*; you would then know the true value of grace.’ Act ii. sc. 2.

[1029] See *ante*, p.78, note 1.

[1030] See a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne*, included in Swift’s *Works*, ed. 1803, vi. 163.

[1031] Carleton, according to the *Memoirs*, made his first service in the navy in 1672—-seventeen years before the siege of Derry. There is no mention of this siege in the book.

[1032] ’He had obtained, by his long service, some knowledge of the practic part of an engineer.’ Preface to the *Memoirs*.

[1033] Nearly 200 pages in Bohn's edition. See *ante*, i. 71, for Johnson's rapid reading.

Page 358

[1034] Lord Mahon (*War of the Succession in Spain*, Appendix, p. 131) proves that a Captain Carleton really served. 'It is not impossible,' he says, 'that the MS. may have been intrusted to De Foe for the purpose of correction or revision...The *Memoirs* are most strongly marked with internal proofs of authenticity.' Lockhart (*Life of Scott*, iii. 84) says:—'It seems to be now pretty generally believed that Carleton's *Memoirs* were among the numberless fabrications of De Foe; but in this case (if the fact indeed be so), as in that of his *Cavalier*, he no doubt had before him the rude journal of some officer.' Dr. Burton (*Reign of Queen Anne* ii. 173) says that MSS. in the British Museum disprove 'the possibility of De Foe's authorship.'

[1035] Lord Chesterfield (*Letters*, ii. 109) writing to his son on Nov. 29, 1748, says of Mr. Eliot:—'Imitate that application of his, which has made him know all thoroughly, and to the bottom. He does not content himself with the surface of knowledge; but works in the mine for it, knowing that it lies deep.'

[1036] The Houghton Collection was sold in 1779 by the third Earl of Orford, to the Empress of Russia for L40,555. (Walpole's *Letters*, vii. 227, note 1.)

Horace Walpole wrote on Aug. 4 of that year (*ib*. p. 235):—'Well! adieu to Houghton! about its mad master I shall never trouble myself more. From the moment he came into possession, he has undermined every act of my father that was within his reach, but, having none of that great man's sense or virtues, he could only lay wild hands on lands and houses; and since he has stript Houghton of its glory, I do not care a straw what he does with the stone or the acres.'

[1037] This museum at Alkerington near Manchester is described in the *Gent. Mag*. 1773, p.219. A proposal was made in Parliament to buy it for the British Museum. *Ib*. 1783, p. 919. On July 8, 1784, a bill enabling Lever to dispose of it by lottery passed the House of Commons. *Ib*. 1784, p.705.

[1038] Johnson defines *intuition* as *sight of anything; immediate knowledge*; and *sagacity* as *quickness of scent; acuteness of discovery*.

[1039] In the first edition it stands '*A gentleman*' and below instead of Mr. ——, Mr. ——. In the second edition Mr. —— becomes Mr. ——. In the third edition *young* is added. Young Mr. Burke is probably meant. As it stood in the second edition it might have been thought that Edmund Burke was the gentleman; the more so as Johnson often denied his want of wit.

[1040] *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

[1041] See *ante*, i. 372, note 1.

Page 359

[1042] Windham says (*Diary*, p. 34) that when Dr. Brocklesby made this offer 'Johnson pressed his hands and said, "God bless you through Jesus Christ, but I will take no money but from my sovereign." This, if I mistake not, was told the King through West.' Dr. Brocklesby wrote to Burke, on July 2, 1788, to make him 'an instant present of L1000, which,' he continues, 'for years past, by will, I had destined as a testimony of my regard on my decease.' Burke, accepting the present, said:—'I shall never be ashamed to have it known, that I am obliged to one who never can be capable of converting his kindness into a burthen.' Burke's *Corres.* iii.78. See *ante*, p. 263, for the just praise bestowed by Johnson on physicians in his *Life of Garth*.

[1043] See *ante*, ii. 194.

[1044] *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*, vol. ii. p 375. BOSWELL.

[1045] Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 45) describes him as 'a very handsome, gentlemanly, and amiable person. *Mme*. D'Arblay tells how one evening at Dr. Burney's home, when Signor Piozzi was playing on the piano, 'Mrs. Thrale stealing on tip-toe behind him, ludicrously began imitating him. Dr. Burney whispered to her, "Because, Madam, you have no ear yourself for music, will you destroy the attention of all who in that one point are otherwise gifted?"' Mrs. Thrale took this rebuke very well. This was her first meeting with Piozzi. It was in Mr. Thrale's life-time. *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, ii. 110.

[1046] Dr. Johnson's letter to Sir John Hawkins, *Life*, p. 570. BOSWELL. The last time Miss Burney saw Johnson, not three weeks before his death, he told her that the day before he had seen Miss Thrale. 'I then said:—"Do you ever, Sir, hear from mother?" "No," cried he, "nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 328.

[1047] See *ante*, i. 493.

[1048] *Anec*. p. 293. BOSWELL.

[1049] 'The saying of the old philosopher who observes, "that he who wants least is most like the gods who want nothing," was a favourite sentence with Dr. Johnson, who on his own part required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature. Conversation was all he required to make him happy.' Piozzi's *Anec*. p.275. Miss Burney's account of the life at Streatham is generally very cheerful. I suspect that the irksome confinement described by Mrs. Piozzi was not felt by her till she became attached to Mr. Piozzi. This caused a great change in her behaviour and much unhappiness. (*Ante*, p. 138, note 4.) He at times treated her harshly. (*Ante*, p. 160, note.) Two passages in her letters to Miss Burney shew a want of feeling in her for a man who for nearly

Page 360

twenty years had been to her almost as a father. On Feb. 18, 1784, she writes:—-'Johnson is in a sad way doubtless; yet he may still with care last another twelve-month, and every week's existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wearies Heaven with entreaties for life. I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.' On March 23 she writes:—' My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniences—visits to Johnson and from Cator.' It is likely that in other letters there were like passages, but these letters Miss Burney 'for cogent reasons destroyed.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 305, 7, 8.

[1050]
'Bless'd paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!'

Pope, *Moral Essays*, iii. 39.

[1051] Who has been pleased to furnish me with his remarks. BOSWELL. No doubt Malone, who says, however: 'On the whole the publick is indebted to her for her lively, though very inaccurate and artful, account of Dr. Johnson.' Prior's *Malone*, p. 364.

[1052] See *ante*, iii. 81.

[1053] *Anec.* p. 183. BOSWELL.

[1054] Hannah More. She, with her sisters, had kept a boarding-school at Bristol.

[1055] She first saw Johnson in June, 1774. According to her *Memoirs* (i. 48) he met her 'with good humour in his countenance, and continued in the same pleasant humour the whole of the evening.' She called on him in Bolt Court. One of her sisters writes:—-'Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations [about him] on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, "She was a silly thing."' *Ib*. p. 49. 'He afterwards mentioned to Miss Reynolds how much he had been touched with the enthusiasm of the young authoress, which was evidently genuine and unaffected.' *Ib*. p. 50. She met him again in the spring of 1775. Her sister writes:—'The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. They indeed tried which could "pepper the highest" [Goldsmith's *Retaliation*], and it is not clear to me that he was really the highest seasoner.' *Ib*. p. 54. From the Mores we know nothing of his reproof. He had himself said of 'a literary lady'—no doubt Hannah More—'I was obliged to speak to Miss Reynolds to let her know that I desired she would not flatter me so much.' *Ante*, iii.293. Miss Burney records a story she had from Mrs. Thrale, 'which,' she continues, 'exceeds, I think, in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When Miss More was introduced to him, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of

praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, “Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly

Page 361

to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.'" *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i.103. Shortly afterwards Miss Burney records (*ib*. p. 121) that Mrs. Thrale said to him:—'We have told her what you said to Miss More, and I believe that makes her afraid.' He replied:—'Well, and if she was to serve me as Miss More did, I should say the same thing to her.' We have therefore three reports of what he said—-one from Mrs. Thrale indirectly, one from her directly, and the third from Malone. However severe the reproof was, the Mores do not seem to have been much touched by it. At all events they enjoyed the meeting with Johnson, and Hannah More needed a second reproof that was conveyed to her through Miss Reynolds.

[1056] *Anec.* p. 202. BOSWELL.

[1057] See *ante*, i. 40, 68, 92, 415, 481; ii. 188, 194; iii. 229; and *post*, v. 245, note 2.

[1058] *Anec.* p. 44. BOSWELL. See *ante*, p. 318, *note* 1, where I quote the passage.

[1059] *Ib*. p. 23. BOSWELL.

[1060] *Ib*. p. 45. Mr. Hayward says:—'She kept a copious diary and notebook called *Thraliana* from 1776 to 1809. It is now,' [1861] he continues, 'in the possession of Mr. Salusbury, who deems it of too private and delicate a character to be submitted to strangers, but has kindly supplied me with some curious passages from it.' Hayward's *Piozzi*, i. 6.

[1061] *Ib*. p. 51 [192]. BOSWELL.

[1062] *Anec.* p. 193 [51]. BOSWELL.

[1063] Johnson, says Murphy, (*Life*, p. 96) 'felt not only kindness, but zeal and ardour for his friends.' 'Who,' he asks (*ib*. p. 144), 'was more sincere and steady in his friendships?' 'Numbers,' he says (*ib*. p. 146), 'still remember with gratitude the friendship which he shewed to them with unaltered affection for a number of years.'

[1064] See *ante*, ii. 285, and iii. 440.

[1065] Johnson's *Works*, i. 152, 3.

[1066] In vol. ii. of the *Piozzi Letters* some of these letters are given.

[1067] He gave Miss Thrale lessons in Latin. *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary,* i. 243 and 427.

[1068] *Anec.* p. 258. BOSWELL.

[1069] George James Cholmondeley, Esq., grandson of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and one of the Commissioners of Excise; a gentleman respected for his abilities, and elegance of manners. BOSWELL. When I spoke to him a few years before his death upon this point, I found him very sore at being made the topic of such a debate, and very unwilling to remember any thing about either the offence or the apology. CROKER.

[1070] *Letters to Mrs. Thrale,* vol. ii. p. 12. BOSWELL.

Page 362

[1071] Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec.*p. 258) lays the scene of this anecdote ’in some distant province, either Shropshire or Derbyshire, I believe.’ Johnson drove through these counties with the Thrales in 1774 (*ante*, ii. 285). If the passage in the letter refers to the same anecdote—and Mrs. Piozzi does not, so far as I know, deny it—more than three years passed before Johnson was told of his rudeness. Baretti, in a MS. note on *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 12, says that the story was ’Mr. Cholmondeley’s running away from his creditors.’ In this he is certainly wrong; yet if Mr. Cholmondeley had run away, and others gave the same explanation of the passage, his soreness is easily accounted for.

[1072] *Anec*. p. 23. BOSWELL.

[1073] *Ib*. p. 302. BOSWELL.

[1074] *Rasselas*, chap, xvii

[1075] *Paradise Lost*, iv. 639.

[1076] *Anec*. p. 63. BOSWELL.

[1077] ’Johnson one day, on seeing an old terrier lie asleep by the fire-side at Streatham, said, “Presto, you are, if possible, a more lazy dog that I am."’ Johnson’s *Works*, ed. 1787, xi. 203.

[1078] Upon mentioning this to my friend Mr. Wilkes, he, with his usual readiness, pleasantly matched it with the following *sentimental anecdote*. He was invited by a young man of fashion at Paris, to sup with him and a lady, who had been for some time his mistress, but with whom he was going to part. He said to Mr. Wilkes that he really felt very much for her, she was in such distress; and that he meant to make her a present of two hundred louis-d’ors. Mr. Wilkes observed the behaviour of Mademoiselle, who sighed indeed very piteously, and assumed every pathetick air of grief; but eat no less than three French pigeons, which are as large as English partridges, besides other things. Mr. Wilkes whispered the gentleman, ’We often say in England, *Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry*, but I never heard *Excessive sorrow is exceeding hungry*. Perhaps *one* hundred will do.’ The gentleman took the hint. BOSWELL.

[1079] See *post*, p. 367, for the passage omitted.

[1080] Sir Joshua Reynolds, on account of the excellence both of the sentiment and expression of this letter, took a copy of it which he shewed to some of his friends; one of whom, who admired it, being allowed to peruse it leisurely at home, a copy was made, and found its way into the newspapers and magazines. It was transcribed with some inaccuracies. I print it from the original draft in Johnson’s own hand-writing. BOSWELL. Hawkins writes (*Life*, p. 574):—’Johnson, upon being told that it was in

print, exclaimed in my hearing, “I am betrayed,” but soon after forgot, as he was ever ready to do all real or supposed injuries, the error that made the publication possible.’

Page 363

[1081] Cowper wrote of Thurlow:—'I know well the Chancellor's benevolence of heart, and how much he is misunderstood by the world. When he was young he would do the kindest things, and at an expense to himself which at that time he could ill afford, and he would do them too in the most secret manner.' Southey's *Cowper*, vii. 128. Yet Thurlow did not keep his promise made to Cowper when they were fellow-clerks in an attorney's office. 'Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall be always nobody, and you will be chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are.' He smiled, and replied, 'I surely will.' *Ib.* i. 41. When Cowper sent him the first volume of his poems, 'he thought it not worth his while,' the poet writes, 'to return me any answer, or to take the least notice of my present.' *Ib.* xv. 176. Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. Jones, in two letters to Burke, speaks of Thurlow as the [Greek: thaerion] (beast). 'I heard last night, with surprise and affliction,' he wrote on Feb. 15, 1783,'that the [Greek: thaerion] was to continue in office. Now I can assure you from my own positive knowledge (and I know him well), that although he hates *our* species in general, yet his particular hatred is directed against none more virulently than against Lord North, and the friends of the late excellent Marquis.' Burke's *Corres.* ii. 488, and iii. 10.

