

ABS. I. 90. 182

3/3

\$550

6-24-32

Pottle 103

CTY

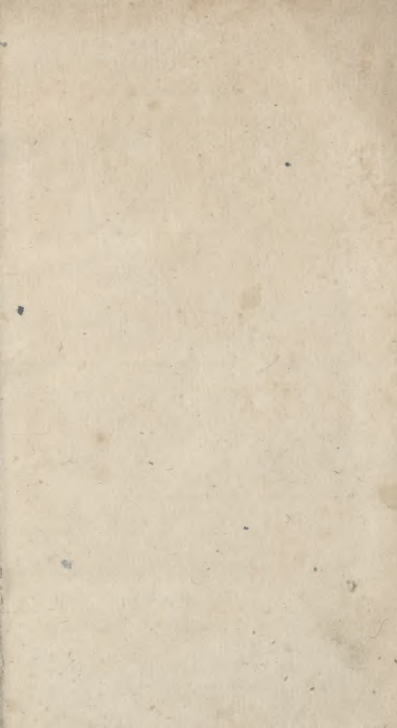
PPL

ICards

AU

VIU











DR. JOHNSON'S —
Politeness to Madame Boufflers.

A
COLLECTION
OF
Interesting Biography.

A
COLLECTION
OF
Interesting Biography.

CONTAINING,

I.

THE LIFE OF S. JOHNSON, LL. D.

—Abridged, principally, from BOSWELL's celebrated
MEMOIRS of the DOCTOR :

II.

THE LIFE OF MR. ELWES,

—(Abridged)—by Captain TOPHAM :

III.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK,

—(Abridged)—by Dr. KIPPIS.

THE WHOLE REVISED AND ABRIDGED BY
SIR ANDREW ANECDOTE.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. SLEATER, A. GRUEBER,
J. MOORE, J. JONES, R. M'ALLISTER, W. JONES,
R. WHITE, J. RICE, AND A. PORTER.

M.DCC.XCII.

COLLECTION
OF
Interesting Biography

THE LIFE OF J. JOHNSON, LL.D.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

THE LIFE OF M. J. J. J.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

THE LIFE OF C. J. J. J.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

THE LIFE OF J. J. J. J.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

THE LIFE OF J. J. J. J.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.

THE LIFE OF J. J. J. J.

—LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 177, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.



SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, N. S. 1709; and his initiation into the Christian church was not delayed: for his baptism is recorded, in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city, to have been performed on the day of his birth: his father is there stiled *Gentleman*, a circumstance of which an ignorant panegyrist has praised him for not being proud; when the truth is, that the appellation of *Gentleman*, though now lost in the indiscriminate assumption of *Esquire*, was commonly taken by those who could not boast of gentility. His father was Michael Johnson; a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons; Samuel, their first-born, who lived to be the illustrious character whose various excellence is now universally acknowledged; and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular, which can throw light on the progress of his mind, is interesting.

One day, when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home, had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted, that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His schoolmistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the powers of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told Mr. Boswell, in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it over more than twice.

Young

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrophula, or king's evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much, that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers, one inscribed "*When my EYE was restored to its use,*" which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told Mr. B. she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she had ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment; adding, with a smile, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive." His next instructor in English was a master, whom, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, "published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE;—but, I fear, no copy of it can now be had."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or under-master of Lichfield school, "a man (said he) very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter the head master, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used (said he) to beat us unmercifully; and

he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it."

Johnson did not strut or stand on tiptoe: he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning *ἄνθρωπος ἀνδρῶν*, a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, never knew him corrected at school, but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination, were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion, he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature; and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same, through the whole course of life.

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused him to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so tenacious, that he never forgot any thing that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause he repeated *verbatim*, varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions; his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large.

When

When a boy, he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained his fondness for them through life.

Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. This step was taken by the advice of his cousin, the Reverend Mr. Ford. At this school he did not receive so much benefit as was expected. It has been said, that he acted in the capacity of an assistant to Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys.

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, his progress at his two grammar-schools. "At one, I learnt much in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

He did not remain at Stourbridge much more than a year, and then returned home, where he may be said to have loitered, for two years, in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities. He had already given several proofs of his poetical genius, both in his school-exercises and in other occasional compositions.

He passed the two years which he spent at home, after his return from Stourbridge, in what he thought idleness, and was scolded by his father for his want of steady application. He had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all, but merely lived from day to day. Yet he read a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them. He used to mention one curious instance of his casual reading, when but a boy.

boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of the book. What he read during these two years, he told Mr. B. was not works of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly; though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod; but in this irregular manner (added he) I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the Universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

That a man in Mr. Michael Johnson's circumstances should think of sending his son to the expensive University of Oxford, at his own charge, seems very improbable. The scheme, indeed, would never have taken place, had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his school-fellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, in the character of his companion; though, in fact, he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman. He, however, went to Oxford, and was entered a Commoner of Pembroke College, on the 31st of October, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year.

On

On the night of Johnson's arrival at Oxford, his father, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tutor.

His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar, and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius; and thus he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.

The fifth of November was at that time kept with great solemnity at Pembroke College, and exercises upon the subject of the day were required. Johnson neglected to perform his, which is much to be regretted; for his vivacity of imagination, and force of language, would probably have produced something sublime upon the gunpowder plot. To apologise for his neglect, he gave in a short copy of verses, entitled *Somnium*, containing a common thought; "that the Muse had come to him in his sleep, and whispered that it did not become him to write on such subjects as politics; he should confine himself to humble themes." but the versification was truly Virgilian.

The "morbid melancholy" which was lurking into his constitution, and to which we may ascribe those particularities, and that aversion to regular life, which, at a very early period, marked his character, gathered such strength in his twentieth year, as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. While he was at Lichfield,

field in the College vacation of the year 1729, he felt himself overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness, and impatience; and with a dejection, gloom, and despair, which made existence misery. From this dismal malady he never afterwards was perfectly relieved; and all his labours, and all his enjoyments, were but temporary interruptions of its baleful influence.

But, amidst the oppression and distraction of a disease which very few have felt in its full extent, but many have experienced in a slighter degree, Johnson, in his writings, and in his conversation, never failed to display all the varieties of intellectual excellence. In his march through this world to a better, his mind still appeared grand and brilliant, and impressed all around him with the truth of Virgil's noble sentiment—" *Ignæus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo.*"

He communicated to Mr. B. the following particulars upon the subject of his religious progress. "I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church at Lichfield, in which we had a seat, wanted reparation, so I was to go and find a seat in other churches; and having bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I used to go and read in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourteenth year; and still I find a great reluctance to go to church. I then became a sort of *lax talker* against religion, for I did not much *think* against it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be *suffered*. When at Oxford, I took up 'Law's Serious Call to the Unconverted,' expecting to find

find it a dull book, (as such books generally are) and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry." From this time forward, religion was the predominant object of his thoughts; though, with the just sentiments of a conscientious christian, he lamented that his practice of its duties fell far short of what it ought to be.

No man had a more ardent love of literature, or a higher respect for it, than Johnson. His apartment in Pembroke College was that upon the second floor, over the gateway. The enthusiasts of learning will ever contemplate it with veneration. One day, while he was sitting in it quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the College, whom he called "a fine Jacobite fellow," overheard him uttering this soliloquy in his strong emphatic voice: "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua. And I'll mind my business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads."

From the information of Dr. Taylor, Mr. B. gives a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which Mr. Johnson ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered at Pembroke, that he might be with his schoolfellow Johnson, with whom, though some years older than himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not, in conscience, suffer him

to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor. He then made inquiry all round the University, and having found that Mr. Bateman, of Christ-Church, was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was entered of that College. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a new pair of shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson!

The *res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in College, though not great, were increasing; and his scanty remittances from Lichfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled, therefore, by irresistible necessity, he left the College in autumn, 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years.

And now Johnson returned to his native city destitute, and not knowing how he should gain even a decent livelihood. His father's misfortunes in trade rendered him unable to support his son; and for some time there appeared no means

means by which he could maintain himself. In the December of this year his father died.

The state of poverty in which he died, appears from a note in one of Johnson's little diaries of the following year, which strongly displays his spirit and virtuous dignity of mind.

“ 1732, *Julii 15. Undecim aureos deposui, quo die quicquid ante matris funus (quod serum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperari licet, viginti scilicet libras accepi. Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est. Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant, nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum.*—I layed by eleven guineas on this day, when I received twenty pounds, being all that I have reason to hope for out of my father's effects, previous to the death of my mother; an event which I pray GOD may be very remote. I now, therefore, see that I must make my own fortune. Meanwhile, let me take care that the powers of my mind may not be debilitated by poverty, and that indigence do not force me into any criminal act.”

Johnson was so far fortunate, that the respectable character of his parents, and his own merit, had, from his earliest years, secured him a kind reception in the best families at Lichfield.

In the forlorn state of his circumstances he accepted of an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire, to which it appears, from one of his little fragments of a diary, that he went on foot, on the 16th of July,—“ *Julii 16. Bosworthiam pedes petii.*”

This employment was very irksome to him in every respect, and he complained grievously of
of

of it in his letters to his friend Mr. Hector, who was now settled as a surgeon at Birmingham; and, after suffering for a few months such complicated misery, he relinquished a situation which all his life afterwards he recollected with the strongest aversion, and even a degree of horror. But it is probable that at this period, whatever uneasiness he may have endured, he laid the foundation of much future eminence by application to his studies.

Being now again totally unoccupied, he was invited by Mr. Hector to pass some time with him at Birmingham, as his guest, at the house of Mr. Warren, with whom Mr. Hector lodged and boarded. Mr. Warren was the first established bookseller in Birmingham, and was very attentive to Johnson, who he soon found could be of much service to him in his trade, by his knowledge of literature; and he even obtained the assistance of his pen in furnishing some numbers of a periodical Essay printed in the newspaper, of which Warren was proprietor.

He continued to live as Mr. Hector's guest for about six months, and then hired lodgings in another part of the town, finding himself as well situated at Birmingham as he supposed he could be any where, while he had no settled plan of life, and very scanty means of subsistence. He made some valuable acquaintances there, amongst whom were Mr. Porter, a mercer, whose widow he afterwards married, and Mr. Taylor, who by his ingenuity in mechanical inventions, and his success in trade, acquired an immense fortune. But the comfort of being near Mr. Hector, his old schoolfellow
and

and intimate friend, was Johnson's chief inducement to continue here.

Having mentioned that he had read at Pembroke College a Voyage to Abyssinia, by Lobo, a Portuguese jesuite; and that he thought an abridgement and translation of it from the French into English might be an useful and profitable publication, Mr. Warren and Mr. Hector joined in urging him to undertake it. He accordingly agreed; and the book not being to be found in Birmingham, he borrowed it of Pembroke College.

The book was completed, and was published in 1735, with LONDON upon the title page, though it was in reality printed at Birmingham, a device too common with provincial publishers. For this work he had from Mr. Warren only the sum of five guineas!

Johnson returned to Lichfield early in 1734, and in August that year he made an attempt to procure some little subsistence by his pen; for he published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin poems of Politian.

It appears that his brother Nathanael had taken up his father's trade; for it is mentioned, that "subscriptions are taken in by the editor, or N. Johnson, bookseller, of Lichfield." Notwithstanding the merit of Johnson, and the cheap price at which this translation, with its accompaniments, was offered; there were not subscribers enough to insure a sufficient sale; so the work never appeared, and, probably, never was executed.

Johnson had, from his early youth, been sensible to the influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge school, he was much enamoured
of

of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verses; and he afterwards conceived a tender passion for Miss Lucy Porter, daughter of the lady whom he afterwards married.

His juvenile attachments to the fair sex were, however, very transient; and it is certain, that he formed no criminal connection whatsoever. In his younger days his conduct was strictly virtuous in that respect; and though he loved to exhilarate himself with wine, he was never intoxicated but once.

When he was first introduced to Mrs. Porter, his appearance was very forbidding: he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by his conversation, that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life."

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner were by no means pleasing to others, she must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with a more than ordinary passion; and she having signified her willingness to accept of his hand, he went to Lichfield to ask his mother's consent of the marriage, which he could not but be conscious was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of
their

their disparity of years, and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnson knew too well the ardour of her son's temper, and was too tender a parent, to oppose his inclinations.

The following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn, was given to Mr. B. by the Doctor himself. "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

He now set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house, well situated near his native city. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1736, there is the following advertisement: "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON." But the only pupils that were put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early.

Johnson was not more satisfied with his situation as the master of an academy, than with that of the usher of a school; we need not wonder,

wonder, therefore, that he did not keep his academy above a year and a half. From Mr. Garrick's account he did not appear to have been profoundly revered by his pupils. His oddities of manner, and uncouth gesticulations, could not but be the subject of merriment to them; and, in particular, the young rogues used to listen at the door of his bedchamber, and peep through the key-hole, that they might turn into ridicule his tumultuous and awkward fondness for Mrs. Johnson, whom he used to name by the familiar appellation of *Tetty* or *Tetsy*, which, like *Betty* or *Betsy*, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her christian name, but which to us seems ludicrous, when applied to a woman of her age and appearance. Mr. Garrick has described her as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; glaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behaviour.

While Johnson kept his academy, he wrote a great part of his tragedy of *IRENE*. When he had finished some part of it, he read what he had done to Mr. Walmisley, who objected to his having already brought his heroine into great distress, and asked him "how can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" Johnson, in sly allusion to the supposed oppressive proceedings of the court of which Mr. Walmisley was register, replied, "Sir, I can put her into the Spiritual Court!"

Johnson now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion,

ertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement. It is a memorable circumstance, that his pupil David Garrick went thither at the same time, with intention to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law, from which he was soon diverted by his decided preference for the stage.

How he employed himself upon his first coming to London is not particularly known. Mr. Walmsley gave him a letter of introduction to Lintot his bookseller; but Mr. Cave was the first publisher by whom his pen was engaged in London.

He had a little money when he came to town, and he knew how he could live in the cheapest manner. His first lodgings were at the house of Mr. Norris, a staymaker, in Exeter-street, adjoining to Catharine-street, in the Strand. "I dined (said he) very well for eight-pence, with very good company, at the Pine Apple in New-street, just by. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for six-pence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

Amidst this cold obscurity, there was one brilliant circumstance to cheer him; he was well acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the noble family of that name, who had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, and had at this time a house in London, where Johnson was frequently entertained,

entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting genteel company.

In the course of the summer he returned to Lichfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson, and there he at last finished his tragedy, which was not executed with his rapidity of composition upon other occasions, but was slowly and painfully elaborated.

Johnson's residence at Lichfield, on his return to it at this time, was only for three months; and as he had as yet seen but a small part of the wonders of the metropolis, he had little to tell his townsmen.

He now removed to London with Mrs. Johnson; but her daughter, who had lived with them at Edial, was left with her relations in the country. His lodgings were for some time in Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square, and afterwards in Castle-street, near Cavendish-square.

His tragedy being by this time, as he thought, completely finished and fit for the stage, he was very desirous that it should be brought forward. Mr. Peter Garrick and Johnson went together to the Fountain tavern, and read it over, and he afterwards solicited Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, to have it acted at his house; but Mr. Fleetwood would not accept it, probably because it was not patronised by some man of high rank; and it was not acted till 1749, when his friend David Garrick was manager of that theatre.

His first performance in the Gentleman's Magazine, which for many years was his principal resource for employment and support, was a copy of Latin verses, in March, 1738, addressed

dressed to the editor in so happy a style of compliment, that Cave must have been destitute both of taste and sensibility, had he not felt himself highly gratified.

It appears that he was now enlisted by Mr. Cave as a regular coadjutor in his magazine, by which he probably obtained a tolerable livelihood. At what time, or by what means, he had acquired a competent knowledge both of French and Italian, is not known; but he was so well skilled in them, as to be sufficiently qualified for a translator. That part of his labour which consisted in emendation and improvement of the production of other contributors, like that employed in levelling ground, can be perceived only by those who had an opportunity of comparing the original with the altered copy. What we certainly know to have been done by him in this way, was the Debates in both houses of Parliament, under the name of "The Senate of Lilliput," sometimes with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, in the manner of what is called anagram, so that they might easily be decyphered. Parliament then kept the press in a kind of mysterious awe, which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices.

Thus was Johnson employed, during some of the best years of his life, as a mere literary labourer "for gain, not glory," solely to obtain an honest support. He however indulged himself in occasional little sallies, which the French so happily express by the term *jeux d'esprit*, and which will be noticed in their order, in the progress of these memoirs.

But

But what first displayed his transcendent powers, and "gave the world assurance of the MAN," was his "LONDON, a Poem, in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal," which came out in May this year, and burst forth with a splendour, the rays of which will for ever encircle his name.

It has been generally said, that Johnson offered his "LONDON" to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it. To this circumstance Mr. Derrick alludes in the following lines of his "FORTUNE, A RHAPSODY:"

"Will no kind patron JOHNSON own?
Shall JOHNSON friendless range the town?
And every publisher refuse
The offspring of his happy Muse?"

The worthy, modest, and ingenious Mr. Robert Doddsley, however, had taste enough to perceive its uncommon merit, and thought it creditable to have a share in it. The fact is, that, at a conference, he bargained for the whole property of it, for which he gave Johnson ten guineas, who observed on the occasion to one of his friends, "I might, perhaps, have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem; and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead."

Johnson's "London" was published in May, 1738; and it is remarkable, that it came out on the same morning with Pope's satire, entitled "1738;" so that England had at once its Juvenal and Horace as poetical monitors.

Every

Every body was delighted with it; and there being no name to it, the first buzz of the literary circles was "here is an unknown poet, greater even than Pope." And it is recorded, that it "got to the second edition in the course of a week."

Pope, who then filled the poetical throne without a rival, it may reasonably be presumed, must have been particularly struck by the sudden appearance of such a poet; and, to his credit, let it be remembered, that his feelings and conduct on the occasion were candid and liberal. He requested Mr. Richardson, son of the painter, to endeavour to find out who this new author was. Mr. Richardson, after some inquiry, having informed him that he had discovered only that his name was Johnson, and that he was some obscure man, Pope said, "He will soon be *déterré*."

Johnson used to be a pretty frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, and other novels of extensive reputation. Mr. Hogarth came one day to see Richardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron, for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745-6; and being a warm partisan of George the Second, he observed to Richardson, that certainly there must have been some very unfavourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case, which had induced the King to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time when it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his Majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window
in

in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson, as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forwards to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George the Second, as one, who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly, that when an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a Court Martial, George the Second had, with his own hand, struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence, that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Hogarth nor Johnson were made known to each other at this interview.

In 1741 his tragedy of *IRENE* had been for some time ready for the stage, and his necessities made him desirous of getting as much as he could for it, without delay; but he could on no reasonable terms dispose of it.

The following exquisitely beautiful Ode has not been inserted in any of the collections of Johnson's poetry, written by him at a very early period.

FRIENDSHIP, AN ODE.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While

While love, unknown among the blest,
 Parent of thousand wild desires,
 The savage and the human breast
 Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive, gleam,
 Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
 Thy lambent glories only beam
 Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descend;
 In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
 O guide us through life's darksome way,
 And let the tortures of mistrust
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
 When souls to blissful climes remove:
 What rais'd our virtue here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above.

His circumstances were at this time [1743] much embarrassed; yet his affection for his mother was so warm, and so liberal, that he took upon himself a debt of hers, which, though small in itself, was then considerable to him. This appears from the following letter which he wrote to Mr. Levett, of Lichfield, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. B.

To Mr. LEVETT, in Lichfield.

"SIR,

December 1, 1743.

"I am extremely sorry that we have encroached so much upon your forbearance with respect to the interest, which a great perplexity
 of

of affairs hindered me from thinking of with that attention that I ought, and which I am not immediately able to remit to you, but will pay it (I think twelve pounds) in two months. I look upon this, and on the future interest of that mortgage, as my own debt; and beg that you will be pleased to give me directions how to pay it, and not mention it to my dear mother. If it be necessary to pay this in less time, I believe I can do it; but I take two months for certainty, and beg an answer whether you can allow me so much time. I think myself very much obliged to your forbearance, and shall esteem it a great happiness to be able to serve you. I have great opportunities of dispersing any thing that you may think it proper to make public. I will give a note for the money, payable at the time mentioned, to any one here that you shall appoint. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

At Mr. Osborne's, bookseller, in Gray's Inn."

His life of Baretier was now re-published in a pamphlet by itself. But he produced one work this year, fully sufficient to maintain the high reputation which he had acquired. This was "THE LIFE OF RICHARD SAVAGE;" a man, of whom it is difficult to speak impartially without wondering that he was for some time the intimate companion of Johnson; for his character was marked by profligacy, insolence, and ingratitude: yet, as he undoubtedly had a warm and vigorous, though unregulated mind, had seen life in all its varieties, and been
much

much in the company of the statesmen and wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired; and as Savage's misfortunes and misconduct had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread, his visits to St. John's Gate naturally brought Johnson and him together.

It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence, that they could not pay for a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole nights in the streets. Yet in these almost incredible scenes of distress, we may suppose that Savage mentioned many of the anecdotes with which Johnson afterwards enriched the life of this unhappy companion, and those of other poets.

He mentioned to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's-square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation, but in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and "resolved they would *stand by their country*."

In February, 1744, the celebrated "Life of Savage" was published. In this work, although it must be allowed that its moral is the reverse of—*"Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo,"* a very useful lesson is inculcated, to guard men of warm passions from a too free indulgence of them; and the various incidents are related in so clear and animated a manner, and illuminated throughout with so much philosophy, that it is one of the most interesting narratives in the English language.

He exhibits the genius of Savage to the best advantage, in the specimens of his poetry which he has selected some of which are of uncommon merit.

It is remarkable, that in this biographical disquisition there appears a very strong symptom of Johnson's prejudice against players; a prejudice, which may be attributed to the following causes: first, the imperfection of his organs, which were so defective that he was not susceptible of the fine impressions which theatrical excellence produces upon the generality of mankind; secondly, the cold rejection of his tragedy; and, lastly, the brilliant success of Garrick, who had been his pupil, who had come to London at the same time with him, not in a much more prosperous state than himself, and whose talents he undoubtedly rated low, compared with his own. His being outstripped by his pupil in the race of immediate fame, as well as of fortune, probably made him feel some indignation, as thinking that whatever might be Garrick's merits in his art, the reward was too great when compared with what the most successful efforts of literary labour could attain. At all periods of his life, Johnson used to talk contemptuously of players; but in this work he speaks of them with peculiar acrimony; for which, perhaps, there was formerly too much reason, from the licentious and dissolute manners of those engaged in that profession.

His schoolfellow and friend, Dr. Taylor, told Mr. B. a pleasant anecdote of Johnson's triumphing over his pupil David Garrick. When that great actor had played some little time at Goodman's-fields, Johnson and Taylor went to see him perform, and afterwards passed the evening at a tavern with him and old Giffard. Johnson, who was ever depreciating stage-players, after censuring some mistakes in emphasis which Garrick had committed in the course of that night's acting, said, "The players, Sir, have got a kind of rant, with which they run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis." Both Garrick and Giffard were offended at this sarcasm,

farcaſm, and endeavoured to refute it; upon which Johnson rejoined, "Well now, I'll give you ſomething to ſpeak, with which you are little acquainted, and then we ſhall ſee how juſt my obſervation is. That ſhall be the criterion. Let me hear you repeat the ninth Commandment, 'Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs againſt thy neighbour.'" Both tried at it, ſaid Dr. Taylor, and both miſtook the emphasis, which ſhould be upon *not* and *falſe witneſs*. Johnson put them right, and enjoyed his victory with great glee.

In 1745 he published a pamphlet entitled "*Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hammer's) Edition of Shakspeare.*" To which he affixed, propoſals for a new edition of that poet.

As we do not trace any thing elſe published by him during the courſe of this year, we may conjecture that he was occupied entirely with that work. But the little encouragement which was given by the public to his anonymous propoſals for the execution of a taſk which Warburton was known to have undertaken, probably damped his ardour. His pamphlet, however, was highly eſteemed, and was fortunate enough to obtain the approbation even of the ſupercilious Warburton himſelf.

In 1746 it is probable that he was ſtill employed upon his Shakspeare, which perhaps he laid aſide for a time, upon account of the high expectations which were formed of Warburton's edition of that great poet. It is ſomewhat curious, that his literary career appears to have been almoſt totally ſuſpended in the years 1745 and 1746, thoſe years which were marked by a civil war in Great Britain, when a raſh attempt was made to reſtore the Houſe of Stuart to the throne. That he had a tenderneſs for that unfortunate Houſe, is well known; and ſome may fancifully imagine, that a ſympathetic anxiety impeded the exertion of his intellectual powers: but

Mr. B. is inclined to think, that he was, during this time, sketching the outlines of his great philological work.

In 1747 his old pupil and friend, David Garrick, having become joint patentee and manager of Drury-lane theatre, Johnson honoured his opening of it with a Prologue, which for just and manly dramatic criticism, on the whole range of the English stage, as well as for poetical excellence, is unrivalled. This year is distinguished as the epoch when Johnson's arduous work, his *DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*, was announced.

How long this immense undertaking had been the object of his contemplation, is not known. Mr. B. once asked him by what means he had attained to that astonishing knowledge of our language, by which he was enabled to realise a design of such extent, and accumulated difficulty. He said, that "it was not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up in his mind insensibly." Mr. B. has been informed by Mr. James Doddsley, that several years before this period, when Johnson was one day sitting in his brother Robert's shop, he heard his brother suggest to him, that a Dictionary of the English Language would be a work that would be well received by the public; that Johnson seemed at first to catch at the proposition, but, after a pause, said, in his abrupt decisive manner, "I believe I shall not undertake it." That he, however, had bestowed much thought upon the subject, before he published his "Plan," is evident from the enlarged, clear and accurate views which it exhibits; and we find him mentioning in that tract, that many of the writers whose testimonies were to be produced as authorities, were selected by Pope, which proves that he had been furnished, probably by Mr. Robert Doddsley, with whatever hints that eminent poet had contributed towards a great literary project,

ject, that had been the subject of important consideration in a former reign.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson, single and unaided, for the execution of a work, which in other countries has not been effected but by the co-operating exertions of many, were Mr. Robert Doddsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messieurs Longman, and the two Messieurs Knapton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The "Plan, was addressed to Philip Dormer Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favourable to its success.

There is, perhaps, in every thing of any consequence, a secret history which it would be amusing to know, could we have it authentically communicated. Johnson told Mr. B. "Sir, the way in which the Plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield, was this: I had neglected to write it by the time appointed. Doddsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Doddsley have his desire. I said to my friend Dr. Bathurst, 'Now if any good comes of my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy, when, in fact, it was only a casual excuse for laziness.'

Dr. Adams, found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued. "ADAMS. This is a great work, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies? JOHNSON. Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welch gentleman who has published a collection of Welch proverbs, who will help me with the Welch. ADAMS. But, Sir, how can

can you do this in three years? JOHNSON. Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years. ADAMS. But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary. JOHNSON. Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labour which he had undertaken to execute.

For the mechanical part, he employed six amanuenses; and let it be remembered by the natives of North-Britain, to whom he is supposed to have been so hostile, that five of them were of that country.

While the Dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough-square, Fleet street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other Dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced.

The necessary expence of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press, must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copy-right. Nothing was allowed by the booksellers on that account; and a large portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only.

He

He is now to be considered as "tugging at his oar," as engaged in a steady continued course of occupation, sufficient to employ all his time for some years, and which was the best preventive of that constitutional melancholy which was ever lurking about him, ready to trouble his quiet. But his enlarged and lively mind could not be satisfied without more diversity of employment, and the pleasure of animated relaxation. He therefore not only exerted his talents in occasional composition very different from Lexicography, but formed a club in Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, with a view to enjoy literary discussion, and amuse his evening hours. The members associated with him in this little society were his beloved friend Dr. Richard Bathurst, Mr. Hawkesworth, afterwards well known by his writings, Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney, and a few others of different professions.

Mr. Doddsley, in 1748, brought out his *PRECCEPTOR*; and to this meritorious work Johnson furnished "The Preface," containing a general sketch of the book, with a short and perspicuous recommendation of each article; as also, "The Vision of Theodore the Hermit, found in his Cell," a most beautiful allegory of human life, under the figure of ascending the mountain of existence. The Bishop of Dromore heard Dr. Johnson say, that he thought this was the best thing he ever wrote.

In January, 1749, he published "*THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES*, being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated." He, Mr. B. believes, composed it the preceding year. Mrs. Johnson, for the sake of country air, had lodgings at Hampstead, to which he resorted occasionally, and there the greatest part, if not the whole, of this Imitation was written. The servid rapidity with which it was produced, is scarcely credible. He composed seventy lines of it in one day, without

without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished.

The profits of a single poem, however excellent, appear to have been very small in the last reign, compared with what a publication of the same size has since been known to yield. For his *LONDON* he had only ten guineas; and now, after his fame was established, he got for his "*Vanity of Human Wishes*" but five guineas more.

Garrick being now vested with theatrical power by being manager of Drury-lane theatre, he kindly and generously made use of it to bring out Johnson's tragedy, which had been long kept back for want of encouragement. But in this benevolent purpose he met with no small difficulty from the temper of Johnson, which could not brook that a drama which he had formed with much study, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of Horace, should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor. Yet Garrick knew well, that without some alterations it would not be fit for the stage. A violent dispute having ensued between them, Garrick applied to the Reverend Dr. Taylor to interpose. Johnson was at first very obstinate. "Sir, (said he) the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels." He was, however, at last, with difficulty, prevailed on to comply with Garrick's wishes, so as to allow of some changes; but still they were not enough.

Dr. Adams was present the first night of the representation of *IRENE*, and gave the following account: "Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The Prologue, which was written by himself in a manly strain, soothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled
upon

upon the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out '*Murder, Murder.*' She several times attempted to speak, but in vain. At last she was obliged to go off the stage alive." This passage was afterwards struck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes, as the play now has it.

Notwithstanding all the support of such performers as Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and every advantage of dress and decoration, the tragedy of Irene did not please the public. Mr. Garrick's zeal carried it through for nine nights, so that the author had his three nights profits; and from a receipt signed by him, now in the hands of Mr. James Doddsley, it appears that his friend Mr. Robert Doddsley gave him one hundred pounds for the copy, with his usual reservation of the right of one edition.

When asked how he felt upon the ill success of his tragedy, he replied, "Like the Monument;" meaning that he continued firm and unmoved as that column.

On occasion of his play being brought upon the stage, Johnson had a fancy that as a dramatic author his dress should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore; he therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace. His necessary attendance while his play was in rehearsal, and during its performance, brought him acquainted with many of the performers of both sexes, which produced a more favourable opinion of their profession than he had harshly expressed in his *Life of Savage*. With some of them he kept up an acquaintance as long as he and they lived, and was ever ready to shew them acts of kindness. He for a considerable time used to frequent the *Green Room*, and seemed to take delight in dissipating his

gloom, by mixing in the sprightly chit-chat of the merry circle then to be found there. Johnson at last denied himself this amusement, from considerations of rigid virtue; saying, "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities."

In 1750 he came forth in the character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. The vehicle which he chose was that of a periodical paper, which he knew had been, upon former occasions, employed with great success. The *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, were the last of the kind published in England, which had stood the test of a long trial; and such an interval had now elapsed since their publication, as made him justly think that, to many of his readers, this form of instruction would, in some degree, have the advantage of novelty. A few days before the first of his essays came out, there started another competitor for fame in the same form, under the title of "*The Tatler revived*," which was "born but to die." Johnson was not very happy in the choice of his title, "*The Rambler*," which certainly is not suited to a series of grave and moral discourses; which the Italians have literally, but ludicrously, translated by *Il Vagabondo*. He gave Sir Joshua Reynolds the following account of its getting this name: "What *must* be done, Sir, *will* be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. *The Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

With what devout and conscientious sentiments this Paper was undertaken, is evidenced by the following prayer, which he composed and offered up on the occasion: "Almighty God, the giver of all
good

good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others: grant this, O LORD, for the sake of thy son JESUS CHRIST. Amen."

The first paper of the Rambler was published on Tuesday the 20th of March, 1750; and its author was enabled to continue it, without interruption, every Tuesday and Friday, till Saturday the 17th of March, 1752, on which day it closed. Notwithstanding his constitutional indolence, his depression of spirits, and his labour in carrying on his Dictionary, he answered the stated calls of the press twice a week from the stores of his mind, during all that time having received no assistance, except four billets in No. 10, by Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone; No. 30, by Mrs. Catharine Talbot; No. 97, by Mr. Samuel Richardson, whom he describes in an introductory note as "An author who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue;" and Numbers 44 and 100, by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses, which we should suppose had been laboured with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed. It can be accounted for only in this way; that by reading and meditation, and a very close inspection of life, he had accumulated a great fund of miscellaneous knowledge, which, by a peculiar promptitude of mind, was ever ready at his call, and which he had constantly accustomed himself to clothe in the most apt and energetic expression. Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had attained his extraordinary

dinary accuracy and flow of language. He told him, that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.

As the Rambler was entirely the work of one man, there was, of course, such an uniformity in its texture, as very much to exclude the charm of variety; and the grave and often solemn cast of thinking, which distinguished it from other periodical papers, made it, for some time, not generally liked. So slowly did this excellent work, of which twelve editions have now issued from the press, gain upon the world at large, that even in the closing number the author says, "I have never been much a favourite of the public."

Johnson told Mr. B. with an amiable fondness, a little pleasing circumstance relative to this work. Mrs. Johnson, in whose judgment and taste he had great confidence, said to him, after a few numbers of the Rambler had come out, "I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this." Distant praise, from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems. Her approbation may be said to "come home to his bosom;" and being so near, its effect is most sensible and permanent.

In 1751 we are to consider him as carrying on both his Dictionary and Rambler. But he also wrote "The Life of Cheynel," in the miscellany called "The Student;" and the Reverend Dr. Douglas having, with uncommon acuteness, clearly detected its forgery and imposition upon the public by

William

William Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, who had, with equal impudence and ingenuity, represented Milton as a plagiarist from certain modern Latin poets, Johnson, who had been so far imposed upon as to furnish a Preface and Postscript to his work, now dictated a letter for Lauder, addressed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging his fraud in terms of suitable contrition.

This extraordinary attempt of Lauder was no sudden effort. He had brooded over it for many years; and to this hour it is uncertain what his principal motive was, unless it were a vain notion of his superiority, in being able, by whatever means, to deceive mankind. To effect this, he produced certain passages from Grotius, Masenius, and others, which had a faint resemblance to some parts of the "Paradise Lost." In these he interpolated some fragments of Hog's Latin translation of that poem, alledging that the mass thus fabricated was the archetype from which Milton copied. These fabrications he published from time to time in the Gentleman's Magazine; and, exulting in his fancied success, he in 1750 ventured to collect them into a pamphlet, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." To this pamphlet Johnson wrote a Preface, in full persuasion of Lauder's honesty, and a Postscript recommending, in the most persuasive terms, a subscription for the relief of a grand-daughter of Milton, of whom he thus speaks: "It is yet in the power of a great people to reward the poet whose name they boast, and from their alliance to whose genius, they claim some kind of superiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness shall be obliterated; to reward him, not with pictures or with medals, which, if he sees, he sees with contempt, but with tokens of gratitude,
which

which he, perhaps, may even now consider as not unworthy the regard of an immortal spirit."

Though Johnson's circumstances were at this time far from being easy, his humane and charitable disposition was constantly exerting itself. Mrs. Anna Williams, daughter of a very ingenious Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, having come to London in hopes of being cured of a cataract in both her eyes, which afterwards ended in total blindness, was kindly received as a constant visitor at his house while Mrs. Johnson lived; and after her death, having come under his roof in order to have an operation upon her eyes performed with more comfort to her than in lodgings, she had an apartment from him during the rest of her life, at all times when he had a house.