[1082] 'Scarcely had Pitt obtained possession of unbounded power when an aged writer of the highest eminence, who had made very little by his writings, and who was sinking into the grave under a load of infirmities and sorrows, wanted five or six hundred pounds to enable him, during the winter or two which might still remain to him, to draw his breath more easily in the soft climate of Italy. Not a farthing was to be obtained; and before Christmas the author of the *English Dictionary* and of the *Lives of the Poets* had gasped his last in the river fog and coal smoke of Fleet-street.' *Macaulay's Writings and Speeches,* ed. 1871, p. 413. Just before Macaulay, with monstrous exaggeration, says that Gibbon, 'forced by poverty to leave his country, completed his immortal work on the shores of Lake Leman.' This poverty of Gibbon would have been 'splendour' to Johnson. Debrett's Royal Kalendar, for 1795 (p. 88), shews that there were twelve Lords of the King's Bedchamber receiving each L1000 a year, and fourteen Grooms of the Bedchamber receiving each, L500 a year. As Burns was made a gauger, so Johnson might have been made a Lord, or at least a Groom of the Bedchamber. It is not certain that Pitt heard of the application for an increased pension. Mr. Croker quotes from Thurlow's letter to Reynolds of Nov. 18, 1784:—'It was impossible for me to take the King's pleasure on the suggestion I presumed to move. I am an untoward solicitor.' Whether he consulted Pitt cannot be known. Mr. Croker notices a curious obliteration in this letter. The Chancellor had

Page 364

written:—'It would have suited the purpose better, if nobody had heard of it, except Dr. Johnson, you and J. Boswell.' *Boswell* has been erased—'artfully' too, says—Mr. Croker-so that 'the sentence appears to run, "except Dr. Johnson, you, and I."' Mr. Croker, with his usual suspiciousness, suspects 'an uncandid trick.' But it is very likely that Thurlow himself made the obliteration, regardless of grammar. He might easily have thought that it would have been better still had Boswell not been in the secret.

[1083] See *ante*, iii. 176.

[1084] On June 11 Boswell and Johnson were together (*ante*, p. 293). The date perhaps should be July 11. The letter that follows next is dated July 12.

[1085] 'Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies.' FRANCIS. Horace, i. *Epistles*, I. 41.

[1086] See vol. ii. p. 258. BOSWELL.

[1087] Mrs. Johnson died in 1752. See *ante*, i. 241, note 2.

[1088] See Appendix.

[1089] Printed in his *Works* [i. 150]. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i. 241, note 2.

[1090] He wrote to Mr. Ryland on the same day:—'Be pleased to let the whole be done with privacy that I may elude the vigilance of the papers.' *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. vii. 381.

[1091] Boileau, *Art Poetique*, chant iv.

[1092] This is probably an errour either of the transcript or the press. *Removes* seems to be the word intended. MALONE.

[1093] See *ante*, i. 332, and *post* p. 360.

[1094] See *ante*, p. 267.

[1095] I have heard Dr. Johnson protest that he never had quite as much as he wished of wall-fruit, except once in his life.' Piozzi's *Anec*. p. 103.

[1096] At the Essex Head, Essex-street. BOSWELL.

[1097] Juvenal, *Satires*, x. 8:—

‘Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart.’

Vanity of Human Wishes, l. 15.

[1098] Mr. Allen, the printer. BOSWELL. See *ante*, iii. 141, 269.

[1099] It was on this day that he wrote the prayer given below (p. 370) in which is found that striking line—’this world where much is to be done and little to be known.’

[1100] His letter to Dr. Heberden (Croker’s *Boswell*, p. 789) shews that he had gone with Dr. Brocklesby to the last Academy dinner, when, as he boasted, ’he went up all the stairs to the pictures without stopping to rest or to breathe.’ *Ante*, p. 270, note 2.

[1101]

Quid te exempta *levat* spinis de pluribus una?
’Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain,
What boots it while so many more remain?’

FRANCIS. Horace, 2 *Epistles*, ii. 212.

[1102] See *ante*, iii. 4, note 2.

[1103] Sir Joshua’s physician. He is mentioned by Goldsmith in his verses to the Miss Hornecks. Forster’s *Goldsmith*, ii. 149.

Page 365

[1104] How much balloons filled people's minds at this time is shewn by such entries as the following in Windham's *Diary*:-'Feb 7, 1784. Did not rise till past nine; from that time till eleven, did little more than indulge in idle reveries about balloons.' p. 3. 'July 20. The greater part of the time, till now, one o'clock, spent in foolish reveries about balloons.' p. 12. Horace Walpole wrote on Sept. 30 (*Letters*, viii. 505):—'I cannot fill my paper, as the newspapers do, with air-balloons; which though ranked with the invention of navigation, appear to me as childish as the flying kites of school-boys.' 'Do not write about the balloon,' wrote Johnson to Reynolds (*post*, p. 368), 'whatever else you may think proper to say.' In the beginning of the year he had written:—'It is very seriously true that a subscription of L800 has been raised for the wire and workmanship of iron wings.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 345.

[1105] It is remarkable that so good a Latin scholar as Johnson, should have been so inattentive to the metre, as by mistake to have written *stellas* instead of *ignes*. BOSWELL.

[1106]

'Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes Luna minores.'
'And like the Moon, the feebler fires among,
Conspicuous shines the Julian star.'

FRANCIS. Horace, *Odes*, i. 12. 46.

[1107] See *ante*, iii. 209.

[1108]

'The little blood that creeps within his veins
Is but just warmed in a hot fever's pains.'

DRYDEN. Juvenal, *Satires*, x. 217.

[1109] Lunardi had made, on Sept. 15, the first balloon ascent in England. *Gent. Mag*. 1784, p. 711. Johnson wrote to Mr. Ryland on Sept. 18:—'I had this day in three letters three histories of the Flying Man in the great Balloon.' He adds:—'I live in dismal solitude.' *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. vii. 381.

[1110] 'Sept. 27, 1784. Went to see Blanchard's balloon. Met Burke and D. Burke; walked with them to Pantheon to see Lunardi's. Sept. 29. About nine came to Brookes's, where I heard that the balloon had been burnt about four o'clock.' Windham's *Diary*, p. 24.

[1111] His love of London continually appears. In a letter from him to Mrs. Smart, wife of his friend the Poet, which is published in a well-written life of him, prefixed to an edition of his Poems, in 1791, there is the following sentence:-'To one that has passed so many years in the pleasures and opulence of London, there are few places that can give much delight.'

Once, upon reading that line in the curious epitaph quoted in *The Spectator;*

> 'Born in New-England, did in London die;'

he laughed and said, 'I do not wonder at this. It would have been strange, if born in London, he had died in New-England.' BOSWELL. Mrs. Smart was in Dublin when Johnson wrote to her. After the passage quoted by Boswell he continued:—'I think, Madam, you may look upon your expedition as a proper preparative to the voyage which we have often talked of. Dublin, though a place much worse than London, is not so bad as Iceland.' Smart's *Poems*, i. xxi. For Iceland see *ante*, i. 242. The epitaph, quoted in *The Spectator*, No. 518, begins—

Page 366

Here Thomas Sapper lies interred. Ah why!
Born in New-England, did in London die.'

[1112] *St. Mark*, v. 34.

[1113] There is no record of this in the *Gent. Mag*. Among the 149 persons who that summer had been sentenced to death (*ante*, p. 328) who would notice these two?

[1114] See *ante*, p. 356, note 1

[1115] Johnson wrote for him a Dedication of his *Tasso* in 1763. *Ante*, i. 383.

[1116] There was no information for which Dr. Johnson was less grateful that than for that which concerned the weather. It was in allusion to his impatience with those who were reduced to keep conversation alive by observations on the weather, that he applied the old proverb to himself. If any one of his intimate acquaintance told him it was hot or cold, wet or dry, windy or calm, he would stop them, by saying, 'Poh! poh! you are telling us that of which none but men in a mine or a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear with patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for the better or the worse, as they are never secrets.' BURNEY. In *The Idler*, No. II, Johnson shews that 'an Englishman's notice of the weather is the natural consequence of changeable skies and uncertain seasons... In our island every man goes to sleep unable to guess whether he shall behold in the morning a bright or cloudy atmosphere, whether his rest shall be lulled by a shower, or broken by a tempest. We therefore rejoice mutually at good weather, as at an escape from something that we feared; and mutually complain of bad, as of the loss of something that we hoped.' See *ante*, i. 332, and iv. 353.

[1117] His *Account of the Musical Performances in Commemoration of Handel*. See *ante*, p. 283.

[1118] The celebrated Miss Fanny Burney. BOSWELL.

[1119] Dr. Burney's letter must have been franked; otherwise there would have been no frugality, for each enclosure was charged as a separate letter.

[1120] He does not know, that is to say, what people of his acquaintance were in town, privileged to receive letters post free; such as members of either House of Parliament.

[1121] *Consolation* is clearly a blunder, Malone's conjecture *mortification* seems absurd.

[1122] See *ante*, iii. 48, and iv. 177.

[1123] Windham visited him at Ashbourne in the end of August, after the former of these letters was written. See *ante*, p. 356.

[1124] This may refer, as Mr. Croker says, to Hamilton's generous offer, mentioned *ante*, p. 244. Yet Johnson, with his accurate mind, was not likely to assign to the spring an event of the previous November.

[1125] Johnson refers to Pope's lines on Walpole:—

'Seen him I have but in his *happier hour*
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power.'

Satires. Epilogue, i. 29.

Page 367

[1126] Son of the late Peter Paradise, Esq. his Britannick Majesty's Consul at Salonica, in Macedonia, by his lady, a native of that country. He studied at Oxford, and has been honoured by that University with the degree of LL.D. He is distinguished not only by his learning and talents, but by an amiable disposition, gentleness of manners, and a very general acquaintance with well-informed and accomplished persons of almost all nations. BOSWELL.

[1127] Bookseller to his Majesty. BOSWELL.

[1128] Mr. Cruikshank attended him as a surgeon the year before. *Ante*, p. 239.

[1129]Allan Ramsay, Esq. painter to his Majesty, who died Aug. 10, 1784, in the 71st year of his age, much regretted by his friends. BOSWELL. See *ante*, p. 260.

[1130] Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, ii. 187) says that Johnson 'most probably refers to Sir Joshua's becoming painter to the King. 'I know,' he continues, 'that Sir Joshua expected the appointment would be offered to him on the death of Ramsay, and expressed his disapprobation with regard to soliciting for it; but he was informed that it was a necessary point of etiquette, with which at last he complied.' His 'furious purposes' should seem to have been his intention to resign the Presidency of the Academy, on finding that the place was not at once given him, and in the knowledge that in the Academy there was a party against him. Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 448.

[1131] See *ante*, p. 348.

[1132] The Chancellor had not, it should seem, asked the King. See *ante*, p. 350, note.

[1133] The Duke of Devonshire has kindly given me the following explanation of this term:—'It was formerly the custom at some (I believe several) of the large country-houses to have dinners at which any of the neighbouring gentry and clergy might present themselves as guests without invitation. The custom had been discontinued at Chatsworth before my recollection, and so far as I am aware is now only kept-up at Wentworth, Lord Fitzwilliam's house in Yorkshire, where a few public dinners are still given annually. I believe, however, that all persons intending to be present on such occasions are now expected to give notice some days previously. Public dinners were also given formerly by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and if I am not mistaken also by the Archbishop of York. I have myself been present at a public dinner at Lambeth Palace within the last fifty years or thereabouts, and I have been at one or more such dinners at Wentworth.' Since receiving this explanation I have read the following in the second part of the *Greville Memoirs*, i. 99:—'June 1, 1838. I dined yesterday at Lambeth, at the Archbishop's public dinner, the handsomest entertainment I ever saw. There were nearly a hundred people present, all full-dressed or in uniform. Nothing can be more dignified and splendid than the whole arrangement.'

Page 368

[1134] Six weeks later he was willing to hear even of balloons, so long as he got a letter. 'You,' he wrote to Mr. Sastres, 'may always have something to tell: you live among the various orders of mankind, and may make a letter from the exploits, sometimes of the philosopher, and sometimes of the pickpocket. You see some balloons succeed and some miscarry, and a thousand strange and a thousand foolish things.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 412.

[1135] See *ante*, p. 349, note.

[1136] 'He alludes probably to the place of King's Painter; which, since Burke's reforming the King's household expenses, had been reduced from L200 to L50 per annum.' Northcote's *Reynolds*, ii. 188. The place was more profitable than Johnson thought. 'It was worth having from the harvest it brought in by the multiplication of the faces of King and Queen as presents for ambassadors and potentates.' This is shewn by the following note in Sir Joshua's price-book:—'Nov. 28, 1789, remain in the Academy five Kings, four Queens; in the house two Kings and one Queen.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 449.

[1137] Mr. Nichols published in 1782 *Anecdotes of William Bowyer, Printer*. In 1812-15 he brought out this work, recast and enlarged, under the title of *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*. See *ante*, p. 161.

[1138] In the original (which is in the British Museum) not *hints* but *names*.

[1139] On Nov. 4, he wrote to Mr. Ryland:—'I have just received a letter in which you tell me that you love to hear from me, and I value such a declaration too much to neglect it. To have a friend, and a friend like you, may be numbered amongst the first felicities of life; at a time when weakness either of body or mind loses the pride and the confidence of self-sufficiency, and looks round for that help which perhaps human kindness cannot give, and which we yet are willing to expect from one another. I am at this time very much dejected.... I am now preparing myself for my return, and do not despair of some more monthly meetings [*post*, Appendix C]. To hear that dear Payne is better gives me great delight. I saw the draught of the stone [over Mrs. Johnson's grave, *ante*, p. 351]. Shall I ever be able to bear the sight of this stone? In your company I hope I shall.' Mr. Morrison's *Autographs*, vol. ii.

[1140] To him as a writer might be generally applied what he said of Rochester:—'His pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.' *Works*, vii. 159.

[1141] *Odes*, iv.7. *Works*, i. 137.

Page 369

[1142] *Against inqitisitive and perplexing thoughts*. 'O LORD, my Maker and Protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which Thou hast required. When I behold the works of thy hands, and consider the course of thy providence, give me grace always to remember that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways my ways. And while it shall please Thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done, and little to be known, teach me by thy Holy Spirit, to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous enquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which Thou hast imparted, let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which Thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O LORD, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen.' BOSWELL. *Pr. and Med.* p. 219.

[1143] *Life of Johnson*, p. 599.

[1144] Porson with admirable humour satirised Hawkins for his attack on Barber. *Gent. Mag.* 1787, p. 752, and *Porson Tracts*, p. 358. Baretti in his *Tolondron*, p. 149, says that 'Barber from his earliest youth served Johnson with the greatest affection and disinterestedness.'

[1145] Vol. ii. p. 30. BOSWELL.

[1146] I shall add one instance only to those which I have thought it incumbent on me to point out. Talking of Mr. Garrick's having signified his willingness to let Johnson have the loan of any of his books to assist him in his edition of Shakspeare [*ante*, ii. 192]; Sir John says, (p. 444,) 'Mr. Garrick knew not what risque he ran by this offer. Johnson had so strange a forgetfulness of obligations of this sort, that few who lent him books ever saw them again.' This surely conveys a most unfavourable insinuation, and has been so understood. Sir John mentions the single case of a curious edition of Politian [*ante*, i. 90], which he tells us, 'appeared to belong to Pembroke College, and which, probably, had been considered by Johnson as his own, for upwards of fifty years.' Would it not be fairer to consider this as an inadvertence, and draw no general inference? The truth is, that Johnson was so attentive, that in one of his manuscripts in my possession, he has marked in two columns, books borrowed, and books lent.

In Sir John Hawkins's compilation, there are, however, some passages concerning Johnson which have unquestionable merit. One of them I shall transcribe, in justice to a writer whom I have had too much occasion to censure, and to shew my fairness as the biographer of my illustrious friend: 'There was wanting in his conduct and behaviour, that dignity which results from a regular and orderly course of action, and by an irresistible power commands esteem. He could

Page 370

not be said to be a stayed man, nor so to have adjusted in his mind the balance of reason and passion, as to give occasion to say what may be observed of some men, that all they do is just, fit, and right.' [Hawkins's *Johnson*, p. 409.] Yet a judicious friend well suggests, 'It might, however, have been added, that such men are often merely just, and rigidly correct, while their hearts are cold and unfeeling; and that Johnson's virtues were of a much higher tone than those of the *stayed, orderly man*, here described.' BOSWELL.

[1147] 'Lich, a dead carcase; whence Lichfield, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens.'* It is curious that in the Abridgment of the *Dictionary* he struck out this salutation, though he left the rest of the article. *Salve magna parens*, (Hail, mighty parent) is from Virgil's *Georgics*, ii. 173. The Rev. T. Twining, when at Lichfield in 1797, says:—'I visited the famous large old willow-tree, which Johnson, they say, used to kiss when he came to Lichfield.' *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the XVIII Century*, p. 227.

[1148] The following circumstance, mutually to the honour of Johnson, and the corporation of his native city, has been communicated to me by the Reverend Dr. Vyse, from the Town-Clerk:—'Mr. Simpson has now before him, a record of the respect and veneration which the Corporation of Lichfield, in the year 1767, had for the merits and learning of Dr. Johnson. His father built the corner-house in the Market-place, the two fronts of which, towards Market and Broad-market-street, stood upon waste land of the Corporation, under a forty years' lease, which was then expired. On the 15th of August, 1767, at a common-hall of the bailiffs and citizens, it was ordered (and that without any solicitation,) that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the encroachments at his house, for the term of ninety-nine years, at the old rent, which was five shillings. Of which, as Town-Clerk, Mr. Simpson had the honour and pleasure of informing him, and that he was desired to accept it, without paying any fine on the occasion, which lease was afterwards granted, and the Doctor died possessed of this property.' BOSWELL.

[1149] See vol. i. p. 37. BOSWELL.

[1150] According to Miss Seward, who was Mr. White's cousin, 'Johnson once called him "the rising strength of Lichfield."' Seward's *Letters*, i. 335.

[1151] The Rev. R. Warner, who visited Lichfield in 1801, gives in his *Tour through the Northern Counties*, i. 105, a fuller account. He is clearly wrong in the date of its occurrence, and in one other matter, yet his story may in the main be true. He says that Johnson's friends at Lichfield missed him one morning; the servants said that he had set off at a very early hour, whither they knew not. Just before supper he returned. He informed his hostess

Page 371

of his breach of filial duty, which had happened just fifty years before on that very day. ’To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went,’ he said, ’in a chaise to—, and going into the market at the time of high business uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour, before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by, and the inclemency of the weather.’ This penance may recall Dante’s lines,—

’Quando vivea piu glorioso, disse,
Liberamente nel campo di Siena,
Ogni vergogna deposta, s’affisse.’
’"When at his glory’s topmost height,” said he,
“Respect of dignity all cast aside,
Freely he fix’d him on Sienna’s plain."’

CARY. Dante, *Purgatory*. Cant. xi. l. 133.

[1152]

’How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine.’

Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 221.

[1153] See *ante*, iii. 153, 296.

[1154] Mr. Burke suggested to me as applicable to Johnson, what Cicero, in his CATO MAJOR, says of *Appius:—’Intentum enim animum tanquam arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectuti*;’ repeating, at the same time, the following noble words in the same passage:—*’Ita enim senectus honesta est, si se ipsa defendit, si jus suum retinet, si nemini emancipata est, si usque ad extremum vitae spiritum vindicet jus suum*.’ BOSWELL. The last line runs in the original:-’si usque ad ultimum spiritum dominatur in suos.’ *Cato Major*, xi. 38.

[1155]

‘*atrocem* animum Catonis.’
’Cato—
Of spirit unsubdued.’

FRANCIS. Horace, 2 *Odes*, i. 24.

[1156] Yet Baretti, who knew Johnson well, in a MS. note on *Piozzi Letters*, i.315, says:—’If ever Johnson took any delight in anything it was to converse with some old

acquaintance. New people he never loved to be in company with, except ladies, when disposed to caress and flatter him.'

[1157] Johnson, thirty-four years earlier, wrote:—'I think there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportioned that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other; whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life, and whether a soul well principled will not be separated sooner than subdued.' *The Rambler*, No. 32. He wrote to Mrs. Thrale on Aug. 14, 1780:—'But what if I am seventy-two; I remember Sulpitius says of Saint Martin (now that's above your reading), *Est animus victor annorum, et senectuti cedere nescius*. Match me that among your young folks.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 177. On Sept. 2, 1784, he wrote to Mr. Sastres the Italian master:—'I have hope of standing the English winter, and of seeing you, and reading *Petrarch* at Bolt-court.' *Ib*. p. 407.

[1158] *Life of Johnson*, p. 7.

Page 372

[1159] It is a most agreeable circumstance attending the publication of this Work, that Mr. Hector has survived his illustrious schoolfellow so many years; that he still retains his health and spirits; and has gratified me with the following acknowledgement: 'I thank you, most sincerely thank you, for the great and long continued entertainment your *Life of Dr. Johnson* has afforded me, and others, of my particular friends.' Mr. Hector, besides setting me right as to the verses on a sprig of Myrtle, (see vol. i. p. 92, note,) has favoured me with two English odes, written by Dr. Johnson, at an early period of his life, which will appear in my edition of his poems. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i. 16, note 1.

[1160] The editor of the *Biographia Britannica. Ante*, iii. 174.

[1161] On Dec. 23, Miss Adams wrote to a friend:—'We are all under the sincerest grief for the loss of poor Dr. Johnson. He spent three or four days with my father at Oxford, and promised to come again; as he was, he said, nowhere so happy.' *Pemb. Coll. MSS.*

[1162] See *ante*, p. 293.

[1163] Mr. Strahan says (Preface, p. iv.) that Johnson, being hindered by illness from revising these prayers, 'determined to give the MSS., without revision, in charge to me. Accordingly one morning, on my visiting him by desire at an early hour, he put these papers into my hands, with instructions for committing them to the press, and with a promise to prepare a sketch of his own life to accompany them.' Whatever Johnson wished about the prayers, it passes belief that he ever meant for the eye of the world these minute accounts of his health and his feelings. Some parts indeed Mr. Strahan himself suppressed, as the Pemb. Coll. MSS. shew (*ante*, p. 84, note 4). It is curious that one portion at least fell into other hands (*ante*, ii. 476). There are other apparent gaps in the diary which raise the suspicion that it was only fragments that Mr. Strahan obtained. On the other hand Mr. Strahan had nothing to gain by the publication beyond notoriety (see his Preface, p. vi.). Dr. Adams, whose name is mentioned in the preface, expressed in a letter to the *Gent. Mag.* 1785, p. 755, his disapproval of the publication. Mr. Courtenay (*Poetical Review*, ed. 1786, p. 7), thus attacked Mr. Strahan:—

> 'Let priestly S—h—n in a godly fit
> The tale relate, in aid of Holy Writ;
> Though candid Adams, by whom David fell [A],
> Who ancient miracles sustained so well,
> To recent wonders may deny his aid,
> Nor own a pious brother of the trade.'

[A] The Rev. Dr. Adams of Oxford, distinguished for his answer to David Hume's *Essay on Miracles*.

Page 373

[1164] Johnson once said to Miss Burney of her brother Charles:—'I should be glad to see him if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 233. On Nov. 25 she called on him. 'He let me in, though very ill. He told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him. "I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition, for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places." "Oh!" said the man of the house, "that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings." He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this.' Miss Burney continues:—'How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way. Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but most kindly pressing both my hands, "Be not," he said, in a voice of even tenderness, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now." I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called me back in a solemn voice, and in a manner the most energetic, said:—"Remember me in your prayers."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 327. See *ante*, iii. 367, note 4.

[1165] Mr. Hector's sister and Johnson's first love. *Ante*, ii. 459.

[1166] The Rev. Dr. Taylor. BOSWELL.

[1167] See *ante*, ii. 474, and iii. 180.

[1168] 'Reliquum est, *[Greek: Sphartan elaches, tahutan khusmei].'* Cicero, *Epistolae ad Atticum*, iv. 6. 'Spartam nactus es, hanc orna.' Erasmus, *Adagiorum Chiliades*, ed. 1559, p. 485.

[1169] Temple says of the spleen that it is a disease too refined for this country and people, who are well when they are not ill, and pleased when they are not troubled; are content, because they think little of it, and seek their happiness in the common eases and commodities of life, or the increase of riches; not amusing themselves with the more speculative contrivances of passion, or refinements of pleasure.' Temple's *Works*, ed. 1757, i. 170.

[1170] It is truly wonderful to consider the extent and constancy of Johnson's literary ardour, notwithstanding the melancholy which clouded and embittered his existence. Besides the numerous and various works which he executed, he had, at different times, formed schemes of a great many more, of which the following catalogue was given by him to Mr. Langton, and by that gentleman presented to his Majesty:

'DIVINITY.

’A small book of precepts and directions for piety; the hint taken from the directions in Morton’s exercise.

Page 374

’PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, and LITERATURE in general.

’*History of Criticism*, as it relates to judging of authours, from Aristotle to the present age. An account of the rise and improvements of that art; of the different opinions of authours, ancient and modern.

’Translation of the *History of Herodian*.

’New edition of Fairfax’s Translation of *Tasso*, with notes, glossary, &c.

’Chaucer, a new edition of him, from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his language, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present: with notes explanatory of customs, &c., and references to Boccace, and other authours from whom he has borrowed, with an account of the liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life, and an exact etymological glossary.

’Aristotle’s *Rhetorick*, a translation of it into English.

’A Collection of Letters, translated from the modern writers, with some account of the several authours.

’Oldham’s Poems, with notes, historical and critical.

’Roscommon’s Poems, with notes.

’Lives of the Philosophers, written with a polite air, in such a manner as may divert as well as instruct.

’History of the Heathen Mythology, with an explication of the fables, both allegorical and historical; with references to the poets.

’History of the State of Venice, in a compendious manner.

’Aristotle’s *Ethicks*, an English translation of them, with notes.

’Geographical Dictionary, from the French.

’Hierocles upon Pythagoras, translated into English, perhaps with notes. This is done by Norris.

’A book of Letters, upon all kinds of subjects.

’Claudian, a new edition of his works, *cum notis variorum*, in the manner of Burman.

’Tully’s Tusculan Questions, a translation of them.

’Tully’s De Natura Deorum, a translation of those books.