In 1752 he was almost entirely occupied with his Dictionary. The last paper of his Rambler was published March 2, this year; after which, there was a cessation for some time of any exertion of his talents as an essayist. But, in the same year, Lr. Hawkesworth, who was his warm admirer, and a studious imitator of his style, and then lived in great intimacy with him, began a periodical paper, entitled "THE ADVENTURER," in connection with other gentlemen, one of whom was Johnson's much-loved friend, Dr. Bathurst; and, without doubt, they received many valuable hints from his conversation, most of his friends having been so assisted in the course of their works.

That there should be a suspension of his literary labours during a part of the year 1752, will not seem strange, when it is considered that soon after closing his Rambler, he suffered a loss which, there can be no doubt, affected him with the deepest distress. For on the 17th of March, O. S. his wife died.

That

That his love for her was of the most ardent kind, and, during the long period of fifty years, was unimpaired by the lapse of time, is evident from various passages in the series of his Prayers and Meditations, published by the Reverend Mr. Strahan, as well as from other memorials.

The dreadful shock of separation took place in the night; and he immediately dispatched a letter to his friend, the Reverend Dr. Taylor, which expressed grief in the strongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be regretted it has not been preserved. The letter was brought to Dr. Taylor, at his house in the Cloysters, Westminster, about three in the morning; and as it signified an earnest desire to see him, he got up, and went to Johnson as soon as he was dressed, and found him in tears and in extreme agitation. After being a little while together, Johnson requested him to join with him in prayer. He then prayed extempore, as did Dr. Taylor; and thus, by means of that piety which was ever his primary object, his troubled mind was, in some degree, soothed and composed.

The next day he wrote as follows:

To the Reverend Dr. TAYLOR.

"DEAR SIR,

"LET me have your company and instruction. Do not live away from me. My distress is great.

"Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

"Remember me in your prayers, for vain is the help of man.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

March 18, 1752."

His

His sufferings upon the death of his wife were severe; we find, about a year after her decease, that he thus addressed the Supreme Being: "O LORD, who givest the grace of repentance, and hearest the prayers of the penitent, grant that by true contrition I may obtain forgiveness of all the sins committed, and of all duties neglected in my union with the wife whom thou hast taken from me; for the neglect of joint devotion, patient exhortation, and mild instruction." The kindness of his heart, notwithstanding the impetuosity of his temper, is well known to his friends.

He deposited the remains of Mrs. Johnson in the church of Bromley in Kent, to which he was probably led by the residence of his friend Hawkesthworth at that place. The funeral sermon he composed for her, which was never preached, but having been given to Dr. Taylor, has been published since his death, is a performance of uncommon excellence, and full of rational and pious comfort to such as are depressed by that severe affliction which Johnson felt when he wrote it. When it is considered that it was written in such an agitation of mind, and in the short interval between her death and burial, it cannot be read without wonder.

The friends who visited him at the time of Mrs. Johnson's death were chiefly Dr. Bathurst, and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, with whom he and Mrs. Williams generally dined every Sunday. There was a talk of his going to Iceland with him, which would probably have happened had he lived. There were also Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkesthworth, Mr. Ryland, merchant on Tower-hill, Mrs. Masters the poetess, who lived with Mr. Cave, Mrs. Carter, and sometimes Mrs. Macaulay; also, Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill, not in the
learned

learned way, but a worthy good woman; Mr. (now Sir Joshua) Reynolds; Mr. Millar, Mr. Doddsley, Mr. Bouquet, Mr. Payne of Paternoster-row, bookfellers; Mr. Strahan the printer, the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell, and Mr. Garrick.

Many are, no doubt, omitted in this catalogue of his friends, and, in particular, his humble friend Mr. Robert Levet, an obscure practitioner in physic amongst the lower people, his fees being sometimes very small sums, sometimes whatever provisions his patients could afford him, but of extensive practice in that way. It appears from Johnson's diary, that their acquaintance commenced about the year 1746; and such was Johnson's predilection for him, and fanciful estimation of his moderate abilities, that Mr. B. has heard him say he should not be satisfied, though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levet with him. Mr. Levet had an apartment in his house, or his chambers, and waited upon him every morning, through the whole course of his late and tedious breakfast. He was of a strange grotesque appearance, stiff and formal in his manner, and seldom said a word while any company was present.

The circle of his friends indeed, at this time, was extensive and various, far beyond what has been generally imagined. To trace his acquaintance with each particular person, if it could be done, would be a task, of which the labour would not be repaid by the advantage. But exceptions are to be made; one of which must be a friend so eminent as Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was truly his *dulce decus*, and with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intimacy to the last hour of his life. When Johnson lived in Castle-street, Cavendish-square, he used frequently to visit two ladies, who lived opposite to him, Miss Cotterells, daughters of Admiral Cotterell.

rell. Reynolds used also to visit there, and thus they met. Mr. Reynolds had, from the first reading of his most admirable Life of Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnson's powers of writing. His conversation no less delighted him; and he cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one who was ambitious of general improvement. Sir Joshua, indeed, was lucky enough at their very first meeting to make a remark, which was so much above the common-place style of conversation, that Johnson at once perceived that Reynolds had the habit of thinking for himself. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; upon which Reynolds observed, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from a burden of gratitude." They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish; but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature, which it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefaucault. The consequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and supped with him.

When they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells, the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. Johnson thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected, as low company of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry; and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine that his friend and he were low indeed, he addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, saying, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to *work as hard* as we could?" as if they had been common mechanics.

His

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon after the conclusion of his *Rambler*, which that gentleman, then a youth, had read with so much admiration, that he came to London chiefly with the view of endeavouring to be introduced to its author. By a fortunate chance he happened to take lodgings in a house where Mr. Levet frequently visited; and having mentioned his wish to his landlady, she introduced him to Mr. Levet, who readily obtained Johnson's permission to bring Mr. Langton to him; as, indeed, Johnson, during the whole course of his life, had no shyness, real or affected, but was easy of access to all who were properly recommended, and even wished to see numbers at his *levee*, as his morning circle of company might, with strict propriety, be called. Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprized when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-drest, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed-chamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Mr. Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved. Johnson was not the less ready to love Mr. Langton, for his being of a very ancient family. "Langton," said he, "Sir, has a grant of a warren from Henry the Second, and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

Mr.

Mr. Langton afterwards went to pursue his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, where he formed an acquaintance with his fellow-student, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, who, though their opinions and modes of life were so different, that it seemed utterly improbable that they should at all agree, had so ardent a love of literature, so acute an understanding, such elegance of manners, and so well discerned the excellent qualities of Mr. Langton, that they became intimate friends.

Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice; but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Alban's family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities; and, in a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay, dissipated Beauclerk, were companions. "What a coalition! (said Garrick, when he heard of this;) I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Round-house." Innumerable were the scenes in which Johnson was amused by these young men. Beauclerk had such a propensity to satire, that at one time Johnson said to him, "You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention." At another time applying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he said, "Thy love of folly, and thy scorn of fools—Every thing thou dost shews the one, and every thing thou say'st the other." At another time he said to him, "Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue." Beauclerk not seeming to relish the compliment,

pliment, Johnson said, "Nay, Sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him."

Johnson was some time with Beauclerk at his house at Windsor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philosophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the morning. They went into a church-yard, in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tomb-stones. "Now, Sir, (said Beauclerk) you are like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice." When Johnson got his pension, Beauclerk said to him, in the humorous phrase of Falstaff, "I hope you'll now purge, and live cleanly like a gentleman."

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring

neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bisshop*, which Johnson had always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

“ Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!”

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauchamp and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for “leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un idea’d* girls.” Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, “I heard of your frolic t’other night. You’ll be in the *Chronicle*.” Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, “*He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!*”

He entered upon the year 1753 with his usual piety, as appears from the following prayer, transcribed from that part of his diary which he burnt a few days before his death.

“ Jan. 1, 1753, N. S.

“ Almighty God, who hast continued my life to this day, grant that, by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, I may improve the time which thou shalt grant me, to my eternal salvation. Make me to remember, to thy glory, thy judgments and thy mercies. Make me so to consider the loss of my wife, whom thou hast taken from me, that it may dispose me, by thy grace, to lead the residue of my life in thy fear. Grant this, O LORD, for JESUS CHRIST’S sake. Amen.”

He now relieved the drudgery of his Dictionary, and the melancholy of his grief, by taking an active part in the composition of “*The Adventurer*,” in which he began to write April 10, marking his essays with

with the signature T, by which most of his papers in that collection are distinguished: those, however, which have that signature and also that of *Myfargyrus*, were not written by him, but probably by Dr. Bathurst. Indeed Johnson's energy of thought and richness of language, are still more decisive marks than any signature.

Johnson's papers in the *Adventurer* are very similar to those of the *Rambler*; but being rather more varied in their subjects, and being mixed with essays by other writers, upon topics more generally attractive than even the most elegant ethic discourses, the sale of the work, at first, was more extensive.

In one of the books of his diary, Mr. B. found the following entry:

"Apr. 3, 1753. I began the second vol. of my Dictionary, room being left in the first for Preface, Grammar, and History, none of them yet begun.

"O God, who hast hitherto supported me, enable me to proceed in this labour, and in the whole task of my present state; that when I shall render up, at the last day, an account of the talent committed to me, I may receive pardon, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. Amen."

1754. The Dictionary, we may believe, afforded Johnson full occupation this year. As it approached to its conclusion, he probably worked with redoubled vigour, as seamen increase their exertion and alacrity when they have a near prospect of their haven.

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his Lordship the Plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation. The world has been for many years amused with a story confidently told, and as confidently repeated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having
been

been one day kept long in waiting in his Lordship's antichamber, for which the reason assigned was, that he had company with him; and that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber; and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion, and never would return. It may seem strange even to entertain a doubt concerning a story so long and so widely current; but Johnson himself assured Mr. B. that there was not the least foundation for it. There never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; his Lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him. When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to sooth, and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him, by writing two papers in "The World," in recommendation of the work.

The following is that celebrated letter, of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

"MR LORD,

February, 1755.

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When

“ When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“ Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance*, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

“ The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“ Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent,

* The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton. “ Dr. Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is said in the letter that ‘ no assistance has been received,’ he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was.”

and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“ Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligations to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.”

There is a curious minute circumstance in comparing the various editions of Johnson's imitations of Juvenal. In the tenth Satire, one of the couplets upon the vanity of wishes even for literary distinction stood thus :

“ Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Pride, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail.”

But after experiencing the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield's fallacious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *garret* from the sad group, and in all the subsequent editions the line stands—

“ Pride, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the jail.”

That Lord Chelsterfield must have been mortified by the lofty contempt, and polite, yet keen satire with which Johnson exhibited him to himself in this letter, it is impossible to doubt. He, however, with that glossy duplicity which was his constant study, affected to be quite unconcerned. Dr. Adams mentioned to Mr. Robert Doddsley that he was sorry Johnson had

written

written his letter to Lord Chesterfield. Doddsley, with the true feelings of trade, said "he was very sorry too; for that he had a property in the Dictionary, to which his Lordship's patronage might have been of consequence." He then told Dr. Adams, that Lord Chesterfield had shewn him the letter. "I should have imagined (replied Dr. Adams) that Lord Chesterfield would have concealed it." "Poh! (said Doddsley) do you think a letter from Johnson could hurt Lord Chesterfield? Not at all, Sir. It lay upon his table, where any body might see it. He read it to me; said, 'this man has great powers,' pointed out the severest passages, and observed how well they were expressed." This air of indifference, which imposed upon the worthy Doddsley, was certainly nothing but a specimen of that dissimulation which Lord Chesterfield inculcated as one of the most essential lessons for the conduct of life. His Lordship endeavoured to justify himself to Doddsley from the charges brought against him by Johnson; but we may judge of the flimsiness of his defence, from his having excused his neglect of Johnson, by saying that "he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived;" as if there could have been the smallest difficulty to inform himself of that circumstance, by inquiring in the literary circle with which his Lordship was well acquainted, and was, indeed, himself one of its ornaments.

Johnson having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Chesterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concerning that nobleman with pointed freedom: "This man (said he) I thought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords!" And when his Letters to his natural son were published, he observed, that "they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."

In 1755 we behold him to great advantage; his degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him, his Dictionary published, his correspondence animated, his benevolence exercised.

To the Reverend Mr. THOMAS WARTON.

“DEAR SIR,

“I wrote to you some weeks ago, but believe did not direct accurately, and therefore know not whether you had my letter. I would, likewise, write to your brother, but know not where to find him. I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton’s phrase, in this vast sea of words. What reception I shall meet with on the shore, I know not; whether the sound of bells, and acclamations of the people, which Ariosto talks of in his last Canto, or a general murmur of dislike, I know not: whether I shall find upon the coast a Calypso that will court, or a Polypheme that will resist. But if Polypheme comes, have at his eyes. I hope, however, the critics will let me be at peace; for though I do not much fear their skill and strength, I am a little afraid of myself, and would not willingly feel so much ill-will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite.

“Mr. Barretti is about a work for which he is in great want of Crescimbeni, which you may have again when you please.

“There is nothing considerable done or doing among us here. We are not, perhaps, as innocent as villagers, but most of us seem to be as idle. I hope, however, you are busy; and should be glad to know what you are doing. I am, dearest Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

[London,] Feb. 1, 1755.”

Mr.

Mr. B. inserts the Chancellor of Oxford's letter to the University, the diploma, and Johnson's letter of thanks to the Vice-Chancellor. The former is as follows :

To the Reverend Dr. HUDDSFORD, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to be communicated to the Heads of Houses, and proposed in Convocation.

" Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen,

" MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who was formerly of Pembroke College, having very eminently distinguished himself by the publication of a series of essays, excellently calculated to form the manners of the people, and in which the cause of religion and morality is every where maintained by the strongest powers of argument and language, and who shortly intends to publish a Dictionary of the English tongue, formed on a new plan, and executed with the greatest labour and judgment; I persuade myself that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of the whole University, in desiring that it may be proposed in convocation to confer on him the degree of Master of Arts by diploma, to which I readily give my consent; and am,

Mr. Vice-Chancellor, and Gentlemen,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

ARRAN.

Grosvenor-street, Feb. 4, 1755."

Next follow a copy of the diploma, and Johnson's letter to the Vice-Chancellor.

Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's Dictionary; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted, by their expecting that the work would be
completed

completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?"—"Sir, (answered the messenger) he said, Thank God I have done with him."—"I am glad (replied Johnson, with a smile) that he thanks God for any thing."

1755. The Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, being now at length published, in two volumes folio, the world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work achieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies.

The extensive reading which was absolutely necessary for the accumulation of authorities, and which alone may account for Johnson's retentive mind being enriched with a very large and various store of knowledge and imagery, must have occupied several years. The Preface furnishes an eminent instance of a double talent, of which Johnson was fully conscious. Sir Joshua Reynolds has heard him say, "There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner: the other is a conclusion, shewing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public."

At the time when he was concluding his very eloquent Preface, Johnson's mind appears to have been in such a state of depression, that we cannot contemplate without wonder the vigorous and splendid thoughts which so highly distinguish that performance.

"I (says

“ I (says he) may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please, have sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.” That this indifference was rather a temporary than an habitual feeling, appears from his letters to Mr. Warton; and however he may have been affected for the moment, certain it is that the honours which his great work procured him, both at home and abroad, were very grateful to him. His friend the Earl of Corke and Oirey, being at Florence, presented it to the *Accademia della Crusca*. That Academy sent Johnson their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy sent him their *Dictionnaire*, which Mr. Langton had the pleasure to convey to him.

In 1756 Johnson found that the great fame of his Dictionary had not set him above the necessity of “ making provision for the day that was passing over him.” No royal or noble patron extended a munificent hand to give independence to the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country. We may feel indignant that there should have been such unworthy neglect; but we must, at the same time, congratulate ourselves, that to this very neglect, operating to rouse the natural indolence of his constitution, we owe many valuable productions, which otherwise, perhaps, might never have appeared.

He had spent, during the progress of the work, the money for which he had contracted to write his Dictionary. We have seen that the reward of his labour was only fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds; and when the expence of amanuenses and paper,

paper, and other articles are deducted, his clear profit was very inconsiderable.

On the first day of this year we find from his private devotions, that he had then recovered from sickness; and in February that his eye was restored to its use. The pious gratitude with which he acknowledges mercies upon every occasion is very edifying; as is the humble submission which he breathes when it is the will of his heavenly Father to try him with afflictions. As such dispositions become the state of man here, and are the true effects of religious discipline, we cannot but venerate in Johnson one of the most exercised minds that our holy religion hath ever formed. If there be any thoughtless enough to suppose such exercise the weakness of a great understanding, let them look up to Johnson, and be convinced that what he so earnestly practised must have a rational foundation.

His works this year were, an abstract or epitome, in octavo, of his folio Dictionary, and a few essays in a monthly publication, entitled, "THE UNIVERSAL VISITOR." Christopher Smart, with whose unhappy vacillation of mind he sincerely sympathised, was one of the stated undertakers of this miscellany; and it was to assist him that Johnson sometimes employed his pen.

He engaged also to superintend and contribute largely to another monthly publication, entitled, "THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, OR UNIVERSAL REVIEW;" the first number of which came out in May this year. He continued to write in it, with intermissions, till the fifteenth number; and Mr. B. thinks that he never gave better proofs of the force, acuteness, and vivacity of his mind, than in this miscellany, whether we consider his original essays, or his reviews of the works of others. The "Preliminary Address" to the public is a proof how this great man could embellish even so trite a thing

as

as the plan of a magazine with the graces of superior composition.

It is worthy of remark, in justice to Johnson's political character, which has been misrepresented as abjectly submissive to power, that his "Observations on the present State of Affairs," glow with as animated a spirit of constitutional liberty as can be found any where. Thus he begins, "The time is now come, in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs, and in which he has a right to have that expectation gratified. For whatever may be urged by ministers, or those whom vanity or interest make the followers of ministers, concerning the necessity of confidence in our governors, and the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, it is evident that this reverence can be claimed only by counsels yet unexecuted, and projects suspended in deliberation. But when a design has ended in miscarriage or success, when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent, or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion and illustrate obscurity, to shew by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay down with distinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamation, or perplexes by indigested narratives; to shew whence happiness or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the people what inquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future."

As one of the little occasional advantages which he did not disdain to take by his pen, as a man whose profession was literature, he this year accepted of a guinea from Mr. Robert Doddsley, for writing the introduction to "The London Chronicle," an evening newspaper; and even in so slight a performance exhibited peculiar talents.

He this year resumed his scheme of giving an edition of Shakspeare with notes. He issued Proposals of considerable length, in which he shewed that he perfectly well knew what a variety of research such an undertaking required; but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence which alone can collect those scattered facts that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force. It is remarkable, that at this time his fancied activity was for the moment so vigorous, that he promised his work should be published before Christmas, 1757. Yet nine years elapsed before it saw the light. His throes in bringing it forth had been severe and remittent, and at last we may almost conclude that the Cæsarian operation was performed by the knife of Churchill.

“He for subscribers bates his hook,
And takes your cash; but where’s the book?
No matter where; wife fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?”

About this period he was offered a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, if he were inclined to enter into holy orders. It was a rectory in the gift of Mr. Langton, the father of his much valued friend. But he did not accept of it; partly from a conscientious motive, being persuaded that his temper and habits rendered him unfit for that assiduous and familiar instruction of the vulgar and ignorant, which he held to be an essential duty in a clergyman; and partly because his love of a London life was so strong, that he would have thought himself an exile in any other place, particularly if residing in the country.

In 1757 it does not appear that he published anything, except some articles in the Literary Magazine. He probably prepared a part of his Shakspeare this year,

year, and he dictated a speech on the subject of an Address to the Throne, after the expedition to Rochford, which was delivered by one of his friends.

Mr. [now Dr.] Burney having enclosed to him an extract from the review of his Dictionary in the *Bibliothèque des Savans*, and a list of subscribers to his Shakspeare, which Mr. Burney had procured in Norfolk, he wrote the following answer :

To Mr. BURNLEY, in Lynne, Norfolk.

“ SIR,

“ That I may show myself sensible of your favours, and not commit the same fault a second time, I make haste to answer the letter which I received this morning. The truth is, the other likewise was received, and I wrote an answer ; but being desirous to transmit you some proposals and receipts, I waited till I could find a convenient conveyance, and day was passed after day, till other things drove it from my thoughts, yet not so, but that I remember with great pleasure your commendation of my Dictionary. Your praise was welcome, not only because I believe it was sincere, but because praise has been very scarce. A man of your candour will be surprised when I tell you, that among all my acquaintance there were only two, who upon the publication of my book did not endeavour to depress me with threats of censure from the public, or with objections learned from those who had learned them from my own Preface. Yours is the only letter of good-will that I have received, though, indeed I am promised something of that sort from Sweden.

“ How my new edition will be received I know not; the subscription has not been very successful. I shall publish about March.

“ If you can direct me how to send proposals, I should wish that they were in such hands.

“ I re-

"I remember, Sir, in some of the first letters with which you favoured me, you mentioned your lady. May I inquire after her? In return for the favours which you have shewn me, it is not much to tell you, that I wish you and her all that can conduce to your happiness. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Cough-square, Dec. 24, 1757."

In 1758 we find him, it should seem, in as easy and pleasant a state of existence, as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy.

Soon after this, Mr. Burney, during a visit to the capital, had an interview with him in Gough-square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson giving to his guest the entire seat, tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and shewed him some volumes of his Shakspeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume, at the Merchant of Venice, he observed to him, that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than Theobald. "O poor Tib! (said Johnson) he was ready knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him." "But, Sir, (said Mr. Burney) you'll have Warburton upon your bones, won't you?" "No, Sir; he'll not come out: he'll only growl in his den." "But you think, Sir, that Warburton is a superior critic to Theobald?"—"O, Sir, he'd make

two-and-fifty Theobald's cut into slices ! The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there is nothing to be said."—Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter which Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed to "The most impudent Man alive." He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. The controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke ; and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy ? "No, Sir ; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its confutation."

On the fifteenth of April he began a new periodical paper, entitled "THE IDLER," which came out every Saturday in a weekly newspaper, called "The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette," published by Newbery. These essays were continued till April 5, 1760. Of one hundred and three, their total number, twelve were contributed by his friends ; of which, Numbers 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Thomas Warton ; No. 67, by Mr. Langton ; and No. 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joshua Reynolds ; the concluding words of No. 82, "and pollute his canvas with deformity," being added by Johnson.

The IDLER is evidently the work of the same mind which produced the RAMBLER, but has less body, and more spirit. It has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. He describes the miseries of idleness, with the lively sensations of one who had felt them ; and in his private memorandums while engaged in it, we find "This year I hope to learn diligence." Many of these excellent essays were written as hastily as an ordinary letter.

Mr.

Mr. Langton remembers Johnson, when on a visit at Oxford, asking him one evening how long it was till the post went out; and on being told about half an hour, he exclaimed, "then we shall do very well." He upon this instantly sat down and finished an Idler, which it was necessary should be in London the next day. Mr. Langton having signified a wish to read it, "Sir, (said he) you shall not do more than I have done myself." He then folded it up, and sent it off.

In 1759, in the month of January, his mother died, at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected him, not that "his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplation of mortality," but that his reverential affection for her was not abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feelings even to the latest period of his life. He regretted much his not having gone to visit his mother for several years previous to her death. But he was constantly engaged in literary labours, which confined him to London; and though he had not the comfort of seeing his aged parent, he contributed liberally to her support.

Soon after this event, he wrote his *RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ARYSSINIA*; that with the profits he might defray the expence of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Doddsley purchased it for a hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more when it came to a second edition.

Considering the large sums which have been received for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder

wonder at the very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance, which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shews us that this stage of our being is full of "vanity and vexation of spirit."

It will be recollected, that during all this year he carried on his IDLER, and, no doubt, was proceeding, though slowly, in his edition of Shakspeare. He, however, from that liberality which never failed, when called upon to assist other labourers in literature, found time to translate for Mrs. Lennox's English version of Brumoy, "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy," and the General Conclusion of the book.

He now refreshed himself by an excursion to Oxford, of which the following short characteristical notice, in his own words, is preserved: "*** is now making tea for me. I have been in my gown ever since I came here. It was at my first coming quite new and handsome. I have swum thrice, which I had disused for many years. I have proposed to Vansittart climbing over the wall, but he has refused me. And I have clapped my hands till they are fore, at Dr. King's speech."

His negroe servant, Francis Barber, having left him, and been some time at sea, not pressed as has been supposed, but with his own consent, it appears from a letter to John Wilkes, Esq. from Dr. Smollet, that his master kindly interested himself in procur-
ing

ing his release from a state of life of which Johnson always expressed the utmost abhorrence. He said, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a gaol; for being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned. And at another time, "A man in a gaol has more room, better food, and commonly better company."

At this time there being a competition among the architects of London to be employed in the building of Black-friars-bridge, a question was very warmly agitated whether semicircular or elliptical arches were preferable. In the design offered by Mr. Mylne the elliptical form was adopted, and therefore it was the great object of his rivals to attack it. Johnson's regard for his friend Mr. Gwyn induced him to engage in this controversy against Mr. Mylne; and after being at considerable pains to study the subject, he wrote three several letters in the *Gazetteer*, in opposition to his plan.

In 1760 he wrote "An Address of the Painters to George III. on his Accession to the Throne of these Kingdoms," which no monarch ever ascended with more sincere congratulations from his people. Two generations of foreign princes had prepared their minds to rejoice in having again a King, who gloried in being "born a Briton." He also wrote for Mr. Baretti the Dedication of his Italian and English Dictionary, to the Marquis of Abreu, then Ambassador Extraordinary from Spain at the Court of Great Britain.

Johnson was now either very idle, or very busy with his *Shakspeare*; for Mr. B. can find no other public composition by him except an account which he gave in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Mr. Tytler's acute and able vindication of Mary Queen of Scots. The generosity of Johnson's feelings shines

shines forth in the following sentence: "It has now been fashionable, for near half a century, to defame and vilify the house of Stuart, and to exalt and magnify the reign of Elizabeth. The Stuarts have found few apologists; for the dead cannot pay for praise, and who will, without reward, oppose the tide of popularity? Yet there remains still among us, not wholly extinguished, a zeal for truth, a desire of establishing right in opposition to fashion."

An acquaintance first commenced between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy in the following manner. During the publication of "The Grays-Inn Journal," a periodical paper which was successfully carried on by Mr. Murphy alone, when a very young man, he happened to be in the country with Mr. Foote; and having mentioned that he was obliged to go to London in order to get ready for the press one of the numbers of that Journal, Foote said to him, "You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; translate that, and send it to your printer." Mr. Murphy having read the tale, was highly pleased with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he returned to town, this tale was pointed out to him in the Rambler, from whence it had been translated into the French magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnson, to explain this curious incident. His talents, literature, and gentlemanlike manners, were soon perceived by Johnson, and a friendship was formed which was never broken.

In 1761 Johnson appears to have done little. He was still, no doubt, proceeding in his edition of Shakspeare; but what advances he made in it cannot be ascertained. He, however, contributed this year the Preface to "Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," in which he displays such a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, as might
lead

lead the reader to think that its author had devoted all his life to it. Mr. B. asked him, whether he ^{knew} much of Rolt, and of his work. "Sir, (said he) I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a Preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a Preface accordingly."

Johnson had now for some years admitted Mr. Barretti to his intimacy; nor did their friendship cease upon their being separated by Barretti's revisiting his native country.

An inquiry into the state of foreign countries was an object that seems at all times to have interested Johnson. Hence Mr. Newbery found no great difficulty in persuading him to write the Introduction to a collection of voyages and travels published by him under the title of "The World Displayed." The first volume appeared in 1759, and the remaining volumes in subsequent years.

In 1762 he wrote for the Reverend Dr. Kennedy, Rector of Bradley in Derbyshire, in a strain of very courtly elegance, a Dedication to the King of that gentleman's work, entitled "A complete System of astronomical Chronology, unfolding the Scriptures."

The accession of George the Third to the throne, opened a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honoured with no mark of royal favour in the preceding reign. His present Majesty's education in this country, as well as his taste and beneficence, prompted him to be the patron of science and the arts; and early this year Johnson having been represented to him as a very learned and good man, without any certain provision, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute was then
prime

prime minister, and had the honour to announce this instance of his sovereign's bounty, concerning which many and various stories, all equally erroneous, have been propagated, maliciously representing it as a political bribe to Johnson to desert his avowed principles, and become the tool of a government which he held to be founded in usurpation.

Johnson called on Sir Joshua Reynolds after his Majesty's intention had been notified to him, and said he wished to consult his friends as to the propriety of his accepting this mark of the royal favour, after the definitions which he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioners*. He said he would not have Sir Joshua's answer till next day, when he would call again, and desired he might think of it. Sir Joshua answered, that he was clear to give his opinion then, that there could be no objection to his receiving from the King a reward for literary merit; and that certainly the definitions in his Dictionary were not applicable to him. Johnson, it should seem, was satisfied, for he did not call again till he had accepted the pension, and had waited on Lord Bute to thank him. He then told Sir Joshua that Lord Bute said to him expressly, "It is not given you for any thing you are to do, but for what you have done." His Lordship, he said, behaved in the handsomest manner. He repeated the words twice, that he might be sure that Johnson heard them, and thus set his mind perfectly at ease.

His definitions of *pension* and *pensioner*, partly founded on the satirical verses of Pope, which he quotes, may be generally true; and yet every body must allow, that there may be, and have been, instances of pensions given and received upon liberal and honourable terms. Thus, then, it is clear, that there was nothing inconsistent or humiliating in

Johnson's accepting of a pension so unconditionally and so honourably offered to him.

This year [1762] his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds paid a visit of some weeks to his native county, Devonshire, in which he was accompanied by Johnson, who was much pleased with his jaunt, and declared he had derived from it a great accession of new ideas. He was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the west of England; but the greatest part of the time was passed at Plymouth, where the magnificence of the navy, the ship-building and all its circumstances, afforded him a grand subject of contemplation. The Commissioner of the Dock yard paid him the compliment of ordering the yacht to convey him and his friend to the Eddystone, to which they accordingly sailed.

We must not pass over Mr. Boswell's account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, which took place in 1763. " Though
 " but two-and-twenty, I had for several years (says
 " Mr. B.) read his works with delight and in-
 " struction, and had the highest reverence for their
 " author, which had grown up in my fancy into a
 " kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to
 " myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in
 " which I supposed him to live in the immense me-
 " tropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native
 " of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as
 " a player, and as an instructor in the English lan-
 " guage, a man whose talents and worth were de-
 " pressed by misfortunes, had given me a repre-
 " sentation of his figure and manner; and during
 " my first visit to London, which was for three
 " months in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who
 " was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flat-
 " tered me with hopes that he would introduce
 " me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very
 " ambitious.

“ ambitious. But he never found an opportunity,
“ which made me doubt that he had promised to do
“ what was not in his power, till Johnson some years
“ afterwards told me, ‘ Derrick, Sir, might very
“ well have introduced you. I had a kindness for
“ Derrick, and am sorry he is dead.’

“ In the summer of 1761, Mr. Thomas Sheridan
“ was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the
“ English Language and Public Speaking to large
“ and respectable audiences. I was often in his com-
“ pany, and heard him frequently expatiate upon
“ Johnson’s extraordinary knowledge, talents, and
“ virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his
“ particularities, and boast of his being his guest
“ sometimes till two or three in the morning. At
“ his house I hoped to have many opportunities of
“ seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured
“ me I should not be disappointed.

“ When I returned to London in the end of
“ 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irre-
“ conciliable difference had taken place between
“ Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hun-
“ dred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan.
“ Johnson, who thought slightly of Sheridan’s
“ art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned,
“ exclaimed with no little energy, ‘ What! have
“ they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for
“ me to give up mine.’ Whether this proceeded
“ from a momentary indignation, as if it were an
“ affront to his exalted merit, that a player should
“ be rewarded in the same manner with him, or
“ was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it
“ was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justi-
“ fied. Mr. Sheridan’s pension was granted to him
“ not as a player, but as a sufferer in the cause of
“ government, when he was manager of the The-
“ atre Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in

“ 1753.

“ 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a
“ man of literature, and had considerably improved
“ the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness
“ and propriety.

“ Johnson complained that a man who disliked
“ him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, with-
“ out telling him what followed, which was, that
“ after a pause he added, ‘ However, I am glad
“ that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very
“ good man.’ Sheridan could never forgive this
“ hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his
“ mind; and though I informed him of all that
“ Johnson said; and that he would be very glad to
“ meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated
“ offers which I made, and once went off abruptly
“ from a house where he and I were engaged to dine,
“ because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be
“ there.

“ Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept
“ a bookseller’s shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden,
“ told me that Johnson was very much his friend,
“ and came frequently to his house, where he more
“ than once invited me to meet him; but by some
“ unlucky accident or other he was prevented from
“ coming to us.

“ At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I
“ was sitting in Mr. Davies’s back parlour, after
“ having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies,
“ Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and
“ Mr. Davies having perceived him through the
“ glass door of the room in which we were sitting,
“ advancing towards us;—he announced his awful
“ approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an
“ actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses
“ Hamlet on the appearance of his father’s ghost,
“ ‘ Look, my Lord, it comes.’ I found that I had
“ a very perfect idea of Johnson’s figure, from the
“ portrait

“ portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds
“ soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the
“ attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep medi-
“ tation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and
“ respectfully introduced me to him. I was much
“ agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against
“ the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said
“ to Davies, ‘ Don’t tell where I come from.’—
“ ‘ From Scotland,’ cried Davies, roughly. ‘ Mr.
“ Johnson (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland,
“ but I cannot help it.’ I am willing to flatter my-
“ self that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth
“ and conciliate him, and not as any humiliating
“ abasement at the expence of my country. But
“ however that might be, this speech was somewhat
“ unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which
“ he was so remarkable, he seized the expression
“ ‘ come from Scotland,’ which I used in the sense
“ of being of that country; and as if I had said
“ that I had come away from it or left it, retorted,
“ ‘ That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of
“ your countrymen cannot help.’ This stroke stun-
“ ned me a good deal: and when we had sat down,
“ I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and appre-
“ hensive of what might come next. He then ad-
“ dressed himself to Davies: ‘ What do you think
“ of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the
“ play for Miss Williams, because he knows the
“ house will be full, and that an order would be
“ worth three shillings.’ Eager to take any open-
“ ing to get into conversation with him, I ventured
“ to say, ‘ O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick
“ would grudge such a trifle to you.’ ‘ Sir, (said
“ he, with a stern look) I have known David
“ Garrick longer than you have done; and I know
“ no right you have to talk to me on the subject.’
“ Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather
“ presumptuous

“ presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express
“ any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon
“ his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself
“ much mortified, and began to think that the hope
“ which I had long indulged of obtaining his ac-
“ quaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not
“ my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my reso-
“ lution uncommonly persevering, so rough a recep-
“ tion might have deterred me for ever from making
“ any further attempts.

“ I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vi-
“ gour of his conversation, and regretted that I was
“ drawn away from it by an engagement at another
“ place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left
“ alone with him, and had ventured to make an ob-
“ servation now and then, which he received very
“ civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there
“ was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-
“ nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to
“ the door, and when I complained to him a little of
“ the hard blows which the great man had given me,
“ he kindly took upon him to console me by saying,
“ ‘ Don’t be uneasy. I can see he likes you very
“ well.’

“ A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and
“ asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of
“ waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the
“ Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr.
“ Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon
“ Tuesday the 24th, after having been enlivened by
“ the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes,
“ Churchill and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the
“ morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His
“ chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner
“ Temple lane, and I entered them with an impres-
“ sion given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of
“ Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not
“ long

“ long before, and described his having ‘ found the
 “ giant in his den.’

“ He received me very courteously; but, it must
 “ be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture,
 “ and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth.
 “ His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he
 “ had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig,
 “ which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck
 “ and knees of his breeches were loose; his black
 “ worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair
 “ of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all
 “ these slovenly particularities were forgotten the
 “ moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen,
 “ whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him;
 “ and when they went away, I also rose; but he said
 “ to me, ‘ Nay, don’t go.’—‘ Sir, (said I) I am
 “ afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent
 “ to allow me to sit and hear you.’ He seemed
 “ pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely
 “ paid him, and answered, ‘ Sir, I am obliged to
 “ any man who visits me.’

“ When I rose a second time he again pressed me
 “ to stay, which I did.

“ He told me, that he generally went abroad at
 “ four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till
 “ two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if
 “ he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not
 “ make more use of his great talents. He owned
 “ it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance
 “ of many years, my journal of this period, I won-
 “ der how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him
 “ so freely, and that he bore it with so much indul-
 “ gence.

“ Before we parted he was so good as to promise
 “ to favour me with his company one evening at my
 “ lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cor-
 “ dially by the hand. It is almost needless to add,

“ that I felt no little elation at having now so happily
 “ established an acquaintance of which I had been so
 “ long ambitious.

“ I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was
 “ the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to
 “ sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to
 “ pass an evening with him there soon, which he
 “ promised I should. A few days afterwards I met
 “ him near Temple-bar about one o'clock in the
 “ morning, and asked if he would then go to the
 “ Mitre. ‘ Sir, (said he) it is too late; they won’t
 “ let us in. But I’ll go with you another night with
 “ all my heart.”

Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falshood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled “ The Ghost,” availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of “ POMPOSO,” representing him as one of the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which in the year 1762 had gained very general credit in London. Johnson, however, was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Carlisle, the great detector of impostures, who says, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence

dence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undeceived the world.

The account was as follows: "On the night of the 1st of February, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Reverend Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house, for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there, by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any

other agency, no evidence of any preter-natural power was exhibited.

“The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued: the person supposed to be accused by the spirit, then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father.

“It is, therefore, the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause.”

Talking of London, he observed to Mr. B. “Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the shewy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.”

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had Dr. Johnson now accustomed Mr. Boswell, that he talked to the Doctor of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. “Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh) it is a mighty foolish noise that they
make.

make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (*smiling*) the house of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the house of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

As Mr. B. and the Doctor walked along the Strand one night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted them, in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness; talked of the wretched life of such women; and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

Sunday, July 31, 1763, Mr. B. told him he had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where he had heard a woman preach. Johnson said, "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Before Mr. B. set out for foreign parts, he had the misfortune to irritate his great friend unintentionally. Mr. B. mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. "What do they make me say, Sir?" BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed, David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon, to restore the Convocation to its full powers."—Little did Mr. B. apprehend

apprehend that he had actually said this; but he was soon convinced of his error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out, "And, would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and down the room while Mr. B. told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to Mr. B.'s chair, his eyes flashing with indignation. Mr. B. bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

Early in 1764 Johnson paid a visit to the Langton family, at their seat of Langton, in Lincolnshire, where he passed some time, much to his satisfaction. His friend Bennet Langton, it will not be doubted, did every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to so illustrious a guest; and the elder Mr. Langton and his lady, being fully capable of understanding his value, were not wanting in attention.

Soon after his return to London, which was in February, was founded that club which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of THE LITERARY CLUB. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded, and the original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a pretty late hour. This club has been gradually increased, and instead of assembling in the evening, they now dine together
at

at a tavern in Dover-street, once a fortnight, during the meeting of Parliament. Between the time of its formation, and the year 1790, the following persons, now dead, were members of it: Mr. Dunning, (afterwards Lord Ashburton) Mr. Dyer, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Vesey, and Mr. Thomas Warton.

In this year, except what he may have done in revising Shakspeare, we do not find that he laboured much in literature. He wrote a review of Grainger's "Sugar Cane, a Poem," in the London Chronicle.

The ease and independence to which he had at last attained by royal munificence, increased his natural indolence. In his "Meditations" he thus accuses himself: "GOOD FRIDAY, April 20, 1764. I have made no reformation; I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat." And next morning he thus feelingly complains: "My indolence, since my last reception of the sacrament, has sunk into grosser sluggishness, and my dissipation spread into wilder negligence. My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality; and, except that from the beginning of this year I have, in some measure, forborn excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year; and perceive that incidents and intelligence pass over me, without leaving any impression." He then solemnly says, "This is not the life to which heaven is promised;" and he earnestly resolves on amendment.

It was his custom to observe certain days with a pious abstraction; viz. New-year's-day, the day of his wife's death, Good Friday, Easter-day, and his own birth-day. He this year [1764] says, "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving; having, from
the

the earliest time almost that I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen."

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told Mr. B. that, as an old friend, he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly shook his head in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile.

Early

Early in the year 1765 he paid a short visit to the University of Cambridge, with his friend Mr. Beauclerk. There is a lively picturesque account of his behaviour on this visit, in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1785, being an extract of a letter from the late Dr. John Sharp. The two following sentences are very characteristic: "He drank his large potations of tea with me, interrupted by many an indignant contradiction, and many a noble sentiment."—"Several persons got into his company the last evening at Trinity, where, about twelve, he began to be very great; stripped poor Mrs. Macauley to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

He appears this year to have been seized with a temporary fit of ambition, for he had thoughts both of studying law and of engaging in politics.

This year was also distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and Member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark. Foreigners are not a little amazed when they hear of brewers, distillers, and men in similar departments of trade, held forth as persons of considerable consequence. Johnson used to give this account of the rise of Mr. Thrale's father: "He worked at six shillings a week for twenty years in the great brewery, which afterwards was his own. The proprietor of it had an only daughter, who was married to a nobleman. It was not fit that a peer should continue the business. On the old man's death, therefore, the brewery was to be sold. To find a purchaser for so large a property was a difficult matter; and, after some time, it was suggested, that it would be advisable to treat with Thrale, a sensible, active, honest man, who had been long employed in the house, and to transfer the whole to him for thirty

thousand pounds, security being taken upon the property. This was accordingly settled. In eleven years Thrale paid the purchase-money. He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be Member of Parliament for Southwark. But what was most remarkable was the liberality with which he used his riches. He gave his son and daughters the best education. The esteem which his good conduct procured him from the nobleman who had married his master's daughter, made him be treated with much attention; and his son, both at school and at the University of Oxford, associated with young men of the first rank. His allowance from his father, after he left college, was splendid; no less than a thousand a year. This, in a man who had risen as old Thrale did, was a very extraordinary instance of generosity. He used to say, "If this young dog does not find so much after I am gone as he expects, let him remember that he has had a great deal in my own time."

Mr. Thrale had married Miss Hesther Lynch Salusbury, of good Welch extraction, a lady of lively talents, improved by education. That Johnson's introduction into Mr. Thrale's family, which contributed so much to the happiness of his life, was owing to her desire for his conversation, is the most probable and general supposition. But it is not the truth. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken very highly of Dr. Johnson, he was requested to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnson, he accepted of an invitation to dinner at Thrale's, and was so much pleased with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they so much pleased with him, that his invitations to their house were more and more frequent, till at last he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their house in Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.

Nothing

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment, the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were assembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be insensible.

In the October of this year he at length gave to the world his edition of Shakspeare, which, if it had no other merit but that of producing his Preface, in which the excellencies and defects of that immortal bard are displayed with a masterly hand, the nation would have had no reason to complain. A blind indiscriminate admiration of Shakspeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnson, by candidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit in bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise; and doubtless none of all his panegyrists have done him half so much honour.

Trinity College, Dublin, at this time surprised Johnson with a spontaneous compliment of the highest academical honour, by creating him Doctor of Laws.

This unsolicited mark of distinction, conferred on so great a literary character, did much honour to the judgment and liberal spirit of that learned body.

Johnson

Johnson acknowledged the favour in a letter to Dr. Leland, one of their number.

Johnson in 1766, lived in a good house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, in which he had accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levet occupied his post in the garret; his faithful Francis (a black servant) still attending upon him.

He used to say of Goldsmith's Traveller, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time."

And here it is proper to settle, with authentic precision, what has long floated in public report, as to Johnson's being himself the author of a considerable part of that poem. But in the year 1783, he marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished, which are only line 420,

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;"

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one, distinguished by the Italic character:

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
Strid to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
*The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Lince's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own."*

Dr. Johnson favoured Mr. B. by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," which are only the four last:

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

One evening, Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Boswell called on him, with the hope of prevailing on him to sup with us at the Mitre. They found him indisposed, and resolved not to go abroad. "Come then, (said Goldsmith) we will not go to the Mitre to-night, since we cannot have the big man with us." Johnson then called for a bottle of port, of which Goldsmith and Mr. B. partook, while the Doctor, now a water drinker, sat by. GOLDSMITH. "I think, Mr. Johnson, you don't go near the theatres now. You give yourself no more concern about a new play, than if you had never had any thing to do with the stage." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's whore." GOLDSMITH. "Nay, Sir; but your Muse was not a whore." JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not think she was. But as we advance in the journey of life, we drop some of the things which have pleased us; whether it be that we are fatigued and don't choose to carry so many things any farther, or that we find other things which we like better." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, why don't you give us something in some other way?" GOLDSMITH. "Ay, Sir, we have a claim upon you." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I am not obliged to do any more. No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he is not to be blamed if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A physician, who has practised long in a great city, may be excused if he retires to a small town, and takes less practice. Now, Sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings, that the practice of a physician, retired to a small town,
does

does to his practice in a great city." BOSWELL. "But I wonder, Sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." JOHNSON. "Sir, you *may* wonder."

He talked of making verses, and observed, "The great difficulty is to know when you have made good ones. When composing, I have generally had them in my mind, perhaps fifty at a time, walking up and down in my room; and then I have wrote them down, and often, from laziness, have written only half lines. I have written a hundred lines in a day. I remember I wrote a hundred lines of 'The Vanity of human Wishes' in a day. Doctor, (turning to Goldsmith) I am not quite idle; I made one line t'other day; but I made no more." GOLDSMITH. "Let us hear it; we'll put a bad one to it." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; I have forgot it."

It appears from his diary, that he was this year (*i. e.* 1766) at Mr. Thrale's, from before Midsummer till after Michaelmas, and that he afterwards passed a month at Oxford. He had then contracted a great intimacy with Mr. Chambers, of that University, now Sir Robert Chambers, one of the Judges in India.

He published nothing this year in his own name; but the noble Dedication to the King, of Gwyn's "London and Westminster Improved," was written by him; and he furnished the Preface, and several of the pieces, which compose a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams, the blind lady who had an asylum in his house.

Mr. Cuthbert Shaw, alike distinguished by his genius, misfortunes, and misconduct, published this year a poem, called "The Race, by Mercurius Spur, Esq." in which he whimsically made the living

ing poets of England contend for pre-eminence of fame by running :

“ Prove by their heels the prowess of the head.”

In this poem there was the following portrait of Johnson :

“ Here Johnson comes,—unblest with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face.
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain ;
(For even Wit is brought to-bed with pain :)
To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurse's breast.
With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen,
Aught human with so horrible a mien,
Debating whether they should stay or run,
Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field ;
But wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
He bows, obeys ; for Time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.”

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiast, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulg-

ing his literary taste in that place; so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suit of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than
any

any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Aye, (said the King) that is the public library."

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stories as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too, (said the King) if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to Mr. B. upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness, than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he *thought* more than he *read*; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said he had not read much compared with

with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why truly, (said the King) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttleton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why, (said the King) they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir, (answered Johnson) not to kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse, but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excuseable, as far as error could be excuseable."

The

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now, (added Johnson) every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why, (replied the King) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed) began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging, at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical

Critical Reviews; and on being answered there were no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnson answered, that the Monthly Review was done with most care, the Critical upon the best principles; adding, that the authors of the Monthly Review were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed, that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Aye, (said the King) they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very
active

active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us with it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—" Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation, where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential awe.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

He passed three months at Lichfield this year, where he was engaged in a most solemn and affecting scene.

"Sunday,

“ Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767. Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

“ I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her.

“ I then kissed her. She told me, that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed, and parted. I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more.”

By those who have been taught to look upon Johnson as a man of a harsh and stern character, let this tender and affectionate scene be candidly read; and let them then judge whether more warmth of heart, and grateful kindness, is often found in human nature.

It appears from his notes of the state of his mind, that he suffered great perturbation and distraction in 1768. Nothing of his writing was given to the public this year, except the Prologue to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of “ The Good-natured Man.”

He talked of the heinousness of the crime of adultery, by which the peace of families was destroyed. He said, “ Confusion of progeny constitutes the essence of the crime; and therefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does it. A man, to be sure, is criminal

criminal in the sight of GOD: but he does not do his wife a very material injury, if he does not insult her; if, for instance, from mere wantonness of appetite, he steals privately to her chambermaid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her husband on that account. A wife should study to reclaim her husband by more attention to please him. Sir, a man will not, once in a hundred instances, leave his wife and go to a harlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleasing."

Being asked if it was not hard that one deviation from chastity should absolutely ruin a young woman.—JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; it is the great principle which she is taught. When she has given up that principle, she has given up every notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included in chastity."

His sincere regard for Francis Barber, his faithful negro servant, made him so desirous of his further improvement, that he now placed him at a school at Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire. This humane attention does Johnson's heart much honour.

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his Lordship did Mr. B. the honour to sup at his lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord, (said Signor Baretto) do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True, (answered

swered the Earl, with a smile) but he would have been a *dancing bear*."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let us impress upon our readers a just and happy saying of Goldsmith: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

1769. His Majesty having this year instituted the Royal Academy, Johnson had the honour of being appointed Professor of Ancient Literature. In the course of the year he wrote some letters to Mrs. Thrale, and passed some part of the summer at Oxford and at Lichfield.

When Mr. B. once censured a gentleman of his acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it shewed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, ~~by~~ shewing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself.

Dr. Johnson honoured Mr. B. with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at his lodgings in Old Bond-street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health

health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, Mr. B. proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served; adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why yes, (answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity) if the one will suffer more by your sitting down, than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress. "Come, come, (said Garrick) talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—ehh!"—Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill *drest*." "Well, let me tell you, (said Goldsmith) when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Phielby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

October 20, 1769, the Doctor appeared, for the only time in his life, as a witness in a Court of Justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baret, who having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the awful Sessions House; Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauchamp, and Dr. Johnson: and undoubtedly their favourable testimony had due weight with the Court and Jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which

was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

Mr. B. one day introduced the subject of death, and endeavoured to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. He told the Doctor that Hume said, he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after this life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. JOHNSON. "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad: if he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you, he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." BOSWELL. "Foote, Sir, told me, that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON. "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." BOSWELL. "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" To this question he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added, (with an earnest look) "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

Mr. B. attempted to continue the conversation, but the Doctor was so provoked, that he said, "Give us no more of this; and was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed Mr. B. he shewed an impatience to be alone, and when Mr. B. was going away, called to him sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

In 1770 he published a political pamphlet, entitled "The False Alarm," intended to justify the conduct of ministry and their majority in the House of Commons, for having virtually assumed it as an axiom,
that

that the expulsion of a Member of Parliament was equivalent to exclusion, and thus having declared Colonel Lutterel to be duly elected for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being justly considered as a gross violation of the right of election, an alarm for the constitution extended itself all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm to be false, was the purpose of Johnson's pamphlet; but even his vast powers were inadequate to cope with constitutional truth and reason, and his argument failed of effect; and the House of Commons have since expunged the offensive resolution from their Journals.

During this year there was a total cessation of all correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Mr. B. without any coldness on either side, but merely from procrastination, continued from day to day.

In 1771 he published another political pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands," in which, upon materials furnished to him by ministry, and upon general topics expanded in his richest style, he successfully endeavoured to persuade the nation that it was wise and laudable to suffer the question of right to remain undecided, rather than involve our country in another war. His description of the miseries of war in this pamphlet, is one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the English language. Upon this occasion, we find Johnson lashing the party in opposition with unbounded severity, and making the fullest use of what he ever reckoned a most effectual argumentative instrument, contempt. His character of their very able mysterious champion, JUNIUS, is executed with all the force of his genius, and finished with the highest care. He seems to have exulted in fallying forth to single combat against the boasted and formidable hero,

who bade defiance to "principalities and powers, and the rulers of this world."

Mr. Strahan, the printer, who had been long in intimacy with Johnson, in the course of his literary labours; who was at once his friendly agent in receiving his pension for him, and his banker in supplying him with money when he wanted it; who was himself now a Member of Parliament, and who loved much to be employed in political negotiation; thought he should do eminent service, both to government and Johnson, if he could be the means of his getting a seat in the House of Commons. With this view, he wrote a letter to one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, but the measure failed of success.

In 1771, Mr. B. gave the Doctor an account of his comfortable life as a married man, and a lawyer in practice at the Scotch bar; invited him to Scotland, and promised to attend him to the Highlands, and Hebrides.

In 1773 his only publication was an edition of his folio Dictionary, with additions and corrections; nor did he, so far as is known, furnish any productions of his fertile pen to any of his numerous friends or dependants, except the Preface to his old amanuensis Macbean's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography." His Shakspeare, indeed, which had been received with high approbation by the public, and gone through several editions, was this year re-published by George Steevens, Esq. a gentleman not only deeply skilled in ancient learning, and of very extensive reading in English literature, especially the early writers, but at the same time of acute discernment and elegant taste.

On Thursday, April 29, 1773, Mr. B. dined with Johnson at General Oglethorpe's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Thrale. Mr. B. was very desirous to get Dr.
Johnson

Johnson absolutely fixed in his resolution to go with him to the Hebrides this year.

The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed, that this was also a custom in China; that a dog-butcher is as common there as any other butcher; and that when he walks abroad all the dogs fall on him. JOHNSON. "That is not owing to his killing dogs, Sir. I remember a butcher at Lichfield, whom a dog that was in the house where I lived, always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may." GOLDSMITH. "Yes, there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad." JOHNSON. "I doubt that." GOLDSMITH. "Nay, Sir, it is a fact well authenticated."

On Friday, May 7, this year, Mr. B. breakfasted with him at Mr. Thrale's, in the Borough. While alone, Mr. B. endeavoured to apologise for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by act of parliament. He said, that her husband had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and, that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. When he had finished his harangue, the Doctor gave him a proper check: "My dear Sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't."

The

The Doctor's stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, 1773, the day on which he arrived there, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London; and ninety-four days were never passed by any man in a more vigorous exertion.

He came by the way of Berwick upon Tweed to Edinburgh, where he remained a few days, and then went by St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, to visit which was the principal object he had in view. He visited the isles of Sky, Raſay, Col, Mull, Inch Kenneth, and Icolmkill. He travelled through Argyleſhire by Inveraray, and from thence by Lochlomond and Dunbarton to Glasgow, then by Loudon to Auchinleck in Ayrſhire, and then by Hamilton, back to Edinburgh, where he again ſpent ſome time. He thus ſaw the four Universities of Scotland, its three principal cities, and as much of the Highland and iſular life as was ſufficient for his philoſophical contemplation. He was reſpectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he leſs delighted with the hoſpitality which he experienced in humbler life.

During his ſtay at Edinburgh, after his return from the Hebrides, he was at great pains to obtain information concerning Scotland; and it appears from his ſubſequent letters, that he was not leſs ſollicitous for intelligence on this ſubject after his return to London.

His humane forgiving diſpoſition was put to a pretty ſtrong teſt on his return to London, by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken with him in his abſence, which was, to publiſh two volumes, entitled, "Miscellaneous and fugitive Pieces," which he advertiſed in the newspapers, "By the Author of the Rambler." In this collection, ſeveral of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged writings, and ſeveral of his
anonymous

anonymous performances, and some which he had written for others, were inserted; but there were also some in which he had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, as he had good reason to be. But, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he had only a little profit in view, and meant no harm, he soon relented, and continued his kindness to him as formerly.

In the course of his self-examination with retrospect to this year, he seems to have been much dejected; for he says, January 1, 1774, "This year has past with so little improvement, that I doubt whether I have not rather impaired than increased my learning."

1774. He was now seriously engaged in writing an account of his travels in the Hebrides.

The first effort of his pen in 1775, was, "Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox," in three volumes quarto. In his diary, January 2, is this entry: "Wrote Charlotte's Proposals."

As a proof that Dr. Johnson possessed great personal courage, Mr. B. gives the following instances.

One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven, and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton when swimming with the Doctor near Oxford, cautioned him against a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. One night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the round-house. In the play-house at Lichfield, Johnson

son having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of him, and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, he asked Mr. Davies "what was the common price of an oak tick;" and being answered six-pence, "Why then, Sir, (said he) give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, he would have made his corporeal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

His "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," is a most valuable performance. It abounds in extensive philosophical views of society, and in ingenious sentiments and lively description. A considerable part of it, indeed, consists of speculations, which many years before he saw the wild regions which we visited together, probably had employed his attention, though the actual sight of those scenes undoubtedly quickened and augmented them. Mr. Orme, the very able historian, agreed with Mr. B. in this opinion, which he thus strongly expressed:—"There are in that book thoughts, which, by long
revolution

revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"

In 1775 he published a pamphlet, entitled, "Taxation no Tyranny; an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress."

He had long before indulged most unfavourable sentiments of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, he had said of them, "They are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging."

That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power, there is no doubt; and, indeed, he owned that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them. He told Mr. B. that they had struck out one passage, which was to this effect: "That the Colonists could with no solidity argue from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed. We do not put a calf into the plow; we wait till he is an ox." He said, "They struck it out either critically, as too ludicrous, or politically, as too exasperating. I care not which. It was their business. If an architect says, I will build five stories, and the man who employs him says, I will have only three, the employer is to decide."

His pamphlets in support of the measures of administration were published on his own account, and he afterwards collected them into a volume, with the title of "Political Tracts, by the Author of the Rambler."

He complained to a Right Honourable friend of distinguished talents and very elegant manners, with whom he maintained a long intimacy, that his pension having been given to him as a literary character, he had been applied to by administration to write political pamphlets; and he was even so much irritated, that he declared his resolution to resign his pension. His friend shewed him the impropriety of

such a measure, and he afterwards expressed his gratitude, and said he had received good advice. To that friend he once signified a wish to have his pension secured to him for his life; but he neither asked nor received from government any reward whatsoever for his political labours.

Mr. B. talked to him of the cheerfulness of Fleet-street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which pass through it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Fleet-street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing-cross."

Mr. B. passed many hours with him on the 17th of May, 1775, of which all his memorial is, "much laughing." It would seem he had that day been in a humour for jocular and merriment, and upon such occasions Mr. B. never knew a man laugh more heartily. The high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom, produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good humoured growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

Sept. 15, 1775, he set out on a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. This was the only time in his life that he went upon the Continent.

"Paris is, indeed, (says he in a letter to Mr. B.) a place very different from the Hebrides, but it is to a hasty traveller not so fertile of novelty, nor affords so many opportunities of remark. I cannot pretend to tell the public any thing of a place better known to many of my readers than to myself."

It is to be regretted, that he did not write an account of his travels in France; for as he is reported to have once said, that "he could write the Life of a Broomstick,"

Broomstick," so, notwithstanding so many former travellers have exhausted almost every thing subject for remark in that great kingdom, his very accurate observation, and peculiar vigour of thought and illustration, would have produced a valuable work. During his visit to it, which lasted but about two months, he wrote notes or minutes of what he saw.

"Here," says Mr. Boswell, "let me not forget a curious anecdote, as related to me by Mr. Beauclerk, which I shall endeavour to exhibit as well as I can in that gentleman's lively manner; and in justice to him it is proper to add, that Dr. Johnson told me, I might rely both on the correctness of his memory, and the fidelity of his narrative. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England, (said Beauclerk) she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple-lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who it seems upon a little recollection, had taken into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to shew himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stair-case in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

In

In 1776, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell took a trip to Oxford, where the Doctor visited, with much satisfaction, many of his learned acquaintances. From Oxford they went to Birmingham; and returned to London by the way of Lichfield.

On Monday, April 29, 1776, he and Mr. B. made an excursion to Bristol, where Mr. B. was entertained with seeing him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of "*Rowley's Poetry*." George Catcot, the pewterer, who was as zealous for Rowley, as Dr. Hugh Blair was for Ossian, attended them at their inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity called out, "I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert." Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcot stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. Dr. Johnson and Mr. B. called on Mr. Barret, the surgeon, and saw some of the originals as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them, and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, they were quite satisfied of the imposture, which, indeed, has been clearly demonstrated from internal evidence, by Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Warton, and Mr. Malone.

That Johnson was occasionally remarkable for violence of temper, may be granted: but let us ascertain the degree, and not let it be supposed that he was in a perpetual rage, and never without a club in his hand, to knock down every one who approached him. On the contrary, the truth is, that by much the greater part of his time he
was

was civil, obliging, nay polite, in the true sense of the word; so much so, that many gentlemen who were long acquainted with him, never received, or even heard a severe expression from him.

It was this year, 1776, that an Epitaph, which Dr. Johnson had written for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey, gave occasion to a remonstrance to the Monarch of Literature.

THE EPITAPH.

OLIVARIUS GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens ac lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniâ Forniæ Longfordienfis
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI;
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April IV. MDCCCLXXXIV.

Sir William Forbes, who gave Mr. B. an account of this circumstance, writes to him thus—
“ I enclose the Round Robin. This *jeu d'esprit* took its rise one day at dinner at our friend Sir Joshua Reynolds's. All the company present except myself, were friends and acquaintance of
Dr.

Dr. Goldsmith. The Epitaph, written for him by Dr. Johnson, became the subject of conversation, and various emendations were suggested, which it was agreed should be submitted to the Doctor's consideration.—But the question was, who should have the courage to propose them to him? At last it was hinted, that there could be no way so good as that of a Round Robin, as the sailors call it, which they make use of when they enter into a conspiracy, so as not to let it be known who puts his name first or last to the paper. This proposition was instantly assented to; and Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, now Bishop of Killaloe, drew up an address to Dr. Johnson on the occasion, replete with wit and humour, but which it was feared the Doctor might think treated the subject with too much levity. Mr. Burke then proposed the address as it stands in the paper in writing; for a copy of which, see the latter part of this Abridgment.

Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnson, who received it with much good humour, and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen, that he would alter the Epitaph in any manner they pleased, as to the sense of it; but *he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey, with an English inscription.*

Mr. Boswell, in 1776, by an ingenious manœuvre, contrived that Dr. Johnson should meet Mr. Wilkes, to dine at the house of a bookseller. He describes the Doctor's behaviour to be at first very morose to Wilkes; who, notwithstanding, paid him so many little attentions, that the Doctor, at length, softened into complacency, and freely joined him in conversation: and when he returned home, he observed to Mrs. Williams, who acted for him

as housekeeper, that he had spent a very agreeable day.

In 1777, it appears from his "Prayers and Meditations," that Johnson suffered much from a state of mind "unsettled and perplexed," and from that constitutional gloom, which, together with his extreme humility and anxiety with regard to his religious state, made him contemplate himself through too dark and unfavourable a medium. It may be said of him, that "he saw God in clouds." Certain we may be of his injustice to himself in the following lamentable paragraph, which it is painful to think came from the contrite heart of this great man, to whose labours the world is so much indebted: "When I survey my past life, I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of the mind very near to madness, which I hope He that made me will suffer to extenuate many faults, and excuse many deficiencies." But we find his devotions in this year eminently fervent, and we are comforted by observing intervals of quiet, composure, and gladness.

On Easter-day we find the following emphatic prayer: "Almighty and most merciful Father, who see'st all our miseries, and knowest all our necessities, look down upon me, and pity me. Defend me from the violent incursion of evil thoughts, and enable me to form and keep such resolutions as may conduce to the discharge of the duties which thy providence shall appoint me; and so help me, by thy Holy Spirit, that my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found, and that I may serve Thee with pure affection and a cheerful mind. Have mercy upon me, O God have mercy upon me; years
and

and infirmities oppress me, terror and anxiety beset me. Have mercy upon me my Creator and my Judge. In all perplexities relieve and free me; and so help me by thy Holy Spirit, that I may now so commemorate the death of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, as that when this short and painful life shall have an end, I may, for his sake, be received to everlasting happiness. Amen."

Mr. Steevens, whose generosity is well known, joined Dr. Johnson in kind assistance to a female relation of Dr. Goldsmith, and desired that on her return to Ireland she would procure authentic particulars of the life of her celebrated relation.

In the following extract of a letter from the late Mr. Edward Dilly, to Mr. Boswell, will be seen the motive which produced Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

"The edition of the Poets, now printing, will do honour to the English press, and a concise account of the life of each author, by Dr. Johnson, will be a very valuable addition, and stamp the reputation of this edition superior to any thing that is gone before. The first cause that gave rise to this undertaking, I believe was owing to the little trifling edition of the Poets, printing by the Martins at Edinburgh, and to be sold by Bell, in London. Upon examining the volumes which were printed, the type was found so extremely small, that many persons could not read them; not only this inconvenience attended it, but the inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous. These reasons as well as the idea of an invasion of what we call our Literary Property, induced the London Booksellers to print an elegant and accurate edition of all the English

lish Poets of reputation, from Chaucer to the present time.

“Accordingly a select number of the most respectable booksellers met on the occasion, and, on consulting together, agreed that all the proprietors of copy-right in the various Poets should be summoned together; and when their opinions were given, to proceed immediately on the business. Accordingly a meeting was held consisting of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, when it was agreed that an elegant and uniform edition of ‘The English Poets’ should be immediately printed, with a concise account of the life of each author, by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and that three persons should be deputed to wait upon Dr. Johnson, to solicit him to undertake the Lives, viz. T. Davies, Strahan, and Cadell. The Doctor very politely undertook it, and seemed exceedingly pleased with the proposal. As to the terms, it was left entirely to the Doctor to name his own: he mentioned two hundred guineas: it was immediately agreed to: and a farther compliment, I believe, will be made him. A committee was likewise appointed to engage the best engravers, viz. Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Hall, &c. Likewise another committee for giving directions about the paper, printing, &c. so that the whole will be conducted with spirit, and in the best manner, with respect to authorship, editorship, engravings, &c. &c. My brother will give you a list of the Poets we mean to give, many of which are within the time of the Act of Queen Anne, which Martin and Bell cannot give, as they have no property in them; the proprietors are almost all the booksellers in London of consequence.”

A cir-

A circumstance which could not fail of being very pleasing to Johnson, occurred this year, 1777. The Tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," written by his early companion in London, Richard Savage, was brought out with alterations at Drury-lane theatre. The Prologue to it was written by Mr. Richard Brindsley Sheridan; in which, after describing very pathetically the wretchedness of

Ill fated Savage, at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heav'n;

he concluded with an elegant compliment to Johnson on his Dictionary, that wonderful performance which cannot be too often or too highly praised; of which Mr. Harris, in his "Philological Inquiries," justly and liberally observes, "Such is its merit, that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work." The concluding lines of this Prologue were these:

So pleads the tale that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live.

Dr. Johnson, at an interview with Mr. Boswell at Ashbourne, in 1777, put into his hands the whole series of his writings upon the melancholy occasion of Dr. Dodd's condemnation. In the first place he wrote Dr. Dodd's "Speech to the Recorder of London," at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was about to be pronounced upon him.

He

He wrote also "The Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren," a sermon delivered by Dr. Dodd, in the chapel of Newgate.

The notes are entirely Dodd's own, and Johnson's writing ends at the words, "the thief whom he pardoned on the cross." What follows was supplied by Dr. Dodd himself.

The other pieces written by Johnson are two letters, one to the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, (not Lord North, as is erroneously supposed) and one to Lord Mansfield;—A Petition from Dr. Dodd to the King;—A Petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen;—Observations of some length inserted in the newspapers, on occasion of Earl Percy's having presented to his Majesty a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by twenty thousand people, but all in vain. He had also written a petition from the city of London; "but (said he to Mr. B. with a significant smile) they *mended* it!"

The last of these articles which Johnson wrote is "Dr. Dodd's last solemn Declaration," which he left with the sheriff, at the place of execution.

On Sunday, June 22, 1777, Dr. Dodd writes, begging Dr. Johnson's assistance in framing a supplicatory letter to his Majesty:

"If his Majesty could be moved of his royal clemency to spare me and my family the horrors and ignominy of a public death, which the public itself is solicitous to wave, and to grant me in some silent distant corner of the globe, to pass the remainder of my days in penitence and prayer, I would bless his clemency and be humbled."

This letter was brought to Dr. Johnson when in church. He stooped down and read it, and wrote, when he went home, the following letter for Dr. Dodd to the King:

"Sir,

“ SIR,

“ May it not offend your Majesty, that the most miserable of men applies himself to your clemency, as his last hope and his last refuge; that your mercy is most earnestly and humbly implored by a clergyman, whom your laws and judges have condemned to the horror and ignominy of a public execution.

“ I confess the crime, and own the enormity of its consequences, and the danger of its example. Nor have I the confidence to petition for impunity; but humbly hope, that public security may be established without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets, to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied with irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.

“ My life, Sir, has not been useless to mankind. I have benefited many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have had little time for repentance. Preserve me, Sir, by your prerogative of mercy, from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal before which Kings and Subjects must stand at last together. Permit me to hide my guilt in some obscure corner of a foreign country, where, if I can ever attain confidence to hope that my prayers will be heard, they shall be poured with all the fervour of gratitude for the life and happiness of your Majesty.

I am, Sir,

Your Majesty's, &c.”

All applications for the Royal Mercy having failed, Dr. Dodd prepared himself for death; and, with a warmth of gratitude, wrote to Dr. Johnson as follows:

“ June

“ June 25, Midnight.

“ ACCEPT, thou *great* and *good* heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts in my behalf.—Oh! Dr. Johnson! as I fought your knowledge at an early hour in life, would to heaven I had cultivated the love and acquaintance of so excellent a man! I pray God most sincerely to bless you with the highest transports—the infelt satisfaction of *humane* and benevolent exertions!—And admitted, as I trust I shall be, to the realms of bliss before you, I shall hail your arrival there with transport, and rejoice to acknowledge that you was my comforter, my advocate, and my *Friend*. God be ever with you!”

Dr. Johnson lastly wrote to Dr. Dodd this solemn and soothing letter:

To the Reverend Dr. Dodd.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ THAT which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles, it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

In

“ In requital of these well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.”

June 26, 1777.

Under the copy of this letter Mr. B. found written, in Johnson's own hand, “ Next day, June 27, he was executed.”

To conclude this interesting episode with an useful application, let us now attend to the reflections of Johnson at the end of the “ Occasional Papers,” concerning the unfortunate Dr. Dodd. “ Such were the last thoughts of a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity, and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer. Of his public ministry the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well, whose sermons strike his audience with forcible conviction. Of his life, those who thought it consistent with his doctrine, did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others; but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

Let those who are tempted to his faults, tremble at his punishment; and those whom he impressed from the pulpit with religious sentiments, endeavour to confirm them by considering the regret and self-avhorrence with which he reviewed in prison his deviations from rectitude.”

When some of Dr. Dodd's pious friends were trying to console him by saying that he was going to leave “ a wretched world,” he had honesty enough

not to join in the cant:—"No, no, (said he) it has been a very agreeable world to me." Johnson on hearing this said, "I respect Dodd for thus speaking the truth; for, to be sure, he had for several years enjoyed a life of great voluptuousness."