’Benzo’s New History of the New World, to be translated.

’Machiavel’s History of Florence, to be translated.

’History of the Revival of Learning in Europe, containing an account of whatever contributed to the restoration of literature; such as controversies, printing, the destruction of the Greek empire, the encouragement of great men, with the lives of the most eminent patrons and most eminent early professors of all kinds of learning in different countries.

’A Body of Chronology, in verse, with historical notes.

’A Table of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, distinguished by figures into six degrees of value, with notes, giving the reasons of preference or degradation.

’A Collection of Letters from English authours, with a preface giving some account of the writers; with reasons for selection, and criticism upon styles; remarks on each letter, if needful.

Page 375

’A Collection of Proverbs from various languages. Jan. 6,—53.

’A Dictionary to the Common Prayer, in imitation of Calmet’s *Dictionary of the Bible*. March, 52.

’A Collection of Stories and Examples, like those of Valerius Maximus. Jan. 10,—53.

’From Aelian, a volume of select Stories, perhaps from others. Jan. 28,-53.

’Collection of Travels, Voyages, Adventures, and Descriptions of Countries.

’Dictionary of Ancient History and Mythology.

’Treatise on the Study of Polite Literature, containing the history of learning, directions for editions, commentaries, &c.

’Maxims, Characters, and Sentiments, after the manner of Bruyere, collected out of ancient authours, particularly the Greek, with Apophthegms.

’Classical Miscellanies, Select Translations from ancient Greek and Latin authours.

’Lives of Illustrious Persons, as well of the active as the learned, in imitation of Plutarch.

’Judgement of the learned upon English authours.

’Poetical Dictionary of the English tongue.

’Considerations upon the present state of London.

’Collection of Epigrams, with notes and observations.

’Observations on the English language, relating to words, phrases, and modes of Speech.

’Minutiae Literariae, Miscellaneous reflections, criticisms, emendations, notes.

’History of the Constitution.

’Comparison of Philosophical and Christian Morality, by sentences collected from the moralists and fathers.

’Plutarch’s Lives, in English, with notes.

’POETRY and works of IMAGINATION.

’Hymn to Ignorance.

’The Palace of Sloth,—a vision.

’Coluthus, to be translated.

’Prejudice,—a poetical essay.

‘The Palace of Nonsense,—a vision.’

Johnson’s extraordinary facility of composition, when he shook off his constitutional indolence, and resolutely sat down to write, is admirably described by Mr. Courtenay, in his Poetical Review, which I have several times quoted:

> ’While through life’s maze he sent a piercing view,
> His mind expansive to the object grew.
> With various stores of erudition fraught,
> The lively image, the deep-searching thought,
> Slept in repose;—but when the moment press’d,
> The bright ideas stood at once confess’d;
> Instant his genius sped its vigorous rays,
> And o’er the letter’d world diffus’d a blaze:
> As womb’d with fire the cloud electrick flies,
> And calmly o’er th’ horizon seems to rise;
> Touch’d by the pointed steel, the lightning flows,
> And all th’ expanse with rich effulgence glows.’

Page 376

We shall in vain endeavour to know with exact precision every production of Johnson's pen. He owned to me, that he had written about forty sermons; but as I understood that he had given or sold them to different persons, who were to preach them as their own, he did not consider himself at liberty to acknowledge them. Would those who were thus aided by him, who are still alive, and the friends of those who are dead, fairly inform the world, it would be obligingly gratifying a reasonable curiosity, to which there should, I think, now be no objection. Two volumes of them, published since his death, are sufficiently ascertained; see vol. iii. p. 181. I have before me, in his hand-writing, a fragment of twenty quarto leaves, of a translation into English of Sallust, *De Bella Catilinario*. When it was done I have no notion; but it seems to have no very superior merit to mark it as his. Beside the publications heretofore mentioned, I am satisfied, from internal evidence, to admit also as genuine the following, which, notwithstanding all my chronological care, escaped me in the course of this work:

'Considerations on the Case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons,' + published in 1739, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. [These Considerations were published, not in 1739, but in 1787. *Ante*, i. 140, note 5.] It is a very ingenious defence of the right of *abridging* an authour's work, without being held as infringing his property. This is one of the nicest questions in the *Law of Literature*; and I cannot help thinking, that the indulgence of abridging is often exceedingly injurious to authours and booksellers, and should in very few cases be permitted. At any rate, to prevent difficult and uncertain discussion, and give an absolute security to authours in the property of their labours, no abridgement whatever should be permitted, till after the expiration of such a number of years as the Legislature may be pleased to fix.

But, though it has been confidently ascribed to him, I cannot allow that he wrote a Dedication to both Houses of Parliament of a book entitled *The Evangelical History Harmonized*. He was no *croaker*; no declaimer against *the times*. [See *ante*, ii. 357.] He would not have written, 'That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is not barely universal, is universally confessed.' Nor 'Rapine preys on the publick without opposition, and perjury betrays it without inquiry.' Nor would he, to excite a speedy reformation, have conjured up such phantoms of terrour as these: 'A few years longer, and perhaps all endeavours will be in vain. We may be swallowed by an earthquake: we may be delivered to our enemies.' This is not Johnsonian.

Page 377

There are, indeed, in this Dedication, several sentences constructed upon the model of those of Johnson. But the imitation of the form, without the spirit of his style, has been so general, that this of itself is not sufficient evidence. Even our newspaper writers aspire to it. In an account of the funeral of Edwin, the comedian, in *The Diary* of Nov. 9, 1790, that son of drollery is thus described: 'A man who had so often cheered the sullenness of vacancy, and suspended the approaches of sorrow.' And in *The Dublin Evening Post*, August 16, 1791, there is the following paragraph: 'It is a singular circumstance, that, in a city like this, containing 200,000 people, there are three months in the year during which no place of publick amusement is open. Long vacation is here a vacation from pleasure, as well as business; nor is there any mode of passing the listless evenings of declining summer, but in the riots of a tavern, or the stupidity of a coffee-house.'

I have not thought it necessary to specify every copy of verses written by Johnson, it being my intention to, publish an authentick edition of all his Poetry, with notes. BOSWELL. This *Catalogue*, as Mr. Boswell calls it, is by Dr. Johnson intitled *Designs*. It seems from the hand that it was written early in life: from the marginal dates it appears that some portions were added in 1752 and 1753. CROKER.

[1171] On April 19 of this year he wrote: 'When I lay sleepless, I used to drive the night along by turning Greek epigrams into Latin. I know not if I have not turned a hundred.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 364. Forty-five years earlier he described how Boerhaave, 'when he lay whole days and nights without sleep, found no method of diverting his thoughts so effectual as meditation upon his studies, and often relieved and mitigated the sense of his torments by the recollection of what he had read, and by reviewing those stores of knowledge which he had reposited in his memory.' *Works*, vi. 284.

[1172] Mr. Cumberland assures me, that he was always treated with great courtesy by Dr. Johnson, who, in his *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*, vol. ii. p. 68 thus speaks of that learned, ingenious, and accomplished gentleman: 'The want of company is an inconvenience: but Mr. Cumberland is a million.' BOSWELL. Northcote, according to Hazlitt (*Conversations of Northcote*, p. 275), said that Johnson and his friends 'never admitted C——[Cumberland] as one of the set; Sir Joshua did not invite him to dinner. If he had been in the room, Goldsmith would have flown out of it as if a dragon had been there. I remember Garrick once saying, "D—n his *dish-clout* face; his plays would never do, if it were not for my patching them up and acting in them."'

[1173] See *ante*, p. 64, note 2.

[1174] Dr. Parr said, "There are three great Grecians in England: Porson is the first; Burney is the third; and who is the second I need not tell"' Field's *Parr*, ii. 215.

Page 378

[1175] ‘Dr. Johnson,’ said Parr, ’was an admirable scholar.... The classical scholar was forgotten in the great original contributor to the literature of his country.’ *Ib.* i. 164. ’Upon his correct and profound knowledge of the Latin language,’ he wrote, ’I have always spoken with unusual zeal and unusual confidence.’ Johnson’s *Parr*, iv. 679. Mrs. Piozzi (*Anec.* p. 54) recounts a ‘triumph’ gained by Johnson in a talk on Greek literature.

[1176] *Ante*, iii. 172.

[1177] We must smile at a little inaccuracy of metaphor in the Preface to the *Transactions*, which is written by Mr. Burrowes. The *critick of the style of* JOHNSON having, with a just zeal for literature, observed, that the whole nation are called on to exert themselves, afterwards says: ’They are *called on* by every *tye* which can have a laudable influence on the heart of man.’ BOSWELL.

[1178] Johnson’s wishing to unite himself with this rich widow, was much talked of, but I believe without foundation. The report, however, gave occasion to a poem, not without characteristical merit, entitled, ’Ode to Mrs. Thrale, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. on their supposed approaching Nuptials; printed for Mr. Faulder in Bond-street.’ I shall quote as a specimen the first three stanzas:—

’If e’er my fingers touch’d the lyre,
In satire fierce, in pleasure gay;
Shall not my THRALIA’S smiles inspire?
Shall Sam refuse the sportive lay?
My dearest Lady! view your slave,
Behold him as your very *Scrub*;
Eager to write, as authour grave,
Or govern well, the brewing-tub.
To rich felicity thus raised,
My bosom glows with amorous fire;
Porter no longer shall be praised,
‘Tis I MYSELF am *Thrale’s Entire*’

[1179] See *ante*, ii. 44.

[1180] ’*Higledy piggledy*,—Conglomeration and confusion.

’*Hodge-podge*,—A culinary mixture of heterogeneous ingredients: applied metaphorically to all discordant combinations.

’*Tit for Tat*,—Adequate retaliation.

’*Shilly Shally*,—Hesitation and irresolution.

’*Fee! fau! fum!—Gigantic intonations.*

Rigmarole,-Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.

'*Crincum-crancum*,—Lines of irregularity and involution.

'*Dingdong*—Tintinabulary chimes, used metaphorically to signify dispatch and vehemence.' BOSWELL. In all the editions that I have examined the sentence in the text beginning with 'annexed,' and ending with 'concatenation,' is printed as if it were Boswell's. It is a quotation from vol. ii. p. 93 of Colman's book. For *Scrub*, see *ante*, iii. 70, note 2.

[1181] See *ante*, iii. 173.

[1182] *History of America*, vol. i. quarto, p. 332. BOSWELL.

Page 379

[1183] Gibbon (*Misc. Works*, i. 219) thus writes of his own style:—'The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation; three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect.' See *ante*, p. 36, note 1.

[1184] *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i. chap. iv. BOSWELL.

[1185] Macaulay (*Essays*, ed. 1874, iv. 157) gives a yet better example of her Johnsonian style, though, as I have shewn (*ante*, p. 223, note 5), he is wrong in saying that Johnson's hand can be seen.

[1186] *Cecilia*, Book. vii. chap. i. [v.] BOSWELL.

[1187] The passage which I quote is taken from that gentleman's *Elements of Orthoepy*; containing a distinct View of the whole Analogy of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, so far as relates to *Pronunciation, Accent, and Quantity*, London, 1784. I beg leave to offer my particular acknowledgements to the authour of a work of uncommon merit and great utility. I know no book which contains, in the same compass, more learning, polite literature, sound sense, accuracy of arrangement, and perspicuity of expression. BOSWELL.

[1188] That collection was presented to Dr. Johnson, I believe by its authours; and I heard him speak very well of it. BOSWELL. *The Mirror* was published in 1779-80; by 1793 it reached its ninth edition. For an account of it see Appendix DD. to Forbes's *Beattie*. Henry Mackenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*, was the chief contributor as well as the conductor of the paper. He is given as the author of No. 16 in Lynam's edition, p. 1.

[1189] The name of Vicesimus Knox is now scarcely known. Yet so late as 1824 his collected *Works* were published in seven octavo volumes. The editor says of his *Essays* (i. iii):—'In no department of the *Belles Lettres* has any publication, excepting the *Spectator*, been so extensively circulated. It has been translated into most of the European languages.' See *ante*, i. 222, note 1; iii. 13, note 3; and iv. 330.

[1190] *Lucretius*, iii. 6.

[1191] It were to be wished, that he had imitated that great man in every respect, and had not followed the example of Dr. Adam Smith [*ante*, iii. 13, note 1] in ungraciously attacking his venerable *Alma Mater* Oxford. It must, however, be observed, that he is much less to blame than Smith: he only objects to certain particulars; Smith to the whole institution; though indebted for much of his learning to an exhibition which he enjoyed for many years at Baliol College. Neither of them, however, will do any hurt to

the noblest university in the world. While I animadvert on what appears to me exceptionable

Page 380

in some of the works of Dr. Knox, I cannot refuse due praise to others of his productions; particularly his sermons, and to the spirit with which he maintains, against presumptuous hereticks, the consolatory doctrines peculiar to the Christian Revelation. This he has done in a manner equally strenuous and conciliating. Neither ought I to omit mentioning a remarkable instance of his candour: Notwithstanding the wide difference of our opinions, upon the important subject of University education, in a letter to me concerning this Work, he thus expresses himself: 'I thank you for the very great entertainment your *Life of Johnson* gives me. It is a most valuable work. Yours is a new species of biography. Happy for Johnson, that he had so able a recorder of his wit and wisdom.' BOSWELL.

[1192] Dr. Knox, in his *Moral and Literary* abstraction, may be excused for not knowing the political regulations of his country. No senator can be in the hands of a bailiff. BOSWELL.