Dodd's city friends stood by him so, that a thousand pounds were ready to be given to the gaoler, if he would let him escape. Dr. Johnson knew a friend of Dodd's who walked about Newgate for some time on the evening before the day of his execution, with five hundred pounds in his pocket, ready to be paid to any of the turnkeys who could get him out: but it was too late; for he was watched with much circumspection. He said Dodd's friends had an image of him made of wax, which was to have been left in his place; and he believed it was carried into the prison.

Mr. B. wishing to be satisfied what degree of truth there was in a story which a friend of Johnson's and his had told to his disadvantage, Mr. B. mentioned it to him in direct terms; and it was to this effect: That a gentleman who had lived in great intimacy with him, shewn him much kindness, and even relieved him from a spunging-house, having afterwards fallen into bad circumstances, was one day, when Johnson was at dinner with him, seized for debt, and carried to prison; that Johnson sat still undisturbed, and went on eating and drinking; upon which the gentleman's sister who was present, could not suppress her indignation: "What, Sir, (said she) are you so unfeeling, as not even to offer to go to my brother in his distress; you who have been so much obliged to him?" And that Johnson answered, "Madam, I owe him no obligation; what he did for me he would have done for a dog."

Johnson

Johnson assured Mr. B. that the story was absolutely false; but like a man conscious of being in the right, and desirous of completely vindicating himself from such a charge, he did not arrogantly rest on a mere denial, and on his general character, but proceeded thus to Mr. B.—“ Sir, I was very intimate with that gentleman, and was once relieved by him from an arrest; but I never was present when he was arrested, never knew that he was arrested, and I believe he never was in difficulties after the time when he relieved me. I loved him much; yet in talking of his general character, I may have said, though I do not remember that I ever did so, that as his generosity proceeded from no principle, but was a part of his profusion, he would do for a dog what he would do for a friend: but I never applied this remark to any particular instance, and certainly not to his kindness to me. If a profuse man, who does not value his money, and gives a large sum to a whore, gives half as much, or an equally large sum to relieve a friend, it cannot be esteemed as virtue. This was all that I could say of that gentleman; and, if said at all, it must have been said after his death. Sir, I would have gone to the world’s end to relieve him. The remark about the dog, if made by me, was such a fally as might escape one when painting a man highly.”

In 1778, Johnson gave the world a luminous proof that the vigour of his mind in all its faculties, whether memory, judgment or imagination, was not in the least abated; for this year came out the first four volumes of his “Prefaces, biographical and critical, to the most eminent of the English Poets,” published by the booksellers of London. The remaining volumes came
out

out in the year 1780. The Poets were selected by the several booksellers who had the honorary copy-right, which is still preserved among them by mutual compact, notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords against the perpetuity of Literary Property. We have his own authority, that by his recommendation the poems of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden, were added to the collection.

On Friday, March 20, Mr. B found him at his own house, sitting with Mrs. Williams, and was informed that the room formerly allotted to him was now appropriated to a charitable purpose; Mrs. Desmoulins*, her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael, being all lodged in it. Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, that Mrs. Desmoulins herself told Mr. B. he allowed her half a guinea a week. Let it be remembered, that this was above a twelfth part of his pension.

His liberality, indeed, was at all periods of his life very remarkable. Mr. Howard of Litchfield, at whose father's house Johnson had in his early years been kindly received, told Mr. B. that when he was a boy at the Charter-House, his father wrote to him to go and pay a visit to Mr. Samuel Johnson, which he accordingly did, and found him in an upper room, of poor appearance. Johnson received him with much courteousness, and talked a great deal to him, as to a school-boy, of the course of his education, and other particulars. When he afterwards came to know and understand the high character of this great man, he recollected his condescension with wonder. He added, that when he was going away, Mr. Johnson presented him with half a guinea; and

* Daughter of Dr. Swinfen, Johnson's godfather, and widow of Mr. Desmoulins, a writing-master.

this, said Mr. Howard, was at a time when he probably had not another.

Tom Davies had now unfortunately failed in his circumstances, and was much indebted to Dr. Johnson's kindness for obtaining for him many alleviations of his distress. Johnson blamed his folly in quitting the stage, by which he and his wife got five hundred pounds a year. Mr. B. told the Doctor he believed it was owing to Churchill's attack upon him;

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

Johnson replied, "I believe so too, Sir. But what a man is he who is to be driven from the stage by a line? Another line would have driven him from his shop."

Mr. Thomas Davies was soon to have a benefit, at Drury-lane theatre, as some relief to his unfortunate circumstances. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, and their friends, were all warmly interested for his success, and had contributed towards it. However, they thought there was no harm in having a joke when he could not be hurt by it. Mr. B. proposed that he should be brought on to speak a Prologue upon the occasion; and began to mutter fragments of what it might be: as, that when now grown *old*, he was obliged to cry, "Poor Tom's *a cold*;—that he owned he had been driven from the stage by a Churchill, but that this was no disgrace, for a Churchill had beat the French;—that he had been satyrised as "mouthing a sentence as curs mouth a bone," but he was now glad of a bone to pick.—"Nay, (said Johnson) I would have him to say,

Mad Tom is come to see the world again.

Goldsmith

Goldsmith being mentioned one day, Johnson observed that it was long before his merit came to be acknowledged. That he once complained to him, in ludicrous terms of distress, "Whenever I write any thing, the public make a point to know nothing about it:" but that his "Traveller" brought him into high reputation.

Johnson (now in his seventieth year) said, "It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age."

This season, 1778, there was a whimsical fashion in the newspapers of applying Shaspeare's words to describe living people well known in the world; which was done under the title of "*Modern Characters from Shakspear*;" many of which were admirably adapted. The fancy took so much, that they were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Somebody said to Johnson, that he had not been in those characters. "Yes (said he) I have. I should have been sorry to be left out." He then repeated what had been applied to him,

I must borrow GARAGANTUA'S mouth.

On Sunday, April 12, 1778, Mr. B. found him at home before dinner; Dr. Dodd's poem entitled "Thoughts in Prison," was lying upon his table. Mr. B. was desirous to hear Johnson's opinion of it: to Mr. B.'s surprise, he told him, he had not read a line of it. Mr. B. took up the book and read a passage to him. Johnson. "Pretty well, if you are previously disposed to like them." Mr. B. read another passage with which he was better pleased. He then took the book into his own hands, and having looked at the prayer at the end of it, he said, "What evidence is there that this was composed the night

before he suffered. I do not believe it." He then read aloud where he prays for the King, &c. and observed, "Sir, do you think that a man the night before he is to be hanged cares for the succession of a royal family? Though he may have composed this prayer then. A man who has been canting all his life may cant to the last. And yet a man who has been refused a pardon after so much petitioning, would hardly be praying thus fervently for the King."

Johnson had a noble ambition floating in his mind, and had undoubtedly, often speculated on the possibility of his super-eminent powers being rewarded in this great and liberal country by the highest honours of the state. Sir William Scott, upon the death of the late Lord Litchfield, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, said to Johnson, "What a pity it is, Sir, that you did not follow the profession of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and attained to the dignity of the peerage; and now that the title of Litchfield, your native city, is extinct, you might have had it." Johnson upon this, seemed much agitated; and, in an angry tone, exclaimed, "Why will you vex me by suggesting this, when it is too late?"

But he did not repine at the prosperity of others. The late Dr. Thomas Leland told Mr. Courtenay, that when Mr. Edmund Burke shewed Johnson his fine house and lands near Beaconsfield, Johnson coolly said, "*Non equidem invideo; miror magis.*"

This year, 1778, the Reverend Mr. Horne published his "Letter to Mr. Dunning, on the English Participle;" Johnson read it, and though not treated in it with sufficient respect, he had candour enough to say to Mr. Seward, "Were I to make a new
edition

edition of my Dictionary, I would adopt several of Mr. Horne's etymologies; I hope they did not put the dog in the pillory for his libel, he has too much literature for that."

In the summer of the year 1778, Dr. Johnson went down to the camp at Warley, and he staid there about a week: the scene appeared, notwithstanding a great degree of ill health that he seemed to labour under, to interest and amuse him. He sat, with a patient degree of attention, to observe the proceedings of a regimental court-martial, that happened to be called in the time of his stay, and one night as late as at eleven o'clock, he accompanied the Major of the regiment in going what are styled the Rounds, where he might observe the forms of visiting the guards, for the seeing that they and their sentries are ready in their duty on their several posts. He took occasion to converse at times on military topics.

On one occasion when the regiment were going through their exercise, he went quite close to the men, at one of the extremities of it, and watched all their practices attentively; and when he came away, his remark was, 'The men indeed do load their muskets and fire with wonderful celerity.' He was likewise particular in requiring to know what was the weight of the musquet balls in use, and within what distance they might be expected to take effect when fired off.

In walking among the tents, and observing the difference between those of the officers and private men, he said that the superiority of accommodation of the better conditions of life, to that of the inferior ones, was never exhibited to him in so distinct a view. The civilities paid to him in the camp were, from the gentlemen of the Lincolnshire regiment, one of the officers of which accom-

accommodated him with a tent in which he slept; and from General Hall, who very courteously invited him to dine with him, where he appeared to be very well pleased with his entertainment, and the civilities he received on the part of the General; the attention likewise of the General's aid-de-camp, Captain Smith, seemed to be very welcome to him, as appeared by their engaging in a great deal of discourse together. The Gentlemen of the East York regiment likewise on being informed of his coming, solicited his company at dinner, but by that time he had fixed his departure, so that he could not comply with the invitation.

In 1779, Dr. Johnson proceeded at intervals, in writing his "Lives of the Poets."

The Doctor sometimes employed himself in chymistry, sometimes in watering and pruning a vine, and sometimes in small experiments, at which those who may smile, should recollect that there are moments which admit of being soothed only by trifles.

In 1780 the world was kept in impatience for the completion of his "Lives of the Poets," upon which he was employed so far as his indolence allowed him to labour.

In May this year, Mr. Boswell, then at Edinburgh, received the following letter from Mr. Langton.

"The melancholy information you have received concerning Mr. Beauclerk's death is true. Had his talents been directed in any sufficient degree as they ought, I have always been strongly of opinion, that they were calculated to make an illustrious figure; and that opinion as it had been in part formed by Dr. Johnson's judgment, receives more and more confirmation by hearing,
what,

what, since his death, Dr. Johnson has said concerning them; a few evenings ago, he was at Mr. Vesey's, where Lord Althorpe, who was one of a numerous company there, addressed Dr. Johnson on the subject of Mr. Beauclerk's death, saying, 'Our Club has had a great loss since we met last.' He replied, 'A loss, that perhaps the whole nation cannot repair!' The Doctor then went on to speak of his endowments, and particularly extolled the wonderful ease with which he uttered what was highly excellent. He said, that no man ever was so free when he was going to say a good thing, from a look that expressed that it was coming; or when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come. At Mr. Thrale's, some days before, when we were talking on the same subject, he said, referring to the same idea of his facility, 'That Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy, than those of any whom he had known.'

"At the evening I have spoken of above, at Mr. Vesey's, you would have been much gratified, as it exhibited an instance of the high importance in which Dr. Johnson's character is held, I think even beyond any I ever before was witness to. The company consisted chiefly of ladies, among whom were the Duchess Dowager of Portland, the Duchess of Beaufort, whom I suppose from her rank, I must name before her mother Mrs. Boscawen, and her elder sister Mrs. Lewson, who was likewise there; Lady Lucan, Lady Clermont, and others of note both for their station and understandings. Among the gentlemen were, Lord Althorpe, whom I have before named, Lord Macartney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Lucan, Mr. Wraxal, whose book you have
probably

probably seen, ‘*The Tour to the Northern Parts of Europe* ;’ a very agreeable ingenious man ; Dr. Warren, Mr. Pepys, the Master in Chancery, whom I believe you know, and Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton. As soon as Dr. Johnson was come in and had taken a chair, the company began to collect round him till they became not less than four or five deep ; those behind standing, and listening over the heads of those that were sitting near him. The conversation for some time was chiefly between Dr. Johnson and the Provost of Eton, while the others contributed occasionally their remarks. Without attempting to detail the particulars of the conversation, which perhaps if I did, I should spin my account out to a tedious length, I thought, my dear Sir, this general account of the respect with which our valued friend was attended to, might be acceptable.”

Of the extraordinary tumult in 1780, Dr. Johnson has given the following concise, lively, and just account, in his “*Letters to Mrs. Thrale*.”

“ On Friday the good Protestants met in St. George’s Fields, at the summons of Lord George Gordon, and marching to Westminster, insulted the Lords and Commons, who all bore it with great tameness. At night the outrages began by the demolition of the mews-house in Lincoln’s-Inn.

“ An exact journal of a week’s defiance of government I cannot give you. On Monday, Mr. Strahan, who had been insulted, spoke to Lord Mansfield, who had I think been insulted too, of the licentiousness of the populace ; and his Lordship treated it as a very slight irregularity. On Tuesday night they pulled down Fielding’s house, and burnt his goods in the street. They had gutted

guted on Monday Sir George Saville's house, but the building was saved. On Tuesday evening, leaving Fielding's ruins, they went to Newgate to demand their companions who had been seized demolishing the chapel. The keeper could not release them but by the Mayor's permission, which he went to ask; at his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. They then went to Bloomsbury, and fastened upon Lord Mansfield's house, which they pulled down; and as for his goods they totally burnt them. They have since gone to Caen-wood, but a guard was there before them. They plundered some papists, I think, and burnt a mass-house in Moorfields the same night.

" On Wednesday I walked with Dr. Scot to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions-house at the Old Bailey. They were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's-bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood-street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners.

" At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's-bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened: Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terror you have been happy in not seeing.

“ The King said in council, ‘ That the magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own; and a proclamation was published, directing us to keep our servants within doors, as the peace was now to be preserved by force. The soldiers were sent out to different parts, and the town is now at quiet.

“ The soldiers are stationed so as to be every where within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are haunted to their holes, and led to prison; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day in my neighbourhood, to seize the publishers of a seditious paper.

“ Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already re-taken; and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

“ Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the Law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security: and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe.

“ There has, indeed, been an universal panic, from which the King was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrate, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such a rabble’s government must naturally produce.

“ The

“ The public has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number, and like other thieves with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares, that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed, no blue riband is any longer worn.”

On his birth day, Johnson has this note, “ I am now beginning the seventy-second year of my life, with more strength of body, and greater vigour of mind, than I think is common at that age.” But still he complains of sleepless nights and idle days, and forgetfulness, or neglect of resolutions. He thus pathetically expresses himself, “ Surely I shall not spend my whole life with my own total disapprobation.”

In 1781, he 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.” 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.”

Mr. Thrale’s death, which happened on the 4th of April, 1781, was a very essential loss to Johnson, who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale’s family afforded him

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. 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. Mr. B. 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. Lord Lucan 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 exciseman; 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."

At a city dinner where were present, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Beattie, and Mr. Boswell, the Doctor gave an entertaining account of *Bet Flint*, a woman of the town, who, with some eccentric talents and much effrontery, forced herself upon his

his acquaintance. "Bet (said he) wrote her own Life in verse, 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 flut 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 ———, 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.'

He told his friends that he had in one day written six sheets of a translation from the French, 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."

The following curious anecdote is from 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*; who, from the *Ramblers* and *Plan of his Dictionary*, and long before the author'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 relic of so estimable a writer. This was in 1755. In 1760, when Dr. Burney visited Dr. Johnson at the Temple

Temple in London, where he then had 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 relic of the admirable Dr. Johnson. But finding nothing better to his purpose, he cut some bristles off his hearth-broom, and inclosed 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 of them.' 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 autumn 1781, 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. 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." But some good con-

siderations

derations 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 Litchfield, my native place, I hope to shew a good example by frequent attendance on public worship."

In 1782, his complaints increased, and the history of his life for this year is little more than a 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.

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 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.

Such

Such was Johnson's affectionate regard for Levett, that he honoured his memory with the following verses :

Condemn'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 ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
'The praise to merit unrefin'd.

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 pours his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gains disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry 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,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then,

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 his registers of this year, there occurs the following curious passage: "Jan. 20. The ministry is dissolved. I prayed with Francis, and gave thanks." 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; 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 imbecillity never disgraced a country. 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. If they sent one army to the relief of another, the first army was defeated and taken before the second arrived. I will not say what they did was always wrong; but it was always done at a wrong time."

March 20, 1782, he thus writes to Captain Langton, then at Rochester.

"Of my life, from the time we last 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; for such another friend, the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Sreatham, but there was no Thrale: and having
idled

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, 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 whither-soever I might remove, 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.

I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

In June 1782, he thus writes to Mr. Boswell at Edinburgh. "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 harassed by a catarrhus cough, from which my purpose is to seek relief by change of air; and I am, therefore, preparing to go to Oxford."

In August he says, "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."

In

In September he writes to Mrs. Boswell; "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."

In December he again writes to Mr. B. "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 physic and abstinence I grew better, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health. I am afraid, however, that health begins, after seventy, and often 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."

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration upon Johnson, with respect to his 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.

He met Mr. Philip Metcalf often at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and other places, and was a good deal with him at Brighthelmston this autumn, being pleased at once with his excellent table and animated conversation.

versation. Mr. Metcalf 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 Cirencester, and they visited Petworth and Cowdery, 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."

In 1783 he was more severely afflicted than ever, as will appear in the course of his correspondence; 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.

It has been observed and wondered at, that Mr. Charles Fox never talked with any freedom in the presence of Dr. Johnson, though it is well known that his conversation is various, fluent, and exceedingly agreeable. Johnson's experience, however, founded him in going on thus: "Fox never talks in private company, not from any determination not to talk, but because he has not the first motion. 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."

Mr.

Mr. B. and the Doctor once talked of the accusation against a gentleman for supposed delinquencies in India. 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 despotic governor; 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 governor whose power is checked, lets others plunder that he himself may be allowed to plunder. But if despotic, 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."

In the summer of 1783, Mr. B. left his friend the Doctor, being about to depart for Scotland. "He embraced me," says he, "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."

Mr. B.'s 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, which shew with what composure his steady piety enabled him to behave.

To the Reverend Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

"DEAR SIR,

"IT has pleased God, by a paralytic stroke in the night, to deprive me of speech.

"I am

“ I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden’s 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.

“ I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint, but have forborne for some time by Dr. Pepy’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. You will suggest these things (and they are all that I can call to mind) to Dr. Heberden. I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.”

June 17, 1783.

Two days after he wrote thus to Mrs. Thrale :

“ On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, 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

that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. 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 paralytic 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 horror 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, 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,

I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty."

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.

The Doctor loved Davies cordially. 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."

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, where he passed about a fortnight, and made little excursions as easily as at any time of his life. In August he went as far as the neighbourhood of Salisbury, to Heale, the seat of William Bowles, Esq.

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. Though for several years her temper had not been complacent, she had valuable qualities, and her departure left a blank in his house. Upon this occasion he, according to his habitual course of piety, composed a prayer.

He had once conceived the design of writing the Life of Oliver Cromwell, saying, that he thought it must be highly curious to trace this 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 authentic information, in addition to what the world is already possessed of.

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 how the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authors who have ever written.

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."

On his return from Heale he wrote to Dr. Burney. "I came home on the 18th at noon to a very disconsolate house. You and I have lost our friends, but you have more friends at home. My domestic 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. 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."

H

His

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 painful surgical operation, from which most men would shrink. The complaint was a *sarcocoele*, 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 also Mr. Cruikshank.

September 30, he writes to Mr. B. "Besides my constant and radical disease, I have been for these ten days much harrassed with the gout, but that has now remitted. I hope GOD will yet grant me a 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 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, Catherine, and Isabella, in Shakspeare."

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."

Having placed himself by her, he with great good humour entered upon a consideration of the English

drama;

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 Catherine 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." 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 this visit, 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, 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. Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gown*: but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding. I once talked with Colley Cibber, 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; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguishing 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. 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; “ 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.”

1783. 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 as survived should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house: and in order to insure himself society in the evening for three days in the week, he instituted a Club at the Effex Head, in Effex-street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale’s.

It did not suit Sir Joshua to be one of this Club. But it was graced by Mr Daines Barrington, Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Paradise, Dr. Horsley, and Mr. Windham.

In the end of this year he was seized with a spasmodic 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

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, who still lived, was herself so very ill that she could contribute very little to his relief. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head in 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 as ready for conversation as in his best days.

To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, in Litchfield.

“DEAR MADAM,

“You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again 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.

SAM. JOHNSON.”

London, Nov. 29, 1783.

His attention to the Essex-Head Club, even in 1784, the year of his decease, 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

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 introducer, 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."

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I hear of many inquiries which your kindness has disposed you to make after me. 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 spasmodic 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 dropy 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

degree at least of recovery is to be expected from vernal breezes and summer suns. 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; 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, politics, and pamphlets. Let me have your prayers. My compliments to your lady, and young ones. Ask your physicians about my case; and desire Sir Alexander Dick to write me his opinion.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.”

Feb. 11, 1784.

To Mrs. LUCY PORTER, in Litchfield.

“ 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. Whether I shall continue free, or shall fill again, cannot be told. Pray for me.

“ 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

To JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am too much pleased with the attention which you and your dear lady shew 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. 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.

“ Please to bring with you Baxter’s Anacreon; and if you procure heads of Hector Boece, the historian, and Arthur Johnston, the poet, I will put them in my room, 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,

to, dear Sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

London, March 18, 1784.

To Mr. Langton he wrote with that cordiality which was suitable to the long friendship which had subsisted between him and that gentleman.

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, whom the physical race consider as author 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 him his age, he answered, 'Go look;' though he was in general a man of civility and elegance."

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.

" 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."

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 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.

To Miss JANE LANGTON, in Rochester, Kent.

" MY DEAREST MISS JENNY,

" 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 arithmetic ; and, above all, that
through

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.

One morning in the May of this year, he communicated to Mr. B. 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, Mr. B. could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events. It is but reasonable to think that there was an intermediate interposition of divine Providence, and that "the fervent prayer of this righteous man" availed.

On the evening of Saturday, May 15, he was in fine spirits, at the Essex-Head Club. He told the company, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. Garrick's, with M^s. Carter, 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 superior to them all." 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 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;

woman; she has a constant stream of conversation, and it is always impregnated; it has always meaning." 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 dressed, the ostler would say we have had an extraordinary man here." 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 superior indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shews in serious talk and in jocularly. When he lets himself down to that, he is in the kennel." He presently called out 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, *I hear*, has ordered the 'Rambler' to be translated into the Russian language. 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; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace."

In a conversation between the Doctor and Mr. Boswell, he charged Mr. Langton with what he thought want of judgment 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.

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." Mr. Burke, to whom Mr. B. 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.

In the latter end of May, he had a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness; and Mr. B. had promised to accompany him. On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford post-coach took them 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.

Mr. B. was surprised at his talking without reserve in the public 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

afford Frank * an annuity of seventy pounds a year."

At the inn where they stopped, he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which they had for dinner. He scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be. It is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest."

On Wednesday, June 19, Dr. Johnson and Mr. B. returned to London; he was not well that day, and said very little, employing himself chiefly in reading Euripides. He expressed some displeasure at Mr. B. 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 observations of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention. 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."

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 a considerable expence, till she was restored to health, and endeavoured to put her into a virtuous way of living.

* His Black servant.

On Tuesday, June 22, Mr. B. 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 in return, he exerted himself, and was as entertaining as his indisposition would allow.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

THE anxiety of Johnson's 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. This scheme was at last brought to a serious resolution at General Paoli's. One essential matter, however, 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 Author of *THE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*. The person to whom, above all others, Mr. B. thought application should be made, was the Lord Chancellor, because he highly valued Johnson. Mr. B. therefore, though personally very little known to his Lordship, wrote to him, stating the case, and requesting his good offices for Dr. Johnson*.

On Friday, June 25, Mr. B. dined with the Doctor at General Paoli's, "where," he says in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, "I love to dine." There were a variety of dishes much to his taste, of all which he seemed to eat so much, that Mr. B. was afraid he might be hurt by it; and whispered to the General

* It will hereafter appear, that the Chancellor's zeal in this negotiation, reflected on him as much honour as it did disgrace on those who opposed the request.

his 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."

On Monday, June 28, Mr. B. 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—in 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. Your's, &c.

THURLOW."

This letter gave Mr. B. a very high satisfaction; he next day went and shewed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. Sir Joshua thought that Mr. B. should now communicate the negotiation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain if the attention with which it had been honoured, should be too long concealed from

from him. Mr. B. therefore hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was then rather better. 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 Mr. B. 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 Mr. B. 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!" Mr. B. was so affected that he also shed tears.—After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, "God bless you all, for JESUS CHRIST's sake!" They both remained for some time unable to speak.—The Doctor rose suddenly and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness.

On Wednesday, June 30, Mr. B. and Dr. Johnson both dined with Sir Joshua Reynolds; and both his friends were so sanguine in their expectations, that they expatiated with confidence on the large provision which they 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 caught so much of their enthusiasm, as to allow himself to suppose it not impossible that their 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

would have the consciousness that he should pass the remainder of his life in splendor, how long soever it might be."

As an instance of extraordinary liberality of friendship, he now told Sir Joshua and Mr. B. that Dr. Brocklesby had, upon this occasion, offered him a hundred a year for his life. A grateful tear started into his eye, as he spoke this in a faltering tone.

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 domestic 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." He wrote to Mr. B. 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 ardor. In the mean time I am very feeble and very dejected."

By a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. B. (now in Scotland) was informed, that the Lord Chancellor

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, as 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. * * * *

"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.

"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. 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

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 *mibi 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."

Sept. 1784.

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.

" SIR,

" Perhaps you may remember, that in the year 1753, 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.

“ Mr. Ryland will wait on you for the inscription, 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.”

uly 12, 1784.

Next day he set out on a jaunt to Staffordshire and Derbyshire, flattering himself that he might be in some degree relieved: and during his absence from London he kept up a correspondence with several of his friends.

August 14, he writes to Dr. Brocklesby, “ 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 terror and sorrow. Write to me, dear Sir.”

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 inertiae* 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.—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

* *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?*

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."

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; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bidden farewell, and there are my amusements. Sir Joshua told me long ago, that my vocation was to public life, and I hope still to keep my station, till God shall bid me *Go in peace.*"

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.—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 physic, 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?*"

* A Printer who lived in Bolt-court.

To the Right Honourable WILLIAM GERARD HAM-
MILTON.

“DEAR SIR,

“Considering what reason you gave me in the spring to conclude that you took part in whatever good or evil might befall 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 physic 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*, to talk over what we have often talked, and perhaps to find new topics of merriment, or new incitements to curiosity. I am, dear Sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.”

Litchfield, Oct. 20, 1784.

As Johnson had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him,
it

it might have been supposed that he would have naturally 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, and however complicated diseases might depress ordinary mortals, all who saw him, beheld and acknowledged the *invictum animum Catonis*. 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." And to another, when talking of his illness, "I will be conquered; I will not capitulate." 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 Litchfield, surrounded with friends, who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still 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 of fees, made him resolve to return to the capital.

He arrived in London on the 16th of November, and next day sent to Dr. Burney, the following note.

"Mr. Johnson, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney, and all the dear Burneys, little and great."

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; 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.

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 probably, that it was a mournful and unavailing register.

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, Apothecary, at Litchfield.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have enclosed the Epitaph for my Father, Mother, and Brother, to be all engraved on the large size, and laid in the middle aisle of 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. 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,

SAM. JOHNSON.”

Dec. 2, 1784.

To Mrs. LUCY POTTER, in Litchfield.

“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. 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

* His wife.

can tell? May God pardon and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON."

Dec. 2, 1784.

Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Butter, physicians, generously attended him, without accepting of 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.

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 full 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 unto himself."

Johnson

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,*”

and so on to the end of the tenth satire; but in running it quickly over he happened in the line

“ *Qui spatium vitæ 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.

Having no near relations, it had been for some time Johnson's intention to make a liberal provision for his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber, whom he had all along treated truly as an humble friend. Having asked Dr. Brocklesby what would be a proper annuity to bequeath 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.” 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; and had it not been for Sir John Hawkins's repeatedly urging it, it is probable that his kind resolution would not have been fulfilled.

Amidst

Amidst the melancholy clouds which hung over the dying Johnson, his characteristical manner shewed itself on different occasions.

A man whom he had never seen before was employed one night to sit up with him. Being asked next morning how he liked his attendant, his answer was, "Not at all, Sir. The fellow's an idiot; he is as awkward 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."

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."

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. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

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 physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and

* As the Doctor was by no means embarrassed in his circumstances, this request appears strange.

at the same time used only the weakest kinds of sustenance.

After being in much agitation, Johnson became quite composed, and continued so till his death.

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged Mr. B. 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. “ Because (said he) he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.”

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, while the Holy Sacrament was celebrating in his apartment, fervently uttered this prayer :

“ 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

titude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by the 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."

"The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, '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, a 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 the 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."

About two days after his death, the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter by the Honourable John Byng.

"DEAR SIR,

"SINCE I saw you, I have had a long conversation

sation with Cawston*, 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 cider and water. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning he inquired 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 very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be

* A servant to the Right Hon. W. Windham.

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.

Ætatis suæ LXXV.

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly by many of the members of the Literary Club, who were then in town; and was also honoured by the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. His school-fellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the service.

As Johnson had abundant homage paid to him during his life, 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.

CHARACTER.—BY MR. BOSWELL.

“ 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

they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, 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. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

“ 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. 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 politics. 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; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which shewed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances

stances would allow, but in many instances of active benevolence.

“ 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 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 that respect, the poetical pieces which he wrote were in general not so, but rather strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in good verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour : he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry ; and the heartiest merriment 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,

fation, that he at all times delivered himself with an elegant choice of expression, and a slow deliberate utterance. He 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; 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 error 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 was constant, and was the ruling principle of all his conduct."

In answer to some insinuations of Sir John Hawkins, that the mind of Johnson was oppressed with a sense of *guilt*, Mr. Boswell is candid enough to own, "That his conduct after he came to London, and had associated with Savage and others, was not so strictly 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. In short, it must not be concealed, that like many other good and pious men, amongst whom we may place the apostle Paul, upon his own authority, Johnson was not free from propensities which were ever 'warring against the
the

the law of his mind,'—and that in his combats with them, he was sometimes, though rarely, overcome."

SUBSTANCE OF THE ROUND ROBIN, PRESENTED TO DR. JOHNSON.

We the circumscribers, having read with great pleasure, an intended epitaph for the Monument of Dr. Goldsmith, which considered abstractedly appears to be, for elegant composition and masterly stile, in every respect worthy of the pen of its learned author, are yet of opinion, that the Character of the Deceased, as a Writer, particularly as a Poet, is perhaps, not delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it. We therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly request that he would at least take the trouble of revising it, and of making such additions and alterations as he shall think proper, upon a further perusal: But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request, that he would write the Epitaph in English, rather than in Latin: as we think that the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language, to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament, which we also know to have been the opinion of the late Doctor himself.

Tnos. Franklin.

Ant. Channier.

G. Colman.

Wm. Vackell.

J. Reynolds.

W. Forbes.

T. Barnard.

R. B. Sheridan.

P. Metcalf.

E. Gibbon.

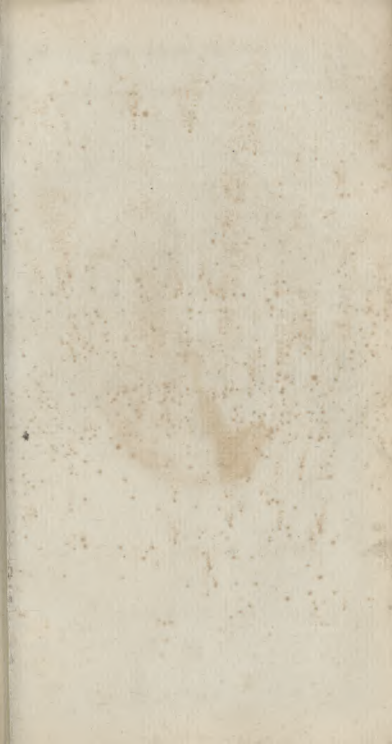
Jos. Warton.

Edm. Burke.

We

We cannot take leave of these interesting Memoirs, without saying that we conceive the very ingenious, accurate, minute, and learned Biographer, to be strongly entitled to public admiration. He has detailed the most trifling circumstances in which Dr. Johnson was concerned, in so happy a manner, that we are as eager to pursue the passing page as if wading in the history of the most important events. He does not hide the defects of his formidable friend, but gives them in so true a colour, that, when they occur, it seems as if nature, and not the man, had erred. He rescues his memory, in a complete and satisfactory manner, from the ill-natured and ignorant attacks of former Biographers and Anecdote mongers, who sometimes mistook the Doctor's meaning, and who, at others, knowingly and even cruelly perverted it.

On the whole, we have nothing to regret, but that the preceding Abridgment gives too faint an idea of the astonishing merit of the original.





JOHN ELWES Esq.^r

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

MEGGOT was the family name of Mr. Elwes: and his name being *John*, the conjunction of *Jack Meggot*, induced strangers to imagine sometimes that his friends were addressing him by an assumed appellation. The father of Mr. Elwes was an eminent brewer; and his dwelling-house and offices were situated in Southwark; which borough was formerly represented in parliament by his grandfather, Sir George Meggot. During his life, he purchased the estate now in the possession of the family of the Calverts, at Marcham, in Berkshire. The father died while the late Mr. Elwes was four years old; so that little of the singular character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributed to him; but from the mother it may be traced with ease—she was left nearly *one hundred thousand pounds* by her husband—and yet *starved herself to death!*

The only children from the above marriage, were Mr. Elwes, and a daughter who married the father of the late Colonel Timms—and from thence came the intail of some part of the present estate.

Mr. Elwes, at an early period of life, was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years. He certainly, during that time, had not misapplied his talents—for he was a good *classical scholar* to the last—and it is a circumstance very remarkable, yet well authenticated, that he never read afterwards.

Never,

Never, at any period of his future life, was he seen with a book; nor has he, in all his different houses, left behind him *two pounds worth* of literary furniture. His knowledge in accounts was little—and in some measure may account for his total ignorance as to his own concerns.

The contemporaries of Mr. Elwes, at Westminster, were Mr. Worsley, late Master of the Board of Works, and the present Lord Mansfield; who, at that time, borrowed all that *young Elwes* would lend. His Lordship, however, has since changed his disposition.

Mr. Elwes from Westminster School removed to Geneva, where he shortly after entered upon pursuits more congenial to his temper than study. The *riding-master* of the academy had then three of the best horsemen in Europe; Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Elwes, of the three, was accounted the most desperate: the young horses were put into his hands always; and he was, in fact, the *rough-rider* to the other two.

He was introduced, during this period, to Voltaire, whom, in point of appearance, he somewhat resembled: but though he has often mentioned *this* circumstance, neither the *genius*, the *fortune*, nor the *character* of Voltaire, ever seemed to strike him as worthy of envy.

Returning to England, after an absence of two or three years, he was to be introduced to his uncle, the late Sir Harvey Elwes, who was then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect *picture of human penury* perhaps that ever existed. In him, the attempts of saving money were so extraordinary, that Mr. Elwes never *quite* reached them, even at the most covetous period of his life.

To this Sir Harvey Elwes he was to be the heir, and of course it was policy to please him. On this account

account it was necessary, even in old Mr. Elwes, to masquerade a little; and as he was at that time in the world, and its affairs, he dressed like other people. This would not have done for Sir Harvey. The nephew, therefore, used to stop at a *little inn* at Chelmsford, and begin to *dress in character*—a pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn-out old coat, and a tattered waistcoat, were put on; and forwards he rode to visit his uncle; who used to contemplate him with a kind of *miserable* satisfaction, and seemed pleased to find his heir bidding fair to rival him in the unaccountable pursuit of avarice. There would they sit—*saving souls!*—with a *single* stick upon the fire, and with one glass of wine, occasionally, betwixt them, inveighing against the *extravagance* of the times; and when evening shut in, they would immediately retire to rest—as “*going to bed saved candle-light.*”

The nephew, however, had then, what indeed he never lost—a very extraordinary appetite—and this would have been an unpardonable offence in the eye of the uncle; Mr. Elwes was therefore obliged to partake of a dinner, first, with some country neighbour, and then return to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, that quite engaged the heart of the old gentleman.

A *partridge*, a *small pudding*, and *one potatoe*, did the whole business! and the fire was even suffered to die away while Sir Harvey was at dinner, as eating was a sufficient exercise.

Sir Harvey, in truth, was a most singular character—and the way in which he lived was no less so. His seclusion from the world nearly reached that of an *hermit*: and, extreme avarice excepted, a more blameless life was never led by mortal.

SKETCH

SKETCH OF SIR HARVEY ELWES.

SIR HARVEY ELWES succeeded to SIR JERVAISE, a very worthy gentleman, that had involved, as far as they would go, all the estates he received and left behind him. Sir Harvey, on his death, found himself possessed nominally of *some thousands* a year, but really with an income of *one hundred pounds* per annum. On his arrival at Stoke, the family seat, he said, "that never would he leave it till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate;"—this he not only accomplished; but, besides, lived to realize above *one hundred thousand pounds*.

In his youth he had been given over for a consumption, so he had no constitution and no passions. He was timid, shy, and diffident in the extreme: of a thin, spare habit of body, and without a friend upon earth. The hoarding up, and the counting his money, formed his greatest joy. Next to that was—*partridge-fitting*: at which he was so great an adept, and game was then so plentiful—that he has been known to take *five hundred brace of birds* in one season. But he lived upon partridges—he and his whole *little household*—consisting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned loose again, as he never gave away any thing to his neighbours.

Sir Harvey and his *man* never missed a day, during the partridge season, if the weather was tolerable—and his breed of *dogs* being remarkably good, he seldom failed taking great quantities of game.

At all times, he wore a black velvet cap much over his face—a worn-out full dressed suit of clothes, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horse, and "*the horse and his rider*" both looked as
if

if a gulf of wind would have blown them away together.

When the weather was not fine enough to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to save the expence of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in on business, he would strike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting *one single stick* upon the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly consumed.

Having little connection with London, he generally had three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the *Thackstead Gang*—and who were afterwards all hung—formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unsuspected at that time, each having some apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, upon very good intelligence.

It was Sir Harvey's custom to retire to his bed-chamber at eight o'clock, where, after taking a basin of *water-gruel*, by the light of a small fire he went to bed—to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle.

The *gang*, who perfectly knew the hour when his servant went to the stable, leaving their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river, walked across, and hid themselves in the church porch, till they saw the man come up to his horses; when they immediately fell upon him; and, after some little struggle, bound and gagged him; ran up towards the house; tied the two maids together; and, going up to Sir Harvey, presented their pistols, and sternly demanded his money.

Never did Sir Harvey behave so well as in this transaction. When the villains asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe:

safe:—he then delivered them a key of a drawer in which was fifty guineas. But they well knew he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life, without he discovered where it was deposited. At length he reluctantly shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, which contained *seven and twenty hundred guineas*. This they packed up in two large baskets and actually carried off. *A robbery which, for QUANTITY of SPECIE, was perhaps never equalled.* They told him before they went off, that they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he even stirred for assistance. On which he very coolly, and indeed with some simplicity, took out his watch, which they had not asked for, and said, “Gentlemen, I do not want to take any *advantage* of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape: after that time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing my servant.” He was strictly as good as his word: when the time expired, he went and unried the man. Though search was made by the justice of the village, the robbers were not discovered: and when they were apprehended some years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who had robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear against them. “*No, no,*” said he; “*I have lost my money; I will not lose my TIME also.*” So that, however culpable he may be considered on the score of penury, he must certainly be acquitted of the passion of revenge.

Of what temperance can effect, Sir Harvey was an instance. At an early period of life he was given over for a consumption, and he lived till betwixt *eighty and ninety years of age*.

Amongst the few acquaintances he had—and they were few indeed—was an occasional club held at his own village of Stoke—and there were members of
it,

it, *two baronets* besides himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras, and Sir John Barnardiston. The reckoning, to these *congenial* souls, was always an object of investigation. As they were one day settling this difficult point, an old fellow, who was a member, called out to a friend who was passing—"For heaven's sake, step up stairs, and assist the *poor*! Here are three baronets, worth a *million of money*, quarrelling about a *farthing*!"

After Sir Harvey's death, the only tear dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of 50*l.* per annum, "to him and to his heirs."

In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to Sir Isaac Newton—for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*—even his affections: and, as he saw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of bartering them matrimonially for money.

When he died, he lay in *state*, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke. Some of the tenants observed, with more humour than decency, "that it was well Sir Harvey could not see it."

His fortune, which had now become immense, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot; who, by will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes.

Thus lived, and thus died, the uncle to old Mr. Elwes, whose possessions, at the time of his death, were supposed to be, at least, *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds*, and whose annual expenditure was about *one hundred and ten pounds*! Though the robbery before mentioned probably did not accelerate his death, it yet lay heavy on his spirits; but most particularly when employed in the delightful task of counting his gold.

However incredible this may appear, it is yet strictly true; that his clothes cost him nothing, for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain since the gay days of Sir Jervaise.

He kept his household chiefly upon game, and fish from his own pond; the cows which grazed before his own door, furnished milk, cheese, and butter, for the little economical household; and what fuel he *did* burn, his woods supplied.

To those who cannot exist out of the bustle of society, and the fever of public scenes, it may be curious to know, that *here* was a man, *who had the courage to live*, as it were, *nearly SEVENTY YEARS ALONE!*

To the whole of his uncle's property, Mr. Elwes succeeded; and it was imagined, *that* of his own, was not at that time very inferior. He got too an additional seat—but he got it, as it had been most religiously delivered down for ages past: the furniture was most sacredly antique; not a room was painted, nor a window repaired: the beds above stairs were all in canopy and state, where the worms and moths held undisturbed possession; and the roof of the house was inimitable for the *climate of Italy*.

Mr. Elwes had now advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age; and for fifteen years previous to this period it was, that he was known in the fashionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play, and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always *being paid*, that he conceived disgust at the inclination.

The *acquaintances* which he had formed at Westminster School, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he liked best. He was admitted

ted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. And, as some proof of his notoriety at that time, as a man of deep play, Mr. Elwes, the late Lord Robert Bertie, and some others, are noticed in a scene in the *Adventures of a Guinea*, for the frequency of their *midnight orgies*. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, had played deeper than himself; and with success more various. He once played two days and a night without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to the knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting. The late Duke of Northumberland, who never would quit a table where any hope of winning remained—was of the party.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands, for the mode in which he passed this part of his life; but the vowels of I. O. U. were then in use, and the sums that were owed him, even by *very noble names*, were not liquidated. The theory which he professed, "*that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money*," he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this peculiar feeling to the last hour.

His manners were so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself.

When *seventy-three*, he walked out a shooting with his friends, to see whether a pointer, one of them at that time valued much, was as good a dog as some he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for some hours, much unfatigued, he determined against the dog, but with all due ceremony. One of the gentlemen who was a very indifferent shot,

by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes; the blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make his apology and profess his sorrow—" *My dear Sir,*" said the old man, "*I give you joy on your improvement—I knew you would hit something by and by.*"

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, *not* towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase butcher *for a shilling!* Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour he expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and, more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night.

Had every man been of the mind of Mr. Elwes, the *race* of innkeepers must have perished, and *post-chaises* have been returned back to those who made them; for it was the business of his life to avoid both. He always travelled on horseback. To see him setting out on a journey, was a matter truly curious; his first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread which he found—baggage he never took—then, mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the fewest. Then, stopping under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and
restrain

refresh himself and his horse together—here presenting a new species of bramin, worth *five hundred thousand pounds*.

The chief residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was in Berkshire, at his own seat at Marcham. Here it was he had two sons born, who now inherit the greatest part of his property, by a will made about the year 1785. He failed not, however, at this time, to pay very frequent visits to Sir Harvey, his uncle, and used to attend him in his daily amusement of partridge setting. Mr. Elwes was then supposed to have some of the best setting dogs in the kingdom—their breed and colour were peculiar—they were of a *black tan*, and more resembled a hound than a setter.

Mr. Elwes, on the death of his uncle, came to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the late Colonel Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof. A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed: he got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found that the same inconvenience continued. He got up again, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened—“Aye! aye!” said the old man seriously, “*I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain!*”

Mr. Elwes on coming into Suffolk, first began to keep fox-hounds; and his stable of hunters, at that

time, was said to be the best in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horses he was certain, because he bred them himself; and they were not broke in till they were six years old.

The keeping of fox-hounds was the only instance, in the whole life of Mr. Elwes, of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure. But even here every thing was done in the most frugal manner. His huntsman had, by no means, an idle life of it. This *famous lacquey* might have fixed an epoch in the *history of servants*; for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows—he then prepared breakfast for his master, or any friends he might have with him: then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he *refreshed* himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses—diversified with an *interlude* of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for some years, though his master used often to call him, “*an idle dog!*” and say, “*the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing!*”

Mr. Elwes, it has been already remarked, was one of the best gentlemen riders in the kingdom. Sir Sydney Meadows, who is the *law* upon this subject, always allowed it. His knowledge in horses was in no way inferior; and, therefore, while he rode before the whole country of Suffolk, the horses he rode were the admiration of every body. As no bad proof of this, he had offered him for one of his hunters the sum of three hundred guineas, and for another two hundred and fifty; a sum in those days almost
incredible,

incredible, when a very good horse might be bought for fifteen pounds.

As soon as his horses were perfectly dry after hunting, if the weather was clear, he always turned them out for two or three hours, let the cold be ever so intense. Thus they walked off the stiffness occasioned by fatigue, and preserved their feet—and to this he attributed their being able to carry him when one of them was twenty-two years old.

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of aversion to Mr. Elwes. The words "*give*," and "*pay*," were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chace through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, dismal day! part with some money for advice.

The whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntmen, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year! In the summer, they always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had "more meat and less work;" and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, and which consumed a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes almost totally resided at Stoke, near Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket—but never engaged on the turf. A kipdness, however, which he performed there, should not pass into oblivion.

Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for seven thousand pounds, which, it was supposed, he would
be

be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. They were to go, as was his custom, on horseback, and were to set out at seven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven; and Mr. Elwes began to busy himself, in inquiries and conversation, till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. He then thought they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast: but old Elwes still continued riding about, till three; and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew so impatient, that he mentioned something of the *keen air of Newmarket Heath*, and the comforts of a good dinner—"Very true," said old Elwes, "*very true—so here, do as I do!*"—offering him at the same time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an *old crushed pancake*, which, he said, he had brought from his house at Marcham, two months before—but "*that it was as good as new.*"

The sequel of the story was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so tired, that he gave up all refreshment but rest! and old Mr. Elwes, having hazarded *seven thousand pounds* in the morning, went happily to bed with the reflection—he had saved *three shillings!*

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire; and certainly, if he liked any thing, it was these boys. But no money would he lavish on their education; for he declared, that "putting things
into

into people's heads, was the sure way to take money out of their pockets."

From this mean, and almost ludicrous desire of *saving*, no circumstance of tenderness or affection—no sentiment of sorrow or compassion—could turn him aside. The more diminutive the object seemed, his attention grew the greater; and it appeared as if Providence had formed him in a mould that was miraculous, purposely to exemplify that trite saying—"Penny wise, and pound foolish."

Mr. Elwes was certainly not troubled with too much natural affection. One day he had put his eldest boy upon a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, by the ladder slipping, he fell down, and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up to the village to the barber, and get blooded: on his return, he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled—"Bled! bled!" said the old gentleman; "but what did you give?"—"A shilling," answered the boy.—"Psha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never part with *your blood*!"

From the parsimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes now lived—for he was fast following the footsteps of Sir Harvey—and from the two large fortunes of which he was in possession—riches rolled in upon him like a torrent.—but as he knew almost nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing—he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory—to the suggestions of other people still more: hence every person who had a *want* or a *scheme*, with an apparent high interest—adventurer or honest it signified not—all was prey to him; and he swam about like the *enormous pike*, which, ever voracious and unsatisfied, catches at every thing, till it is itself caught!—Hence are to be reckoned,
visions

visions of distant property in America; phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay; and bureaux filled with bonds of *promising* peers and members, long *dismembered* of all property. Mr. Elwes lost in this manner full *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds!*

But what was got from him, was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was superior; and knaves and sharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honesty would have starved.

Not to the offers of *high interest* alone, were his ears open: the making him trifling presents, or doing business for him without reward, were little snug allurements, which, in the hands of the needy, always drew him on to a loan of money. A small wine merchant who had these views—begged his acceptance of some very *fine wine*, and in a short time obtained the loan of several hundred pounds. Old Elwes used, ever after, to say, "*It was, indeed, very fine wine, for it cost him twenty pounds a bottle!*"

Thus was there a reflux of some of that wealth, which he was gradually denying himself every comfort to amass. For in the penury of Mr. Elwes, there was something that seemed like a judgment from heaven. All earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himself: he would walk home in the rain, in London, sooner than pay a shilling for a coach: he would sit in wet clothes sooner than have a fire to dry them: he would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, sooner than have a fresh joint from the butcher's: and he wore a wig for above a fortnight, which he picked up out of a rut in a lane. This was the last extremity of laudable œconomy; for, to all appearance, it was the cast-off wig of some beggar!—The day in which he first appeared in this ornament, exceeded all the power of farce; for he had

had torn a brown coat, which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, from whence he had selected a full dressed green velvet coat, with slash sleeves: and there he sat at dinner in boots, the afore said green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black stray wig at the top of all.

When this inordinate passion for *saving* did not interfere, there are, upon record, some kind offices, and very active service, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to serve those who applied to him: and *give*—however strange the word from him—give himself great trouble to be of use. These instances are gratifying to select—it is plucking the sweet briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*ex-communication*!"—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white sheet*. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done: he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding 60

miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done: but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful; so much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? An old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words to them by way of consolation—“My dears, is it *expence* you are talking of?—send him *six-pence*, and he then gains *two-pence* by the journey!”

Mr. Elwes, while he resided in Berkshire, proved himself an upright and impartial magistrate; and it was almost totally owing to this best of recommendations, that an offer was made to him afterwards, of bringing him in as representative for the county. The prospect of a contested election, betwixt two most respectable families in Berkshire, first suggested the idea of proposing a *third person*, who might be unobjectionable to both parties. The *person thus* proposed, was Mr. Elwes; and the county were obliged to *Lord Craven* for the proposition.

Mr. Elwes, at this period, was passing—amongst his horses and his hounds, some rural occupations, and his country neighbours—the happiest hours of his life—where he forgot, for a time at least, that strange *anxiety* and *continued irritation* about his money—which might be called the *insanity of saving!* But as his wealth was accumulating, many were kind enough to make applications to employ it for him. Some, very *obligingly*, would trouble him with nothing more than their *junple band*—others offered him a scheme of great advantage, with “a small risk and a certain profit,” which as certainly turned out the reverse—and others proposed “tracts
of

of lands in America, and plans that were sure of success." But amidst these *kind offers*, the fruits of which Mr. Elwes long felt, and had to lament, some pecuniary accommodations, at a moderate interest, were not bestowed amiss, and enabled the borrowers to pursue *industry* into fortune, and form a settlement for life.

Mr. Elwes, from Mr. Meggot, his father, had inherited some property in London in houses; particularly about the Haymarket, not far from which old Mr. Elwes drew his first breath—being born in St. James's parish. To this property he began now to add, by engagements with one of the Adams's, about building, which he increased from year to year to a very large extent. Great part of Marybone soon called him her founder. Portland Place and Portman Square, the riding-houses and stables of the second troop of Life-guards, and buildings too numerous to name, all rose out of his *pocket*: and had not the fatal American war kindly put a stop to this rage of raising houses, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar.

The extent of his property in this way soon grew so great, that he became, from judicious calculation, *his own insurer*: and he stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon, therefore, became a *philosopher upon fire*: and, on a public-house belonging to him, being consumed, he said, with great composure—"Well, well, there is no great harm done: the *tenant* never paid me; and I should not have got quit of him so *quickly* in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of his premises which might happen to be then vacant: he travelled in this manner from street to street; and whenever any body chose to take the house where he was, he was instantly ready to move into any other. He was frequently

frequently an itinerant for a *night's lodging*; and though master of above an hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one which gave him trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and then the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket; at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room and a coal fire; at other times with a few chips, which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little *oiled paper* in the windows for glass. In truth, she perfectly realized the words of the Psalmist—for, though the old woman might not be wicked, she certainly was “here to-day, and gone to-morrow.”

The scene which terminated the life of this old woman, is not the least singular among the anecdotes that are recorded of Mr. Elwes. But it is too well authenticated to be doubted.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way—and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident was informed that his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of: he went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker—to the Mount Coffee-house—but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt from a person whom he met accidentally, that they had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to

Colonel

Colonel Timms: and away he went thither. As the best mode of information, he got hold of a *chairman*—but no intelligence could he gain of a *gentleman* called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person—but *no gentleman* had been seen. A *post-boy*, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him: and from every description, it agreed with the person of old Mr. Elwes. Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house:—he knocked very loudly at the door—but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man, but no answer could be obtained from the house. The Colonel, on this, resolved to have the stable door opened; which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it—all was shut and silent: but, on ascending the staircase, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber—and there, upon an old *pallet bed*, lay stretched out, seemingly in death, *the figure* of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say—“That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself, but that she had got well, he supposed, and gone away.”

They afterwards found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets: she had been dead, to all appearances, about two days.

Thus died the servant; and thus would have died, but for the providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms,

Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master! His *mother*, Mrs. Meggot, who possessed *one hundred thousand pounds*, starved herself to death:—and her son, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly died in his own house for absolute want!

Mr. Elwes, however, was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived easily under him: but if they wanted any repairs, they were always at *liberty* to do it for themselves; for what may be styled the *comforts of a house*, were unknown to him. What he allowed not to himself, it could scarcely be expected he would give to others.

He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the contest for Berkshire presented itself on the dissolution of the parliament: and when, to preserve the peace of that county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. To this, Mr. Elwes consented, but on the special agreement, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon; and he got into parliament for the moderate sum of *eighteen-pence!*

He now left Suffolk, and went again to his seat at Marcham. His fox-hounds he took along with him; but finding his time would, in all probability, be much employed, he resolved to relinquish his hounds; and they were shortly after *given away* to some farmers in that neighbourhood!

Mr. Elwes was at this time nearly sixty years old; but was in possession of all his activity. Preparatory to his appearing on the boards of St. Stephen's Chapel, he used to attend constantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters resided; and at the different assemblies he would dance with agility amongst the youngest, to the last.

Mr. Elwes was chosen for Berkshire, in three successive parliaments: and he sat as member of the
House

House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour—that, in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be—an *independent* country gentleman. Wishing for no post, desirous of no rank, wanting no emolument, and being most perfectly conscientious, he stood aloof from all those temptations which have led many good men astray from the paths of honour. All that a minister could have offered to Mr. Elwes would have been of no avail: for posts or dignity would only have embarrassed him, by taking him away from the *privacy* he loved. As an instance of this, he was unhappy for some days on hearing that Lord North intended to apply to the King to make him a Peer. He never would have survived the being obliged to keep a carriage, and three or four servants—all, perhaps, better dressed than himself! For, through every period of his life, it was a prevalent feature in his character to be thought *poor*: that he could not afford to live as other people did: and that the reports of his being rich, were entirely erroneous.

When Mr. Elwes first took his seat, the Opposition of that time, headed by Mr. Fox, had great hopes that he would be of their party. Mr. Fox had that knowledge of him, which has joined many to his politics. He had seen him at Newmarket, and knew that he was fond of *play*; and talked to him with that frankness which, from great abilities and high political situation, is, and always must be, conciliating. These hopes, however, were disappointed, in Mr. Elwes immediately joining the party of Lord North—and however it may now sound, it should be said, that let the public opinion of Lord North be now what it may, Mr. Elwes had no other motive for that union, than a fair and honest belief that the measures of Lord North were right. But Mr. Elwes was never of that decided and certain cast of
men,

men, that such a minister would best approve. He would frequently dissent, and really vote as his conscience led him. Hence, many members of opposition looked upon him as a man "off and on;" or, as they styled him, a "*parliamentary coquette*;" and it is somewhat remarkable, that both parties were equally fond of having him as a nominee on their contested elections; frequently he was the chairman; and he was remarkable for the patience with which he always heard the council. Of this great quality, to get through life, few men, if any, have possessed a larger share; though in strict regard to truth, it may be added, he never had the good fortune to hear for one day—the *trial of Mr. Hastings*.

The *honour* of parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes: on the contrary, it seemed, at this time, to have attained additional meanness—and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has, more than once, drawn on him the compassion of those who passed by him in the street.

For the Speaker's dinners, he had indeed one suit—with which the Speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister, likewise, was well acquainted with it—and at any dinner of Opposition, still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, "that they had full as much reason as the minister, to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes—as he had the *same habit* with every body."

At this period of his life, Mr. Elwes wore a wig.—Much about that time when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig was worn out—so then, (being older and wiser as to expence) he wore his own hair—which, like his expences, was very small.

Shortly after Mr. Elwes first came into parliament, he went to reside with his nephew, Colonel Timms, who then had a house in Scotland Yard.

Old

Old Mr. Elwes still went on in his support of Lord North, and the madness of his American war, conducted as he conducted it, till the country grew tired of his administration. But the support given by Mr. Elwes was of the most disinterested kind, for no man was more materially a sufferer. The great property which he had in houses, and those chiefly amongst the new buildings of Marybone, was much injured by the continuance of the war; and as no small proof of it, he had just then supplied the money to build a crescent at the end of Quebec Street, Portman Square, where he expended certainly not less than seven or eight thousand pounds, and which, from the want of inhabitants at that time, was never finished.

Convinced, at length, of the ill conduct of Lord North, Mr. Elwes entered into a regular and systematic opposition to his measures, with the party of Mr. Fox; in which he continued till Lord North was driven from power, in March 1782. The debates at this period were very long and interesting, and generally continued till a late hour in the morning. Mr. Elwes, who never left any company, public or private, the first, always stayed out the whole debate. After the division, Mr. Elwes, without a great-coat, would immediately go out of the House of Commons into the cold air, and; merely to save the expence of a hackney-coach, walk to the Mount Coffee-house. Sir Joseph Mawbey, and Mr. Wood of Lyttleton, who went the same way as Mr. Elwes did, often proposed a hackney-coach to him, but the reply always was, "he liked nothing so much as walking." However, when *their* hackney-coach used to overtake him, he had no objection to coming in to them; knowing that they must pay the fare.

A circumstance happened to him on one of his pedestrian returns, which gave him a whimsical opportunity

tunity of displaying a singular disregard of his own person. The night was very dark; and, hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance: but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard Street, insisted upon some one being called in. He at length submitted; and an apothecary in consequence attended, who immediately began to expatiate on "the bad consequences of breaking the skin—the good fortune of his being sent for—and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound." "Very probably," said Mr. Elwes; "but, Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you—In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement: I will take *one* leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with your's, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that *my leg* gets well before *your's*!"

He exultingly *beat* the apothecary by a *fortnight*

The income of Mr. Elwes, all this time, was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleasures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant and a couple of horses: he resided with his nephew: his two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates; and his dress was certainly no expence to him.

When he left London, he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of *hard eggs*, and without once stopping at any house upon the road. He always took the most unfrequented road—but Marcham was the seat he now chiefly visited; which had some reason to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk cost him only *two-pence halfpenny*,

halfpenny, while that into Berkshire amounted to *four-pence*!

When this singular character thought he had got into the House of Commons for nothing, he had not taken into the account the *inside* of the house—the *outside* only had entered into his calculation. In a short time, therefore, he found out, that members of parliament could want money, and he had the misfortune to know *one member* who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps fate ordained this retribution, and designed that *thus only*, some of the enormous wealth of Mr. Elwes should escape from his grasp. Be this as it may, there does however exist a *pile of bad debts*, and *uncancelled bonds*, which, could they be laid on the table of the House of Commons, would strike dumb some orators on both sides of the House.

Time however, at length, conquered this passion of lending in Mr. Elwes; and an unfortunate proposal which was made him, of vesting *twenty-five thousand pounds* in some *iron-works* in America, gave, at last, a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so very plausibly laid before him, that he had not the smallest doubt of its success; however, he had the disappointment never to hear more of his *iron*, or his *gold*.

He has often declared, that three contested elections would not have cost him more than he lost by his brother representatives. In 1780, another distinguished *member* of the Senate, threatened him with a calamity not less likely to be afflictive. Lord George Gordon, his neighbour, at that time, in Welbeck Street, gave him a prospect of diminishing his income upon houses—and as Mr. Elwes was his own insurer, he passed his time very pleasantly during the fires. On a house adjoining to that where Mr. Elwes lived, being set on fire, Lord George Gordon very civilly offered to take the furniture of Mr. Elwes into
his

his own house, by way of security. But Mr. Elwes, full as civilly, replied—"I am much obliged to your Lordship; but, if you will give me leave, I will even take my chance!"

Mr. Elwes, on the dismissal of Lord North, was left in the party of Mr. Fox—though he could not properly be said to belong to any set of men, for he had the very singular quality of not determining how he should vote, before he heard what was said on the subject. On this account, he was not reckoned an acquisition by either side.

When the Marquis of Lansdowne came into office, Mr. Elwes was found supporting, for a time, *his* administration; and not long after, he followed his conscience upon a question, and voted with Mr. Fox, against the Marquis of Lansdowne.

To *complete* the singularity of his political character, he next assisted, with his vote, the *great st monster in politics* that ever disgraced any country since the beginning of time! This was the memorable and justly execrated coalition between those contending and rancorous *chieftains*, Lord North and Mr. Fox. Mr. Elwes's reasons for supporting this measure, were unknown to his most intimate friends; and, as he does not appear to have been susceptible of corruption, it is more than probable that he possessed no decided or cogent motives in his own mind.

When he quitted parliament, however, no man more reprobated this measure than he did: he has frequently declared since, and the declaration is curious and worth recording,—“That, after the experience he had had of *public speakers*, and *members of parliament*, there was only one man, he thought, could now talk him out of his money, and that was *young Pitt!*”

The parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes ended with this coalition. The character, however, which he had

had long borne, in Berkshire, for integrity, might have made a re-election not improbable, notwithstanding the rage which had gone forth against all the abettors of the coalition and its principles. But here the private principles of Mr. Elwes stepped in, and prevented all thoughts of a contest. Such a thing would have been so contrary to the *saving* features, and very *countenance* of his character, that he would have expired at the first election dinner. The usual parade of colours and cockades, would have been to him a *death-warrant*, and open houses, at *his* expence, *immediate execution*.

He retired voluntarily from parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his constituents by an advertisement. But though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the House of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and pensioners, whose eye too often views the House of Commons, as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life. No: he had fairly and honourably, attentively and long, done his duty there, and he had so done it without "fee or reward." In all his parliamentary life he never asked or received a single favour; and he never gave a vote, but he could solemnly have laid his hand upon his breast, and said, "*So help me God! I believe I am doing what is for the best!*"

Thus, duly honoured, shall the memory of a good man go to his grave: for while it may be the painful duty of the biographer to present to the public the pitiable follies which may deform a character, but which must be given to render perfect the resemblance—on those beauties which rise from the bad parts of the picture, who shall say, it is not a duty to expatiate?

The *model* which Mr. Elwes left to future members may, perhaps, be looked on rather as a work
to

to wonder at, than to follow, even under the most virtuous of administrations.

Mr. Elwes came into parliament *without expence*, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the *pure* days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell—and he went forward in that straight and direct path, which can alone satisfy a reflecting and good mind.

In one word, Mr. Elwes, as a public man, voted and acted in the House of Commons as a man would do, who felt there were people to *live after him*;—who, wished to deliver *unmortgaged* to his children, the *public estate of government*; and who felt, that if he suffered himself to become a *pensioner* on it, he thus far embarrassed his posterity, and injured the *inheritance*.

Some years after his retirement, mentioning his opinions of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he said, “When I *started* in parliament, Mr. Pitt had not come into public life: but I am convinced he is the *minister* for the *property* of the country. In all he says, there is *pounds, shillings, and pence*!”

Mr. Elwes was once much pleased with a remark made by Sir Joseph Mawbey, who, with Sir George Saville, were talking on that *notorious act* of union betwixt Lord North and Mr. Fox. Sir George confessed frankly, it was *expedient*; for the friends of Lord North were so numerous, that Mr. Fox and his party could not go on without them. “Very true,” replied Sir Joseph Mawbey, “that may be; but there is a difference betwixt *getting in* and *staying in*:—to preserve your place, you must preserve your character.”

The propriety of the observation was fully justified by the event—for Mr. Fox has been politically ruined by the deed: and Lord North saved nothing by it—but an *impeachment*.

The

The probability that the abilities of Mr. Pitt would contribute to rescue this country from the odium which had attended it under Lord North and Mr. Fox, turned out Mr. Hartley, as well as Mr. Elwes, from the representation of Berkshire. Mr. Hartley resigned his hopes, not without reluctance; and Mr. Elwes was terrified at once by the expence. His unfortunate parsimony was certainly the chief cause of his quitting parliament; for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expence would again have restored him to his seat.

Nearly at the same time that Mr. Elwes lost his seat, he lost *that famous servant* "of all work"—compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itself. He died, as he was following his master, upon a hard trotting horse, into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above four pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic, certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, which was this—"If you keep *one servant*, your work is done; if you keep *two*, it is half done: but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourself." That there were very few kinds of work which this servant could not do, may be estimated by what he did: but that his knowledge of how some things were done, was not very extensive, may be taken from the following circumstance.

When the Lower House carried up their address to the King, on the subject of the American war, old Thomas (for that was the name of the fellow) who had never seen his master do any thing but ride on his most important occasions, imagined he was to ride up to his Majesty at St. James's, and speak to him on horseback. Accordingly he cleaned up
the

the old saddles, gave the horses a feed of corn at his own expence, and at his own expence too had a piece of *new riband* in front, put upon one of the bridles; and all this that his master might do things handsomely, and like a "*parliament man!*" But when he found out how his master was to go; saw the carriage of Colonel Timms at the door, who, by borrowing for Mr. Elwes a bag-wig, lending him a shirt with laced ruffles, and new furbishing his *everlasting coat*, had made him look very differently from what he usually did, and in truth, much *like a gentleman*, old Thomas returning all his own zeal and finery back into the stables, observed, with regret, that "mayhap, his master might look a *bit of a gentleman*—but he was so altered, nobody would know him!"

Amongst the smaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes, may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house, but sat, as occasion presented itself, on either, indiscriminately—and he voted much in the same manner.

He never once rose to *speak*, or delivered his sentiments further than by his vote; and in his attendance he was always early and late; he never left it for dinner, as he had accustomed himself to fasting, sometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance.

No man ever retired from the House of Commons, leaving it more loaded with obligations than he did; and they were obligations that were never cancelled. From the *multitude of bonds* since seen, it should appear, that some members imagined he was a *great public money-lender*, appointed by government, to come down into the House of Commons, and "oblige the gentlemen" who might be in want of pecuniary aid.

When application was made for the payment of these bonds—*on moving that question*, Mr. Elwes stood single; not a member said "*Aye!*" and Mr. Elwes died possessed of proofs most undeniable, that, somehow or other, every man *must* pay for coming into Parliament.

The temptation of *one per cent.* more than the funds, or landed property would give, was irresistible with Mr. Elwes. But, amongst the sums he thus injudiciously vested in other people's hands, some *stray, forlorn* instances of *feeling* may be remembered; of which the following is an instance. When his son was in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the Officers' table there. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps; amongst the rest, with a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a *majority*, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property *immediately*, it was imagined some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Mr. Elwes hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning; without asking any security: he had seen Captain Tempest, and liked his manners; and he never once afterwards talked to him about the payment of it. But on the death of Captain Tempest, which happened shortly after, the money was replaced.

This was an act of liberality in Mr. Elwes which ought to atone for many of his failings. But, behold the inequalities which so strongly mark this human being!

Mr. Spurling, of Dynes Hall, a very active and intelligent magistrate for the county of Essex, was once requested by Mr. Elwes to accompany him to
L Newmarket.

Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening, before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was somewhat wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but on going through the turnpike by the *Devil's Ditch*, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said—"Here! here! follow me! this is the best road!" In an instant he saw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," said Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there." "No danger at all!" replied old Elwes; "but if your horse be not safe, lead him!" At length with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. "Aye," said old Elwes, "you mean from the turnpike." "Very right; never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; at which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slowly as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides of the hedge—"Besides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for *nothing*!"

Thus, while endangering his neck to save the payment of a turnpike, and starving his horse for a halfpenny-worth of hay, was he risking the sum of *twenty-five thousand pounds* on some iron works across the

the Atlantic Ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, prospect, or situation.

When he retired from parliament, Mr. Elwes was nearly seventy-five years of age; and the expenditure of a few hundred pounds would certainly have continued him in the situation he loved; where he was respected, and had due honour; where he was amongst his *friends*; and where long habit had made every thing congenial to him. All this he gave up to his love of *money**. That passion, which, consuming all before it, as it hurried him along the few remaining years of his life, at length carried him to his grave twenty years sooner than the muscular vigour of his body might have given reason to expect; for when Doctor Wall, his last physician, was called in, and viewed him extended on that *squalid bed of poverty* from which he would not be relieved, he said to one of his sons, "Sir, your father might have lived these twenty years; but the irritations of his temper have made it impossible to hope for any thing; the body is yet strong, but the mind is gone entirely!"

Mr. Elwes had, for some years, been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house; and, by a constant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of his parliamentary seat. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying *fire and candle* at a general expence. For however rejectful Mr. Elwes appeared of "the good things of this life," when

* This is a striking proof, that the loss of those large sums which he had lent his senatorial friends, did not afflict him much; otherwise his secession from Parliament might as well be attributed to this cause, as the *less expensive* one of soliciting the freeholders.

they were to come out of his own pocket—he by no means acted in the same manner when those things were at the expence of any other person. He had an admirable taste in French dishes, at the table of another—No man had more judgment in French wines, when they did not come from his own wine-merchant—and “he was very nice in his appetite,” on the day he dined from home.

He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, one day, to meet with a gentleman at the Mount Coffee-house, who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with perseverance, he rose the loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to think it was not less than *three thousand pounds*. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. Thus, while by every art of human mortification, he was saving *shillings, sixpences, and even pence*, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised.

At the close of the spring of 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke. But then the journey was a most serious object: the famous old servant was dead; all the horses that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself was not in that vigour of body, in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of *two boiled eggs*. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime;—“*He afford a post-chaise, indeed! where was he to get the money!*” would have been his exclamation.

At length he was *carried* into the country, as he was *carried* into parliament—free of expence, by a gentleman

gentleman who was certainly *not quite so rich* as Mr. Elwes. When he reached his seat at Stoke—the seat of more active scenes, of somewhat *resembling hospitality*, and where his fox-hounds had spread somewhat like vivacity around—he remarked, “he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew *wiser* by time.”