[1193] It is entitled *A Continuation of Dr. J—n's Criticism on the Poems of Gray*. The following is perhaps the best passage:—'On some fine evening Gray had seen the moon shining on a tower such as is here described. An owl might be peeping out from the ivy with which it was clad. Of the observer the station might be such that the owl, now emerged from the mantling, presented itself to his eye in profile, skirting with the Moon's limb. All this is well. The perspective is striking; and the picture well defined. But the poet was not contented. He felt a desire to enlarge it; and in executing his purpose gave it accumulation without improvement. The idea of the Owl's *complaining* is an artificial one; and the views on which it proceeds absurd. Gray should have seen, that it but ill befitted the *Bird of Wisdom* to complain to the Moon of an intrusion which the Moon could no more help than herself.' p. 17. Johnson wrote of this book:—'I know little of it, for though it was sent me I never cut the leaves open. I had a letter with it representing it to me as my own work; in such an account to the publick there may be humour, but to myself it was neither serious nor comical. I suspect the writer to be wrong-headed.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 289. 'I was told,' wrote Walpole (*Letters*, viii. 376), 'it would divert me, that it seems to criticise Gray, but really laughs at Johnson. I sent for it and skimmed it over, but am not at all clear what it means—no recommendation of anything. I rather think the author wishes to be taken by Gray's admirers for a ridiculer of Johnson, and by the tatter's for a censurer of Gray.' '"The cleverest parody of the Doctor's style of criticism," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "is by John Young of Glasgow, and is very capital."' *Croker Corres*, ii. 34.

[1194] See *ante*, iv. 59, for Burke's description of Croft's imitation.

[1195] See *ante*, ii. 465.

Page 381

[1196] H.S.E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON,

Vir impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiducia christiana fortis, fervidusque; paterfamilias apprime strenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exculta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit; lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures vel pias, vel castas laesisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expresserit.

Natus Cubleiae, in agro Derbiensi,

Anno MDCLVI.

Obiit MDCCXXXI.

Apposita est SARA, conjux,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi sedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli molestam, mentis acumine et judicii subtilitate praecellentem; aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem: aeternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniae Regis, in agro Varvicensi, Anno MDCLXIX;

Obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE, illorum filio, qui natus MDCCXII, cum vires et animi et corporis multa pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem pia morte finivit. Johnson's *Works*, i. 150.

[1197] Hawkins (*Life*, p. 590) says that he asked that the stone over his own grave 'might be so placed as to protect his body from injury.' Harwood (*History of Lichfield*, p. 520) says that the stone in St. Michael's was removed in 1796, when the church was paved. A fresh one with the old inscriptions was placed in the church on the hundredth anniversary of Johnson's death by Robert Thorp, Esq., of Buxton Road House, Macclesfield. The Rev. James Serjeantson, Rector of St. Michael's, suggests to me that the first stone was never set up. It is, he says, unlikely that such a memorial within a dozen years was treated so unworthily. Moreover in 1841 and again in 1883, during reparations of the church, a very careful search was made for it, but without result. There may have been, he thinks, some difficulty in finding the exact place of interment. The matter may have stood over till it was forgotten, and the mason, whose receipted bill shews that he was paid for the stone, may have used it for some other purpose.

[1198] See *ante*, i. 241, and iv. 351.

[1199] ‘He would also,’ says Hawkins (*Life*, p. 579), ’have written in Latin verse an epitaph for Mr. Garrick, but found himself unequal to the task of original poetic composition in that language.’

[1200] In his *Life of Browne*, Johnson wrote:—’The time will come to every human being when it must be known how well he can bear to die; and it has appeared that our author’s fortitude did not desert him in the great hour of trial.’ *Works*, vi. 499.

[1201] A Club in London, founded by the learned and ingenious physician, Dr. Ash, in honour of whose name it was called Eumelian, from the Greek [Greek: Eumelias]; though it was warmly contended, and even put to a vote, that it should have the more obvious appellation of *Fraxinean*, from the Latin. BOSWELL. This club, founded in 1788, met at the Blenheim Tavern, Bond-street. Reynolds, Boswell, Burney, and Windham were members. Rose’s *Biog. Dict.* ii. 240. [Greek: Eummeliaes] means *armed with good ashen spear*.

Page 382

[1202] Mrs. Thrale's *Collection*, March 10,1784. Vol. ii. p. 350. BOSWELL.

[1203] Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 583.

[1204] See what he said to Mr. Malone, p. 53 of this volume. BOSWELL.

[1205] See *ante*, i. 223, note 2.

[1206] *Epistle to the Romans*, vii. 23.

[1207] 'Johnson's passions,' wrote Reynolds, 'were like those of other men, the difference only lay in his keeping a stricter watch over himself. In petty circumstances this [? his] wayward disposition appeared, but in greater things he thought it worth while to summon his recollection and be always on his guard.... [To them that loved him not] as rough as winter; to those who sought his love as mild as summer—many instances will readily occur to those who knew him intimately of the guard which he endeavoured always to keep over himself.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 460. See *ante*, i. 94, 164, 201, and iv. 215.

[1208] *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 3d ed. p. 209. [*Post*, v. 211.] On the same subject, in his Letter to Mrs. Thrale, dated Nov. 29, 1783, he makes the following just observation:—'Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they began [in the original, *begin*], by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.' BOSWELL.

[1209] *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 374. [*Post*, v. 359.] BOSWELL.

[1210] *Psalm* xix. 13.

[1211] *Pr. and Med.* p.47. BOSWELL.

[1212] *Ib.* p. 68 BOSWELL

[1213] *Ib.* p. 84 BOSWELL

[1214] *Ib.* p. 120. BOSWELL.

[1215] Pr. and Med. p. 130. BOSWELL.

[1216] Dr. Johnson related, with very earnest approbation, a story of a gentleman, who, in an impulse of passion, overcame the virtue of a young woman. When she said to him, 'I am afraid we have done wrong!' he answered, 'Yes, we have done wrong;—for I would not *debauch her mind*.' BOSWELL.

[1217] *St. John*, viii. 7.

[1218] *Pr. and Med.* p. 192. BOSWELL.

[1219] See *ante*, iii. 155.

[1220] Boswell, on Feb. 10, 1791, describing to Malone the progress of his book, says: —'I have now before me p. 488 [of vol. ii.] in print; and 923 pages of the copy [MS.] only is exhausted, and there remains 80, besides the *death*; as to which I shall be concise, though solemn. Pray how shall I wind up? Shall I give the *character* from my *Tour* somewhat enlarged?' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 829. Mr. Croker is clearly in error in saying (*ib.* p. 800) that 'Mr. Boswell's absence and the jealousy between him and some of Johnson's other friends prevented his being able to give the particulars which he (Mr. Croker) has supplied in the Appendix.' In this Appendix is Mr. Hoole's narrative which Boswell had seen and used (*post*, p. 406).

Page 383

[1221] *Psalm* lxxxii. 7.

[1222] See Appendix E.

[1223] 'On being asked in his last illness what physician he had sent for, "Dr. Heberden," replied he, "*ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the learned physicians."' Seward's *Biographiana*, p. 601.

[1224] Mr. Green related that when some of Johnson's friends desired that Dr. Warren should be called in, he said they might call in whom they pleased; and when Warren was called, at his going away Johnson said, 'You have come in at the eleventh hour, but you shall be paid the same with your fellow-labourers. Francis, put into Dr. Warren's coach a copy of the *English Poets*.' CROKER. Dr. Warren ten years later attended Boswell in his last illness. *Letters of Boswell*, p. 355. He was the great-grandfather of Col. Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., F.R.S., Chief Commissioner of Police.

[1225] This bold experiment, Sir John Hawkins has related in such a manner as to suggest a charge against Johnson of intentionally hastening his end; a charge so very inconsistent with his character in every respect, that it is injurious even to refute it, as Sir John has thought it necessary to do. It is evident, that what Johnson did in hopes of relief, indicated an extraordinary eagerness to retard his dissolution. BOSWELL. Murphy (*Life*, p. 122) says that 'for many years, when Johnson was not disposed to enter into the conversation going forward, whoever sat near his chair might hear him repeating from Shakespeare [*Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. i]:—

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clot; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods."

And from Milton [*Paradise Lost*, ii. 146]:—

"Who would lose
Though full of pain this intellectual being?"'

Johnson, the year before, at a time when he thought that he must submit to the surgeon's knife (*ante*, p. 240), wrote to Mrs. Thrale:—'You would not have me for fear of pain perish in putrescence. I shall, I hope, with trust in eternal mercy lay hold of the possibility of life which yet remains.' *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 312. Hawkins records (*Life*, p. 588) that one day Johnson said to his doctor:—'How many men in a year die through the timidity of those whom they consult for health! I want length of life, and you fear giving me pain, which I care not for.' Another day, 'when Mr. Cruikshank scarified his leg, he cried out, "Deeper, deeper. I will abide the consequence; you are afraid of your

reputation, but that is nothing to me." To those about him, he said, "You all pretend to love me, but you do not love me so well as I myself do." '*Ib*. p. 592. Windham (*Diary*, p. 32) says that he reproached Heberden with being *timidorum timidissimus*. Throughout he acted up to what he had said:—'I will be conquered, I will not capitulate.' *Ante*, P. 374.

Page 384

[1226] Macbeth, act v. sc. 3.

[1227] Satires, x. 356. Paraphrased by Johnson in The Vanity of Human Wishes, at the lines beginning:—

> ’Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
> Obedient passions and a will resigned.’

[1228] Johnson, three days after his stroke of palsy (ante, p. 230), wrote:—’When I waked, I found Dr. Brocklesby sitting by me. He fell to repeating Juvenal’s ninth satire; but I let him see that the province was mine.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 274.

[1229] Johnson, on his way to Scotland, ‘changed horses,’ he wrote, ’at Darlington, where Mr. Cornelius Harrison, a cousin-german of mine, was perpetual curate. He was the only one of my relations who ever rose in fortune above penury, or in character above neglect.’ *Piozzi Letters*, i. 105. Malone, in a note to later editions, shews that Johnson shortly before his death was trying to discover some of his poor relations.

[1230] Mr. Windham records (*Diary*, p. 28) that the day before Johnson made his will ’he recommended Frank to him as to one who had will and power to protect him.’ He continues, ’Having obtained my assent to this, he proposed that Frank should be called in; and desiring me to take him by the hand in token of the promise, repeated before him the recommendation he had just made of him, and the promise I had given to attend to it.

[1231] Johnson wrote five years earlier to Mrs. Thrale about her husband’s will:—’Do not let those fears prevail which you know to be unreasonable; a will brings the end of life no nearer.’ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 72.

[1232] ’IN THE NAME OF GOD. AMEN. I, SAMUEL JOHNSON, being in full possession of my faculties, but fearing this night may put an end to my life, do ordain this my last Will and Testament. I bequeath to GOD, a soul polluted with many sins, but I hope purified by JESUS CHRIST. I leave seven hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Bennet Langton, Esq.; three hundred pounds in the hands of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, brewers; one hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore; one thousand pounds, three *per cent.* annuities, in the publick funds; and one hundred pounds now lying by me in ready money: all these before-mentioned sums and property I leave, I say, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, of Doctors Commons, in trust for the following uses:—That is to say, to pay to the representatives of the late William Innys, bookseller, in St, Paul’s Church-yard, the sum of two hundred pounds; to Mrs. White, my female servant, one hundred pounds stock in the three *per cent*. annuitites aforesaid. The rest of the aforesaid sums of money and property, together with my books, plate, and household furniture, I leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, also in trust,

to the use of Francis Barber, my man-servant, a negro, in such a manner as they shall judge most fit and available to his benefit. And I appoint the aforesaid Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, sole executors of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments whatever. In witness whereof I hereunto subscribe my name, and affix my seal, this eighth day of December, 1784.

Page 385

’Sam Johnson, (L.S.)

’Signed, scaled, published, declared, and delivered, by the said testator, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, the word two being first inserted in the opposite page.