The rooms at his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, Esq. who had resided there, he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say “what figure they described.” To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit, with a servant, in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of *his own tenants*; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket—and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—“Oh Sir,” replied he, “it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make!”

His insatiable desire of saving was now become uniform and systematic; he still rode about the country on one of those mares—but then he rode her very
ceco-

œconomically; on the soft turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expence of shoes—as he observed, “The turf was so pleasant to a horse’s foot!” And when any gentleman called to pay him a visit, and the boy who attended in the stables was profuse enough to put a little hay before his horse, old Elwes would slyly steal back into the stable, and take away the hay very carefully.

To save, as he thought, the expence of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton to the—*end of the chapter*. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of small fish were taken, not one would he suffer to be thrown in again, for he observed, “He should never see them more!” Game in the last state of putrefaction, and meat that *walked about his plate*, would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provision was exhausted.

With this diet—the *charnel house of sustenance*—his dress kept pace—equally in the last stage of *absolute dissolution*. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown-coloured hat: and sometimes in a red and white woollen cap.

When any friends, who might occasionally be with him, were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour; and thus make one fire serve both. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. But still, with all this *self-denial*—that penury of life to which the inhabitant of an *alms-house* is not doomed—still did he think he was profuse, and frequently say, “He must be a little more careful of his property.” When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and then, full of his money, after he had retired to rest, and sometimes in the middle of the night,

night, he would come down to see if it was safe. The irritation of his mind was unceasing. He thought every body extravagant: and when a person was talking to him one day of the great wealth of old Mr. Jennings, (who is supposed to be worth a *million*) and that they had seen him that day in a new carriage—"Aye, aye," said old Elwes, "he will soon see the *end* of his money!"

Amongst traits so various, a *theatrical anecdote* may not be unamusing. It was during this period of his being in the country, that he first became acquainted with Mrs. Wells. The gallantry peculiar to the manners of the old court, led him to be very attentive and very ceremonious to her: and to the last moment of his life, she remembered the civilities which at times so distinguished him, and paid him every attention to the latest day in which she saw him.

As was natural, he would frequently talk to her about theatres; and she as naturally made mention of those present talents which adorn the drama of our day. She concluded he had seen Mrs. Siddons? No.—Mrs. Jordan? No.—Perhaps Mr. Kemble? No; none of them. It was probable then that he must have seen the stage of his own times—and remembered Mr. Garrick? No: he had never seen him. In short, he had *never been at a theatre at all!*

But when Mr. Elwes returned again into Suffolk, and exposed, to continued observation, all his penury—when his tenants saw in his appearance or style of living, every thing that was inferior to their own—when his neighbours, at best, could but smile at his infirmities—and his very servants grew ashamed of the meanness of their master—all that approached respect formerly, was now gone. And a gentleman,
one

one day, inquiring which was the house of Mr. Elwes, was facetiously told, by one of the tenants—"the *poor-house* of the parish!"

Mr. Elwes now denied himself every thing, except the common necessities of life: and indeed it might have admitted a doubt, whether or not, if his manors, his fish-ponds, and some grounds, in his own hands, had not furnished a subsistence, where he had not any thing *actually to buy*, he would not, rather than have *bought any thing*, have starved. He, one day, during this period, dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a *rat*! and at another, eat an undigested part of a pike, which the larger one had swallowed, but had not finished, and which were taken in this state in a net! At the time this last circumstance happened, he discovered a strange kind of satisfaction; for he said to Captain Topham, who happened to be present—"aye! this is killing two birds with one stone!" Mr. Elwes, at this time, was perhaps worth nearly *eight hundred thousand pounds*! and, at this period, he had not made his will, of course, was not saving from any sentiment of affection for any person.

As he had now vested the enormous savings of his property in the funds, he felt no diminution of it.

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at his solitary house at Stoke; and, had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way apace: his thoughts unceasingly ran upon *money! money! money!*—and he saw no one but whom he imagined was deceiving and defrauding him.

As, in the day, he would now allow himself no fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle;

candle; and had began to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in *sheets*. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the *perfect vanity of wealth*!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farmhouse at Thaydon Hall; a scene of more ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone, on the borders of Epping Forest; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill; and, as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended and almost forgotten, for nearly a fortnight—indulging, even in *death*, that avarice which *malady* could not subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will—feeling, perhaps, that his sons would not be entitled, by law, to any part of his property, should he die intestate—and, on coming to London, he made his last will and testament, of which the following is an attested copy:

THE WILL OF THE LATE JOHN ELWES, ESQUIRE,

*Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of
Canterbury.*

“*In the Name of GOD, Amen.*—I, JOHN ELWES, of Stoke, in the County of Suffolk, Esquire, do make and declare this writing to be my last will and testament, in manner following: (that is to say) In the first place I direct that all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expences, be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease. And I do give, devise, and bequeath, all and every my real estates, messuages or tenements, farms,
L 5 lands,

lands, tythes, and hereditaments, situate, standing, lying, and being in the severall parishes or places of Stoke, Thaydon, and Marcham, in the Counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Berks, with all and every the barns, stables, out-houses, buildings, and appurtenances thereunto belonging; and all other my real estates whatsoever and wheresoever situate, standing, lying, or being, with their and every of their rights, members and appurtenances; and also all and every my personal estate, goods, chattels and effects whatsoever, and of what nature, kind, or quality soever, or wheresoever the same may be, unto my son, George Elwes, now living and residing at my mansion-house at Marcham, in the County of Berks, and my son, John Elwes, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's Second Troop of Horse Guards, and usually residing at my mansion-house at Stoke, in the county of Suffolk, equally to be divided between them, share and share alike; to have and to hold all and every my said real and personal estates whatsoever and wheresoever, with the rights, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining, unto them my said sons, George Elwes and John Elwes, and their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns for evermore, equally to be divided between them as tenants in common. And I do hereby direct, that the executors of this my will, do and shall, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, pay all and every such legacies or bequests as I may think fit to give to any person whomsoever, by any codicil, or paper writing in the nature of a codicil, or testamentary schedule, to be written or signed by me, whether the same shall or shall not be attested by any subscribing witnesses. And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint my said sons, George Elwes and John Elwes, executors of this my last will and testament; and hereby revoking all former wills
by

by me at any time heretofore made, do make and declare this writing only as and for my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I the said John Elwes have to this writing, contained in two sheets of paper, which I declare as and for my last will and testament, set my hand and seal, (that is to say) my hand to each of the said sheets, and my hand and seal to this last sheet, and to the label by which they are affixed together, the sixth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

JOHN ELWES."

"Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the said John Elwes, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and in the presence of each other, and at his request, have subscribed our names as witnesses to the execution thereof.

FELIX BUCKLEY.

EDWARD TOPHAM.

THOMAS INGRAHAM."

"*November 27, 1789.*—On which day appeared personally George Elwes, of Marcham, in the County of Berks, Esq. and John Elwes, of Stoke, in the County of Suffolk, Esq. and made oath, that they are the sons and executors named in the last will and testament of John Elwes, late of Stoke, in the County of Suffolk, but at Marcham, in the County of Berks, Esq. deceased, who departed this life on the 26th instant.

"And these deponents further depose, that since the death of the said deceased, they have carefully and diligently searched amongst the said deceased's papers of moment and concern, for a codicil or other testamentary paper, which might be made and executed by him, the deceased, and referred to by him in

h s

his last will and testament hereunto annexed, and that they have not been able to find any paper writing whatever of a testamentary nature, save and except the said last will and testament of the said deceased, hereunto annexed as aforesaid, bearing date the sixth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

GEORGE ELWES.
JOHN ELWES."

"The same day, the said George Elwes and John Elwes, Esquires, were duly sworn to the truth of this affidavit, before me,

GEORGE HARRIS, Surr. Pres.
JAMES HESELTINE, Not. Pub."

"Proved at London, the 27th of November, 1789, before the Worshipful George Harris, Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths of George Elwes and John Elwes, Esquires, the sons and executors, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

GEORGE GOSTLING,
JAMES TOWNLY, } Dep. Reg."
ROBERT DODWELL;

The property here disposed of, may amount, perhaps, to *five hundred thousand pounds*. The *entailed estates* fall to Mr. Timms, son of the late Richard Timms, Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Troop of Horse Guards.

The sons, named by Mr. Elwes in the will above, were his natural children, by Elizabeth Moren, formerly his housekeeper at Marcham, in Berkshire.

Mr. Elwes, shortly after executing his will, gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing and receiving,

receiving, and paying all his monies, into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his lawyer, and his youngest son, John Elwes, Esquire, who had been his chief agent for some time.

Nor was the act by any means improper. The *lapses of his memory* had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. As an instance of this, the following anecdote may serve. He had one evening given a draft upon Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head, during the night, that he had over-drawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walking about his room with that *little feverish irritation* that always distinguished him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning came, when, on going to his banker with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion for his apology, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the small sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds!*

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark, amidst all his anxiety about money, that *extreme conscientiousness*, which was to the honour of his character. It accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till it was paid; and it should be noted, that never was he known on any occasion to *fail in what he said*. Of the punctuality of his word, he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security; and he was so particular in every thing of promise, that in any appointment of meeting, or the hour of it, he exceeded even military exactness.

Mr.

Mr. Elwes passed the summer of 1788, at his house in Welbeck Street, London; without any other society than that of two maid-servants, for he had now given up the expence of keeping any male domestic. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in a morning to visit some of his houses in Marybone, which, during the summer, were repairing. As he was there generally at four o'clock in a morning, he was of course on the spot before the workmen; and he used contentedly to sit down on the steps before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours who used to see him appear thus regular every morning, and who concluded, from his apparel, he was one of the workmen, observed, "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter*." During the whole morning he would continue to run up and down stairs, to see the men were not idle for an instant, with the same anxiety as if his whole happiness in life had been centered in the finishing this house, regardless of the greater property he had at stake in various places, and for ever employed in the *minutiae* only of affairs. Indeed such was his anxiety about this house, the rent of which was not above fifty pounds a year, that it brought on a fever, which nearly cost him his life.

In the muscular and unencumbered frame of Mr. Elwes, there was every thing that promised extreme length of life: and he lived to above seventy years of age, without any *natural disorder* attacking him: but as Lord Bacon has well observed, "the minds of some men are a lamp that is continually burning;" and such was the mind of Mr. Elwes. Removed from those occasional public avocations which had once engaged his attention, *money* was now his only thought. He rose upon *money*—upon *money* he lay down to rest; and as his capacity sunk away
from

from him by degrees, he dwindled from the real cares of his property, into the puerile concealment of a few guineas. This little store he would carefully wrap up in various papers, and depositing them in different corners, would amuse himself with running from one to the other, to see whether they were all safe. Then forgetting, perhaps, where he had concealed some of them, he would become as seriously afflicted as a man might be who had lost all his property. Nor was *the day* alone thus spent—he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and be heard walking about different parts of the house, looking after what he had thus hidden and forgotten.

It was at this period, and at seventy-six years old, or upwards, that Mr. Elwes began to feel, for the first time, some bodily infirmities from age. He now experienced occasional attacks from the gout; on which, with his usual perseverance, and with all his accustomed antipathy to *apothecaries*, and their *bills*, he would set out to walk as far and as fast as he could. While he was engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as frequently brought home by some errand-boy, or stranger, of whom he had inquired his way. On these occasions he would bow and thank them, at the door, with great civility; but he never indulged them with a sight of the inside of the house.

During the winter of 1789, the last winter Mr. Elwes was fated to see, his memory visibly weakened every day; and from the unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder, in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern—"Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house
I am

I am living—and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!”

In the spring of this year, Mr. George Elwes, his elder son, married a young lady, not less distinguished for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a Miss Alt, of Northamptonshire, and is the god-daughter of Mr. Hastings. She is indeed a lady of whom any father might be proud; but pride or even concern, in these matters, were not passions likely to affect Mr. Elwes, as a circumstance which happened a few years before, in a case not dissimilar, will prove:

Mr. George Elwes had, at that time, paid his addresses to a niece of Doctor Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection. Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. “This ready acquiescence is so obliging!” said the Doctor—“but, doubtless, you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties.” “I dare say I do,” replied the old gentleman. “Then, Sir,” said Doctor Noel, “you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject.” Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. “Now then, Sir,” observed Doctor Noel, “we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your son?”—“*Give!*” said old Elwes, “sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but if you wish it so much, I will *give* my *consent*.”

The

The close of Mr. Elwes's life was still reserved for one singularity more, and which will not be held less singular than all that has passed before it, when his disposition and his advanced age are considered. He gave away his affections; he conceived the *tender passion*!—In plain terms, having been accustomed for some time to pass his hours, from œconomy, with the two maid servants in the kitchen—one of them had the art to induce him to *fall in love* with her; and it is matter of doubt, had it not been discovered, whether she would not have had the power over him to have made him marry her.

But good fortune, and the attention of his friends, saved him from this last act of madness—in which, perhaps, the pitiable infirmity of *nature*, weakened and worn down by age and perpetual anxiety, is in some measure to be called to account. At those moments, when the cares of money left him somewhat of ease, he had no domestic scene of happiness to which he could fly—and therefore felt with more sensibility, any act of kindness that might come from any quarter: and thus when his sons were absent, having no one near him whom *principle* made assiduous—those who might be *interested*, too frequently gained his attention.

Mr. George Elwes having settled by this time at his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire, he was naturally desirous, that in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. In London he was certainly most uncomfortable: but still, with these temptations before and behind him, a journey, with any expence annexed to it, was insurmountable. This, however, was luckily obviated by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole—a circumstance so pleasing, that the general intelligence which render this gentleman

man so entertaining, was not adequate to it in the opinion of Mr. Elwes. But there was one circumstance still very distressing—the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and he would not buy a new one; his son, therefore, with a *pious fraud* that did him honour, contrived to get Mr. Partis to buy him a coat, and make him a present of it. Thus, formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all—he was kind enough to accept one from a neighbour.

On the day before Mr. Elwes took his *gratuitous journey* into Berkshire, he delivered to Mr. Partis that copy of his last will and testament, which he himself had kept, to be carried to Messrs. Hoares, his bankers.

Mr. Elwes carried with him into Berkshire, *five guineas and an half, and half a crown*. Lest the mention of this sum may appear singular, it should be said, that, previous to his journey, he had carefully wrapped it up in various folds of paper, that no part of it might be lost. On the arrival of the *old gentleman*, Mr. George Elwes and his wife, whose good temper might well be expected to charm away the irritations of avarice and age, did every thing they could to make the country a scene of quiet to him. But “he had that within” which baffled every effort of this kind. Of his heart it might be said, “there was no peace in Israel.” His mind, cast away upon the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, returned to amuse itself with fetching and carrying about a *few guineas*, which, in that ocean, was indeed a drop.

His very singular appetite Mr. Elwes retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles but a fortnight before he died.

The

The first symptoms of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently would he be heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" On any one of the family going into his room, he would start from this *fever of anxiety*, and, as if waking from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened.

At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had hidden his money, to see if it was safe. One night, while in his waking state, he missed his treasure—that great sum of *five guineas and an half, and half a crown!* That great sum, which at times solaced and distracted the last moments of a man, whose property, nearly reaching to a *million*, extended itself almost through *every county in England*.

The circumstances of the loss were these:—

Mr. Partis, who was then with him in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his bed-chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at the circumstance, he naturally asked, "Who is there?" on which a person coming up towards the bed, said with great civility—"Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—*of five guineas and an half, and half a crown!*"—"Dear Sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy."—"O! no, no!" rejoined the old gentleman; "it's all true: and really, Sir, with such a sum—I should have liked to have seen the end of it."

This mighty sum was found, a few days after, behind a window shutter.

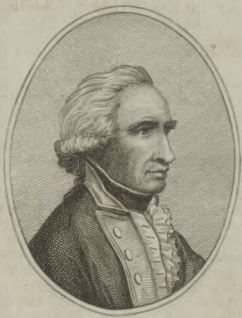
In

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely; his perception of things was decreasing very rapidly; and as the mind became unsettled, gusts of the most violent passion usurped the place of his former command of temper.

For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head.

Mr. Elwes on the 18th of November 1789, discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which carried him to his grave, in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone—he had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping “he had left him what he wished.” On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh!

Thus died Mr. Elwes, the most perfect model of human penury, which has been presented to the Public for a long series of years.



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

CAPTAIN James Cook had no claim to distinction on account of the lustre of his birth, or the dignity of his ancestors. His father, James Cook, who from his dialect is supposed to have been a Northumbrian, was in the humble station of a servant in husbandry, and married a woman of the same rank with himself; whose christian name was Grace. Both of them were noted in their neighbourhood for their honesty, sobriety, and diligence. They first lived at a village called Morton, and then removed to Marton, another village in the North riding of Yorkshire, situated in the high road from Gisbrough, in Cleveland, to Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham, at the distance of six miles from each of these towns. At Marton Captain Cook was born, on the 27th of October, 1728; and agreeably to the custom of the Vicar of the parish, whose practice it was to baptize infants soon after their birth, he was baptized on the 3d of November following. He was one of nine children, all of whom are now dead, excepting

excepting a daughter, who married a fisherman at Redcar. The first rudiments of young Cook's education were received by him at Marton, where he was taught to read by Dame Walker, the school-mistress of the village. When he was eight years of age, his father, in consequence of the character he had obtained for industry, frugality, and skill in husbandry, had a little promotion bestowed upon him, which was that of being appointed head servant, or hind, to a farm belonging to the late Thomas Skottow, Esq. called Airy Holme, near Great Ayton. To this place, therefore, he removed with his family; and his son James, at Mr. Skottow's expence, was put to a day-school in Ayton, where he was instructed in writing, and in a few of the first rules of arithmetic.

Before he was thirteen years of age, he was bound an apprentice to Mr. William Sanderfon, a haberdasher or shopkeeper, at Staiths, a considerable fishing town, about ten miles north of Whitby. This employment, however, was very unsuitable to young Cook's disposition. The sea was the object of his inclination; and his passion for it could not avoid being strengthened by the situation of the town in which he was placed, and the manner of life of the persons with whom he must frequently converse. Some disagreement having happened between him and his master, he obtained his discharge, and soon after bound himself for seven years to Messrs. John and Henry Walker, of Whitby, Quakers by religious profession, and principal owners of the ship *Free-love*, and of another vessel, both of which were constantly employed in the coal trade. The greatest part of his apprenticeship was spent on board the *Free-love*. After he was out of his time he continued to serve in the coal and other branches of trade

trade (though chiefly in the former) in the capacity of a common sailor; till, at length, he was raised to be mate of one of Mr. John Walker's ships. During this period it is not recollected that he exhibited any thing very peculiar, either in his abilities or his conduct; though there can be no doubt but that he had gained a considerable degree of knowledge in the practical part of navigation, and that his attentive and sagacious mind was laying up a store of observations which would be useful to him in future life.

In the spring of the year 1755, when hostilities broke out between England and France, and there was a hot press for seamen, Mr. Cook happened to be in the river Thames with the ship to which he belonged. At first he concealed himself, to avoid being pressed; but reflecting that it might be difficult, notwithstanding all his vigilance, to elude discovery or escape pursuit, he determined, upon farther consideration, to enter voluntarily into his Majesty's service, and to take his future fortune in the Royal Navy. Perhaps he had some presage in his own mind, that by his activity and exertions he might rise much above his present situation. Accordingly, he went to a rendezvous at Wapping, and entered with an officer of the *Eagle* man of war, a ship of sixty guns, at that time commanded by Captain Hamer. To this ship Captain (now Sir Hugh) Palliser was appointed, in the month of October, 1755; and when he took the command, found in her James Cook, whom he soon distinguished to be an able, active, and diligent seaman. All the officers spoke highly in his favour, and the Captain was so well pleased with his behaviour, that he gave him every encouragement which lay in his power.

In

In the course of some time, Captain Palliser received a letter from Mr. Osbaldeston, then Member of Parliament for Scarborough, acquainting him that several neighbours of his had solicited him to write in favour of one Cook, on board the Captain's ship. They had heard that Captain Palliser had taken notice of him, and they requested if he thought Cook deserving of it, that he would point out in what manner Mr. Osbaldeston might best contribute his assistance towards forwarding the young man's promotion. The Captain, in his reply, did justice to Cook's merit; but, as he had only been a short time in the navy, informed Mr. Osbaldeston that he could not be promoted as a commission officer. A Master's warrant, Captain Palliser added, might perhaps be procured for Mr. Cook, by which he would be raised to a station that he was well qualified to discharge with ability and credit.

Such a warrant he obtained on the 10th of May, 1759, for the *Grampus* sloop; but the proper Master having unexpectedly returned to her, the appointment did not take place. Four days after he was made master of the *Garland*; when, upon inquiry, it was found that he could not join her, as the ship had already sailed. On the next day, the 15th of May, he was appointed to the *Mercury*. These quick and successive appointments shew that his interest was strong, and that the intention to serve him was real and effectual.

The destination of the *Mercury* was to North America, where she joined the fleet under the command of Sir Charles Saunders, which, in conjunction with the land forces under General Wolfe, was engaged in the famous siege of Quebec. During that siege, a difficult and dangerous service was necessary to be performed. This was to take the
foundings

soundings in the channel of the river St. Lawrence, between the island of Orleans and the north shore, directly in the front of the French fortified camp at Montmorency and Beauport, in order to enable the Admiral to place ships against the enemy's batteries, and to cover our army on a general attack, which the heroic Wolfe intended to make on the camp. Captain Palliser, in consequence of his acquaintance with Mr. Cook's sagacity and resolution, recommended him to the service; and he performed it in the most complete manner. In this business he was employed, during the night-time, for several nights together. At length he was discovered by the enemy, who collected a great number of Indians and canoes, in a wood near the water-side, which were launched in the night, for the purpose of surrounding him, and cutting him off. On this occasion, he had a very narrow escape. He was obliged to run for it, and pushed on shore on the island of Orleans, near the guard of the English hospital. Some of the Indians entered at the stern of the boat, as Mr. Cook leaped out at the bow; and the boat, which was a barge belonging to one of the ships of war, was carried away in triumph. However, he furnished the Admiral with as correct and complete a draft of the channel and soundings as could have been made after our countrymen were in possession of Quebec. Sir Hugh Palliser has good reason to believe, that before this time Mr. Cook had scarcely ever used a pencil, and that he knew nothing of drawing. But such was his capacity, that he speedily made himself master of every object to which he applied his attention.

Another important service was performed by Mr. Cook while the fleet continued in the river of St. Lawrence. The navigation of that river is exceed-

M ingly

ingly difficult and hazardous. It was particularly so to the English, who were then in a great measure strangers to this part of North America, and who had no chart, on the correctness of which they could depend. It was, therefore, ordered by the Admiral, that Mr. Cook should be employed to survey those parts of the river, below Quebec, which navigators had experienced to be attended with peculiar difficulty and danger; and he executed the business with the same diligence and skill of which he had already afforded so happy a specimen. When he had finished the undertaking, his chart of the river St. Lawrence was published, with soundings, and directions for sailing in that river. Of the accuracy and utility of this chart, it is sufficient to say, that it hath never since been found necessary to publish any other. One which has appeared in France is only a copy of our author's, on a reduced scale.

After the expedition at Quebec, Mr. Cook, by warrant from Lord Colvill, was appointed, on the 22d of September, Master of the Northumberland man of war, the ship in which his lordship staid, in the following winter, as Commodore, with the command of a squadron at Halifax. In this station Mr. Cook's behaviour did not fail to gain him the esteem and friendship of his commander. During the leisure which the season of winter afforded him, he employed his time in the acquisition of such knowledge as eminently qualified him for future service. It was at Halifax that he first read Euclid, and applied himself to the study of astronomy and other branches of science. The books of which he had the assistance were few in number; but his industry enabled him to supply many defects, and to make a progress far superior to what could be expected from the advantages he enjoyed.

While

While Mr. Cook was Master of the Northumberland under Lord Colvill, that ship came to Newfoundland, in September, 1762, to assist in the recapture of the island from the French, by the forces under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Amherst. When the island was recovered, the English fleet staid some days at Placentia, in order to put it in a more complete state of defence. During this time, Mr. Cook manifested a diligence in surveying the harbour and heights of the place, which arrested the notice of Captain (now admiral) Graves, Commander of the Antelope, and Governor of Newfoundland. The Governor was hence induced to ask Cook a variety of questions, from the answers to which he was led to entertain a very favourable opinion of his abilities. This opinion was increased, the more he saw of Mr. Cook's conduct; who, wherever they went, continued to display the most unremitting attention to every object that related to the knowledge of the coast, and which was calculated to facilitate the practice of navigation. The esteem which Captain Graves had conceived for him, was confirmed by the testimonies to his character that were given by all the officers under whom he served.

In the latter end of 1762, Mr. Cook returned to England; and, on the 21st of December, in the same year, married at Barking in Essex, Miss Elizabeth Batts, an amiable and deserving woman, who was justly entitled to, and enjoyed his tenderest regard and affection. But his station in life, and the high duties to which he was called, did not permit him to partake of matrimonial felicity without many and very long interruptions.

Early in the year 1763, after the peace with France and Spain was concluded, it was determined that Captain Graves should go out again,

as Governor of Newfoundland. As the country was very valuable in a commercial view, and had been an object of great contention between the English and the French, the Captain obtained an establishment for the survey of its coasts; which, however, he procured with some difficulty, because the matter was not sufficiently understood by Government at home. In considering the execution of the plan, Mr. Cook appeared to Captain Graves to be a proper person for the purpose; and proposals were made to him, which, notwithstanding his recent marriage, he readily and prudently accepted. Accordingly, he went out with the Captain as surveyor; and was first employed to survey Miquelon and St. Pierre, which had been ceded by the treaty to the French, who, by order of Administration, were to take possession of them at a certain period, even though the English Commander should not happen to be arrived in the country. When Captain Graves had reached that part of the world, he found there the Governor who had been sent from France (Mons. D'Anjac) with all the settlers and his own family, on board a frigate and some transports. It was contrived, however, to keep them in that disagreeable situation for a whole month, which was the time taken by Mr. Cook to complete his survey. When the business was finished, the French were put into possession of the two islands, and left in the quiet enjoyment of them, with every profession of civility.

At the end of the season, Mr. Cook returned to England, but did not long continue at home. In the beginning of the year 1764, his old and constant friend and patron, Sir Hugh Palliser, was appointed Governor and Commodore of Newfoundland and Labradore; upon which occasion he was glad to take Mr. Cook with him, in the same capacity that he had

had sustained under Captain Graves. Indeed, no man could have been found who was better qualified for finishing the design which had been begun in the preceding year. The charts of the coasts, in that part of North America, were very erroneous; and it was highly necessary to the trade and navigation of his Majesty's subjects, that new ones should be formed, which would be more correct and useful. Accordingly, under the order of Commodore Palliser, Mr. Cook was appointed, on the 18th of April, 1764, Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labradore; and he had a vessel, the Grenville schooner, to attend him for that purpose. How well he executed his commission, is known to every man acquainted with navigation. The charts which he afterwards published of the different surveys he had made, reflected great credit on his abilities and character, and the utility of them is universally acknowledged. It is understood, that, so far as Newfoundland is concerned, they were of considerable service to the king's ministers, in settling the terms of the last peace. Mr. Cook explored the inland parts of this island in a much completer manner than had ever been done before. By penetrating farther into the middle of the country than any man had hitherto attempted, he discovered several large lakes, which are indicated upon the general chart. In these services Mr. Cook appears to have been employed, with the intervals of occasionally returning to England for the winter season, till the year 1767, which was the last time that he went out upon his station of Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland. It must not be omitted, that, while he occupied this post, he had an opportunity of exhibiting to the Royal Society a proof of his progress in the study of astronomy. A short paper was written by him, and inserted in the fifty-seventh

seventh volume of the Philosophical Transactions, entitled, "An Observation of an Eclipse of the Sun at the Island of Newfoundland, August 5, 1766, with the Longitude of the Place of Observation deduced from it." The observation was made at one of the Burgeo islands, near Cape Ray, in latitude $47^{\circ} 36' 19''$, on the south-west extremity of Newfoundland. Mr. Cook's paper having been communicated by Dr. Bevis to Mr. Witchell, the latter gentleman compared it with an observation taken at Oxford, by the Rev. Mr. Hornsby, on the same eclipse, and thence computed the difference of longitude respecting the places of observation, making due allowance for the effect of parallax, and the prolate spheroidical figure of the earth. It appears from the "Transactions," that our navigator had already obtained the character of being an able mathematician.

There is scarcely any thing from which the natural curiosity of man receives a higher gratification, than from the accounts of distant countries and nations. Nor is it curiosity only that is gratified by such accounts; for the sphere of human knowledge is hereby enlarged, and various objects are brought into view, an acquaintance with which greatly contributes to the improvement of life and the benefit of the world. With regard to information of this kind, the moderns have eminently the advantage over the ancients. The ancients could neither pursue their inquiries with the same accuracy, nor carry them on to the same extent. Travelling by land was much more inconvenient and dangerous than it hath been in later times; and, as navigation was principally confined to coasting, it must necessarily have been circumscribed within very narrow limits.

The

The invention of the compass, seconded by the ardent and enterprising spirit of several able men, was followed by wonderful discoveries. Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and a new way being thus found out to the East Indies, the countries in that part of the earth became more accurately and extensively known. Another world was discovered by Columbus; and, at length, Magalhaens accomplished the arduous and hitherto unattempted task of sailing round the globe. At different periods he was succeeded by other circumnavigators, of whom it is no part of the present narrative to give an account.

The spirit of discovery, which was so vigorous during the latter end of the fifteenth and through the whole of the sixteenth century, began, soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, to decline. Great navigations only were occasionally undertaken, and more from the immediate views of avarice or war, than from any noble and generous principles. But of late years they have been revived, with the enlarged and benevolent design of promoting the happiness of the human species.

A beginning of this kind was made in the reign of King George the Second, during which two voyages were performed; the first under the command of Captain Middleton, and the next under the direction of Captains Smith and Moore, in order to discover a North-west passage through Hudson's Bay. It was reserved, however, for the glory of the present reign to carry the spirit of discovery to its height, and to conduct it on the noblest principles; not for the purposes of covetousness or ambition; not to plunder or destroy the inhabitants of newly-explored countries; but to improve their condition, to instruct them in the arts of life, and to extend the boundaries of science.

No sooner was peace restored, in 1763, than these laudable designs engaged his Majesty's patronage; and two voyages round the world had been undertaken, before Mr. Cook set out on his first command. The conductors of these voyages were the Captains Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, by whom several discoveries were made, which contributed, in no small degree, to increase the knowledge of geography and navigation. Nevertheless, as the purpose for which they were sent out appears to have had a principal reference to a particular object in the South Atlantic, the direct track they were obliged to hold, on their way homeward by the East Indies, prevented them from doing so much as might otherwise have been expected towards giving the world a complete view of that immense expanse of ocean which the South Pacific comprehends.

Before Captain Wallis and Captain Carteret had returned to Great Britain, another voyage was resolved upon, for which the improvement of astronomical science afforded the immediate occasion. It having been calculated by astronomers, that a transit of Venus over the Sun's disk would happen in 1769, it was judged that the best place for observing it would be in some part of the South Sea, either at the Marquesas, or at one of those islands which Tasman had called Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Middleburg, and which are now better known under the appellation of the Friendly Islands. This being a matter of eminent consequence in astronomy, and which excited the attention of foreign nations, as well as our own, the affair was taken up by the Royal Society, with the zeal which has always been displayed by that learned body for the advancement of every branch of philosophical science. Accordingly, a long memorial

memorial was addressed to his Majesty, dated February the 15th, 1768, representing the great importance of the object, together with the regard which had been paid to it by the principal courts of Europe; and intreating, among other things, that a vessel might be ordered, at the expence of Government, for the conveyance of suitable persons, to make the observation of the transit of Venus at one of the places before mentioned. This memorial having been laid before the King by the Earl of Shelburne, (now the Marquis of Landisdown) one of the principal Secretaries of State, his Majesty graciously signified his pleasure to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that they should provide a ship for carrying over such observers as the Royal Society should judge proper to send to the South Seas; and, on the 3d of April, Mr. Stephens informed the Society that a bark had been taken up for the purpose.

The gentleman who had originally been fixed upon to take the direction of the expedition, was Alexander Dalrymple, Esq; an eminent member of the Royal Society, and who, besides possessing an accurate knowledge of astronomy, had distinguished himself by his inquiries into the geography of the Southern Ocean, and by the collection he had published of several voyages to those parts of the world. Mr. Dalrymple being sensible of the difficulty, or rather of the impossibility, of carrying a ship through unknown seas, the crews of which were not subject to the military discipline of his Majesty's Navy, he made it the condition of his going, that he should have a brevet commission as Captain of the vessel, in the same manner as such a commission had been granted to Dr. Halley in his voyage of discovery. To this demand, Sir Edward Hawke, who was then at the head of the

Admiralty, and who possessed more of the spirit of his profession, than either of education or science, absolutely refused to accede. He said at the board, that his conscience would not allow him to trust any ship of his Majesty's to a person who had not regularly been bred a seaman. On being farther pressed upon the subject, Sir Edward declared, that he would suffer his right hand to be cut off, before he would sign any such commission. In this he was, in some degree, justified by the mutinous behaviour of Halley's crew, who refused to acknowledge the legal authority of their commander, and involved him in a dispute which was attended with pernicious consequences. Mr. Dalrymple, on the other hand, was equally steady on requiring a compliance with the terms he had proposed. Such was the state of things, when Mr. Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, whose discrimination of the numerous characters, with whom by his station he is conversant, reflects as much credit on his understanding, as his upright and able conduct does on the office he has filled, for so many years, and under so many administrations, with honour to himself and advantage to the public, observed at the board, that, since Sir Edward Hawke and Mr. Dalrymple were equally inflexible, no method remained but that of finding out another person capable of the service. He knew, he said, a Mr. Cook, who had been employed as Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland, who had been regularly educated in the Navy, in which he was a master, and whom he judged to be fully qualified for the direction of the present undertaking. Mr. Stephens, at the same time, recommended it to the board, to take the opinion of Sir Hugh Palliser, who had lately been Governor of Newfoundland, and was intimately acquainted with Cook's character. Sir Hugh rejoiced in the opportunity

tunity of serving his friend. He strengthened Mr. Stephens's recommendation to the utmost of his power; and added many things in Mr. Cook's favour, arising from the particular knowledge which he had of his abilities and merit. Accordingly, Mr. Cook was appointed to the command of the expedition by the Lords of the Admiralty; and, on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, his commission bearing date on the twenty-fifth of May, 1768.

When the appointment had taken place, the first object was to provide a vessel adapted to the purposes of the voyage. This business was committed to Sir Hugh Palliser; who took Lieutenant Cook to his assistance, and they examined together a great number of the ships which then lay in the river Thames. At length, they fixed upon one, of three hundred and seventy tons, to which was given the name of the *Endeavour*.

While preparations were making for Lieutenant Cook's expedition, Captain Wallis returned from his voyage round the world. The Earl of Morton, President of the Royal Society, had recommended it to this gentleman, on his going out, to fix upon a proper place for observing the transit of Venus. He kept accordingly, the object in view; and having discovered, in the course of his enterprise, an Island, called by him George's Island, but which hath since been found to bear the name of Otaheite, he judged that Port Royal Harbour in this island would afford an eligible situation for the purpose. Having, immediately on his return to England, signified his opinion to the Earl of Morton, the Captain's idea was adopted by the Society, and an answer conformable to it was sent to the Commissioners of the Admiralty, who had applied for directions to what place the observers should be sent.

Mr.