’GEORGE STRAHAN

’JOHN DESMOULINS

’By way of Codicil to my last Will and Testament, I, SAMUEL JOHNSON, give, devise, and bequeath, my messuage or tenement situate at Litchfield, in the county of Stafford, with the appertenances, in the tenure or occupation of Mrs. Bond, of Lichfield aforesaid, or of Mr. Hinchman, her under-tenant, to my executors, in trust, to sell and dispose of the same; and the money arising from such sale I give and bequeath as follows, *viz*. to Thomas and Benjamin, the sons of Fisher Johnson, late of Leicester, and ----- Whiting, daughter of Thomas Johnson [F-1], late of Coventry, and the grand-daughter of the said Thomas Johnson, one full and equal fourth part each; but in case there shall be more grand-daughters than one of the said Thomas Johnson, living at the time of my decease, I give and bequeath the part or share of that one to and equally between such grand-daughters. I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Berkley, near Froom, in the county of Somerset, the sum of one hundred pounds, requesting him to apply the same towards the maintenance of Elizabeth Herne, a lunatick [F-2]. I also give and bequeath to my god-children, the son and daughter of Mauritius Lowe [F-3], painter, each of them, one hundred pounds of my stock in the three *per cent*, consolidated annuities, to be applied and disposed of by and at the discretion of my Executors, in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legatees. Also I give and bequeath to Sir John Hawkins, one of my Executors, the Annales Ecclesiastici of Baronius, and Holinshed’s and Stowe’s Chronicles, and also an octavo Common Prayer-Book. To Bennet Langton, Esq. I give and bequeath my Polyglot Bible. To Sir Joshua Reynolds, my great French Dictionary, by Martiniere, and my own copy of my folio English Dictionary, of the last revision. To Dr. William Scott, one of my Executors, the Dictionnaire de Commerce, and Lectius’s edition of the Greek poets. To Mr. Windham [F-4], Poetae Graeci Heroici per Henricum Stephanum. To the Rev. Mr. Strahan, vicar of Islington, in Middlesex, Mill’s Greek Testament, Beza’s Greek Testament, by Stephens, all my Latin Bibles, and my Greek Bible, by Wechelius. To Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank, the surgeon who attended me, Mr. Holder, my apothecary, Gerard Hamilton, Esq., Mrs. Gardiner [F-5], of Snow-hill, Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Mr. Hoole, and the Reverend Mr. Hoole, his son, each a book at their election, to keep as a token of remembrance. I also give and bequeath to Mr. John Desmoulins [F-6], two hundred pounds consolidated three *per cent*, annuities: and to Mr. Sastres, the Italian master [F-7], the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in books

Page 386

of piety for his own use. And whereas the said Bennet Langton hath agreed, in consideration of the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, mentioned in my Will to be in his hands, to grant and secure an annuity of seventy pounds payable during the life of me and my servant, Francis Barber, and the life of the survivor of us, to Mr. George Stubbs, in trust for us; my mind and will is, that in case of my decease before the said agreement shall be perfected, the said sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, and the bond for securing the said sum, shall go to the said Francis Barber; and I hereby give and bequeath to him the same, in lieu of the bequest in his favour, contained in my said Will. And I hereby empower my Executors to deduct and retain all expences that shall or may be incurred in the execution of my said Will, or of this Codicil thereto, out of such estate and effects as I shall die possessed of. All the rest, residue, and remainder, of my estate and effects, I give and bequeath to my said Executors, in trust for the said Francis Barber, his Executors and Administrators. Witness my hand and seal, this ninth day of December, 1784.

’SAM. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

’Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by the said Samuel Johnson, as, and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, and at his request, and also in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

’JOHN COPLEY.

’WILLIAM GIBSON.

‘HENRY COLE.’

Upon these testamentary deeds it is proper to make a few observations.

His express declaration with his dying breath as a Christian, as it had been often practised in such solemn writings, was of real consequence from this great man; for the conviction of a mind equally acute and strong, might well overbalance the doubts of others, who were his contemporaries. The expression *polluted*, may, to some, convey an impression of more than ordinary contamination; but that is not warranted by its genuine meaning, as appears from *The Rambler*, No. 42[F-8]. The same word is used in the will of Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln [F-9], who was piety itself.

His legacy of two hundred pounds to the representatives of Mr. Innys, bookseller, in St. Paul’s Church-yard [F-10], proceeded from a very worthy motive. He told Sir John Hawkins, that his father having become a bankrupt, Mr. Innys had assisted him with

money or credit to continue his business. 'This, (said he,) I consider as an obligation on me to be grateful to his descendants [F-11].'

Page 387

The amount of his property proved to be considerably more than he had supposed it to be. Sir John Hawkins estimates the bequest to Francis Barber at a sum little short of fifteen hundred pounds, including an annuity of seventy pounds to be paid to him by Mr. Langton, in consideration of seven hundred and fifty pounds, which Johnson had lent to that gentleman. Sir John seems not a little angry at this bequest, and mutters 'a caveat against ostentatious bounty and favour to negroes [F-12].' But surely when a man has money entirely of his own acquisition, especially when he has no near relations, he may, without blame, dispose of it as he pleases, and with great propriety to a faithful servant. Mr. Barber, by the recommendation of his master, retired to Lichfield, where he might pass the rest of his days in comfort.

It has been objected that Johnson has omitted many of his best friends, when leaving books to several as tokens of his last remembrance. The names of Dr. Adams, Dr. Taylor [F-13], Dr. Burney, Mr. Hector, Mr. Murphy, the Authour of this Work, and others who were intimate with him, are not to be found in his Will. This may be accounted for by considering, that as he was very near his dissolution at the time, he probably mentioned such as happened to occur to him; and that he may have recollected, that he had formerly shewn others such proofs of his regard, that it was not necessary to crowd his Will with their names. Mrs. Lucy Porter was much displeased that nothing was left to her; but besides what I have now stated, she should have considered, that she had left nothing to Johnson by her Will, which was made during his life-time, as appeared at her decease.

His enumerating several persons in one group, and leaving them 'each a book at their election,' might possibly have given occasion to a curious question as to the order of choice, had they not luckily fixed on different books. His library, though by no means handsome in its appearance, was sold by Mr. Christie, for two hundred and forty-seven pounds, nine shillings [F-14]; many people being desirous to have a book which had belonged to Johnson. In many of them he had written little notes: sometimes tender memorials of his departed wife; as, 'This was dear Tetty's book:' sometimes occasional remarks of different sorts. Mr. Lysons, of Clifford's Inn, has favoured me with the two following:

In *Holy Rules and Helps to Devotion*, by Bryan Duppa, Lord Bishop of Winton, '*Preces quidam (? quidem) videtur diligenter tractasse; spero non inauditus (? inauditas).'*

In *The Rosicrucian infallible Axiomata*, by John Heydon, Gent., prefixed to which are some verses addressed to the authour, signed Ambr. Waters, A.M. Coll. Ex. Oxon. '*These Latin verses were written to Hobbes by Bathurst, upon his Treatise on Human Nature, and have no relation to the book.—An odd fraud*.'—BOSWELL. [Note: See Appendix F for notes on this footnote.]

Page 388

[1233] ‘He burned,’ writes Mrs. Piozzi, ’many letters in the last week, I am told, and those written by his mother drew from him a flood of tears. Mr. Sastres saw him cast a melancholy look upon their ashes, which he took up and examined to see if a word was still legible.’—*Piozzi Letters*, ii. 383.

[1234] Boswell in his *Hebrides* (*post*, v. 53) says that Johnson, starting northwards on his tour, left in a drawer in Boswell’s house ’one volume of a pretty full and curious *Diary of his Life*, of which I have,’ he continues, ‘a few fragments.’ The other volume, we may conjecture, Johnson took with him, for Boswell had seen both, and apparently seen them only once. He mentions (*ante*, i. 27) that these ‘few fragments’ had been transferred to him by the residuary legatee (Francis Barber). One large fragment, which was published after Barber’s death, he could never have seen, for he never quotes from it (*ante*, i. 35, note 1).

[1235] One of these volumes, Sir John Hawkins informs us, he put into his pocket; for which the excuse he states is, that he meant to preserve it from falling into the hands of a person whom he describes so as to make it sufficiently clear who is meant; ’having strong reasons (said he,) to suspect that this man might find and make an ill use of the book.’ Why Sir John should suppose that the gentleman alluded to would act in this manner, he has not thought fit to explain. But what he did was not approved of by Johnson; who, upon being acquainted of it without delay by a friend, expressed great indignation, and warmly insisted on the book being delivered up; and, afterwards, in the supposition of his missing it, without knowing by whom it had been taken, he said, ’Sir, I should have gone out of the world distrusting half mankind.’ Sir John next day wrote a letter to Johnson, assigning reasons for his conduct; upon which Johnson observed to Mr. Langton, ’Bishop Sanderson could not have dictated a better letter. I could almost say, *Melius est sic penituisse quam non errasse*.’ The agitation into which Johnson was thrown by this incident, probably made him hastily burn those precious records which must ever be regretted. BOSWELL. According to Mr. Croker, Steevens was the man whom Hawkins said that he suspected. Porson, in his witty *Panegyrical Epistle on Hawkins v. Johnson* (*Gent. Mag.* 1787, pp. 751-3, and *Porson Tracts*, p. 341), says:—’I shall attempt a translation [of *Melius est*, &c.] for the benefit of your mere English readers:—*There is more joy over a sinner that repenteth than over a just person that needeth no repentance*. And we know from an authority not to be disputed (Hawkins’s *Life*, p. 406) that *Johnson was a great lover of penitents*.

“God put it in the mind to take it hence,
That thou might’st win the more thy [Johnson’s] love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.”

Page 389

[1236] *Henry IV*, act iv. sc. 5.

[1237] 'Tibullus addressed Cynthia in this manner:—

"*Te spectem, suprema, mihi cum venerit hora,*
Te teneam moriens deficiente mamu.
Lib. i. El. I. 73.

Before my closing eyes dear Cynthia stand,
Held weakly by my fainting, trembling hand.'"
Johnson's Works, iv. 35.

[1238] Windham was scarcely a statesman as yet, though for a few months of the year before he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland (*ante*, p 200). He was in Parliament, but he had never spoken. His *Diary* shews that he had no 'important occupations.' On Dec. 12, for instance, he records (p. 30):—'Came down about ten; read reviews, wrote to Mrs. Siddons, and then went to the ice; came home only in time to dress and go to my mother's to dinner.' See *ante*, p. 356, for his interest in balloons.

[1239] 'My father,' writes Miss Burney, 'saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father:—"His work is almost done, and well has he done it."' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary*, ii. 333. Burke, in 1792, said in Parliament that 'Dr. Johnson's virtues were equal to his transcendent talents, and his friendship he valued as the greatest consolation and happiness of his life.' *Parl. Debates*, xxx. 109.

[1240] On the same undoubted authority, I give a few articles, which should have been inserted in chronological order; but which, now that they are before me, I should be sorry to omit:—

'In 1736, Dr. Johnson had a particular inclination to have been engaged as an assistant to the Reverend Mr. Budworth, then head master of the Grammar-school, at Brewood, in Staffordshire, "an excellent person, who possessed every talent of a perfect instructor of youth, in a degree which, (to use the words of one of the brightest ornaments of literature, the Reverend Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester,) has been rarely found in any of that profession since the days of Quintilian." Mr. Budworth, "who was less known in his life-time, from that obscure situation to which the caprice of fortune oft condemns the most accomplished characters, than his highest merit deserved," had been bred under Mr. Blackwell [Blackwall], at Market Bosworth, where Johnson was some time an usher [*ante*, i. 84]; which might naturally lead to the application. Mr. Budworth was certainly no stranger to the learning or abilities of Johnson; as he more than once lamented his having been under the necessity of declining the engagement, from an apprehension that the paralytick affection, under which our great Philologist laboured through life,

might become the object of imitation or of ridicule, among his pupils.’ Captain Budworth, his grandson, has confirmed to me this anecdote.

Page 390

’Among the early associates of Johnson, at St. John’s Gate, was Samuel Boyse [G-1], well known by his ingenious productions; and not less noted for his imprudence. It was not unusual for Boyse to be a customer to the pawnbroker. On one of these occasions, Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money to redeem his friend’s clothes, which in two days after were pawned again. “The sum, (said Johnson,) was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me sixpence was a serious consideration [G-2].”

’Speaking one day of a person for whom he had a real friendship, but in whom vanity was somewhat too predominant, he observed, that “Kelly [G-3] was so fond of displaying on his side-board the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs. For my part, (said he,) I never was master of a pair of spurs, but once; and they are now at the bottom of the ocean. By the carelessness of Boswell’s servant, they were dropped from the end of the boat, on our return from the Isle of Sky [G-4].”’

The late Reverend Mr. Samuel Badcock [G-5], having been introduced to Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Nichols, some years before his death, thus expressed himself in a letter to that gentleman:—

’How much I am obliged to you for the favour you did me in introducing me to Dr. Johnson! *Tantum vidi Virgilium* [G-6]. But to have seen him, and to have received a testimony of respect from him, was enough. I recollect all the conversation, and shall never forget one of his expressions. Speaking of Dr. P—— [Priestley], (whose writings, I saw, he estimated at a low rate,) he said, “You have proved him as deficient in *probity* as he is in learning [G-7].” I called him an “Index-scholar [G-8];” but he was not willing to allow him a claim even to that merit. He said, that “he borrowed from those who had been borrowers themselves, and did not know that the mistakes he adopted had been answered by others.” I often think of our short, but precious, visit to this great man. I shall consider it as a kind of an *aera* in my life.’ BOSWELL. [Note: See Appendix G for notes on this footnote.]

[1241] See *ante*, i. 152, 501.

[1242] He wrote to Dr. Taylor on Feb. 17, 1776:—’Keep yourself cheerful. Lie in bed with a lamp, and when you cannot sleep and are beginning to think, light your candle and read. At least light your candle; a man is perhaps never so much harrassed (*sic*) by his own mind in the light as in the dark.’ *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. v. 423.

[1243] Mr. Croker records ’the following communication from Mr. Hoole himself’:—’I must mention an incident which shews how ready Johnson was to make amends for any little incivility. When I called upon him, the morning after he had pressed me rather roughly to read *louder*, he said, “I was peevish yesterday; you must forgive me: when you are as old and as sick as I am, perhaps you may be peevish too.” I have heard him make many apologies of this kind.’

Page 391

[1244] 'To his friend Dr. Burney he said a few hours before he died, taking the Doctor's hands within his, and casting his eyes towards Heaven with a look of the most fervent piety, "My dear friend, while you live do all the good you can." Seward's *Biographiana,* p. 601

[1245] Mr. Hoole, senior, records of this day:—'Dr. Johnson exhorted me to lead a better life than he had done. "A better life than you, my dear Sir:" I repeated. He replied warmly, "Don't compliment not." Croker's *Boswell*, p. 844

[1246] See _ ante_, p. 293

[1247] The French historian, Jacques-Auguste de Thou, 1553-1617, author of *Historia sui Temporis* in 138 books.

[1248] See *ante,* ii. 42, note 2.

[1249] Mr. Hutton was occasionally admitted to the royal breakfast-table. "Hutton," said the King to him one morning, "is it true that you Moravians marry without any previous knowledge of each other?" "Yes, may it please your majesty," returned Hutton; "our marriages are quite royal" Hannah More's *Memoirs*, i. 318. One of his female-missionaries for North American said to Dr. Johnson:—'Whether my Saviour's service may be best carried on here, or on the coast of Labrador, 'tis Mr. Hutton's business to settle. I will do my part either in a brick-house or a snow-house with equal alacrity.' Piozzi's *Synonymy*, ii. 120. He is described also in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, i. 251, 291.

[1250] *Ante*, ii. 402.

[1251] Burke said of Hussey, who was his friend and correspondent, that in his character he had made 'that very rare union of the enlightened statesman with the ecclesiastic.' Burke's *Corres*. iv. 270.

[1252] Boswell refers, I believe, to Fordyce's epitaph on Johnson in the *Gent. Mag.* 1785, p. 412, or possibly to an *Ode* on p. 50 of his poems.

[1253] 'Being become very weak and helpless it was thought necessary that a man should watch with him all night; and one was found in the neighbourhood for half a crown a night.' Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 589.

[1254] It was on Nov. 30 that he repeated these lines. See Croker's *Boswell*, p. 843.

[1255] *British Synonymy*, i. 359. Mrs. Piozzi, to add to the wonder, says that these verses were 'improviso,' forgetting that Johnson wrote to her on Aug 8, 1780 (*Piozzi Letters*, ii. 175):—'You have heard in the papers how —— is come to age. I have enclosed a short song of congratulation which you must not shew to anybody. It is odd

that it should come into anybody's head. I hope you will read it with candour; it is, I believe, one of the author's first essays in that way of writing, and a beginner is always to be treated with tenderness.' That it was Sir John Lade who had come of age is shewn by the entry of his birth, Aug. 1, 1759, in the *Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 392. He was the nephew and ward of Mr. Thrale,

Page 392

who seemed to think that Miss Burney would make him a good wife. (Mme. D'Arblay's *Diary*, i. 79.) According to Mr. Hayward (*Life of Piozzi*, i. 69) it was Lade who having asked Johnson whether he advised him to marry, received as answer: 'I would advise no man to marry, Sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding.' See *ante*, ii. 109, note 2. Mr. Hayward adds that 'he married a woman of the town, became a celebrated member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and contrived to waste the whole of a fine fortune before he died.' In Campbell's *Chancellors* (ed. 1846, v. 628) a story is told of Sir John Ladd, who is, I suppose, the same man. The Prince of Wales in 1805 asked Lord Thurlow to dinner, and also Ladd. 'When "the old Lion" arrived the Prince went into the ante-room to meet him, and apologised for the party being larger than he had intended, but added, "that Sir John was an old friend of his, and he could not avoid asking him to dinner," to which Thurlow, in his growling voice, answered, "I have no objection, Sir, to Sir John Ladd in his proper place, which I take to be your Royal Highness's coach-box, and not your table."'

[1256] *British Synonymy* was published in 1794, later therefore than Boswell's first and second editions. In both these the latter half of this paragraph ran as follows:—"From the specimen which Mrs. Piozzi has exhibited of it (*Anecdotes*, p. 196) it is much to be wished that the world could see the whole. Indeed I can speak from my own knowledge; for having had the pleasure to read it, I found it to be a piece of exquisite satire conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings. After describing the ridiculous and ruinous career of a wild spendthrift he *consoles* him with this reflection:—

"You may hang or drown at last."'

[1257] Sir John.

[1258]'"Les morts n'ecrivent point," says Madame de Maintenon.' Hannah More's *Memoirs*, i. 233. The note that Johnson received 'was,' says Mr. Hoole, 'from Mr. Davies, the bookseller, and mentioned a present of some pork; upon which the Doctor said, in a manner that seemed as if he thought it ill-timed, "too much of this," or some such expression.' Croker's *Boswell*, p. 844.

[1259] Sir Walter Scott says that 'Reynolds observed the charge given him by Johnson on his death-bed not to use his pencil of a Sunday for a considerable time, but afterwards broke it, being persuaded by some person who was impatient for a sitting that the Doctor had no title to exact such a promise.' Croker's *Corres*. ii. 34. 'Reynolds used to say that "the pupil in art who looks for the Sunday with pleasure as an idle day will never make a painter."' Northcote's *Reynolds*, i. 119. 'Dr. Johnson,' said Lord Eldon, 'sent me a message on his death-bed, to request that I would attend public worship every Sunday.'

Page 393

Twiss's *Eldon*, i. 168. The advice was not followed, for 'when a lawyer, a warm partisan of the Chancellor, called him one of the pillars of the Church; "No," said another lawyer, "he may be one of its buttresses; but certainly not one of its pillars, for he is never found within it."' *Ib*. iii. 488. Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chancellors*, vii. 716) says:—Lord Eldon was never present at public worship in London from one year's end to the other. Pleading in mitigation before Lord Ellenborough that he attended public worship in the country, he received the rebuke, "as if there were no God in town.'"

[1260] Reynolds records:—'During his last illness, when all hope was at an end, he appeared to be quieter and more resigned. His approaching dissolution was always present to his mind. A few days before he died, Mr. Langton and myself only present, he said he had been a great sinner, but he hoped he had given no bad example to his friends; that he had some consolation in reflecting that he had never denied Christ, and repeated the text, "Whoever denies me, &c." [*St. Matthew* x. 33.] We were both very ready to assure him that we were conscious that we were better and wiser from his life and conversation; and that so far from denying Christ, he had been, in this age, his greatest champion.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 459.

[1261] Hannah More (*Memoirs* i. 393) says that Johnson, having put up a fervent prayer that Brocklesby might become a sincere Christian, 'caught hold of his hand with great earnestness, and cried, "Doctor, you do not say *Amen*." The Doctor looked foolishly, but after a pause cried "*Amen*"' Her account, however, is often not accurate.

[1262] Windham records (*Diary*, p. 30) that on the night of the 12th he urged him to take some sustenance, 'and desisted only upon his exclaiming, "It is all very childish; let us hear no more of it."' On his pressing him a second time, he answered that 'he refused no sustenance but inebriating sustenance.' Windham thereupon asked him to take some milk, but 'he recurred to his general refusal, and begged that there might be an end of it. I then said that I hoped he would forgive my earnestness; when he replied eagerly, "that from me nothing would be necessary by way of apology;" adding with great fervour, in words which I shall (I hope) never forget—"God bless you, my dear Windham, through Jesus Christ;" and concluding with a wish that we might meet in some humble portion of that happiness which God might finally vouchsafe to repentant sinners. These were the last words I ever heard him speak. I hurried out of the room with tears in my eyes, and more affected than I had been on any former occasion.' It was at a later hour in this same night that Johnson 'scarified himself in three places. On Mr. Desmoulins making a difficulty of giving him the lancet he said, "Don't you, if you have any scruples; but I will compel Frank," and on Mr. Desmoulins attempting to prevent Frank from giving it to him, and at last to restrain his hands, he grew very outrageous, so much so as to call Frank "scoundrel" and to threaten Mr. Desmoulins that he would stab him.' *Ib*. p. 32.

Page 394

[1263] Mr. Strahan, mentioning ‘the anxious fear’, which seized Johnson, says, that ’his friends who knew his integrity observed it with equal astonishment and concern.’ He adds that ’his foreboding dread of the Divine justice by degrees subsided into a pious trust and humble hope in the Divine mercy.’ *Pr. and Med.* preface, p. xv.

[1264] The change of his sentiments with regard to Dr. Clarke, is thus mentioned to me in a letter from the late Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford:—’The Doctor’s prejudices were the strongest, and certainly in another sense the weakest, that ever possessed a sensible man. You know his extreme zeal for orthodoxy. But did you ever hear what he told me himself? That he had made it a rule not to admit Dr. Clarke’s name in his *Dictionary*. This, however, wore off. At some distance of time he advised with me what books he should read in defence of the Christian Religion. I recommended Clarke’s *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion*, as the best of the kind; and I find in what is called his *Prayers and Meditations*, that he was frequently employed in the latter part of his time in reading Clarke’s *Sermons*. BOSWELL. See *ante*, i. 398.

[1265] The Reverend Mr. Strahan took care to have it preserved, and has inserted it in *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 216. BOSWELL.

[1266] See *ante*, iii. 433.

[1267] The counterpart of Johnson’s end and of one striking part of his character may be found in Mr. Fearing in *The Pilgrim’s Progress*, part ii. ’"Mr. Fearing was,” said Honesty, “a very zealous man. Difficulty, lions, or Vanity Fair he feared not at all; it was only sin, death, and hell that were to him a terror, because he had some doubts about his interest in that celestial country.” “I dare believe,” Greatheart replied, “that, as the proverb is, he could have bit a firebrand, had it stood in his way; but the things with which he was oppressed no man ever yet could shake off with ease."’ See *ante*, ii. 298, note 4.

[1268] Her sister’s likeness as Hope nursing Love was painted by Reynolds. Northcote’s *Reynolds*, i. 185.

[1269] The following letter, written with an agitated hand, from the very chamber of death, by Mr. Langton, and obviously interrupted by his feelings, will not unaptly close the story of so long a friendship. The letter is not addressed, but Mr. Langton’s family believe it was intended for Mr. Boswell.

’MY DEAR SIR,—After many conflicting hopes and fears respecting the event of this heavy return of illness which has assailed our honoured friend, Dr. Johnson, since his arrival from Lichfield, about four days ago the appearances grew more and more awful, and this afternoon at eight o’clock, when I arrived at his house to see how he should be

going on, I was acquainted at the door, that about three quarters of an hour before, he breathed his

Page 395

last. I am now writing in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear Sir, whose own sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to attempt to—.'—CROKER. The interruption of the note was perhaps due to a discovery made by Langton. Hawkins says, 'at eleven, the evening of Johnson's death, Mr. Langton came to me, and in an agony of mind gave me to understand that our friend had wounded himself in several parts of the body.' Hawkins's *Life*, p. 590. To the dying man, 'on the last day of his existence on this side the grave the desire of life,' to use Murphy's words (*Life*, p. 135), 'had returned with all its former vehemence.' In the hope of drawing off the dropsical water he gave himself these wounds (see *ante*, p. 399). He lost a good deal of blood, and no doubt hastened his end. Langton must have suspected that Johnson intentionally shortened his life.

[1270] Servant to the Right Honourable William Windham. BOSWELL.

[1271] Sir Joshua Reynolds and Paoli were among the mourners. Among the Nichols papers in the British Museum is preserved an invitation card to the funeral.

[1272] Dr. Burney wrote to the Rev. T. Twining on Christmas Day, 1784:—'The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey lay all the blame on Sir John Hawkins for suffering Johnson to be so unworthily interred. The Knight's first inquiry at the Abbey in giving orders, as the most acting executor, was—"What would be the difference in the expense between a public and private funeral?" and was told only a few pounds to the prebendaries, and about ninety pairs of gloves to the choir and attendants; and he then determined that, "as Dr. Johnson had no music in him, he should choose the cheapest manner of interment." And for this reason there was no organ heard, or burial service sung; for which he suffers the Dean and Chapter to be abused in all the newspapers, and joins in their abuse when the subject is mentioned in conversation.' Burney mentions a report that Hawkins had been slandering Johnson. *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the XVIII Century*, p. 129. Dr. Charles Burney, jun., had written the day after the funeral:—'The executor, Sir John Hawkins, did not manage things well, for there was no anthem or choir service performed—no lesson—but merely what is read over every old woman that is buried by the parish. Dr. Taylor read the service but so-so.' Johnstone's *Parr*, i. 535.

[1273] Pope's *Essay on Man*, iv. 390. See *ante*, iii. 6, and iv. 122.

Page 396

[1274] On the subject of Johnson I may adopt the words of Sir John Harrington, concerning his venerable Tutor and Diocesan, Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; 'who hath given me some helps, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies: to whom I never came but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed. Of him therefore, my acquaintance, my friend, my instructor, if I speak much, it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partially, it were to be pardoned.' *Nugoe Antiquoe*, vol. i. p. 136. There is one circumstance in Sir John's character of Bishop Still, which is peculiarly applicable to Johnson: 'He became so famous a disputer, that the learnedest were even afraid to dispute with him; and he finding his own strength, could not stick to warn them in their arguments to take heed to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell aforehand in which button he will give the venew, or like a cunning chess-player that will appoint aforehand with which pawn and in what place he will give the mate.' *Ibid*. BOSWELL.

[1275] The late Right Hon. William Gerard Hamilton. MALONE.

[1276] 'His death,' writes Hannah More (*Memoirs*, i. 394), 'makes a kind of era in literature.' 'One who had long known him said of him:—'In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking will say next. This you can never do of Johnson.' Johnson's *Works* (1787), xi. 211.

[1277] Beside the Dedications to him by Dr. Goldsmith [*ante*, ii. 216], the Reverend Dr. Francklin [*ante*, iv. 34], and the Reverend Mr. Wilson [*ante*, iv. 162], which I have mentioned according to their dates, there was one by a lady, of a versification of *Aningait and Ajut*, and one by the ingenious Mr. Walker [*ante*, iv. 206], of his *Rhetorical Grammar*. I have introduced into this work several compliments paid to him in the writings of his contemporaries; but the number of them is so great, that we may fairly say that there was almost a general tribute.