Mr. Charles Green, a gentleman who had long been assistant to Dr. Bradley at the royal observatory at Greenwich, was united with Lieutenant Cook in conducting the astronomical part of the voyage; and, soon after their appointment, they received ample instructions, from the Council of the Royal Society, with regard to the method of carrying on their inquiries. The Lieutenant was also accompanied by Joseph Banks, Esq; (now Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.) and Dr. Solander, who, in the prime of life, and the first of them at great expence to himself, quitted all the gratifications of polished society, and engaged in a very tedious, fatiguing, and hazardous navigation, with the laudable views, of acquiring knowledge in general, of promoting natural knowledge in particular, and of contributing something to the improvement and the happiness of the rude inhabitants of the earth.

Though it was the principal, it was not the sole object of Lieutenant Cook's voyage to observe the transit of Venus. A more accurate examination of the Pacific Ocean was committed to him, although in subserviency to his main design; and, when his chief business was accomplished, he was directed to proceed in making farther discoveries in the great Southern Seas.

The complement of Lieutenant Cook's ship consisted of eighty-four persons, besides the commander. Her victualling was for eighteen months; and there were put on board of her ten carriage and twelve swivel guns, together with an ample store of ammunition and other necessaries.

On the 25th of May, 1768, Lieutenant Cook was appointed, by the Lords of the Admiralty, to the command of the Endeavour, in consequence of which he went on board on the 27th, and took charge of the ship. She then lay in the basin in Deptford-

Deptford-yard, where she continued to lie till she was completely fitted for sea. On the 30th of July she sailed down the river, and on the 13th of August anchored in Plymouth Sound. The wind becoming fair on the 26th of that month, our navigators got under sail, and on the 13th of September anchored in Funchiale Road, in the island of Madeira.

While Lieutenant Cook and his company were in this island, they were treated with the utmost kindness and liberality by Mr. Cheap, the English Consul there, and one of the most considerable merchants in the town of Funchiale. He insisted upon their taking possession of his house, and furnished them with every possible accommodation during their stay at Madeira. They received, likewise, great marks of attention and civility from Dr. Thomas Heberden, the principal physician of the island, and brother to the excellent and learned Dr. William Heberden, of London. Dr. Thomas Heberden afforded all the assistance in his power to Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander in their botanical inquiries.

It was not solely from the English that the Lieutenant and his friends experienced a kind reception. The fathers of the Franciscan convent displayed a liberality of sentiment towards them, which might not have been expected from Portuguese friars; and in a visit which they paid to a convent of nuns, the ladies expressed a particular pleasure in seeing them. At this visit the good nuns gave an amusing proof of the progress they had made in the cultivation of their understandings. Having heard that there were great philosophers among the English gentlemen, they asked them a variety of questions; one of which was, when it would thunder; and another, whether a spring of fresh water, which was much wanted, was any where to be found within the walls of the convent.

Eminent

Eminent as our philosophers were, they were puzzled by these questions.

Lieutenant Cook, having laid in a fresh stock of beef, water, and wine, set sail from the island of Madeira, on the night of the 18th of September, and proceeded on his voyage. By the 7th of November, several articles of the ship's provisions began to fall short; for which reason the Lieutenant determined to put into Rio de Janeiro. This place he preferred to any other port in Brasil or to Falkland's Islands, because he could there be better supplied with what he wanted, and had no doubt of meeting with a friendly reception.

During the run between Madeira and Rio de Janeiro, Lieutenant Cook and the gentlemen in the Endeavour had an opportunity of determining a philosophical question. On the evening of the 29th of October, they observed that luminous appearance of the sea which hath so often been mentioned by navigators, and which has been ascribed to such a variety of causes. Flashes of light appeared to be emitted, exactly resembling those of lightning, though without being so considerable; and such was the frequency of them, that sometimes eight or ten were visible almost at the same moment. It was the opinion of Mr. Cook and the other gentlemen, that these flashes proceeded from some luminous animal; and their opinion was confirmed by experiment.

At Rio de Janeiro, in the port of which Lieutenant Cook came to an anchor on the 13th of November, he did not meet with that polite reception that, perhaps, he had too sanguinely expected. His stay was spent in continual altercations with the Viceroy, who appeared not a little jealous of the designs of the English: nor were all the attempts of the Lieutenant to set the matter right, capable
of

of producing any effect. The Viceroy was by no means distinguished either by his knowledge or his love of science; and the grand object of Mr. Cook's expedition was quite beyond his comprehension. When he was told the English were bound to the southward, by order of the Britannic Majesty, to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the sun, an astronomical phenomenon of great importance to navigation, he could form no other conception of the matter, than that it was the passing of the North star, through the South pole.

During the whole of the contest with the Viceroy, Lieutenant Cook behaved with equal spirit and discretion. A supply of water and other necessaries could not be refused him, and these were got on board by the 1st of December. On that day the Lieutenant sent to the Viceroy for a pilot to carry the Endeavour to sea; but the wind preventing the ship from getting out, she was obliged to stay some time longer in the harbour. A Spanish packet having arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 2d of December, with dispatches from Buenos Ayres for Spain, the commander, Don Antonio de Monte Negro y Velasco, offered, with great politeness, to convey the letters of the English to Europe. This favour Lieutenant Cook accepted, and gave Don Antonio a packet for the secretary of the Admiralty, containing copies of all the papers that had passed between himself and the Viceroy. He left, also, duplicates with the Viceroy, that he might forward them, if he thought proper, to Lisbon.

On the 5th of December, it being a dead calm, our navigators weighed anchor, and towed down the Bay; but, to their great astonishment, two shot were fired at them, when they had gotten abreast of Santa Cruz, the principal fortification of the harbour. Lieutenant Cook immediately cast anchor,
and

and sent to the fort to demand the reason of this conduct; the answer to which was, that the commandant had received no order from the Viceroy to let the ship pass; and that, without such an order, no vessel was ever suffered to go below the fort. It now became necessary to send to the Viceroy, to inquire why the order had not been given; and his behaviour appeared the more extraordinary, as notice had been transmitted to him of the departure of the English, and he had thought proper to write a polite letter to Mr. Cook, wishing him a good voyage. The Lieutenant's messenger soon returned, with the information that the order had been written several days, and that its not having been sent had arisen from some unaccountable negligence. It was not till the 7th of December that the Endeavour got under sail.

In the account which Lieutenant Cook has given of Rio de Janeiro, and the country around it, one circumstance is recorded, which cannot be otherwise than very painful to humanity. It is the horrid expence of life at which the gold mines are wrought. No less than forty thousand negroes are annually imported for this purpose, on the King of Portugal's account; and the English were credibly informed, that, in the year 1766, this number fell so short, that twenty thousand men were drafted from the town of Rio.

From Rio de Janeiro, Lieutenant Cook pursued his voyage; and, on the 14th of January, 1769, entered the Streight of Le Maire, at which time the tide drove the ship out with so much violence, and raised such a sea off Cape St. Diego, that she frequently pitched, so that the bowsprit was under water. On the next day, the Lieutenant anchored, first before a small cove, which was understood to be Port Maurice, and afterwards in the Bay of Good Success.

Success. While the Endeavour was in this station, happened the memorable adventure of Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, Mr. Monkhouse the Surgeon, and Mr. Green the astronomer, together with their attendants and servants, and two seamen, in ascending a mountain to search for plants. In this expedition, they were all of them exposed to the utmost extremity of danger and of cold; Dr. Solander was seized with a torpor which had nearly proved fatal to his life; and two black servants actually died. When the gentlemen had, at length, on the second day of their adventure, gotten back to the ship, they congratulated each other on their safety, with a joy that can only be felt by those who have experienced equal perils; and Mr. Cook was relieved from a very painful anxiety. It was a dreadful testimony of the severity of the climate, that this event took place when it was the midst of summer in that part of the world, and at the close of a day the beginning of which was as mild and warm as the month of May usually is in England.

In the passage through the Straights of Le Maire, Lieutenant Cook and his ingenious associates had an opportunity of gaining a considerable degree of acquaintance with the inhabitants of the adjoining country. Here it was that they saw human nature in its lowest form. The natives appeared to be the most destitute and forlorn, as well as the most stupid, of the children of men. Their lives are spent in wandering about the dreary wastes that surround them; and their dwellings are no other than wretched hovels of sticks and grass, which not only admit the wind, but the snow and the rain. They are almost naked; and so devoid are they of every convenience which is furnished by the rudest art, that they have not so much as an implement to dress their food. Nevertheless, they seemed to have no
with

wish for acquiring more than they possessed ; nor did any thing that was offered them by the English appear acceptable but beads, as an ornamental superfluity of life. A conclusion is hence drawn by Dr. Hawkesworth, that these people may be upon a level with ourselves, in respect to the happiness they enjoy. This however, is a position which ought not hastily to be admitted. It is, indeed, a beautiful circumstance, in the order of Divine Providence, that the rudest inhabitants of the earth, and those who are situated in the most unfavourable climates, should not be sensible of their disadvantages. But still it must be allowed, that their happiness is greatly inferior, both in kind and degree, to that intellectual, social, and moral felicity which is capable of being attained in a highly cultivated state of society.

In voyages to the South Pacific ocean, the determination of the best passage from the Atlantic is a point of peculiar importance. It is well known what prodigious difficulties were experienced in this respect by former navigators. The doubling of Cape Horn, in particular, was so much dreaded, that, in the general opinion, it was far more eligible to pass through the Streight of Magalhaens. Lieutenant Cook hath fully ascertained the erroneousness of this opinion. He was but three-and-thirty days in coming round the land of Terra del Fuego, from the east entrance of the Streight of Le Maire, till he had advanced about twelve degrees to the westward, and three and a half to the northward of the Streight of Magalhaens ; and, during this time, the ship scarcely received any damage. Whereas, if he had come into the Pacific Ocean by that passage, he would not have been able to accomplish it in less than three months ; besides which, his people would have been fatigued,
and

and the anchors, cables, sails, and rigging of the vessel much injured. By the course he pursued, none of these inconveniences were suffered. In short, Lieutenant Cook, by his own example in doubling Cape Horn, by his accurate ascertainment of the latitude and longitude of the places he came to, and by his instructions to future voyagers, performed the most essential services to this part of navigation.

It was on the 26th of January that the Endeavour took her departure from Cape Horn; and it appeared, that, from that time to the 1st of March, during a run of six hundred and sixty leagues, there was no current which affected the ship. Hence it was highly probable that our navigators had been near no land of any considerable extent, currents being always found when land is not remote.

In the prosecution of Lieutenant Cook's voyage from Cape Horn to Otaheite, several islands were discovered, to which the names were given of Lagoon Island, Thrumb-cap, Bow Island, The Groups, Bird Island, and Chain Island. It appeared that most of these islands were inhabited; and the verdure, and groves of palm-trees, which were visible upon some of them, gave them the aspect of a terrestrial paradise to men who, excepting the dreary hills of Terra del Fuego, had seen nothing for a long time but sky and water.

On the 11th of April, the Endeavour arrived in sight of Otaheite, and on the 13th she came to an anchor in Port Royal Bay, which is called *Matavai* by the natives. As the stay of the English in the island was not likely to be very short, and much depended on the manner in which traffic should be carried on with the inhabitants, Lieutenant Cook, with great good sense and humanity, drew up a set of regulations for the behaviour of his people, and
gave

gave it in command that they should punctually be observed.

The rules were as follow : I. To endeavour, by every fair means, to cultivate a friendship with the natives ; and to treat them with all imaginable humanity. II. A proper person, or persons, will be appointed to trade with the natives for all manner of provisions, fruit, and other productions of the earth ; and no officer or seaman, or other person belonging to the ship, excepting such as are so appointed, shall trade, or offer to trade, for any sort of provision, fruit, or other productions of the earth, unless they have leave so to do. III. Every person employed on shore on any duty whatsoever, is strictly to attend on the same ; and if by any neglect he loseth any of his arms, or working tools, or suffers them to be stolen, the full value thereof will be charged against his pay, according to the custom of the Navy in such cases, and he shall receive such farther punishment as the nature of the offence may deserve. IV. The same penalty will be inflicted on every person who is found to embezzle, trade, or offer to trade, with any part of the ship's stores, of what nature soever. V. No sort of iron, or any thing that is made of iron, or any sort of cloth, or other useful or necessary articles, are to be given in exchange for any thing but provision.

J. Cook.

One of the first things that occupied the Lieutenant's attention, after his arrival at Otaheite, was to prepare for the execution of his grand commission. For this purpose, as, in an excursion to the westward, he had not found any more convenient harbour than that in which the Endeavour lay, he determined to go on shore and fix upon some spot, commanded by the guns of the ship, where he might throw

throw up a small fort for defence, and get every thing ready for making the astronomical observation. Accordingly, he took a party of men, and landed, being accompanied by Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, and Mr. Green. They soon fixed upon a place very proper for their design, and which was at a considerable distance from any habitation of the natives. While the gentlemen were marking out the ground which they intended to occupy, and seeing a small tent erected that belonged to Mr. Banks, a great number of the people of the country gathered gradually around them, but with no hostile appearance, as there was not among the Indians a single weapon of any kind. Mr. Cook however, intimated that none of them were to come within the line he had drawn, excepting one, who appeared to be a chief, and Owhaw, a native who had attached himself to the English, both in Captain Wallis's expedition and in the present voyage. The Lieutenant endeavoured to make these two persons understand that the ground which had been marked out was only wanted to sleep upon for a certain number of nights, and that then it would be quitted. Whether his meaning was comprehended or not, he could not certainly determine; but the people behaved with a deference and respect that could scarcely have been expected, and which were highly pleasing. They sat down without the circle, peaceably and uninterruptedly attending to the progress of the business, which was upwards of two hours in completing.

This matter being finished, and Mr. Cook having appointed thirteen marines and a petty officer to guard the tent, he and the gentlemen with him set out upon a little excursion into the woods of the country. They had not, however, gone far, before they were brought back by a very disagreeable event.

One of the Indians, who remained about the tent after the Lieutenant and his friends had left it, watched an opportunity of taking the centry at unawares, and snatched away his musquet. Upon this, the petty officer who commanded the party, and who was a Midshipman, ordered the marines to fire. With equal want of consideration, and, perhaps, with equal inhumanity, the men immediately discharged their pieces among the thickest of the flying crowd, who consisted of more than a hundred. It being observed that the thief did not fall, he was pursued, and shot dead. From subsequent information it happily appeared, that none of the natives besides were either killed or wounded.

Lieutenant Cook, who was highly displeased with the conduct of the petty officer, used every method in his power to dispel the terrors and apprehensions of the Indians, but not immediately with effect. The next morning but few of the inhabitants were seen upon the beach, and not one of them came off to the ship. What added particularly to the regret of the English was, that even Owhaw, who had hitherto been so constant in his attachment, and who the day before had been remarkably active in endeavouring to renew the peace which had been broken, did not now make his appearance. In the evening, however, when the Lieutenant went on shore with only a boat's crew and some of the gentlemen, between thirty and forty of the natives gathered around them, and trafficked with them, in a friendly manner, for coconuts and other fruit.

On the 17th, Mr. Cook and Mr. Green set up a tent on shore, and spent the night there, in order to observe an Eclipse of the first satellite of Jupiter; but they met with a disappointment, in consequence of the weather's becoming cloudy.

The

The next day, the Lieutenant, with as many of his people as could possibly be spared from the ship, began to erect the fort. While the English were employed in this business, many of the Indians were so far from hindering, that they voluntarily assisted them, and with great alacrity brought the pickets and fascines from the wood where they had been cut. Indeed so scrupulous had Mr. Cook been of invading their property, that every stake which was used was purchased, and not a tree was cut down till their consent had first been obtained.

On the 26th, the Lieutenant mounted six swivel guns upon the fort, on which occasion he saw, with concern, that the natives were alarmed and terrified. Some fishermen who lived upon the point, removed to a greater distance; and Owhaw informed the English, by signs, of his expectation that in four days they would fire their great guns.

The Lieutenant, on the succeeding day, gave a striking proof of his regard to justice, and of his care to preserve the inhabitants from injury and violence, by the punishment he inflicted on the butcher of the Endeavour, who was accused of having threatened, or attempted, the life of a woman that was the wife of Tubourai Tomaide, a chief remarkable for his attachment to our navigators. The butcher wanted to purchase of her a stone hatchet for a nail. To this bargain she absolutely refused to accede; upon which the fellow caught up the hatchet, and threw down the nail; threatening, at the same time, that if she made any resistance, he would cut her throat with a reaping hook which he had in his hand. The charge was so fully proved in the presence of Mr. Banks, and the butcher had so little to say in exculpation of himself, that not the least doubt remained of his guilt. The affair being reported by Mr. Banks to Lieutenant

tenant Cook, he took an opportunity, when the Chief and his women, with others of the natives, were on board the ship, to call up the offender, and, after recapitulating the accusation and the proof of it, to give orders for his immediate punishment. While the butcher was stripped, and tied up to the rigging the Indians preserved a fixed attention, and waited for the event in silent suspense. But as soon as the first stroke was inflicted, such was the humanity of these people, that they interfered with great agitation, and earnestly intreated that the rest of the punishment might be remitted. To this, however, the Lieutenant, for various reasons, could not grant his consent; and, when they found that their intercessions were ineffectual, they manifested their compassion by tears.

On the first of May, the observatory was set up, and the astronomical quadrant, together with some other instruments, was taken on shore. When, on the next morning, Mr. Cook and Mr. Green landed for the purpose of fixing the quadrant in a situation for use, to their inexpressible surprize and concern it was not to be found. It had been deposited in a tent reserved for the Lieutenant's use, where no one had slept: it had never been taken out of the packing case, and the whole was of considerable weight: none of the other instruments were missing; and a sentinel had been posted the whole night within five yards of the tent. These circumstances induced a suspicion that the robbery might have been committed by some of our own people, who having seen a deal box, and not knowing the contents, might imagine that it contained nails, or other articles for traffic with the natives. The most diligent search, therefore, was made, and a large reward was offered for the finding of the quadrant, but with no degree of success. In this exigency,

exigency, Mr. Banks was of eminent service. As this gentleman had more influence over the Indians than any other person on board the Endeavour, and as there could now be little doubt of the quadrant's having been conveyed away by some of the natives, he determined to go in search of it into the woods; and it was recovered in consequence of his judicious and spirited exertions. The pleasure with which it was brought back was equal to the importance of the event; for the grand object of the voyage could not otherwise have been accomplished.

Another embarrassment, though not of so serious a nature, was occasioned on the very same day, by one of our officers having inadvertently taken into custody Tootahah, a chief who had connected himself in the most friendly manner with the English. Lieutenant Cook, who had given express orders that none of the Indians should be confined, and who, therefore, was equally surprised and concerned at this transaction, instantly set Tootahah at liberty. So strongly had this Indian been possessed with the notion that it was intended to put him to death, that he could not be persuaded to the contrary till he was led out of the fort. His joy at his deliverance was so great that it displayed itself in a liberality which our people were very unwilling to partake of, from a consciousness that on this occasion they had no claim to the reception of favours. The impression, however, of the confinement of the chief operated with such force upon the minds of the natives, that few of them appeared; and the market was so ill supplied, that the English were in want of necessaries. At length, by the prudent exertions of Lieutenant Cook, Mr. Banks, and Dr. Solander, the friendship of Tootahah was completely recovered, and the reconciliation worked

N

upon

upon the Indians like a charm; for it was no sooner known that he had gone voluntarily on board the Endeavour, than bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and other provisions, were brought to the fort in great plenty.

The Lieutenant and the rest of the gentlemen had hitherto, with a laudable discretion, bartered only beads for the articles of food now mentioned. But the market becoming slack, they were obliged for the first time, on the 8th of May, to bring out their nails; and such was the effect of this new commodity, that one of the smallest size, which was about four inches long, procured twenty cocoa-nuts, and bread-fruit in proportion.

It was not till the tenth of the month that our voyagers learned that the Indian name of the island was **OTAHEITE**, by which name it hath since been always distinguished.

On Sunday the 14th, an instance was exhibited of the inattention of the natives to our modes of religion. The Lieutenant had directed that divine service should be performed at the fort; and he was desirous that some of the principal Indians should be present. Mr. Banks secured the attendance of Tubourai Tamaide and his wife Tomio, hoping that it would give occasion to some inquiries on their part, and to some instruction in return. During the whole service, they very attentively observed Mr. Banks's behaviour, and stood, sat, or kneeled, as they saw him do; and they appeared to be sensible that it was a serious and important employment in which the English were engaged. But when the worship was ended, neither of them asked any questions, nor would they attend to any explanations which were attempted to be given of what had been performed.

As the day approached for executing the grand purpose of the voyage, Lieutenant Cook determined, in consequence of some hints which he had received from the Earl of Morton, to send out two parties, to observe the transit of Venus from other situations. By this means he hoped that the success of the observation would be secured, if there should happen to be any failure at Otaheite. Accordingly, on Thursday the 1st of June, he dispatched Mr. Gore in the long boat to Eimeo, a neighbouring island, together with Mr. Monkhouse, and Mr. Sporing, a gentleman belonging to Mr. Banks. They were furnished by Mr. Green with proper instruments. Mr. Banks himself chose to go upon this expedition, in which he was accompanied by Tubourai Tamaide and Tomio, and by others of the natives. Early the next morning, the Lieutenant sent Mr. Hicks, in the pinnace with Mr. Clerk and Mr. Pickersgill, and Mr. Saunders, one of the midshipmen, ordering them to fix upon some convenient spot to the eastward, at a distance from the principal observatory, where they also might employ the instruments they were provided with for observing the transit.

The anxiety for such weather as would be favourable to the success of the experiment, was powerfully felt by all the parties concerned. They could not sleep in peace the preceding night: but their apprehensions were happily removed by the sun's rising, on the morning of the 3d of June, without a cloud. The weather continued with equal clearness through the whole of the day; so that the observation was successfully made in every quarter. At the fort, where Lieutenant Cook, Mr. Green, and Dr. Solander were stationed, the whole passage of the planet Venus over the sun's disk was observed with great advantage. The

N 2

magnifying

magnifying power of Dr. Solander's telescope was superior to that of those which belonged to the Lieutenant and to Mr. Green. They all saw an atmosphere or dusky cloud round the body of the planet; which much disturbed [the times of contact, and especially of the internal ones; and, in their accounts of these times, they differed from each other in a greater degree than might have been expected. According to Mr. Green,

The first external contact, or first appearance of Venus on the sun, was	h.	m.	s.	} Morning.
	9	25	42	
The first internal contact, or total immersion, was	-	-	-	} Aftern.
	9	44	4	
The second internal contact, or beginning of the emerfion, was	-	-	-	} Aftern.
	3	14	8	
The second external contact, or total emerfion, was	-	-	-	} Aftern.
	3	32	10	
The latitude of the observatory was found to be $17^{\circ} 29' 15''$;				
and the longitude $149^{\circ} 32' 30''$ west of Greenwich.				

A more particular account of this great astronomical event, the providing for the accurate observation of which reflects so much honour on his Majesty's munificent patronage of science, may be seen in the sixty-first volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

The pleasure which Lieutenant Cook and his friends derived from having thus successfully accomplished the first grand object of the voyage, was not a little abated by the conduct of some of the ship's company, who, while the attention of the officers was engrossed by the transit of Venus, broke into one of the store-rooms, and stole a quantity of spikenails, amounting to no less than an hundred weight. This was an evil of a public and serious nature; for these nails, if injudiciously circulated among the Indians, would be productive of irreparable injury to the English, by reducing the value of iron, their staple

staple commodity. One of the thieves, from whom only seven nails were recovered, was detected; but, though the punishment of two dozen lashes was inflicted upon him, he would not impeach any of his accomplices.

Upon account of the absence of the two parties who had been sent out to observe the transit, the King's birth day was celebrated on the 5th, instead of the 4th of June; and the festivity of the day must have been greatly heightened by the happy success with which his Majesty's liberality had been crowned.

On the 12th, Lieutenant Cook was again reduced to the necessity of exercising the severity of discipline. Complaint having been made to him, by certain of the natives, that two of the seamen had taken from them several bows and arrows, and some strings of plated hair, and the charge being fully supported, he punished each of the criminals with two dozen lashes.

On the same day it was discovered, that Otaheite, like other countries in a certain period of society, has its bards and its minstrels. Mr. Banks, in his morning's walk, had met with a number of natives, who appeared, upon inquiry, to be travelling musicians; and having learned where they were to be at night, all the gentlemen of the Endeavour repaired to the place. The band consisted of two flutes and three drums; and the drummers accompanied the music with their voices. To the surprise of the English gentlemen, they found that themselves were generally the subject of the song, which was unpremeditated. These minstrels were continually going about from place to place; and they were rewarded by the master of the house and the audience, with such things as they wanted.

The

The repeated thefts which were committed by the inhabitants of Otaheite brought our voyagers into frequent difficulties, and it required all the wisdom of Lieutenant Cook to conduct himself in a proper manner. His sentiments on the subject displayed the liberality of his mind. He thought it of consequence, to put an end, if possible, to thievish practices at once, by doing something that should engage the natives in general to prevent them, from a regard to their common interest. Strict orders had been given by him, that they should not be fired upon, even when they were detected in attempting to steal any of the English property. For this the Lieutenant had many reasons. The common centinels were in no degree fit to be entrusted with a power of life and death; neither did Mr. Cook think that the thefts committed by the Otaheitans deserved so severe a punishment. They were not born under the law of England; nor was it one of the conditions under which they claimed the benefits of civil society, that their lives should be forfeited, unless they abstained from theft. As the Lieutenant was not willing that the natives should be exposed to fire-arms loaded with shot, neither did he approve of firing only with powder, which, if repeatedly found to be harmless, would at length be despised. At a time when a considerable robbery had been committed, an accident furnished him with what he hoped would be a happy expedient for preventing future attempts of the same kind. Above twenty of the sailing canoes of the inhabitants came in with a supply of fish. Upon these Lieutenant Cook immediately seized, and, having brought them into the river behind the fort, gave notice, that unless the things which had been stolen were returned, the canoes should be burnt. This menace, without designing to put it into execution,

he ventured to publish from a full conviction that, as restitution was thus made a common cause, the stolen goods would all of them speedily be brought back. In this, however, he was mistaken. An iron coal-rake, indeed, was restored; upon which great solicitation was made for the release of the canoes; but he still insisted on his original condition. When the next day came, he was much surprised to find that nothing farther had been returned; and, as the people were in the utmost distress for the fish, which would in a short time be spoilt, he was reduced to the disagreeable alternative, either of releasing the canoes, contrary to what he had solemnly and publicly declared, or of detaining them, to the great damage of those who were innocent. As a temporary expedient, he permitted the natives to take the fish, but still detained the canoes. So far was this measure from being attended with advantage, that it was productive of new confusion and injury; for as it was not easy at once to distinguish to what particular persons the several lots of fish belonged, the canoes were plundered by those who had no right to any part of their cargo. At length, most pressing instances being still made for the restoration of the canoes, and Lieutenant Cook having reason to believe, either that the things for which he detained them were not in the island, or that those who suffered by their detention were absolutely incapable of prevailing upon the thieves to relinquish their booty, he determined, though not immediately, to comply with the solicitations of the natives. Our commander was, however, not a little mortified at the ill success of his project.

About the same time, another accident occurred, which, notwithstanding all the caution of our principal voyagers, was very near embroiling them with the Indians. The lieutenant having sent a boat on shore

shore to get ballast for the ship, the officer not immediately finding stones suitable to the purpose, began to pull down some part of an inclosure in which the inhabitants had deposited the bones of their dead. This action a number of the natives violently opposed; and a messenger came down to the tents, to acquaint the gentlemen that no such thing would be suffered. Mr. Banks directly repaired to the place, and soon put an amicable end to the contest, by sending the boat's crew to the river, where a sufficient quantity of stones might be gathered without a possibility of giving offence. These Indians appeared to be much more alarmed at any injury which they apprehended to be done to the dead than to the living. This was the only measure in which they ventured to oppose the English: and the only insult that was ever offered to any individual belonging to the Endeavour was upon a similar occasion. It should undoubtedly be the concern of all voyagers, to abstain from wantonly offending the religious prejudices of the people among whom they come.

To extend the knowledge of navigation and the sphere of discovery, objects which we need not say that Lieutenant Cook kept always steadily in view, he set out, in the pinnace, on the 26th of June, accompanied with Mr. Banks, to make the circuit of the island. The particulars of this circuit, in which the Lieutenant and his companions were once thrown into great alarm by the apprehended loss of the boat, are fully related in Dr. Hawkesworth's Narrative. By this expedition, Mr. Cook obtained an acquaintance with the several districts of Otaheite, the chiefs who presided over them, and a variety of curious circumstances respecting the manners and customs of the inhabitants. On the first of July, he got back to the fort at Matavia, having found

found the circuit of the island, including the two peninsulas of which it consisted, to be about thirty leagues.

The circumnavigation of Otaheite was followed by an expedition of Mr. Banks's to trace the river up the valley from which it issues, and examine how far its banks were inhabited. During this excursion, he discerned many traces of subterraneous fire. The stones, like those of Madeira, displayed evident tokens of having been burnt; and the very clay upon the hills had the same appearance.

Another valuable employment of Mr. Banks was the planting of a great quantity of the seeds of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees which he had collected at Rio de Janeiro. For these he prepared ground on each side of the fort, and selected as many varieties of soil as could be found. He gave, also, liberally of these seeds to the natives, and planted many of them in the woods.

Lieutenant Cook now began to prepare for his departure. On the 7th of July, the carpenters were employed in taking down the gates and pallisadoes of the fortification; and it was continued to be dismantled during the two following days. Our commander and the rest of the gentlemen were in hopes that they should quit Otaheite without giving or receiving any farther offence; but in this respect they were unfortunately disappointed. The Lieutenant had prudently overlooked a dispute of a smaller nature between a couple of foreign seamen and some of the Indians, when he was immediately involved in a quarrel which he greatly regretted, and which yet it was totally out of his power to avoid. In the middle of the night, between the 8th and the 9th, Clement Webb and Samuel Gibbon, two of the marines, went privately from the fort. As they

were not to be found in the morning, Mr. Cook was apprehensive that they intended to stay behind; but, being unwilling to endanger the harmony and good-will which at present subsisted between our people and the natives, he determined to wait a day for the chance of the men's return. As, to the great concern of the Lieutenant, the marines were not come back on the morning of the 10th, inquiry was made after them of the Indians, who acknowledged that each of them had taken a wife, and had resolved to become inhabitants of the country. After some deliberation, two of the natives undertook to conduct such persons to the place of the deserters' retreat as Mr. Cook should think proper to send; and accordingly he dispatched with the guides a petty officer, and the corporal of the marines. As it was of the utmost importance to recover the men, and to do it speedily, it was intimated to several of the chiefs who were in the fort with the women, among whom were Tubourai Tomaide, Tomio, and Oborea, that they would not be permitted to leave it till the fugitives were returned; and the Lieutenant had the pleasure of observing that they received the intimation with very little indications of alarm, and with assurances that his people should be secured, and sent back as soon as possible. While this transaction took place at the fort, our commander sent Mr. Hicks, in the pinnace, to fetch Tootabah on board the ship. Mr. Cook had reason to expect, if the Indian guides proved faithful, that the deserters, and those who went in search of them, would return before the evening. Being disappointed, his suspicions increased, and thinking it not safe, when the night approached, to let the persons whom he had detained as hostages continue at the fort, he ordered Tubourai Tomaide, Oborea, and some others, to be

be taken on board the Endeavour; a circumstance which excited so general an alarm, that several of them, and especially the women, expressed their apprehensions with great emotion and many tears. Webb, about nine o'clock, was brought back by some of the natives, who declared that Gibson, and the petty officer and corporal, would not be restored till Tootahah should be set at liberty. Lieutenant Cook now found that the tables were turned upon him; but, having proceeded too far to retreat, he immediately dispatched Mr. Hicks in the long-boat, with a strong party of men, to rescue the prisoners. Tootahah was, at the same time, informed, that it behoved him to send some of his people with them, for the purpose of affording them effectual assistance. With this injunction he readily complied, and the prisoners were restored without the least opposition. On the next day they were brought back to the ship, upon which the chiefs were released from their confinement. Thus ended an affair which had given the Lieutenant a great deal of trouble and concern. It appears, however, that the measure which he pursued was the result of an absolute necessity; since it was only by the seizure of the chiefs that he could have recovered his men. Love was the seducer of the two marines. So strong was the attachment which they had formed to a couple of girls, that it was their design to conceal themselves till the ship had sailed, and to take up their residence in the island.

Tupia was one of the natives who had so particularly devoted himself to the English, that he had scarcely ever been absent from them during the whole of their stay at Otaheite. He had been Oberea's first minister, while she was in the height of her power; and he was also chief priest of the country. To his knowledge of the religious principles and ceremonies

ceremonies of the Indians, he added great experience in navigation, and a particular acquaintance with the number and situation of the neighbouring islands. This man had often expressed a desire to go with our navigators; and when they were ready to depart, he came on board, with a boy about thirteen years of age, and intreated that he might be permitted to proceed with them on their voyage. To have such a person in the Endeavour, was desirable on many accounts; and, therefore, Lieutenant Cook gladly acceded to his proposal.

On the thirteenth of July the English weighed anchor; and as soon as the ship was under sail, the Indians on board took their leaves, and wept, with a decent and silent sorrow, in which there was something very striking and tender. Tupia sustained himself in this scene with a truly admirable firmness and resolution; for, though he wept, the effort he made to conceal his tears concurred, with them, to do him honour.

The stay of our voyagers at Otaheite was three months, the greater part of which time was spent in the most cordial friendship with the inhabitants, and a perpetual reciprocation of good offices. They weighed anchor July 13, 1769.

To give a particular account of all the places visited by Mr. Cook, in the course of this voyage, would be tedious; let it therefore be sufficient to say, that after ascertaining New Zealand to be two islands, and after spending six months in exploring their coasts, he made for New Holland, where he anchored, in Botany Bay, on the 28th of April, 1770. Great part of the coasts of this extensive country Mr. Cook examined also, and finding on his arrival at Batavia, to which he had directed his course, that it would be dangerous to proceed to Europe, without inspecting the Endeavour's bottom, he

he requested leave from the Governor to heave her down, which was readily complied with. Before the vessel was refitted, the dreadful effects of that unhealthy climate were severely felt. Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander were attacked by fevers, and in a little time almost every person, both on board and on shore, was sick. This circumstance occasioned a great delay, and though several of the gentlemen were considerably better by the time the ship was ready for sea, yet the number of sick even then amounted to forty, and the rest of the company were in a very feeble condition. What may appear rather singular is, that the sailmaker, an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, and who got drunk every day during the time he resided at Batavia, was the only person who continued in full health. Three seamen, and Mr. Green's servant died, together with the surgeon, Tupia and his companion Tayeto. The former did not entirely fall a sacrifice to the unwholesomeness of the climate: having been accustomed to feed principally upon vegetables, he soon contracted those disorders which are incident to a sea life, and in all probability would have sunk under them, even if the English had not been obliged to go to Batavia.

On the 27th of December, Mr. Cook departed from Batavia; and having taken in a fresh supply of wood and water, together with some refreshments, at Prince's Island, he directed his course for the Cape of Good Hope; but before he reached that place, the seeds of disease which had been received at Batavia appeared with alarming symptoms, and reduced the ship's crew to the most melancholy situation. Mr. Banks's life was almost despaired of, and so dreadful was the ravage of the distemper, that scarcely a night passed but some dead body was committed to the deep. In the course of six weeks, Mr.
Spring,

Sporing, one of Mr. Banks's assistants, Mr. Parkinson, his natural history painter, Mr. Green, the astronomer, the boatswain, the carpenter, and his mate, Mr. Monkhouse, the midshipman, another midshipman, the old sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of the marines, two of the carpenter's crew, and nine of the seamen, all shared the same fate. The loss in all amounted to twenty-three persons, besides the seven who died at Batavia.