Let me not be forgetful of the honour done to him by Colonel Myddleton, of Gwaynynog, near Denbigh; who, on the banks of a rivulet in his park, where Johnson delighted to stand and repeat verses, erected an urn with the following inscription:

'This spot was often dignified by the presence of
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the
precepts of Christianity,
Gave ardour to Virtue and confidence to Truth [H-1].'

Page 397

As no inconsiderable circumstance of his fame, we must reckon the extraordinary zeal of the artists to extend and perpetuate his image. I can enumerate a bust by Mr. Nollekens, and the many casts which are made from it; several pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from one of which, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Humphry executed a beautiful miniature in enamel; one by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister; one by Mr. Zoffani; and one by Mr. Opie [H-2]; and the following engravings of his portrait: 1. One by Cooke, from Sir Joshua, for the Proprietors' edition of his folio *Dictionary*.—2. One from ditto, by ditto, for their quarto edition.—3. One from Opie, by Heath, for Harrison's edition of his *Dictionary*.—4. One from Nollekens' bust of him, by Bartolozzi, for Fielding's quarto edition of his *Dictionary*.—5. One small, from Harding, by Trotter, for his *Beauties*.—6. One small, from Sir Joshua, by Trotter, for his *Lives of the Poets*.—7. One small, from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for *The Rambler*.—8. One small, from an original drawing, in the possession of Mr. John Simco, etched by Trotter, for another edition of his *Lives of the Poets*.—9. One small, no painter's name, etched by Taylor, for his *Johnsoniana*.—10. One folio whole-length, with his oak-stick, as described in Boswell's *Tour*, drawn and etched by Trotter.—11. One large mezzotinto, from Sir Joshua, by Doughty [H-3].—l2. One large Roman head, from Sir Joshua, by Marchi.—13. One octavo, holding a book to his eye, from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for his *Works*.—14. One small, from a drawing from the life, and engraved by Trotter, for his *Life* published by Kearsley.—15. One large, from Opie, by Mr. Townley, (brother of Mr. Townley, of the Commons,) an ingenious artist, who resided some time at Berlin, and has the honour of being engraver to his Majesty the King of Prussia. This is one of the finest mezzotintos that ever was executed; and what renders it of extraordinary value, the plate was destroyed after four or five impressions only were taken off. One of them is in the possession of Sir William Scott [H-4]. Mr. Townley has lately been prevailed with to execute and publish another of the same, that it may be more generally circulated among the admirers of Dr. Johnson.—16. One large, from Sir Joshua's first picture of him, by Heath, for this work, in quarto.—17. One octavo, by Baker, for the octavo edition.—18. And one for Lavater's *Essay on Physiognomy*, in which Johnson's countenance is analysed upon the principles of that fanciful writer.—There are also several seals with his head cut on them, particularly a very fine one by that eminent artist, Edward Burch, Esq. R.A. in the possession of the younger Dr. Charles Burney.

Let me add, as a proof of the popularity of his character, that there are copper pieces struck at Birmingham, with his head impressed on them, which pass current as half-pence there, and in the neighbouring parts of the country. BOSWELL. [Note: See Appendix H for notes on this footnote.]

Page 398

[1278] It is not yet published.—In a letter to me, Mr. Agutter says, 'My sermon before the University was more engaged with Dr. Johnson's *moral* than his *intellectual* character. It particularly examined his fear of death, and suggested several reasons for the apprehension of the good, and the indifference of the infidel in their last hours; this was illustrated by contrasting the death of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hume: the text was Job xxi. 22-26.' BOSWELL. It was preached on July 23, 1786, and not at Johnson's death. It is entitled *On the Difference between the Deaths of the Righteous and the Wicked. Illustrated in the Instance of Dr. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, Esq.* The text is from Job xxi. 23 (not 22)-26. It was published in 1800. Neither Johnson nor Hume is mentioned in the sermon itself by name. Its chief, perhaps its sole, merit is its brevity.

[1279] See *ante*, ii. 335, and iii. 375.

[1280] 'May 26, 1791. After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular-letter to me begging subscriptions for a monument for him. I would not deign to write an answer; but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers, with a brief, that I would not subscribe.' Horace Walpole's *Letters*, ix. 319. In Malone's correspondence are complaints of the backwardness of the members of the Literary Club 'to pay the amounts nominally subscribed by them.' Prior's *Goldsmith*, ii. 226.

[1281] It was, says Malone, owing to Reynolds that the monument was erected in St. Paul's. In his *Journey to Flanders*he had lamented that sculpture languished in England, and was almost confined to monuments to eminent men. But even in these it had not fair play, for Westminster Abbey was so full, that the recent monuments appeared ridiculous being stuck up in odd holes and corners. On the other hand St. Paul's looked forlorn and desolate. Here monuments should be erected, under the direction of the Royal Academy. He took advantage of Johnson's death to make a beginning with the plan which he had here sketched, and induced his friends to give up their intention of setting up the monument in the Abbey. Reynolds's *Works*, ed. 1824, ii. 248. 'He asked Dr. Parr—but in vain—to include in the epitaph Johnson's title of Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy; as it was on this pretext that he persuaded the Academicians to subscribe a hundred guineas.' Johnstone's *Parr*, iv. 686. See *ante*, ii. 239, where the question was raised whose monument should be first erected in St. Paul's, and Johnson proposed Milton's.

[1282] The Reverend Dr. Parr, on being requested to undertake it, thus expressed himself in a letter to William Seward, Esq.:

'I leave this mighty task to some hardier and some abler writer. The variety and splendour of Johnson's attainments, the peculiarities of his character, his private virtues, and his literary publications, fill me with confusion and dismay, when I reflect upon the confined and difficult species of composition, in which alone they can be expressed, with propriety, upon his monument.'

Page 399

But I understand that this great scholar, and warm admirer of Johnson, has yielded to repeated solicitations, and executed the very difficult undertaking. BOSWELL. Dr. Johnson's Monument, consisting of a colossal figure leaning against a column, has since the death of our authour been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and is as follows:

SAMVELI IOHNSON
GRAMMATICO ET CRITICO
SCRIPTORVM ANGLICORVM LITTERATE PERITO
POETAE LVMINIBVS SENTENTIARVM
ET PONDERIBVS VERBORVM ADMIRABILI
MAGISTRO VIRTVTIS GRAVISSIMO
HOMINI OPTIMO ET SINGVLARIS EXEMPLI
QVI VIXIT ANN LXXV MENS IL. DIEB XIII
DECESSIT IDIB DECEMBR ANN CHRIST cIo Iocc LXXXIIII
SEPVLT IN AED SANCT PETR WESTMONASTERIENS
XIII KAL IANVAR ANN CHRIST cIo Iocc LXXXV
AMICI ET SODALES LITTERARII
PECVNIA CONLATA
H M FACIVND CVRAVER.

On a scroll in his hand are the following words: [Greek: ENMAKARESSIPONONANTAXIOSEIHAMOIBH].

On one side of the Monument—— FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON SCVLPTOR ANN. CHRIST. M.DCC.-LXXXXV.

The Subscription for this monument, which cost eleven hundred guineas, was begun by the LITERARY CLUB. MALONE. See Appendix I.

[1283] '"Laetus sum laudari me," inquit Hector, opinor apud Naevium, "abs te, pater, a laudato viro."' Cicero, *Ep. ad Fam*. xv. 6.

[1284] To prevent any misconception on this subject, Mr. Malone, by whom these lines were obligingly communicated, requests me to add the following remark:—

'In justice to the late Mr. Flood, now himself wanting, and highly meriting, an epitaph from his country, to which his transcendent talents did the highest honour, as well as the most important service; it should be observed that these lines were by no means intended as a regular monumental inscription for Dr. Johnson. Had he undertaken to write an appropriated and discriminative epitaph for that excellent and extraordinary man, those who knew Mr. Flood's vigour of mind, will have no doubt that he would have produced one worthy of his illustrious subject. But the fact was merely this: In Dec. 1789, after a large subscription had been made for Dr. Johnson's monument, to which

Mr. Flood liberally contributed, Mr. Malone happened to call on him at his house, in Berners-street, and the conversation turning on the proposed monument, Mr. Malone maintained that the epitaph, by whomsoever it should be written, ought to be in Latin. Mr. Flood thought differently. The next morning, in the postscript to a note on another subject, he mentioned that he continued of the same opinion as on the preceding day, and subjoined the lines above given.' BOSWELL. Cowper also composed an epitaph for Johnson—though not one of much merit. See Southey's *Cowper*, v. 119.

[1285] As I do not see any reason to give a different character of my illustrious friend now, from what I formerly gave, the greatest part of the sketch of him in my *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, is here adopted. BOSWELL.

Page 400

[1286] See *ante*, i. 41.

[1287] For his fox-hunting see *ante*, i. 446, note I.

[1288] *Lucretius*, i. 72.

[1289] See ante, i. 406.

[1290] 'He was always indulgent to the young, he never attacked the unassuming, nor meant to terrify the diffident.' *Mme*. D'Arblay's *Diary* ii. 343.

[1291] In the *Olla Podrida*, a collection of Essays published at Oxford, there is an admirable paper upon the character of Johnson, written by the Reverend Dr. Home, the last excellent Bishop of Norwich. The following passage is eminently happy: 'To reject wisdom, because the person of him who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant;—what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?' BOSWELL. The *Olla Podrida* was published in weekly numbers in 1787 8. Boswell's quotation is from No. 13.

[1292] 'The *English Dictionary* was written ... amidst inconvenience distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.' Preface to Johnson's *Dictionary, Works*, v. 51.

[1293] 'For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.' *Luke*, xii. 48.

[1294] 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' I *Corinthians*, xv. 19.

[1295] See ante, ii. 262, note 2.

[1296] Though a perfect resemblance of Johnson is not to be found in any age, parts of his character are admirably expressed by Clarendon in drawing that of Lord Falkland, whom the noble and masterly historian describes at his seat near Oxford;—'Such an immenseness of wit, such a solidity of judgement, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination.—His acquaintance was cultivated by the most polite and accurate men, so that his house was an University in less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in conversation.'

Bayle's account of Menage may also be quoted as exceedingly applicable to the great subject of this work:—'His illustrious friends erected a very glorious monument to him in the collection entitled Menagiana. Those who judge of things aright, will confess that this collection is very proper to shew the extent of genius and learning which was the character of Menage. And I may be bold to say, that *the excellent works he published will not distinguish him from other learned men so advantageously as this*. To publish

books of great learning, to make Greek and Latin verses exceedingly well turned, is not a common talent, I own; neither is it extremely rare, It is incomparably more difficult to find men who can furnish discourse about an infinite number of things, and who can diversify them an hundred ways. How many authours are there, who are admired for their works, on account of the vast learning that is displayed

Page 401

in them, who are not able to sustain a conversation. Those who know Menage only by his books, might think he resembled those learned men; but if you shew the MENAGIANA, you distinguish him from them, and make him known by a talent which is given to very few learned men. There it appears that he was a man who spoke off-hand a thousand good things. His memory extended to what was ancient and modern; to the court and to the city; to the dead and to the living languages; to things serious and things jocose; in a word, to a thousand sorts of subjects. That which appeared a trifle to some readers of the *Menagiana*, who did not consider circumstances, caused admiration in other readers, who minded the difference between what a man speaks without preparation, and that which he prepares for the press. And, therefore, we cannot sufficiently commend the care which his illustrious friends took to erect a monument so capable of giving him immortal glory. They were not obliged to rectify what they had heard him say; for, in so doing, they had not been faithful historians of his conversations.' BOSWELL. Boswell's quotation from Clarendon (ed. 1826, iv. 242) differs somewhat from the original.

[1297] See *ante*, ii. 326, and iv. 236.

[1298] See *ante*, p. iii.

[1299] To this finely-drawn character we may add the noble testimony of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—'His pride had no meanness in it; there was nothing little or mean about him.' Taylor's *Reynolds*, ii. 457.

[1300] In Johnson's character of Boerhaave there is much that applies equally well to himself. 'Thus died Boerhaave, a man formed by nature for great designs, and guided by religion in the exertion of his abilities. He was of a robust and athletick constitution of body, so hardened by early severities and wholesome fatigue that he was insensible of any sharpness of air, or inclemency of weather. He was tall, and remarkable for extraordinary strength. There was in his air and motion something rough and artless, but so majestick and great at the same time, that no man ever looked upon him without veneration, and a kind of tacit submission to the superiority of his genius.... He was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; "for they are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves."... He was not to be overawed or depressed by the presence, frowns, or insolence of great men; but persisted, on all occasions, in the right with a resolution always present and always calm.... Nor was he unacquainted with the art of recommending truth by elegance, and embellishing the philosopher with polite literature.... He knew the importance of his own writings to mankind, and lest he might by a roughness and barbarity of style, too frequent among men of great learning, disappoint his own intentions, and make his labours less useful, he did not neglect the politer arts of eloquence and poetry. Thus was his learning at once various and exact,

profound and agreeable.... He asserted on all occasions the divine authority and sacred efficacy of the holy Scriptures; and maintained that they alone taught the way of salvation, and that they only could give peace of mind.' Johnson's *Works*, vi. 288.

Page 402

[1301] Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was born at Plympton.

[1302] See *ante,* iii. 43, note 3.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.