On the 15th of March, 1771, the Endeavour reached the Cape of Good Hope, where Mr. Cook staid till the 14th of April, to recover the sick, and refit his vessel: he then proceeded on his voyage; and after touching at St. Helena, arrived in the Downs on the 12th of June following.

The evident proofs which Mr. Cook exhibited of his sagacity, resolution and activity, during this perilous enterprize, in which he had encountered many dangers and difficulties, gave him a just claim to the protection of government, and to the favour of his sovereign. He was, therefore, soon after his arrival, promoted to be a commander in his Majesty's navy, by commission bearing date August 29th, 1771. On this occasion, he wished to have been appointed a Post Captain; but Lord Sandwich, who was now at the head of the Admiralty, though he had the greatest esteem for our navigator, would not comply with his request, because it would have been inconsistent with the established order of the naval service.

Though Captain Cook had fully accomplished the main object of his voyage, and though he had afterwards traversed great part of the Pacific Ocean, and explored the coasts of New Zealand and New Holland, he had not, however, been able to determine the grand question, respecting a *Terra Australis Incognita*, or southern continent, which had long amused Europe.

Europe. The first person who seems to have entertained any notion of this kind, was the famous Quiros, who was sent out for the express purpose of discovering it; but he did not succeed, and all those who made the same attempt afterwards were equally unsuccessful. To determine, therefore, this point of so much importance to geography, and navigation, a second expedition was planned out, at the desire of his Majesty, whose patronage of literature and science has been eminently conspicuous; and no person appeared better qualified to undertake it than Captain Cook.

When this design was fully resolved upon, two vessels, which had been both built at Whitby, by the same person who had built the *Endeavour*, were purchased of Captain William Hammond, of Hull. The largest, which was about four hundred and sixty-two tons burden, was called the *Resolution*, and the other, which was considerably less, was named the *Adventure*. On the 28th of November, 1771, Captain Cook was appointed to the command of the former, and about the same time Mr. Tobias Furneaux to that of the latter. In the equipment of these vessels, every possible attention was bestowed; they were supplied with the best stores and provisions, and every article suited to the nature of the expedition was put on board of them, besides abundance of antiscorbutics, such as malt, sour krout, salted cabbage, portable broth, saloup, mustard, marmalade of carrots, and inspissated juice of wort and beer.

The advancement of science was equally consulted. Mr. William Hodges, an eminent landscape painter, was engaged to make drawings of such objects as could not be so well comprehended from descriptions; Mr. John Reinhold Forster, and his son, were appointed to explore the natural history
of

of the countries they might visit, and Mr. William Wales, and Mr. William Bayley, were chosen for the purpose of making astronomical observations.

On the 9th of April 1772, Captain Cook sailed from Deptford, and on the 3d of July, joined the Adventure in Plymouth Sound. From Plymouth, he departed on the 13th of the same month, and having touched at Madeira, to obtain a supply of water, wine and other necessaries, proceeded on his voyage, but finding that his water would not last to the Cape of Good Hope, without putting his men to short allowance, he resolved to touch at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in order to get a fresh stock. On the 10th of August he arrived at Port Praya, in that island, and having procured a sufficiency of water and other refreshments, put to sea again, on the 14th, and on the 30th of October, came to anchor in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was received with the greatest politeness by the Governor, and promised every assistance that the place could afford. From the Cape our commander departed on the 22d of November, in search of a *southern continent*, and having got clear of the land, directed his course for Cape Circumcision; but a dreadful gale of wind coming on about the 6th of December, which at times was so furious, that the ships could carry no sail, they were driven so far to the eastward of their course, that no hopes were left of reaching the intended spot.

On the 10th of December, our navigators began to meet with islands of ice, one of which was so concealed by the haziness of the weather, that they were almost close upon it before it was observed. Captain Cook judged, that it might be about fifty feet high, and half a mile in circumference. It was flat on the top, and its sides rose in a perpendicular direction, against which the sea broke with amazing
fury,

fury, and was dashed up to a great height. By the 17th of January 1773, he had reached the latitude of $67^{\circ} 15'$. where he found the ice entirely closed, and on the 17th of March, after two months longer navigation amidst mountains and islands of ice, which seemed to threaten destruction on every side, considering that it would be very improper to continue longer in high southern latitudes, he resolved to quit them, and to proceed to New Zealand, with a view of looking for the Adventure, which had parted from him on the 8th of February, and that he might have an opportunity of procuring some refreshments for his people. He therefore steered his course for that island, and came to anchor in Dusky Bay, on the 26th of March, from which he proceeded to Queen Charlotte's Sound, where he had the satisfaction of meeting with the Adventure, after an absence of fourteen weeks.

Quitting New Zealand, in company with the Adventure, Captain Cook paid a visit to his old friends at Otaheite, the Society and Friendly Isles, and having examined a space of more than forty degrees of longitude, between the tropics, returned to Queen Charlotte's Sound. Here he changed the rigging of his ship for such as might be able to withstand storms and the severity of high southern latitudes; and again set sail on the 27th of November, to explore the unknown parts of the Pacific Ocean. In this perilous navigation, he was exposed to dangers which none but a man possessed of the greatest resolution could have encountered; yet such was his strength of mind, and so great was his skill in navigation, that though often interrupted by islands of ice, among which he was sometimes as it were inclosed, and though his vessel was almost every moment in hazard of being dashed to pieces, by large masses, which floated around, he advanced amidst all these obstacles till
nature

nature set bounds to his course. Many of these ice-islands were two and three hundred feet in height, and between two and three miles in circuit, with perpendicular sides or cliffs, that could not be beheld without astonishment.

On the 26th of January, 1774, our navigators passed the Antarctic circle for the third time in 109 degrees of west longitude, where they found the mildest sun-shine they had ever experienced in the frigid zone. This circumstance induced them to hope, that they should be able to penetrate as far towards the south as others had done towards the north; but the next day they discovered a solid field of ice before them, which extended from east to west farther than the eye could reach. Within this field ninety-seven islands were counted, besides those on the outside, many of which were large, and had the appearance of a ridge of mountains, rising one above another, till they were lost in the clouds. The outer or northern edge of this immense field was composed of loose or broken ice, packed so closely together, that there was no possibility of entering it; but Captain Cook was of opinion, that there must be land to the south behind it. "If there is," says he, "it can afford no better retreat for birds, or any other animals, than the ice itself with which it must be entirely covered." He then adds, "I, who was ambitious not only of going farther than any body had gone before, but as far as it was possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption, as it in some measure relieved us, and shortened the dangers and hardships inseparable from the navigation of the southern polar regions. Since then we could not proceed farther to the south, no other reason need be assigned for my tacking and standing back to the north, being at this

“ this time in the latitude of 70 d. 10 m. south, and
“ 106 d. 54 m. west.”

Our navigator next went in quest of land said to have been discovered by Juan Fernandez, no vestiges of which he could find. He then proceeded to the Marquesas, discovered in 1595, and visited for the second time during this voyage the island of Otaheite; where having procured some refreshments, he sailed for the New Hebrides, which though discovered as early as 1606, by Quiros, had never been sufficiently explored. Besides ascertaining the extent and situation of these islands, which had been barely seen by others, he acquired a knowledge of several before unknown, which entitled him to give the whole that appellation by which they are now distinguished.

Captain Cook continued surveying these islands during the month of August, 1774, and having set sail on the 1st of August, discovered a large track of land, to which he gave the name of New Caledonia. The coasts of this he explored also, and found it to be the most considerable of all the tropical islands in those parts, and except New Holland and New Zealand, the largest that has been seen in the South Pacific Ocean. On leaving New Caledonia, he fell in with an uninhabited island, on the 10th of October, which he named Norfolk Isle, in honour of the noble family of Howard, and finding that provisions were now beginning to run short, he determined to sail again for New Zealand, where he came to anchor on the 18th of October. Here he continued till the 10th of November, when he again set out in pursuit of his great object, the determination of the question, concerning the existence of a southern continent; but having sailed till the 27th, in different degrees of latitude, extending from 43 to 55d. 48m. south without success, he

he gave up all hopes of finding it, and resolved to steer directly for the west entrance of the straits of Maghalhaens, with a view of coasting the south side of Terra del Fuego, round Cape Horn to the strait Le Maire.

During the rest of the voyage very little remarkable occurred. After leaving Terra del Fuego, our navigator proceeded round Cape Horn, passed through Strait Le Maire, to Straten Island, and having explored part of the neighbouring seas, directed his course to the Cape of Good Hope, from which he sailed to England, where he arrived on the 19th of July, 1775, having been absent from it three years and eighteen days. From the period of Captain Cook's leaving the Cape of Good Hope, to that of his return to it again, he had traversed no less a space than twenty thousand leagues, an extent nearly equal to three times the equatorial circumference of the earth; but what will appear still more surprising, is, that though exposed to almost every change of climate, he had lost no more than four men in this expedition, and only one of these by sickness.

If the manner in which Captain Cook had accomplished the object of his former voyage procured him the protection of government, the discoveries he had made in the latter, and the complete determination of the point he had been sent to ascertain, were additional recommendations in his favour. Lord Sandwich, who was still at the head of the Admiralty, took the earliest opportunity of laying his services before the King, who seemed very much disposed to confer every mark of distinction upon him. On the 9th of August, therefore, he was raised to the rank of a Post Captain, and three days after he was appointed a Captain in Greenwich Hospital, a situation intended to afford him a pleas-
ing

ing and honourable reward for his illustrious services. He was likewise admitted a member of the Royal Society, on the 7th of March, 1776, and that same evening a paper was read, which he had addressed to Sir John Pringle, containing an account of the method he had taken to preserve the health of the crew of his Majesty's ship the *Resolution* during her voyage round the world. Another paper, at the request of the President, was communicated by him on the 18th of April, relative to the tides of the South Seas. For the former of these, it was resolved to bestow upon him Sir Godfrey Copley's annual gold medal, at the delivery of which Sir John concluded his speech before the Society in the following words, highly honourable to our navigator. "If Rome decreed the *civic crown* to him who saved the life of a single citizen, what wreaths are due to the man who having himself saved many, perpetuates in your transactions the means by which Britain may now, on the most distant voyages, preserve numbers of her intrepid sons, her *mariners*, who, braving every danger, have so liberally contributed to the fame, to the opulence, and to the maritime empire of their country."

Though the question respecting the existence of a southern continent was now fully determined, there remained still another important object to be investigated, the practicability of a northern passage to the Pacific Ocean. It had long been a favourite scheme with navigators, and particularly the English, to discover a shorter and more commodious course to the East Indies, than that by the Cape of Good Hope. Several attempts were made for this purpose, both by our own countrymen, and the Dutch; but with so little success, that it ceased for many years to be an object of pursuit. In the beginning

ginning of the present century it was again revived by Mr. Dobbs, and Captain Middleton was sent out by government in 1741, and Captain Smith and Captain Moore in 1746; but though an act of parliament had been passed, which secured a reward of twenty thousand pounds to the discoverer, the accomplishment of this favourite object continued at as great a distance as ever.

To ascertain whether this matter, of so much importance to geography and navigation, could be carried into execution, was reserved for the glory of the present reign. The idea was very warmly espoused by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and it was resolved that a voyage should be undertaken for that purpose. For the conduct of this enterprize, it was evident that great skill and ability were requisite, and though no one was so well qualified for it as Captain Cook, yet none of his friends, not even Lord Sandwich, presumed to solicit him on the subject. The service he had rendered to science and navigation was so great, the labours he had sustained, and the dangers he had encountered were so many, and so various, that it was deemed not reasonable to ask him to engage in fresh perils. His advice, however, was requested, respecting the properest person for undertaking the voyage, and in order to determine this point, the Captain, Sir Hugh Palliser, and Mr. Stephens, were invited to dinner at Lord Sandwich's house. In the course of the conversation, while they were discoursing on the importance of the design, and the consequences that were likely to result from it to science and navigation, Cook's mind was so fired with the magnitude of the object, that he suddenly started up and declared, that he himself would undertake the direction of it. No proposal could be received with more pleasure. Lord Sandwich immediately laid the

the affair before his Majesty, and Captain Cook was appointed to the expedition, on the 10th of February, 1776.

When the command of the enterprize was thus settled, much to the satisfaction of those who had set it on foot, it was considered as a matter of great importance to determine what might be the best course to be pursued in the voyage. All former navigators round the globe had returned by the Cape of Good Hope; but to Captain Cook was assigned the arduous task of attempting the same thing, by reaching the high northern latitudes, between Asia and America, and it appears that this plan was adopted, in consequence of his own suggestions. He was therefore ordered to proceed to the Pacific Ocean, through that chain of islands which he had before visited, in the tropical regions of the south, and thence, if practicable, to make his way into the Atlantic. To give every possible encouragement to the prosecution of this great design, motives of interest were added to the obligations of duty. In the act of Parliament passed in 1745, the reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered only to vessels belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects; ships belonging to government being thus excluded. Besides this, the reward was entirely confined to such as should discover a passage through Hudson's Bay, but by a new act, which passed in 1776, it was declared, that if any ship belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects, or to his Majesty, should find and sail through any passage by sea, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in any direction, or parallel of the northern hemisphere, to the northward of the fifty-second degree of northern latitude, the owners of such ships, if belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects, or the commander, officers and seamen of such ship, if belonging to his Majesty, should

should receive as a reward for such discovery the sum of twenty thousand pounds.

The vessels fixed upon by government for this service, were the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. The command of the former was given to Captain Cook, and that of the latter to Captain Clerk, who had been our navigator's second lieutenant in his second voyage. Nearly the same complement of men and officers was assigned to each as before, and the utmost attention was employed by the Admiralty Board to have them equipped in the completest manner. Every article that could tend to preserve the health of the seamen was provided in abundance; and that the inhabitants of Otaheite, and of the other islands in the South Seas where the English had been treated with so much hospitality, might be benefited by the expedition, his Majesty was graciously pleased to order an assortment of useful animals to be put on board, and to be left in those countries. Besides these, the Captain was furnished with a quantity of European garden seeds, and the Board of Admiralty added such articles of commerce as were most likely to promote a friendly intercourse with the natives of the other hemisphere, and to induce them to carry on a profitable traffic with the English. Additional cloathing suited to the severities of a cold climate, was likewise ordered for the crews of the two ships, and nothing was denied our navigators that could contribute to lessen the hardships of the expedition, or to render their situation comfortable.

As the first Lord of the Admiralty and his colleagues were extremely desirous that this enterprize might prove of as much public utility as possible, several nautical and astronomical instruments were entrusted by the Board of Longitude to Capt. Cook, who was sufficiently able to use them with
advantage;

advantage; and Mr. Bayley, who had given satisfactory proofs of his skill, while on board of Captain Furneaux's ship, was employed a second time to make observations during the course of the voyage. The department of natural history was assigned to Mr. Anderson, the surgeon of the *Resolution*, who was extremely well qualified for that purpose; and, that the result of the expedition might be entertaining to the generality of readers, Mr. Webber was engaged to make masterly drawings of such objects as could only be properly represented by the help of the pencil.

As the ships were to touch at Otaheite and the Society Isles, it had been determined to send back by this opportunity Omai, a native of that country, whom Captain Furneaux brought with him to England, the former voyage. He therefore left London on the 24th of June, 1776, in company with the Captain, and every preparation being completed they sailed for Plymouth, where they were joined by the *Discovery*. From Plymouth our navigators directed their course to Teneriff, to procure a fresh supply of corn and hay, for the subsistence of their live stock. They then proceeded to the Cape, where they staid from the 18th of October till the 30th of November, and having touched at Kerguelen's Island, and Van Dieman's Land, discovered by Tasman in 1642, arrived at Queen Charlotte's Sound, in New Zealand, on the 12th of February, 1777.

At New Zealand they continued about two weeks, during which time they acquired much additional knowledge respecting its productions, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. They then paid a visit to the Friendly Isles, where they remained some time, and where Captain Cook neglected no opportunity of making such observations

as might be serviceable to navigation and astronomy. From the information which he then received, it appears, that this Archipelago is very extensive; above one hundred and fifty islands were reckoned up by the natives, who made use of bits of leaves to ascertain their number; and Mr. Anderson with his usual diligence, procured all their names. Sixty-one of these isles have their proper places and names marked out upon the chart of the Friendly Isles, and the sketch of the harbour of Tongabattoo, which are given in the account published of this expedition.

On the 17th of July, Captain Cook took his final leave of the Friendly Isles, and resuming his voyage reached Otaheite on the 12th of August. From Otaheite he proceeded to some other of the Society Isles, and having disposed of Onai, agreeable to his wishes, and distributed part of his live stock, in such a manner as he thought would answer the proposed end, he determined to pursue his course to the northward. Setting sail therefore, from *Bolabola*, on the 8th of December, he crossed the line about the 24th, and on the 18th of January, 1778, discovered an island which he, however, could not reach. Soon after another appeared, on which he went ashore, and in the course of a few days, a whole group was seen, which Captain Cook in honour of Lord Sandwich, distinguished by the name of the Sandwich Islands. Those which he saw were situated between the latitude of 20° . $30'$. and 22° . $15'$. north, and between the longitude of 199° . $29'$. and 201° . $30'$. east.

On quitting these islands, Captain Cook proceeded to range along the western side of America, and after giving names to several capes and headlands, which appeared in sight, came to an anchor in an inlet, where the country presented a very different aspect from what he had seen before. The summits

of the mountains were clothed in sheets of snow, while the valleys between them and the grounds on the sea coast, both high and low, were covered to a considerable breadth, with tall straight trees, which formed a most beautiful prospect, as of one immense forest. On his first arrival in this inlet, he had honoured it with the name of King George's Sound; but he afterward found that it was called Nootka by the natives. Having staid nearly a month here, to complete the necessary repairs of the ships, our navigators proceeded northward, and entered another inlet, from which great things were expected, as they entertained the strongest hopes, that it would be found to communicate either with the sea to the north, or with Baffin's or Hudson's Bay to the east. On this account, therefore, it was traced as high as the latitude of $60^{\circ} 30'$ and the longitude of 210° , being seventy leagues from its entrance, but without success; for after several fruitless attempts to discover a passage through it, this idea was abandoned, and Captain Cook named it River Turnagain. Lord Sandwich has since distinguished it by the appellation of Cook's River.

Indefatigable in pursuit of his favourite object, Captain Cook continued his researches, and arrived on the 27th of June, 1778, at the island of *Oonalaska*, the inhabitants of which behaved with a degree of friendship and politeness, very uncommon to savage tribes. He then steered towards the American coast, and having advanced as far as the latitude of $70^{\circ} 44'$ found his progress stopped by the ice, which was as compact as a wall, and at least ten or twelve feet in height: still farther north it appeared to be much higher, its surface was extremely rugged, and in different places it was covered with pools of water. A prodigious number of sea-horses lay upon it, some of which were procured for food, as at this

time there was a great want of fresh provisions, and though many of the sailors were disappointed, having at first concluded that these animals were sea-cows, yet such was the general anxiety for a change of diet, that our voyagers lived on them as long as they lasted.

From the 26th of April, the time that Captain Cook left Nootka, to the 29th of July, many important discoveries were made, which it is impossible to particularize here. They form a valuable addition to those made in the course of his two former voyages, and, in point of extent, surpass all that the Russians had accomplished in a long series of years, though in parts belonging or contiguous to their own empire. He had previous to the last mentioned period, traversed the Icy Sea, beyond Beerin's Strait, in various directions, and through numberless difficulties and obstructions; but he never abandoned the pursuit of his favourite object till the ice increased so much, as to preclude all hopes of attaining it, at least during that year. The season being far advanced, and the time when the frost was expected to set in being fast approaching, he thought it imprudent to make any farther attempts to find a passage into the Atlantic, till the next summer. He, therefore, began now to look out for a place where he might besides procuring wood and water, conveniently pass the winter, and as none seemed better adapted for that purpose than some of the Sandwich Isles, he determined to direct his course thither.

Hitherto this expedition, though attended with many dangers and difficulties, had been marked with no peculiar disaster, and our illustrious commander was no doubt flattering himself with the hopes of being more successful in his researches the next summer; but little did he think that the *Sandwich Isles*, which he considered as the most important discovery
of

of all that had been made by Europeans in the Pacific Ocean, should in the result prove fatal, and that he should there fall by the murdering dagger of a barbarian. To relate an event of this kind must ever be a painful task to a feeling mind; but it must be doubly so, when it appears that the unhappy sufferer became a victim to his own humanity.

In Captain Cook's former visit to this group of islands, he had observed five of them situated between the latitude of 20° . $30'$. and 22° . $15'$. north, and between the longitude of 199° . $20'$. and 20° . $30'$. east, the names of which were *Woahoo*, *Atooi*, *Oneehetow*, *Oreehoua* and *Tahoorā*; but on his return southward, with an intent of passing the winter, he discovered on the 26th of November, when he came to the latitude of 20° . $55'$. a sixth, named *Mowee*, and on the 30th, another which the natives distinguished by the appellation of *Owhyhee*. As this island appeared to be of greater extent and importance than any of the rest, our navigator spent nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and in examining its coasts. Whilst he was employed in this business, the inhabitants came off from time to time in great numbers with their canoes, and readily engaged in traffic. On this occasion their behaviour was open and unreserved, and afforded much less cause for suspicion than that of any other people among whom our navigators had ever been. It was even remarked, that the people of Otahete itself, with whom they had been so intimately connected, had never displayed such unbounded confidence in the integrity and good treatment of the English.

On the 17th of January 1779, our navigators came to anchor in the Bay of Karakakooa, which is situated on the west side of *Owhyhee*, and extends about a mile in depth. It is bounded by two points of land, bearing south-east, and north-west from each

each other, at the distance of half a league; on the northernmost of which is situated a village called *Kowrowa*. A more considerable village stands in the bottom of the Bay near a stately grove of cocoa-nut trees, and a high rocky cliff, inaccessible from the sea shore, runs between them. Near the coast on the south side, the land has a rugged appearance, but farther inland the country gradually rises, and abounds with cultivated enclosures and groves of cocoa trees.

While Captain Cook remained here, the islanders behaved with the greatest friendship, and seemed very much disposed to render him every assistance in their power. Several of their chiefs paid him a visit, and when he himself went on shore, he was received with very extraordinary ceremonies, which fell little short of adoration. He had likewise an interview with Terreeoboo, the king of the island, whom he carried on board the *Resolution*, where he was treated with every mark of respect, and in return for a beautiful feathered cloak which he had bestowed on our navigator, the Captain put a linen shirt on his Majesty, and girt his own hanger round him. In short, during the intercourse which was kept up between the natives and the English, the greatest harmony prevailed, and the quiet, inoffensive behaviour of the former banished every apprehension of danger from the breasts of our voyagers. The islanders, however, began at length to be very inquisitive about the time of their departure; but this is not much to be wondered at, when it is considered, that during sixteen days, which they had been in the harbour of *Karakakooa*, they had made an enormous consumption both of hogs and vegetables. It afterwards appeared, that these inquiries were made with no other view than that they might provide a sufficient quantity of provisions for them when they quitted the island; for it was observed, that the King, on being informed

informed that they were about to depart in a few days, made a kind of proclamation throughout the villages, requiring the people to bring in their hogs and vegetables, that his Majesty might present them to the Orono, before he took his leave of the country. A circumstance which seems to prove the affectionate regard which the people of *Owhyhee* had for our voyagers is, that their prince strongly solicited Mr. King to remain among them, and waited upon Captain Cook, whose son he supposed him to be, with a formal request that he might be left.

On the 4th of February, Captain Cook quitted *Karakakooa Bay*, with an intention of finishing the survey of *Owhyhee*, and of proceeding afterwards to the rest of the islands, in quest of some road which might afford better shelter to the vessels; but a gale of wind arising in the course of a few days, the *Resolution* had the misfortune to spring the head of her foremast, in such a dangerous manner, that it was found necessary to return to *Karakakooa*, in order to have it repaired. It does not sufficiently appear from the accounts given of Captain Cook's death, whether the natives were displeased or not with this second visit. Captain King says, "That our voyagers upon coming to anchor, were surprised to find their reception very different from what it had been on their first arrival;" but Mr. Sawwell, whose veracity seems unquestionable, asserts that he saw nothing which could induce him to believe that there was any change in the disposition or behaviour of the inhabitants. However this may be, it is certain, that some acts of theft committed by the islanders, and the attempts of the English to punish them, and to recover their property, were the preludes to that unhappy commotion which deprived the British navy of one of its brightest ornaments, and our illustrious navigator of his life.

These

These people, it seems, had a strong propensity to thieving; and one of them having been detected in carrying off the armourer's tongs from the forge, was punished with a pretty severe flogging, and sent out of the ship. This example, however, did not deter another, who, having snatched the tongs and chissel from the same place, jumped overboard with them, and swam for the shore. The master and a midshipman were instantly dispatched after him in the small cutter, upon which the Indian made for a canoe, where he was taken on board by one of his countrymen, and though several muskets were fired at them, they soon got out of the reach of the shot, and escaped. Pareah, one of their chiefs, afterwards brought back the stolen articles, but on his return, being met by the Resolution's pinnace with five men in her, who insisted upon having the thief delivered up, or the canoe which had taken him in, a scuffle ensued, and the natives began to pelt the English with stones. This commotion was, however, quelled by the interference of Pareah; but another affair of the same kind soon after occurred, which widened the breach between them. Some of the islanders found means in the night time to take away the Discovery's large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors, and she was not missed till the next morning, Sunday, February 14th. When Captain Clerk had informed Captain Cook of this event, he returned on board, with orders for the launch and small cutter to go under the command of the second lieutenant, and to lie off the east side of the Bay to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out; and if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time the third lieutenant of the Resolution, with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service, to the opposite side of the Bay, and the master was dispatched in the
large

large cutter, in pursuit of a double canoe already under sail, and making the best of her way out of the harbour.

As it had been Captain Cook's usual custom in all the islands of the South Seas, when any thing of consequence had been stolen, to secure the person of the King, or of some of the principal Erees, and to detain them as hostages, until the property was restored, he resolved to adopt this method on the present occasion.

The following is copied from Mr. Samwell's account of the melancholy end of Captain Cook.

"He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a serjeant, corporal, and seven private men: the pinnace's crew were also armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice; for it clearly shews, that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparation for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say, that, from the appearance of things just at that time there was not one, beside himself, who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite: so little did his conduct on the occasion, bear the marks of rashness, or a precipitate self-confidence! He landed with the marines, at the upper end of the town of Kavarooah; the Indians immediately flocked round, as usual, and shewed him the customary marks of respect, by prostrating themselves before him. There were no signs of hostilities, or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances; but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept

clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him that their father was asleep, at a house not far from them, he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with them. As he passed along, the natives every where prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shewn to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kany-nah, and his brother Koohowroah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him, if he wanted any hogs, or other provisions: he told them that he did not, and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in, and inform Kariopoo, that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and instead of returning any answer from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house; he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awaked from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favourable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying, that as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and

and was surrounded by a great crowd: Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats, which they use as armour. This hostile appearance increased, and became more alarming, on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, with the news of a chief, called Kareemoo, having been killed by one of the Discovery's boats. In their passage across they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information, the women who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts, and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats, retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook, with a cocoa nut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain: he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise: it seemed as if he meant to divert their attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous, and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous: he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water-side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore, the Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards: Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly: he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa,
the

the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but just as he arrived at the water side, his wife threw her arms about his neck, and, with the assistance of two chiefs, forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose: they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head and appeared much distressed.

“ While the king was in this situation, a chief well known to us, of the name of Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger, partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook, or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire. Another Indian laid hold of the serjeant’s musquet, and endeavoured to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant’s making a blow at him. Captain Cook seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed, that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to reembark, when a man threw a stone at him; which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man, having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt: he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musquet. He expostulated strongly with the most forward

ward of the crowd, upon their turbulent behaviour. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time, Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger: otherwise he would have detained the prince, which no doubt would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed, behind a double canoe, in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defence, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult: the serjeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. By this time, the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered: but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musquetry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment: he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could, without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones that fell among the people; but ———, the lieutenant, who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off, at the moment

moment that every thing seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account, he mistook the signal; but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me, to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook, of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace; which thereby became so much crowded, that the crew were, in a great measure, prevented from using their fire arms, or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done, to Captain Cook; so that he seems, at the most critical point of time, to have wanted the assistance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the situation to which they removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect, that the prompt co-operation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had, towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety; for, when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed: their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock: he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musquet under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club,

or common flake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand, and one knee, and dropped his musquet. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavoured to keep him under: but struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and casting his look towards the pinnacle, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems, it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water: he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavouring to support himself by it, when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each others hands, to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

“ It was generally remarked, that at first the Indians shewed great resolution in facing our fire-arms; but it was entirely owing to ignorance of their effect. They thought that their thick mats would defend them from a ball, as well as from a stone; but being soon convinced of their error, yet still at a loss to account how such execution was done among them, they had recourse to a stratagem, which, though it answered no other purpose, served to shew their ingenuity and quickness of invention. Ob-
serving

serving the flashes of the musquets, they naturally concluded, that water would counteract their effect, and therefore, very sagaciously, dipped their mats, or armour, in the sea, just as they came on to face our people: but finding this last resource to fail them, they soon dispersed, and left the beach entirely clear. It was an object they never neglected, even at the greatest hazard, to carry off their slain; a custom, probably owing to the barbarity with which they treat the dead body of an enemy, and the trophies they make of his bones."

In consequence of this barbarity of disposition the whole remains of Captain Cook could not be recovered. For, though every exertion was made for that purpose; though negotiations and threatenings were alternately employed, little more than the principal part of his bones (and that with great difficulty) could be procured. By the possession of them, our navigators were enabled to perform the last offices to their eminent and unfortunate commander. The bones, having been put into a coffin, and the service being read over them, were committed to the deep, on the twenty-first of February 1779, with the usual military honours. What were the feelings of the companies of both the ships, on this occasion, must be left to the world to conceive; for those who were present know, that it is not in the power of any pen to express them.

Thus perished, in the fifty-first year of his age, this truly eminent and valuable man, equally distinguished for his skill as a navigator, and for the heroic constancy and firmness of his mind. In whatever point of view we consider his character, we shall find just subject for admiration. Cool and deliberate in judging, sagacious in determining, active in executing, and persevering in his enterprizes, he supported labours, overcame difficulties, and encountered dangers,

gers, which seldom fall to the lot of one man. Though rigid in discipline, he was mild, just, and humane; and his people, to whom he was a father, were obedient to him, rather from motives of affection than of fear. His constitution was strong, and his mode of living temperate. He was modest, and rather reserved in company; but among those with whom he was acquainted, he was found to be a lively, sensible, and intelligent companion. His person was about six feet high, and though a good looking man, he was plain both in address and appearance. His head was small; his hair, which was dark brown, he wore tied behind. His face was full of expression, his nose exceedingly well shaped, his eyes, which were small, and of a brown cast, were quick and piercing, and his eye-brows were prominent, which gave his countenance altogether an air of austerity.

Dr. Reinhold Foster, after having given a short account of the Captain's death, adds as follows: "Thus fell this truly glorious and justly admired navigator—If we consider his extreme abilities, both natural and acquired, the firmness and constancy of his mind, his truly paternal care for the crew entrusted to him, the amiable manner with which he knew how to gain the friendship of all the savage and uncultivated nations, and even his conduct towards his friends and acquaintance, we must acknowledge him to have been one of the greatest men of his age, and that reason justifies the tear which friendship pays to his memory."

The Royal Society of London, desirous of honouring the memory of this illustrious member of their body, by some particular mark of respect, resolved to do it by a medal, and for this purpose a voluntary subscription was opened. To such of the Fellows of the Society as subscribed twenty guineas, a gold

a gold medal was appropriated; silver medals were assigned to those who contributed a smaller sum, and each of the other members received one in bronze. The medal which was struck, contains on one side, the head of Captain Cook in profile, and round it, JAC. COOK, OCEANI INVESTIGATOR ACERRIMUS; and on the exergue, REG. SOC. LOND. SOCIO SUO. On the reverse is a representation of Britannia, holding a globe, with this inscription, NIL INTENTATUM NOSTRI LIQUERE; and on the exergue, AUSPICIIS GEORGII III. Of the gold medals which were struck upon this occasion, one was presented to his Majesty, another to the Queen, and a third to the Prince of Wales. Two were sent abroad; one to the king of France, on account of the protection he had granted to the ships under the command of Captain Cook, and another to the Empress of Russia, in whose dominions the same ships had been received and treated with every degree of friendship and kindness. Mrs. Cook also was afterwards presented with one; and a petition in her behalf having been laid before the King, from the Lords of the Admiralty, his Majesty was graciously pleased to order that a pension of two hundred pounds a year should be settled upon her, and twenty-five pounds a year upon each of Captain Cook's sons. This, however, was not the only provision made for them; the charts and plates of the voyage to the Pacific Ocean having been provided at the expence of government, and a large profit having on that account accrued from its publication, half of this profit was consigned in trust to Sir Hugh Palliser, and Mr. Stephens, to be applied to the use of Mrs. Cook, during her natural life, and afterwards to be divided between her children.

Captain Cook had six children, of whom three died in their infancy. James, the eldest, who was
born

born at St. Paul's, Shadwell, on the 30th of October, 1763, is now a lieutenant in the navy. In a letter written by Admiral Graves, in 1785, from Granada, he is spoken of in terms of the highest approbation. Nathaniel, born at Mile-End Town, in 1764, was unfortunately lost in his Majesty's ship the *Thunderer*, in the hurricane which happened in Jamaica, on the 3d of October, 1780. Hugh, the youngest, was born on the 22d of May, 1776, and was so called after the name of his father's great friend, Sir Hugh Palliser.

It must be observed, that, with regard to the three principal consequences of our great navigator's transactions, "I, says Dr. K. have nothing farther to offer, than his having dispelled the illusion of a *Terra Australis Incognita*; his demonstration of the impracticability of a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean; and his having established a sure method of preserving the health of seamen in the longest voyages, and through every variety of latitude and climate.

There is another family of the earth, concerning which new information has been derived from the voyages of our British navigator. That the Esquimaux, who had hitherto only been found seated on the coasts of Labradore and Hudson's Bay, agreed with the Greenlanders in every circumstance of customs, manners, and language, which could demonstrate an original identity of nation, had already been ascertained. But that the same tribe now actually inhabit the islands and coasts on the west side of North America, opposite Kamtschatka, was a discovery, the completion of which was reserved for Captain Cook. In his narrative it will be seen that these people have extended their migrations to Norton Sound, Oonalashka, and Prince Willam's Sound; that is, to nearly the distance of fifteen hundred leagues

leagues from their stations in Greenland, and the coast of Labradore. Nor does this curious fact rest merely on the evidence arising from similitude of manners: for it stands confirmed by a table of words, exhibiting such an affinity of language as will remove every doubt from the mind of the most scrupulous inquirer.

Other questions there are, says Dr. K. of a very important nature, the solution of which will now be rendered more easy than hath heretofore been apprehended. From the full confirmation of the vicinity of the two continents of Asia and America, it can no longer be represented as ridiculous to believe, that the former furnished inhabitants to the latter. By the facts recently discovered, a credibility is added to the Mosaic account of the peopling of the earth. That account will, no doubt, stand the test of the most learned and vigorous investigation. Indeed, Dr. K. has long been convinced, after the closest meditation of which he is capable, that sound philosophy and genuine revelation never militate against each other. The rational friends of religion are so far from dreading the spirit of inquiry, that they wish for nothing more than a candid, calm and impartial examination of the subject, according to all the lights which the improved reason and the enlarged science of man can afford.

